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APPLETONS' JOURNAL:

A

MAGAZINE OF GENERAL LITERATURE.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. VII.

JULY—DECEMBER, 1879.

NEW YORK:
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APPLETON'S JOURNAL

MAGAZINE OF GENERAL LITERATURE

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JULY-DECEMBER, 1879.

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JULY, 1879.

[No. 37.]

R I C A R D A.

I.

IT was a cozy room for a bachelor's parlor, despite the untidiness that outcropped between the weekly visits of the housemaid and her "riding hands." The carpet was bright with spots of color imprisoned in precise geometrical limitations; there were two low, deep-seated lounges, that must have been made "to order," as furniture men then (this was two-and-twenty years ago), as now, avoided as much as possible an adaptation of their wares to the comfort of the human body; there were some good engravings on the walls; some fantastic knickknacks clinging about the mantel-piece and book-shelves, such as are made by lady friends, who prick their fingers and weary their eyes in making, and which the recipients never know what to do with, and secretly dub a nuisance; then there were odd chairs, a large table bearing a huddle of printed literature, and before a glowing, open fire, a pair of capacious *fauteuils*, occupied by the two men with whose subsequent lives this story has to do, and who may as well at once be introduced with the explicitness of a Frenchman's visiting-card:

MYGATT JAMES, Chemist.

RICHARD LANE, Banker.

Both were New-Englanders, doing business in New York. James, a man of thirty-two or three, tall and slight, with dark mustache, hair crimped and tumbled for effect, and, either from carelessness or a lack of real breeding, was never able to put on a clean collar and a new necktie without the fact in some way betraying itself, appeared a fair type of a gay, kind, flirtative, light-hearted, but clever young fellow. Lane, several years younger, was not so tall, but more strongly built, and had a solid, manly look, combined with firmness, and an air of responsibility that placed him in sharp contrast to his companion. Upon

the evening in question the two men had been sitting for some time in silence before the fire, Lane apparently gazing at the toes of his embroidered slippers, tilting one foot on the top of the other by turns, to catch the reflected heat, while on his face was an expression of disgust, mingled with grief. James stroked his mustache with his slender hand, and gazed alternately at the glowing grate, and then at a richly-incased miniature of a pretty young woman that stood on the mantel, while his face shone with a radiancy as if a naphtha lamp were mysteriously illuminating it from within.

"Well," finally spoke Lane, with a groan, rising and leaning against the mantel, "I suppose this is our last night together, after three years of chumming."

"That will depend on you, Dick," replied James.

"Depend upon *me*! Quite likely, Jim," he retorted, ironically (he abbreviated his friend's surname for convenience). "Your logic is like a woman's. In spite of all my sighs and tears—for in your present state of exaltation you can only appreciate *sentimental* phrases—in spite of our sworn loyalty and agrarianism of affection, as you have fantastically termed it, you coolly put an end to all by tying yourself to a woman's apron-string. You marry! Then you say the continuance of our comradeship depends upon *me*. No man can serve two masters. Although a woman may be silly and vain, as most of them are, and as characterless as a piece of gauze, yet she hangs about a man's neck like a millstone, or hedges him about like a prison-wall, so far as his liberty is concerned. No, Jim; you married, and you're the same as dead to me. The fellow never lived who passed through the matrimonial gate and came out alive in the old sense."

James broke out into uproarious laughter.

"Why, Dick—"

"Oh, you may well laugh," interrupted the sorrowful knight. "Laugh now while you may. I frankly confess that this affair takes hold upon my heart-strings. One doesn't pick up a friend every day, and for a fellow to lose his one true and tried 'stand-by' is no laughing matter. I'd be a stupid hypocrite to pretend I didn't care. I *do* care, and I'd be more of a brute than I care to say if I didn't."

"But, seriously, Dick, do listen to sense and reason. You exaggerate things. Lizzie is the kindest and dearest little creature—"

"An angel, of course. They're all angels in ear-rings and corsets. Go on."

"And our home will be yours as much as ours; and—"

"Nonsense, Jim! I've heard that rigmarole of 'sense and reason' ever since you've been in love, and it seems an age. If a woman in love is crazier than a man, Heaven defend me from her! Women may be well enough in their way, but I don't see what *you* want of one. I'm sure, if I loved a woman, I couldn't have the heart to ask her to marry me; and if she loved me, and I wanted to retain her love, I could do it better than to receive her into the familiarity that breeds contempt. No man is a hero to his *valet de chambre*, and what can he be to his wife? For my part, I should like to see a man and woman who in loving had the strength and sense to live rationally, worthy of intellectual beings, enjoy that comradeship, and give each to the other a loyalty, devotion, and unselfishness of affection that lie above the plane of touch and sense; but no, they must all marry, you along with the rest—Bridget and Patrick. Nothing is more commonplace and vulgar."

"Why, Dick, the strongest feeling in a man's heart when he loves a woman is the desire to protect and take care of her. It is the supreme office of love."

"Ah! yes; to shield her from the storms of life. How fine! That no rude breeze may visit her too roughly. How beautiful! And yet the demands a man makes of his wife—demands that bring suffering, anguish, and even death in their train—are such as he would shrink from inflicting on his most hated enemy. The French proverb is true, at least for women: '*Aimer, c'est de souffrir.*'"

"Ah, but you don't understand, Dick. You *can't* understand it until you are where I am. Love is the one divine mystery in life. For Love's sake everything, even pain and torture, becomes almost to be coveted; and, where love weds two hearts, no suffering can be borne entirely by one, nor be unshared by the other. Love is as willing to endure, as eager to enjoy. But I might as well talk of the sidereal heavens

to a blind man as to you of love. Wait until you know what it is—until it opens your eyes, gives wings to your soul and body, transforms the world, and makes a fellow feel like a seraph. Ahem! Dick—come, old fellow, don't look like a sepulchre, for I'm the happiest chap alive. I feel as if I could touch heaven with my hands," and he straightened himself upon tiptoe, laughing, and then subsided to look at the miniature, adding, "but heaven is not so far away," and concluded by kissing the picture.

"Bah!" ejaculated Dick, turning disgustedly away with his hands in his pockets. "This is intolerable." Then drawing out his watch, "I will say good night, Jim, and leave my adieux for the morning. We'll get through this tug with as little demonstration as possible—pack and dispatch our traps, leave this dear old den, and then separate like two pieces from an exploded meteor."

The following morning Dick was up long before day, and with the aid of an extra pair of hands had his boxes ready for removal as the breakfast-bell rang. The two chums exchanged but a few words during the meal, and then withdrew to their parlor, which wore the look, as James expressed it, "of all your broken-heartedness, Dick, and all my craziness."

"Oh, it is not strange that the room we have lived in together," replied Dick, "should have gone daft and wild at this outrageous break-up; it is enough to affect the composure of a granite boulder. These poor arm-chairs look already like abandoned and empty-armed old crones who have sat down by the wayside of life to mourn for those that are not. November seems to have permeated everything within as well as without. You hit upon a fitting season for this sorry business, Mygatt."

"Oh, let it be 'Jim' till the last!" pleaded James, seizing his friend's hand. "When you say 'Mygatt' I feel as if you had thrust me to the other side of the Atlantic," and tears filled his eyes.

Lane, who had a horror of scenes, coolly threw off a dampening phrase.

"You shouldn't mind that so long as you voluntarily remove yourself infinitely further away. But good-by, Jim—good-by."

A lurking smile hovered over James's face as the two men looked in each other's eyes for a moment; but Lane's face was pitifully sad, and hastily drawing his hand from Jim's he darted down stairs and was off for his office.

The evening found him installed in his new quarters, and for the first time during many weeks he went to the theatre to drown his loneliness. After that he grimly set about hardening himself to his new life, drawing himself with-

in himself more and more in proportion as his old chum, who after his marriage and return to the city urged him to spend an occasional evening with him and his wife. But he continued inflexible, and so remained to his friend's Lizzie an invisible although real personage, whom she always spoke of as "Poor Dick!" Often in moments of reflection she half regretted having been the means of estranging the two men, and rendering the life of one so lonely and gloomy. In her impulsive moods she formed many a scheme for going to Dick himself and pleading for a renewal of the old-time intimacy; but her plans ended, as did James's attempts, in nothing more effectual than a sigh and "Poor Dick!" This state of things remained unchanged until at the end of a year James and Lizzie had a daughter born to them. When the baby was a week old they decided she should be named Ricarda.

"That's as near being Richard as a girl can hope to come," laughed James. "If this little cherub does not bring poor Uncle Dick to his senses we will give him up for good, or for bad rather."

Lizzie was already beginning to grow strong again, and James made a final appeal to his friend to come and do homage to his little namesake; but Dick did not come.

A few days after this Lizzie complained of feeling ill; the physician came, and, leaving some trifling remedy, predicted that her ill feeling would pass off in a short time. But she continued to grow worse, and late in the evening her husband hurried away again for the doctor. When he returned he found his wife dead in her nurse's arms.

The blow had come too suddenly and unexpectedly for him to feel the sharpness of the pain in that moment. Numbed and paralyzed, he fell by her bedside, stretching his arms helplessly across her body. After a time some friends gathered in the room, and the stricken man was helped to his feet. He staggered against the wall, his face white as the dead one before him, and, slowly drawing his hand across his brow as if to sweep away some terrible vision, he sank into a chair with a great sob—the echo of a heart-break.

Some hours later, as the cold gray dawn was breaking, James wrote on a card the three words, "Lizzie is dead," and sent a messenger with it to Lane's room. Dick read the message, and sat for some time absorbed in reverie. A sense of remorse stole into his heart, and pierced it like a dagger. He looked at the clock over the chimney, and his eye fell upon a calendar.

"It is still November," he said. "Poor Jim!" and drawing on his cloak, and pulling his

hat well down over his eyes, he passed into the street, and walked in the direction of his friend's house.

Upon being admitted, and informing the servant who he was, he was shown into a room where lay the dead wife.

By her side, like a statue, stood James. Lane approached him, and, standing a little distance removed, looked for the first time on Lizzie's face. The dignity death had added to the sweetness it wore in life held him as if entranced. He began to comprehend in a vague way the source of delight her face must have been to her husband. If any bitterness had been in his heart toward her it vanished in this supreme moment. When he turned to James, who seemed all unheeding of his presence, he was startled at the change that had passed over him, so rapid and terrible is the work that suffering sometimes in a few hours achieves. At that sight of him all his old sympathy and love for his comrade overflowed in his heart, filled his eyes, and trembled on his lips. Putting his hand on his shoulder, he could only command himself to speak the one word, "Jim." But that was enough. The touch of his hand and the tone of his voice were the stricken man's salvation. Tears for the first time found their way to soften the anguish in his eyes, and to melt the tension that seemed to bind his brain like a vise.

"Poor Dick!" he sobbed, and the two men were in each other's embrace. In this moment of strength yielding to tears and tenderness, the old bond of union was welded anew.

For many days thereafter Mygatt James seemed like a hopelessly broken man. It was Dick who attended to the funeral, and went with him to bear back to the little New England church from where a year before he had led her a happy bride the now dead wife and mother, to listen to the sad burial service, and to lay the precious form away in the cold earth of the early winter. And it was Dick who, after their return, found a cozy house, into which they all went to live—little Ricarda, her nurse, James, and himself.

II.

RICHARD LANE had predicted truly, so far as his friend was concerned, that no man passed through the matrimonial gate who ever returned the same man as before. Although Mygatt James recovered his old strength, and fulfilled his daily round of duties with his characteristic quickness and energy, he was still a very greatly changed man. There were but rare intervals when appeared any gleam of his old-time lightness and gayety. From out the gay, light-hearted, and dashing gallant had been born a grave,

sober, dignified man, courteous, reserved, neat, and quiet in his dress, and bearing himself toward others with a thoughtful kindness that seemed ineffable in its sweetness. Richard Lane, too, had changed, but in a reverse way. He had grown daily more youthful in spirit, and had displayed more than ever before the vivacity and frolicsomeness that rightly belong to the young, but which had prematurely parted with him to give room to gravity and seriousness. This change in him may have been the result of an unconscious effort on his part to cheer and brighten his friend, or have come from the companionship of Ricarda, who had grown to be as dear to him, he fancied, as she was to her father. Healthy and pretty from the day of her birth, she had daily grown more and more winsome, and so wild with joyous life as to sometimes cause her father to sigh, who seemed never to forget at what a costly price she had come to him.

"We will do everything for her ourselves," Dick in his enthusiasm would often say. "When a man who has taste chooses to exercise it, it is always better than a woman's. So little Sister Ricarda will be the most exquisitely robbed of all maidens who have ever been born." And his eyes grew critical and observant, like a mother's, to note children's costumes. But his keen sense of fitness kept him always within the realm of simplicity.

"She is too dainty for gewgaws," he would say when the nurse and father would yield to the child's whims for necklace, and ear-rings, and artificial flowers with which she saw other children tricked out.

"You are not a young heathen, dearie, to have holes punched through your ears," he would say to her—for she was already five years old—"and you are to grow up free and brave, and chains on your neck and arms will not do, for such things are for slaves. But you may have all the roses—all the real *live* roses your arms can hold, and stick them where you please; but never the *made* roses that only smell of the paint-pot." And, as Dick was "odd judge" in the case, his decisions ruled.

Naturally, as time passed on, and Ricarda was nearing her tenth year, the question of her education became a not infrequent topic of discussion between the two men.

"If she is to be our ideal woman," said Dick, "she must turn 'all her faces to the sun,' in order to be symmetrically developed. She must be strong-minded, but not masculine-minded. She must know Greek and French, physiology and Kent's Commentaries—something, perhaps, of music and art; know how to sew, talk, and walk. She knows now, as all children do, how to walk,

and some plan must be hit upon in order for her not to lose this primal grace of motion, as in the transition from girlhood to womanhood the art somehow seems to be lost. Perhaps 'tis the long frock, the petticoat that works the mischief. At all events, we will keep her for many a year yet in the clipped skirts of an English *touriste*."

"I am afraid," observed her father, "that in your symmetrical education her character will be so evenly and smoothly developed as to have no projections left in it on which to hang a marked idea. For my part, I like enough of ruggedness, even in a woman's character, to give her individuality and save her from insipidity."

"Yea, Jim, and so do I; but I've a horror of bigotry, and bigotry is a one idea run into the ground or the moon. Look at the girls whose entire teens are poured into music like candles into a mold—a lead-pencil-shaped existence—in which everything is directed to thumping keys. When I join the army of reformers I shall 'move' for a society to save young girls from the maw of the music-teacher, the martyrdom of the piano, which consumes their years for study, leaving nine tenths of them at twenty mere mechanical performers of trash, with no power to add anything to the real value of music, and which as an art is soon lost if not made professional."

"He who loves not music is a beast of one species," smilingly quoted James.

"Yes, and 'he who overloves it is a beast of another, whose brain is smaller than a nightingale's, and his heart than a lizard's,'" quickly added Lane. "I think it well enough for a girl to know enough of music, if she learns it readily, to amuse herself; but to expect her to apply herself to that for which she has no special genius is a robbery of her birthright. It is just as bad as to require the same thing of boys, although there is more sense in teaching them music than girls, because they keep up their practice better."

"It is a well-known fact," observed James, with a humorous hint at sarcasm, "that no individuals are so capable of rightly 'bending the twig' as maids and bachelors. If but *their* theories could be carried out, the children of this world would be models."

"And there's more truth than sarcasm in that, too!" retorted Dick. "Parents are blinded and biased by parental fondness and prejudice, while 'uncles and aunts' observe with clearer judgment. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred a child makes simpletons of the father and mother, who hold it up to the world with faces inflated with pride, crying, 'Ecce homo!' as though infants were not the commonest product in the world, and the least interesting."

"But, after all, Dick, to be a wife and mother seems to be the ultimatum in a woman's life, and, as Ricarda will undoubtedly one day be one or both, should not her education be directed with that in view?"

"I don't see what that should have to do in shaping it. Make her first as complete a woman as we can, and let the marriage business take care of itself. I have the greatest admiration for some of those old Italians and Hollanders who made learned women of their daughters—learned beyond anything we have nowadays. I confess I don't like to converse much with women. If our talk touches upon anything of magnitude, I am constantly in fear of going beyond their depth. If they are professional women, and really know one thing well, they become so outrageously like men in their petty jealousies of others of their ilk as to be intolerable. And a woman, above all things, should be large-hearted and gracious."

"I haven't observed that *literary* women are narrow and jealous. There are Mrs. Browning, George Eliot, Sand, Martineau, and women of that class."

"True; neither are scientific women like Somerville or Herschel. Neither are lawyers, preachers, nor authors eternally at sword-point, attacking each other's methods. But look at artists, musicians, and doctors! It is strange that what is supposed to refine and elevate the race, and ameliorate its hideousness and pain, should make of its masters such cats and dogs."

"Perhaps Ricarda will have a scientific turn," said her father.

"I hope so," replied Dick; "a turn for something that will save her from the Hemans theory of 'love, 'tis woman's *whole* existence.' I'm not an experienced fellow, as you know, Jim, but, in thinking a good deal about Ricarda's future, I have speculated, and observed not a little; and one conclusion that I've arrived at is this: in marriage a woman is placed at great disadvantage compared with her husband, because her all is staked on love, while *his* is not. This makes the balance between them uneven. She goes up, gushes over, and for the first six months wonders, and has her little spells of weeping at her husband's comparative indifference for the demonstrations attending love-making. Because he doesn't kiss, caress, and shower upon her endearing epithets every other moment, he falls short of her ideal of things, and she thinks something is wrong, and it is only after a long and painful experience that she learns that, while he loves as deeply as does she, there are also for him other things in life to be thought of. He may be as deep in love as water in a well, yet he fires of a daily going through with the love

alphabet. He likes things to be taken for granted. He wants his wife to accept his 'unutterable devotions' as the man did who pinned his prayers at the head of his bed, and upon retiring and rising would say, 'Lord, behold my sentiments.' So I hold that if a woman has an aim in life, distinct from love, but consonant with it, she will be the happier as a wife, and give her husband more happiness too, because she is made by it more companionable. Love feeding continually upon itself *must* consume itself. Like everything else, it must have space, air, and soil, in which to strike deep and broad its roots, and shake out its branches to the sun. The difference between the love of a woman of broad culture and that of one who knows nothing but to love, and *wants* to do nothing but to love, is like that between an oak in an open field and a Jerusalem cherry-tree in a geranium-pot."

James smiled quietly throughout his friend's talk, and then said:

"It is clear that you have never been afflicted with a *grande passion*, Dick."

"No, and I never want to be. People of the *grande passion* sort are the ones who get divorces. They *rise* in love, instead of fall in it—their head is first immersed, and they're made blind, deaf, and dumb, to everything else. I'd rather get it as the Baptist does his immersion, feet first."

"As regards the Hemans theory," said James, "you might go further, and pronounce love, being 'in man's life a thing apart,' as fallacious, as I know it so to be. A man's life is spun of many threads, but lying underneath—it may be from view—but interweaving and brightening all the others, it runs like a band of gold, the one strong, enduring, unruined, and unfading thread among them. I suppose there are as many theories of the ideal woman now—of the Venus of to-day—as in the olden times. While your Italian prince makes a *savante* of his daughter, an Austrian nobleman educates *his protégée* on an entirely different plan: he removes from her everything practical, teaches her only illusions and to delude; to flit through life like a butterfly resting upon nothing more than a flower; to sing, to love, to display her beauty, and to do all with an *entraînement*, for 'life is short, and time flees.' Although some great men have married their cooks, and others their housemaids, yet I apprehend they found in those women the very kind of companionship or comradeship they most needed, and which they nowhere else found. Just what it is in a woman that endears her beyond all expression to a man, is the subtlest of all things. It can not be defined, and while emanating from a hundred sources, maybe, can not be said to be the product of any one of them. All women are

lovable to all men in some degree. I never saw one yet, no matter how debauched in life, in whom I could not find something to love. I remember that my mother and my wife were women; that all we have of good in us we owe to the love of women for us. We must do all we can to elevate the standard of women, because upon their nobility rests our manhood. I believe that. And at the same time I believe that the development of a woman, in character and life, depends largely upon the perfectness of her relations to man as wife and mother. You never knew Lizzie, and so could form no idea of what it was in her that so bound me to her, and will always bind me. She was a country girl without liberal opportunities for education; refined in manners, taste, and speech. She was trusting, loving, and true to those she could trust; had a nice discrimination of character, and did not hesitate to manifest her likes and dislikes. She was accomplished in all household duties; was diligent, discreet, modest. That was what she was as a girl, and what she was as a woman. She loved those she loved to the heart-breaking point, and yet she was not demonstrative. She grew into my heart, and I think, yes, I *know*, no one could ever take her place. I have often met women more accomplished, handsomer, and more dazzling, who were for the time to me what she could never be, but I never met one whose qualities of heart and life I would like to have exchanged for hers. I thoroughly believe in educating woman to the furthestmost point—"

"Because," interrupted Dick, "she is so lovable, you would have her gracious qualities spread out like a sticking-plaster to cover as much as possible of the masculine ugliness that defaces the world."

"No, not that; but because the development of her mind in no sense shrinks her heart. The divine Spirit has taken care of that since her creation, and, although she be a princess of wit and learning, she is just as ready now to follow the man she loves into ruin as was Eve to follow Adam from the island to the mainland, as recorded in the Vedas. As an illustration, there was Maria Schurmanns, that most learned and famous woman of Holland, who imperiled even her good name for a worthless adventurer."

"She's queer!" ejaculated Dick, rising. "Woman's a queeryity! She's a sphinx, the source of the Nile. She's the arithmetic that makes two and two five. She's the creature that men will fight for and die for, but won't open their university doors to. I've always been puzzled amid all this rattletybang of the emancipation of the sex, why she hasn't been emancipated always, seeing that she has had a woman for her mother. All down through the ages, where a woman shines

out like a star in the night, we find that it has been her *father* who has polished her to splendor, and never her mother. When a woman has exerted herself in anybody's behalf it has been for a man. If she snatched anybody from the bulrushes, it was a Moses; if she saved anybody's head from the tomahawk, 'twas a John Smith's. She's an unaccountable piece, Jim. I reckon the fellow who fights shy of her shows the better part of valor.—Hello, Ricarda!" He sprang forward with outstretched arms, as the child bounded in for her good-night kisses. "You're a second little Mrs. Browning, all eyes and curls. We have been talking about great women like her, and sweet souls like you, and all sorts of women. Now, what kind of a woman do you mean to be—to be a chemist like papa, a banker like Uncle Dick, a cook, or a baker, or candlestick-maker?"

"I think I'll be a Catholic priest," merrily laughed the child. "My *bonne* says they sit in a box, and people come to them and tell them everything they do. After a while I'd have enough queer things to make a book of, which I'd sell for a million dollars, and then I'd buy a big balloon, and we would go driving through the air like fun, and may be cut a slice off the moon. *Bonne* says she believes it is made of silver, and quite as large as an omnibus wheel; and that why it is sometimes black, and we can't see it, is because the fairies who polish it are awfully tiny creatures, and can only clean a little space at a time, and as soon as they get it to shine all over it begins on one edge to grow dim again."

Both men laughed, and Ricarda with them.

"I didn't believe it, either," she went on, as if they had in so many words expressed a disbelief in the *bonne's* theory. "But when we sail up in our balloon we will fire a cannon ball at it, and listen if it *rings*."

"But that might kill the fairies," suggested her father. At this Ricarda looked grave, and saying thoughtfully, "I never heard of a *dead* fairy," gave and took her "good-nights," and left the room.

"There are no kisses like a child's," remarked Dick. The father made no reply. He remembered whose lips were as sweet and free in their abandon of love for him as little Ricarda's.

III.

THE years rolled on, and Ricarda's education progressed according to the most improved methods agreed upon by the two men. She walked and skated in winter; rode on horseback and romped in hay-fields in the summer days, and so well paired her hours of study with recreative ones, that at sixteen she was as symmetrical in her mental and physical development as ever

Dick had desired she might be. Although she was tall, her dresses had never reached farther than to the tops of her boots; her form, half defined under her finely-cut princess-frock, had the full, free, delightful outlines that only nature, when unconfined, succeeds in fashioning. She wore her hair as of yore, in flowing curls, and was so *naïve*, innocent, and free, that no one thought of her as a young lady.

"She will be an exquisite woman one day," Dick would say; but the "one day" seemed afar off. In addition to the thorough instruction she received from special tutors, she had acquired quite a knowledge of practical chemistry from her father, with whom in his laboratory she had spent many an hour; while Dick had initiated her into the charms and mysteries of botany and natural history, in which he was both an enthusiast and an unusually well-versed student. This gave them many a romp in the country together, when Dick would say, "You will never, never write, talk, or *think* yourself out, and be like an empty egg-shell, so long as you know the country, and adore it."

As Ricarda entered upon her sixteenth year, the frequently-discussed question, to what school she should be sent, demanded final decision; for at sixteen she would be ready for the "higher education," and must go to college.

Dick argued for Michigan or Cornell University, whose doors were then open or ajar for girls; but the father's choice was for a school exclusively for girls.

"Ricarda's sixteen years," he said, "have been spent mostly with us two men. She has seen, felt, and heard largely through a masculine coloring of the senses. She has heard talk of books, government, finance, sciences, and the like. Of what interests women as a rule—the chatter of society, fashion, domesticity, art, and music—she is more ignorant than of the excavations in Nineveh. Now I maintain, Dick, that a purely masculine education is as bad for a girl as would be a purely feminine one for a boy. Womanliness is the same thing in quality as manliness. A certain vigor and robustness in it form its charm in men; a certain softness and gentleness in it, that in women. Just the idea I wish to convey is, that a certain amount of contact and association with women is as necessary for the womanly development of a girl as is the reverse for a boy. Then, too, I confess to an appreciation, you may term it a 'weakness,' he interlarded smilingly—"to an appreciation of the witchingness that belongs to feminine coquetry—to the tie of a ribbon, the folds of drapery, the jauntiness of hat, the trimness of boot and glove—the indescribable details of toilet that *do* adorn beauty, and make it as much more beautiful as

the beauty of a fine jewel is enhanced by a suitable setting. Moreover, Ricarda's education thus far has been what may be termed purely solid and robust. I would be sorry indeed to have her develop into a woman so utterly gone daft—to use one of your words—with an enthusiasm for learning of any sort as to be unmindful of what she wears, and *how* she wears it. A slovenly woman of brains like Lady Adair, for example, just returned to England, who wore the same linen collar for a week, and never added a brooch or ribbon to conceal the fourteen pin-holes she made in it in that length of time, may be both admirable and lovable in a certain way, but not in all. We exhaust half our love and admiration in trying to get over such defects in person and dress. The only poet I have ever known personally wore his finger-nails long and full of dirt; and, although his poems are exquisite and rich in beauty, and he himself a most interesting man, yet whenever I think of him, the first picture presented to my mind is a double row of finely-shaped finger-nails, overlapping so many rows of earthworks. In proportion as a person is great intellectually, so in proportion his sense of fitness in outward appearance should be just. Instead of excusing untidiness or a peculiarity in dress carried to conspicuousness, as an 'eccentricity,' it should be branded as a streak of moral idiocy. The truth is, that such eccentricities do not so much arise from the absorption of the mind in greater things as in an overweening vanity, that at once seeks refuge and expression in something uncommon and fantastic. In short, my friend, I will be pleased to see our Ricarda reading betimes 'The Mirror of Fashion' as well as the 'Popular Science Monthly' or 'Fortnightly Review.'"

"*Très bien*," commented Dick, as James signified a lull on his part. "You mean, you would have her flit with butterflies and bobolinks these four years to come, in order to harmonize her, womanize her, or neutralize her, for having soared so long with eagles, or, perhaps I should say, nested so long with owls. I think parents who educate their daughters at home, or in a way in which the girls have no knowledge of boarding-school life, make a mistake. True, the girls may learn tricks and pranks, and pounds of nonsense, and perhaps deceit and diplomacy, in student wise. Yet the ignorance of such associations, the lack of such human friction upon the mind and manners, of the self-control and self-reliance gained in such discipline, give the college- or seminary-bred girl an immense advantage over the home-trained one. The purity that is simply the result of ignorance is a very lame duck. It may pass current in the heavenly land, but here below it is well to be forearmed in being

forewarned. The woman who is charming in all sorts of weather, whose lovely colors are not washed out by a rain storm, is the one who can best protect and care for herself in the most womanly way. The woman who is easily fooled is as much to be pitied as an old woman without education. It is not necessary, in order to render a girl self-poised, clear-headed, and clear-eyed, that her mind be made to bristle with suspicions like the quills on the back of a porcupine. To see and know life *exactly as it is*, to dignify human nature as it ought to be, to value truth, and hate falsehood, to *know* the true from the false, and to prefer the real, with all its scars, to illusion, with all its outside fairness, is the education we want for Ricarda; and that all boys, and girls too, should have. And in this lies my one great reason for preferring a school in which both sexes are taught, regardless of sex. It is not simply, as some affirm, that the boys are made gentler and the girls stronger—which is not to be despised—but that each sees life in a truer light. Shut men off in a province by themselves, and women ditto, and their minds breed fancies full of dark wrinkles, or call forth pictures too fine for realization. They imbibe false ideas of each other, and in this mutual misconception is cradled half the misery of society. But wherever Ricarda is educated, I shall not fear this for her; she will probably judge men by us, in a general way. While from us and with us, she has learned that men love, hate, are good and bad, feel, desire, appreciate, etc., quite like herself; that men and women differ no more really than do women and women. I've no sort of patience with the doctrine that teaches young men that 'girls are *so* different,' and *vice versa*. If men used a tithe of the logic with which they claim to be specifically endowed, they would clearly see that, as we all have men for our fathers, and women for our mothers, the difference between the sexes *can not* be so much radical as artificial; and an artificial difference, in the crucible of life, vanishes into thin air. The same sort of nonsense is that which pronounces women better than men, or handsomer than men. It is all bosh, for it isn't *true*. It is a pernicious, villainous doctrine too, for a woman reared in such belief never demands men to be of as high stamp as one who has been educated otherwise. If you remonstrate with her concerning the laxity of her male friends, she says with a significant shrug of her shoulders, 'Oh, you know we don't *expect* the same moral purity in *men* that one does in *women*.' If I were a *woman*, whatever my private convictions might be, I would never give a man occasion for thinking that I ever suspected him of being other than pure and honest in heart, and pure and

honest in life. In order to have high and noble things, we must *demand* and *expect* them. Who listen to the gods are heard by the gods. Don't you see, Jim?"

"Yes, and more; I see how much you have changed in regard to your opinion of women. Do you remember our talk on a November night seven and ten years ago?"

"*Great men change* their minds, fools never," quoted Dick, with ironical pompousness; then relapsing into a quiet mood, he added after a pause: "Yes, I *have* changed; but I was brought up and educated with boys, and my ideas of girls and women were all distorted; as you know, I had no sisters, and my mother died when I was very young. I was not exactly taught, as was the young man reared by his father in a hermitage, that all women were devils, but I absorbed the idea that they were weak and silly things, capricious and extravagant, and eternally getting men into trouble. Since then I have learned to know some grand women; they have all been women of mature years, however—fifty at least; but such gracious, strongly tender, capacious hearted, and cultivated souls, as exacted from me my profoundest admiration and reverence. Some of these have been wives and mothers, and some not. I think earnest and fitting work, of whatever kind, nobly done, will develop a woman right royally, whether in or out of the matrimonial kingdom. As for Ricarda, I think she, any day, is as good as the manliest boy ever born. Indeed, I don't think I'd exchange her for *two* boys." The father smiled gladly, being evidently of the same opinion. But girls as a rule give fathers more happiness than boys, which may in some measure explain why girls usually get more of their father's kisses than they do of his dollars.

The ultimate decision of where Ricarda should be sent to college was finally left with that maiden herself, and she chose Vassar.

"I shall escape one thing there, I suppose," she archly observed, in slight extenuation of her decision; "escape Uncle Dick's bugbear of falling in love, unless it be with a woman. But I remember that a famous French woman said that the one thing that consoled her for having been born a woman was, that she wouldn't be expected to marry one. So it may be, at the end of four years, that I shall despise my own sex as bitterly as did Arthur Schopenhauer. *Mais, nous verrons*. I shall be twenty years old then, papa—a *grande jeune dame*—have my first silken frock, and be an acknowledged young lady. And what then, Uncle Dick—what then? To be a young lady is to *be* what? to *do* what?"

Dick sat some time in silence. The question evidently puzzled him. James looked on amused

and interested, but in no wise prone to help him out of the difficulty.

"That is the question of the day, Ricarda," he finally replied. "No man can answer it. That is what you go to college for—to find out."

"And what do *you* say, papa?" and the young girl approached her father, and stood in a caressing way by his side. He drew his arm about her, pressing her to his heart, and, with a voice in which all his father's fondness was melted, replied:

"To love her father, my child—to be his help, consolation, joy." Ricarda's eyes filled with tears, and for answer she took his face between her hands, and showered upon it a child's rapturous kisses.

During this scene Dick had moved away to the window, and, though touched by the expressed need of the one for love, and the ready response of the other to grant it in overflowing measure, he stuffed his hands in his pockets as if that action in some way bolstered up his feelings.

"Just like a man—just like a woman," he muttered to himself. "'Tis the old story. It has been so from the beginning. Moses said the Lord created the woman for the man, to be his help-mate, and so it has been translated *ad hominem* ever since. *He* is ever to be for *himself*, and *she* is for ever to be for *him*. He has never for a generation ceased to demand this of her, and she has never ceased to give herself to him. That she should think of other ambitions than to be his love, his help, his consolation, his joy, is to him anarchy and revolution. It is to have 'rights.' Alas! for the selfishness of man, that, after centuries of self-sacrifice and devotion of woman to him, he should not, *will* not, be generous to her, sharing with her to the uttermost the largess of all the accumulated blessings of the ages," and he tapered off his wrath with a sonorous tattoo on the window-pane.

"What are you saying, Dick?" asked James, who often used that form of expression to get at his friend's thoughts.

"Not *saying* anything. I was thinking what queer creatures we are—we men." But it was not until several weeks later—after Ricarda had been duly and carefully installed in her college-home—that Dick explained to his friend wherein he thought "men queer," and which embodied his musings already recorded. "Just so soon as a woman shows herself to be charming, beautiful, intelligent, and capable," he concluded, "endowed with the very qualities with which to honor her sex and bless the world, there is always a man in ambush to appropriate her to himself."

"She's been accepting the appropriation a

long time," drily remarked James. "She seems to have a weakness that way."

"Yes, the weakness of education. 'Tis not to be wondered at, since she has been taught to regard it her destiny ever since—ages before Ruth went on the sly to doze at the heels of Boaz."

James broke out into shocked laughter.

"O Dick! you have no more sentiment in you than what lodges in a stove-pipe. You would even transform that beautiful story of Ruth—"

"Beautiful? Ridiculous story! If Naomi had not been as daft as Ruth herself, she would have boxed that young widow's ears soundly for such outlandish behavior. I'm not an admirer of women of that sort, making all due allowance in the case of Ruth for the courtship and marriage customs then in vogue. I admire a woman like Amalie Snowberg. She's been a beauty and a belle these many years; one of the most accomplished women in America; turning heads wherever she goes; men falling on their knees to her, offering the sublime gifts of their hands, and vowing the usual vows—those iron-clad, unbreakable vows. But she smiles and says, 'Thanks, I have no need,' and goes on her triumphant way, like a goddess walking on clouds, self-poised, self-reliant, sublime. I hope Ricarda will be like that. I always feel like offering to the clinging, viny, love-hungering, husband-hunting sort of women a bottle of smelling-salts, with the injunction, 'Take a sniff of that, madame. I think 'twill help you.'"

James's laughter broke out afresh, and continued until Dick too caught the infection, and both men laughed heartily together.

"O Dick! you've one lesson yet to learn. Like death—"

. . . 'twill teach you
More than this melancholy world doth know—
Things deeper than all lore—"

"What's that, Jim?"

"Love."

Dick groaned.

IV.

SIX months after Ricarda's departure, Richard Lane unexpectedly made arrangements to go abroad. The bank with which from the first he had been connected decided to establish branch interests both in London and Paris, and Lane was urged and prevailed upon to go to take charge of the foreign affairs. He paid a flying visit to Poughkeepsie, to say "good-by" to Ricarda, and a thousand other characteristic things; then returned to embrace James, and be off to sea, making nearly as great a change in their two

lives as had been made years before, when James had married, and left Dick inconsolable.

The loneliness of the father naturally drew him into closer sympathy and union with his daughter, and had a similar effect in return upon Ricarda. The words he had uttered from his heart—love, help, consolation, joy—never slipped from her memory.

"If I can only be that to him," she said to herself a thousand times, "nothing else could be so sweet. I want nothing better, because, could there be anything better?"

Dick wrote her regularly, and his letters were full of descriptions of what he saw, and bristling with his pungent opinions and comments thereupon. If he heard Mrs. Fawcett or Lydia Becker make a speech, spent an evening with the Rosettis, saw Jean Ingelow, had a Sunday evening at George Eliot's, breakfasted with William Allingham, or exchanged an opinion with Miss Helen Taylor, the affair was duly reported to Ricarda, and pictured in a way to heighten her enthusiasm for the aristocracy of brains and her admiration for women individuals.

She not infrequently had her seasons of "castle building," of making a name and a place for herself in the world—of devoting herself to astronomy, like Maria Mitchell, or to chemistry, like her father—to be his *help* in that, his successor, like a son, in case of his death. What could be more fitting? Women possessed marked and specific qualifications for scientific pursuits, her professor in astronomy said. Then the old refrain would ring in her ears—"Love, help, consolation, joy." Could she as a lover and patron of science be all that to her father in the fullest sense? To answer those needs of a man's heart should a woman be his comrade, his coworker; threading the streets with him, facing the storms, heart and brain being absorbed by the wildly fascinating revelations, discoveries, and achievements in the workshop? Or must she needs be the deity at his fireside, the goddess of domesticity, the sunshine of home into which he comes from his toil to bathe himself, to find rest, caress, delight—to find in the gentle clasp of her hand, the loyal kiss of her lips, the charm of her presence, what neither science nor success can yield, and which has its source in but one fount the wide world over—the loving heart of a woman?

Ricarda could not answer the question to her satisfaction, and wisely concluded to let time and circumstances shape her duty. Meantime she studied, as she rode on horseback, plied the oar, or roamed the fields for botanical treasures, with a zest and freshness that never flagged. She wore throughout her school-life the short princess-shaped frocks that became her so well, were so light to wear, so easily adjusted, and gave to

her body such liberty and grace of motion. Full of life, gayety, and originality, strong, beautiful, and enthusiastic, she was a favorite with her fellows, and regarded by her instructors as a "very promising girl." Only during the last few weeks of her senior year did she lay aside her school-girl garb, and in silken frock, with her full, curling, sun-tinted hair loosely coiffed on the top of her head, blossom into the *grande dame*, her charms enhanced by the mysterious and bewitching paraphernalia of young womanhood. Even her father, under whose frequent gaze she had unfolded into perfect bloom, was dazed by the transformation costume and coiffure had wrought. She seemed a head taller, a decade more dignified; the fire in her large black eyes glowed with softer and steadier splendor; the outline of her face began to suggest the exquisite oval that culture and thought give in exchange for the roundness of immaturity; while on lip and brow, in step and smile were betrayed the free gladness, the fine, proud sensibility that is the birthright of every well-born and well-bred woman. Although her voice had deepened and softened in tone, it still rang with its old-time silveriness, and was edged at times with a shade of what Dick had called the "essence of bewitchment." James well remembered a similar quality in her mother's voice, a sort of musical gurgle, such as one often hears in birds, but rarely in the voices of great human singers, and which falls on the heart more than on the ear, and is to it what a brief scent of violets is to the sense of smell, or a sip of Chartreuse to the taste—an indescribable agreeableness too delicate for large draughts of its enjoyment, but delicious enough to keep the senses ajar for another taste. He wondered what Dick would think of their "little girl"—he who had not once seen her in all this time?

And Ricarda wondered, too, fearing that she would come so far short of his ideal—with which he had taken all pains to make her familiar—as to think her "flat, stale, and unprofitable." But Dick had written that he was at last coming home for a three months' vacation, and hoped to arrive in time to see her made a "Laureate of Arts," or whatever the Vassaric honor might be in degree of title.

"I shall make you a profound *obeisance*," he wrote, "and present you with a bouquet as large as a Japanese parapluie, and make an overwhelming display of all the British *hauteur* and French *politesse* that I have imbibed in these three and a half years."

"And I," laughingly commented Ricarda to her father—"and I will move like a goddess with her feet on clouds and her head among the stars. I will only deign to look at him out of the extreme outside corners of my eyes, as did Eugé-

nie on her courtiers in her palmy days, and give him but the tips of my fingers, like the regulation society nip of icebergs. I think *that* will freeze him to a befitting awe of me. At all events, papa, I don't believe he will wind my curls around his wrists, and seize me by my arm with, 'Come, Ricarda,' as he did four years ago—do you? Ah, but those were happy days, and for us three to be together again will be too good to be true! I hope there will be no sense of strangeness, so that we have to lose one moment in getting acquainted over."

But when Richard Lane finally arrived the gay commencement season at Vassar was over, its brilliant crowd dispersed, and Ricarda and her father again at home in the same house that had sheltered them from Ricarda's babyhood. With what lightness of heart and limb Dick leaped from the ship as she touched pier late in that July afternoon, sped toward the familiar street, and rang the bell, only the eager-retained after a long absence from love, companionship, and home know.

Ricarda was alone when Mr. Richard Lane's card was brought to her (her father had not yet returned home for the day, and neither was expecting Dick's ship until the following morning); and in her surprise and delight she forgot all about her stately reception programme, flew down stairs and into the drawing-room, as though she had both the feet of a goddess and the wings of a seraph, and, before catching a glimpse of him, cried, "Uncle Dick!" and with extended arms hurried to give him greeting.

"Oh, you haven't grown a half day older!" she exclaimed, looking in his face with true Ricardian directness, after they had exchanged a frank and affectionate salutation. "No, not a minute older! I'm so glad you are not changed, as I was dreading to be obliged to get acquainted over. Of course you are improved; everybody is who goes abroad," she continued with a mischievous air. "You have won the elegance and distinction of travel. You have 'resided' in Paris and London. You are *un homme du monde—comme il faut!* How does my Vassar French sound in your Parisian ears? And I, Uncle Dick, tell me quick—have I changed?" and, assuming an air of grave dignity, she retreated a few steps and made him a courtesy that would have been an honor even to Fanny Kemble herself.

Lane moved away, and, resting his arm upon the mantel shelf, stood so long regarding her in silence that she blushed and felt a grateful sense of relief as she heard the click of her father's latch key in the street door, and Dick's immobility broken by her father's entrance, and the heartily expressed pleasure of the reunion of the two men.

Thenceforward conversation progressed rapidly, at times disjointedly and by leaps, as news, gossip, questions, and answers crowded upon each other, everything seeming inspired with an eager haste to fill up the gap the years of separation had made. Before they separated for the night it was decided that they should go, as soon as possible, to the country, where James had already engaged a cottage for their occupancy.

"And what do you think of Ricarda?" the father asked, as the two lingered after that young lady's withdrawal. "You find her considerably changed, I suppose."

"I can tell you better hereafter, Jim," answered Lane after a pause. "She surprised me, and I haven't got over it enough yet to tell what I do think. She asked me herself if I thought she had changed, but I made her no reply. I think, so far as my thoughts have taken shape, that she is what Victor Hugo would call a masterpiece of grace."

Upon reaching his room—the old familiar one—Lane turned off the gas, and sat a long time by the open window thinking, and trying to think—to analyze his feelings and put them into shape. Although he had expected to find Ricarda a woman upon his return, yet the only real picture he had of her in his mind was as she appeared when he had last seen her. But this new vision that greeted him—this superb young creature robed in white, nearly as tall as himself, blonde, dark-eyed, with face, form, and hands a symphony of beauty, harmony, and elegance, and in her presence an indefinable something so fresh, so sweet, so clear and true, as if she had been the first woman ever created—all this filled his heart with bewilderment, with ineffable content, and indescribable awe. He felt in a way as a mortal might feel who had prayed and labored a lifetime for the realization of his highest ideal, and upon beholding it, real and tangible at last, feels his ecstasy pierced by a sense of remorse at having dared to desire so celestial an image. Ricarda was to Lane his ideal of what a perfect woman might be—should Heaven be gracious enough to grant one to earth—but she was far too fine and rare a creature for the realization of his theories of what a woman should *do*. What had seemed to him a probability in Ricarda at sixteen seemed an utter impossibility in this Ricarda at twenty. Nature, with her silent, busy processes, while answering his prayers, had also defeated his purposes. This girl was as brave, free, happy, and innocent, as sparkling, confiding, and loving now as then; but with all that she was now a great deal more. And it was this *something more*, this unlooked-for, unexpected, supplementary radiance of finish, that blotted out Dick's hope of a shining "professional career"

as utterly as death could have done. He found himself at the end of his leadership; and, with a sense of having in some way been baffled and outwitted, to his honor and glory, he went to bed and to sleep.

What seemed to James and Lane, and perhaps to most persons who saw her, a notable womanly beauty in Ricarda, lay not so much in its perfectness as in its uniqueness. Her beauty was full of surprises, because she herself was so full of nature. Young American women, tall, fair, graceful in form, beautiful-haired, and lustrous-eyed—one meets with such every day in a fashionable avenue. But what especially distinguished Ricarda was the difference between an artificial and cultivated elegance and the elegance of nature. There was a comprehensiveness, an elasticity of beauty in her that adapted itself to everything within her and without her. As Nature, under favorable circumstances, helped by sun and shade and shower, and unhampered by untoward conditions, dowers every creation of her hand with a peculiar beauty and grace, so all the elements in this young girl's womanhood, physical, mental, and spiritual, had bloomed into full symmetry. By simply being natural, she produced an effect like perfect art, as at the highest point of human achievement nature and art meet. This result was in large measure unquestionably due to the fashion, or unfashion, of her early training, which had been Dick's theory to "turn all her faces to the sun." Her growth had in no way been cramped or distorted; it had only been guided. Her life had not been ruled by maxims, labeled as "propriety" or "impropriety," but led to express itself according to a sense of right and beauty. It had been set to the music of bird, brook, and forest, instead of to that of Italian masters. To do an awkward or unkind thing would have seemed as impossible to and discordant with her being as thorns in the petal of a rose, or the odor of a sunflower in a carnation. That, in the transition of her college life, culture had acted as a handmaid to nature, rather than as a successor, was owing more perhaps to good fortune than to definite good causes.

The return of Richard Lane and renewed association with him was to Ricarda a fact of as much interest as the change in herself and its effect upon him was to Dick.

"How delightful it is to have Uncle Dick at home again," she said to her father, on the day succeeding his arrival. "He is like a breath of strong, fresh air from the sea, in this sultry weather. I believe, next to you, papa, I like him best of anybody; he is so direct, clear-headed, and strong in his feelings and convictions. So many men are shilly-shally, and in

conversation with them I feel as if they were spiritually handling me in gloves, as if afraid to be themselves right out for fear of horrifying me, or incurring my displeasure. Then, too, he is really the most elegant man we know, papa; none of our friends have so courteous an address. Indeed, he makes me feel as if I were a princess, and he were a gallant knight."

"Dick was always a brave and gallant fellow," replied her father. "I think he has taken on some additional ease and polish since going abroad, and most women are very susceptible to fine manners."

"Certainly; and men, too, are they not, papa? Burke says truly that manners are of more importance than law. It is only when they form a superficial covering to hypocrites that they become intolerable. Hugo very fittingly calls such persons 'gilded people.'"

V.

SOME days following the installation of the three friends in their country cottage, where they lived more out than in-door, Ricarda, who had been wanting to discuss her future to *be* and to *do* with her father and Dick, had the way for so doing paved by the latter in an account he had been giving them, during their out-door breakfasting, of the work being done among the working classes by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

"She is not, personally, a very attractive woman, I believe," observed James.

"On the contrary, quite fine-looking now," replied Lane. "I have been told that she was ugly in her youth, but she seems to have been growing in grace ever since."

"That comes from having a career—from having good work to do," exclaimed Ricarda. "I believe mental activity is as essential to the highest type of physical beauty as are pure water and fresh air. Indeed, I have a theory that, if the activity be of the right sort, it can develop beauty out of ugliness; for which I could cite more illustrations than that of the financial queen of the world. What would be the result, think you, if I were to be papa's professional partner, and become a Great Chemist—spelled with capital letters—or a successor of Faraday?"

"I think," laughed her father, "the result might be the transformation of a woman into a magnetic needle."

"Or a pillar of salt," added Dick.

"But, *seriously*," interposed Ricarda, "grant me an honest opinion. I well remember a talk we had before I went to college, when Uncle Dick told me I would *there* learn what, as a young lady, it was to *be* and to *do*, and papa said it was to love her father, to be his help, consolation, joy. Since then I have discussed a hundred

times in my own mind in what way or ways she could best *be* and *do* that, or, if there was but one way, what was it, what is it? I am young and strong; I have had advantages to prepare me for work as men have; I remember too much of Uncle Dick's theorizing concerning women not to be, in a sense, his disciple; to feel an impulse pushing me toward his goal. I realize, too, that to be a woman like Professor Mitchell is to write one's name in the stars; and to be a domestic deity like my five hundred good sisters is to write it in the heart of a man, which, according to sacred authority—"

"Is deceitful above all things," concluded Dick, with gravity, which elicited a merry round of laughter.

"And *desperately wicked*," added Ricarda, with mock solemnity.

"Has that been your experience in finding it so, my child?" asked her father.

"Oh, no; no, papa," she quickly replied. "I find men—everybody very good and kind, judging from what St. Paul gives as a standard."

"Are you an admirer of St. Paul?" asked Lane, secretly wishing to lead the conversation into a different channel.

"Yes and no. He uttered many strong and true thoughts, and was aflame with zeal for what he held to be the truth. But he seems never to have risen above bigotry and narrowness in regard to women, which might readily enough be excusable on various grounds, save that he was so much indebted to them. Indeed, from some source, it has been made to appear that he was financially kept afloat for a long time by the merchant Lydia, who was in a small way a sort of Kadijah to this Mohammed of Christianity. You see, Uncle Dick," she continued, half mirthfully, "it is but another illustration of your old time assertion, that, if a woman exerts herself in anybody's behalf, it is for a man."

"To help *man* seems to be her destiny," observed her father.

"And by no means an objectionable destiny, papa. He *needs* the help badly enough," she exclaimed, laughingly. "The only criticism I have to offer in regard to it is that he wants her to give it to him in *his* way, instead of being pleased to have her give it to him in *her own* way. And this brings me again to the question of *my* destiny—of what my future is to be. Don't both speak at once," she gayly concluded, as a pause intervened.

"Are you really in earnest, Ricarda," asked her father, "about having a career?"

"I am in earnest as to what I shall do with my head, my heart, my hands, and my time. If I were a man instead of a woman, I could be no more so. I've a horror of rusting out, and a

still worse one of wearing myself out in fashionable frivolity. I don't know that I have any special talent for special work. I do know that I am in the world, that I am selfish enough to wish to make the very most of my life, and that I have a right to the honest counsel and advice of my two best friends in the matter. I am open to conviction from Europe and America," she archly concluded.

"You see, Dick," smiled James, after a pause, "the fruit of your heresies. Here we have a young lady on our hands who, having been fed on the progressive ideas of the nineteenth century, now asks what shall be done with her."

"While you were in college," spoke Dick, looking dreamingly in the distance, "and this question of what your duty might be came into your mind, how did you dispose of it?"

"I didn't dispose of it at all. I simply said to myself, 'This is a matter I can not decide. I will let time and circumstances determine it for me.'"

"Very well, let them still be the arbiters of your destiny. You can afford to wait for a signal of some sort, or, as a theological student would say, for a 'call from the Lord.'"

"Is that the way young men do after leaving college, Uncle Dick? Sit down and wait, like Micawber, for something to turn up? Expecting some fine evening to see written in great letters in the sky their name and destined occupation?"

"Yes, some do about that. But what a young man does need be no guide for you. If a woman have finer instincts, she should wait with firmer faith for intuitive guidance, and depend less upon the bias of ambition and preference."

"That's a pretty fallacy," she laughed in reply. "I wish you and papa decided as arbitrarily about my future as you did in the past about what I should eat, what I should read, and wherewithal I should be clothed. It would save me a great deal of trouble. After all," and her voice had a shade of sadness in it—"after all, I begin to learn that in the deep and vital things of life every human soul must decide for itself."

"True, my child," chimed in her father, rising; "but, for the nonce, let us all be as butterflies for the rest of the day, and take no thought for the morrow. There is a wood a half mile away, and I propose that we go and investigate it. Ask Margreel to put us up a luncheon, and we will camp out, as in years gone by, when Ricarda was in short dresses."

The daughter hastened to execute her father's wish, and then sped to her own room to array herself for the expedition. At the end of a quarter of an hour she reappeared in the garden in a

short walking-dress, a wide-brimmed straw hat, thick boots, and gloves.

"Here's the short dress still," she exclaimed. "Let us play that all these years have been an illusory bugbear, that I am little Sister Ricarda, that Uncle Dick is teaching me botany, and papa stuffing my brains with chalk formations and the chemistry of nature. But who's to be the Atlas of the lunch-basket?"

As Margredel approached with the luncheon, Dick speedily appropriated it, and the trio sallied forth, Ricarda and her father walking hand in hand, small schoolboy and schoolgirl fashion.

The day in the woods was but one out of many passed in like recreation—walking, riding, sitting in the garden, and on rainy ones the father and Lane making business visits to the city, while Ricarda busied herself with reading, correspondence, and household affairs.

Upon returning from one of these rainy-day excursions, and the three friends being convened about the dinner-table, Lane announced with unusual vivacity that he had an idea.

"And what is it?" asked Ricarda. "An idea in the heat of August is an anomaly."

"You remember, Ricarda," he went on, hurriedly, "asking me, the morning we were discussing your future, if young men did so and so after leaving college? Well, I was in Wall Street to-day, when a quartet of young fellows just out of college came to the bank for letters of credit. They were going abroad for a year's travel before beginning the study of a profession. 'That's just the thing for Ricarda to do,' I thought, and I've come home a powerful committee of ways and means, whereby you shall both return with me, the last of next month, to England."

"And you would have Ricarda do as young men do, after all?" smiled her father.

"Yes, in this respect. It is the only thing with all my thinking that I see clearly she should do. I feel as decided about it as I did that she should go to college. And I feel equally sure that at the end of a year she will see her path of duty and work marked out as clearly as we see the milky way on a clear night." And Dick went rapturously on enumerating the various reasons why a trip of that kind would be the very best thing for both father and daughter. Ricarda listened silently until well on toward the close of the dinner, when Lane asked her what she thought of the idea.

"I like it," she replied, emphatically. "But papa may not find it practicable."

However, after the lapse of some days, it was found to be a feasible plan, and thenceforward their occupations were shaped in reference to it.

During these weeks of their reunion, the feelings that had been born in the mind of Lane upon his first meeting with Ricarda had grown and strengthened with each succeeding day, until he now felt himself wound up in them as in a web. No other woman had ever affected him as did she, and when he endeavored to analyze his feelings, and in turn tried to convince himself that the reason why she was such a source of exquisite and tender delight to him was because she had been like his child, his little sister, from her babyhood—like a plant that one has lovingly cared for, watching with interest its every budding shoot, enjoying the rain and the sun doubly for its sake, feeling with pleasure all the soft and balmy influences that conduce to its growth, and then, at the last, enjoying all the past again a hundred-fold over in the beauty of its blossoming. Was it not in a like way that he enjoyed Ricarda? Was she not simply the completed picture that had been but an outlined sketch when he went away?—the full splendor of the aurora, whose radiance had but just begun to shimmer about her head in those seasons ago, when he had bid her good-by? Was it not for such reasons as these, he argued, that he had come to ask himself a score of times a day, "What was life, his future, to be to him henceforth without her?" But, despising shame in himself as thoroughly as he did in others, he had the courage to say no. His feelings were *not* the outgrowth of such conditions. Had he met this girl for the first time in his life, he felt sure that she would have enthralled and delighted him in the same way. And if he only *had* met her for the first time! Ah! then had he been free to translate his thoughts into their true language, and to go to her in all reverence and noble faith, saying, "I love thee, and have need of thee"; for, with Plato, he believed that "we love by necessary law" that which has a natural affinity to us; so that the real and genuine lover may be certain of a return of affection from the beloved? But now, with the history and associations of the past before him, blocking his way like a sacred shield, what could he do but keep silence, and let all the violence of the situation turn back like a flood upon his own heart? Then, too, like an array of merry, mocking imps, arose one by one his thousand and one talks with James, and could he in the face of these ask his friend to give him his child, the only help, joy, consolation, love, that life held for him; to be himself, after all, the man in ambush to appropriate this perfect woman, if such appropriation were possible? While he could not bring himself to say yes to these questions, he was equally powerless to say no. He would wait, and meantime, above all other hopes, the one to have his friend and Ricarda

return with him to England dominated all else. He felt that his salvation lay in it.

One day, as he was thinking of what was now at all moments uppermost, the thought arose in his mind, defining itself with statuesque clearness: "Would what you can give Ricarda compensate her for what you would demand of her? Would not the answer to your wishes on her part involve self-sacrifice on hers?" Even with his keen sense of justice, this phase of the matter had not before presented itself to him, and that it had not now seemed to him to denote some obliquity or obscurity of his moral sense. "Oh, conceited, selfish mortal that I am!" he mentally ejaculated. "To follow the impulse of my feelings would be to act as if I were worthy of immediate translation to heaven, or, what would be better, to have heaven in human form divine inclosing all heaven's sweetness and grace for my earthly portion." Then, again, and for the most part he felt that even for Ricarda herself no shelter could be so secure, no haven so free from storms and billows, as the encompassing precinct of his love. "And why do I think that?" he would ask. "Have not men from all time thought and felt the same thing, and from all time, and through all time, made the reality oftentimes so bitterly different? Am I better, stronger, and juster, than my fellows? Would my love possess the generosity to be content in having Ricarda give me help as she says in *her* way, whatever that way might be, instead of desiring to circumscribe it, to bend it to suit *my* way? In other words, will I think more of contributing to *her* happiness, her aims in life, her ambitions and desires, than in having her as some devoted reflection consecrate all herself to me and mine?"

He distinctly remembered what James had often said, "Wait until you have learned the lesson of love, when all things will look differently to you." This experience had now come to him, was coming to him more and more every hour. He recognized the difference without being able to explain to his own satisfaction why, with the incoming of love, which should endow every emotion and impulse with increased magnanimity, there should be awakened a corresponding jealousy and selfishness, a desire for close and unique possession.

With Ricarda, the delight of having Uncle Dick at home again knew no abatement, although what she at first termed delight gradually changed to another feeling, which she knew not so well how to define. But, as women arrive at conclusions more quickly than men, because hampered with less innate stubborn self-righteousness, currently known as logic, she very soon acknowledged to herself that this strange, new

interest and sympathy which her life-long friend aroused in her was love itself, or the mysterious power that was preparing her heart for its assumption. With this concession or recognition once yielded to, she fully believed that she had only herself to think of, entertaining for no moment the possible thought that a feeling akin to her own had or could take lodgment in the heart of Richard Lane.

"At the very best," she argued, "he would be disappointed and ashamed of me, if he knew or even suspected that I loved him otherwise than as Uncle Dick. He would think, if he did not say it, 'I hoped better things from *you*, Ricarda.'" So she quickly and firmly resolved that his expectation of better things should not fail of realization because of lack of effort and will on her part. Anchored to this resolve, she turned for support to the thought of her life-work, keeping its purpose constantly in her mind, and, to strengthen and aid it, resolved to secure the help of her father and friend in its undertaking and achievement.

The arrangement to go abroad was full of satisfaction to her.

"So long as I can be with Uncle Dick, I shall feel my wings plumed for any height. He stimulates me to my best, and if I am ever to touch the bottom of my life at any one point, and rise to its extreme zenith at the other, he is the one to help me to do it."

The difference of a score and more of years between the ages of Lane and Ricarda seemed in no wise to affect the equality of their companionship. Lane's habits of life, removed from all tendency to dissipation, had robbed him of none of the elasticity and vigor of youth. No great sorrow had come upon him, as upon Mygatt James, leaving him discrowned and bereft. But, most of all, his affections had not been dissipated in unholy or frivolous channels, nor his heart withered by selfishness, leaving him as so many unwedded men are left at two and forty, but as sign-boards for the label, "God failed on this animal."

"So long as I live," he had once said to James, "I shall never be able to get away from myself, and this is reason enough why I should keep myself as righteous and decent as possible." In doing this he had consciously, and maybe necessarily, incased himself in an armor of reserve that led him to appear unsocial and distant to most persons, even brusque and opinionated; but with his friends, and especially with James, he poured out his feelings with the fullest freedom, and which had led him at one time to compare himself to a champagne-bottle, and his chum to a *tire bouchon*. "You uncork me, Jim," he laughed, "and I bubble over until there is

nothing left in my mind but dregs of humiliation at my loquacity."

He felt the same disposition to "talk himself out" to Ricarda that he did to her father; and now for the first time in his life he had touched upon an experience about which he could talk with neither.

This effort on the part of both to conceal mutual feelings, each from the other, and at the same time to conduct themselves toward each other with their accustomed freedom and confidence, would have required more tact than either possessed, if each had not felt that the other was entirely unaffected by unusual feelings. If Lane thought he detected a constraint in Ricarda's manner, he attributed it to but a reflection of his own conduct, and, if she felt a change in him, she as readily attributed it to her own fancies. Of the three, the father alone perceived the possible result of the relations between Ricarda and his friend; and he felt, upon the whole, that, if his child could love him, her happiness could find no better security in human keeping than in the heart and hand of Richard Lane. But he also kept his thoughts to himself; and so the weeks passed away without special event, until the middle of September had come.

VI.

THE day dawned cloudy and sultry, and, after the mid-day luncheon, Lane proposed that they go for "a breath of air" to the top of one of the hills that formed a range of miniature mountains, nearly an hour's walk distant to the northwest from the cottage. This hill was the highest of the peaks, but, from the ease of its ascent and the wide view it afforded of the country for miles around, had at one time been a favorite resort for a party of tourists who had spent a summer in the locality, and had erected on its summit a rude pavilion, which, having at the time been thatched like the cottage of a French peasant, was now thickly overgrown with vines, furnishing at once a picturesque monument in the midst of a few sturdy old trees, as well as shelter from rain.

"I think, Dick," replied James, "that your proposition is a remedy worse than the ill. I should lose what breath I have in climbing to that atmospheric Pisgah. Moreover, I think it will rain; the air is surcharged with electricity."

"Oh, then, let's go!" cried Ricarda. "There's no equal place within our reach for watching an electrical storm. If the rain descends, we'll hie to the pavilion. We have only to go armed *cap à pie*, in a 'Boston uniform.' Then, too, the mountain pinks must be making their final display for the season."

"Ricarda is always ripe for adventure," re-

plied the father, his eyes resting admiringly upon her. "If she had been a man—"

"She would *then* have been nothing *extraordinary*," she laughingly interrupted; "for men 'with pistol cocked and saber girt' roam the world around, and nobody minds it; but, if a *woman* is not frightened at a mouse, she is a prodigy of heroism, and a *savante* if she knows how to spell. But you and Mr. Richard Lane" (making a courtesy to the latter) "spoiled me for the typical girl years ago, when you taught me to climb rocks and hills like a chamois, and to love wild storms like an Alpine hunter. Come, papa, and Uncle Dick."

But papa begged to be excused, and Lane and Ricarda set off without him.

"You are the only woman in the world who knows how to *walk*," remarked Lane, as they were rapidly approaching the hill.

"You have walked with them all?" she asked in mock astonishment.

"No, not quite," laughed Lane; "but those I *have* walked with kept me at a mincing, high-gity-piggity pace, that made me feel like stretching out my arms, inflating my lungs, as if to free myself from some invisible fetter. I don't think it looks well to see a man a pace or two ahead of the woman with whom he is walking, who is generally his wife; yet I confess to a fellow feeling with him, for I could name no more insufferable impatience than to be compelled to keep step for a lifetime with the majority of American and French women. The English walk much better, have more of the spring, equipoise, and lightness that belong to natural healthful motion. And I tell you, Ricarda, nothing more inspires a man with the helpfulness of the woman at his side, and with a sense of her uplifting equality—if I may so express it—than a firm, light, well-reaching step, that accompanies his own like a higher octave in music. It seems like an index to her whole character; so when I walk with other women I feel restricted and hampered. When I walk with you, I feel a sense of freedom and a lightness of motion even greater than when I walk alone."

"Thank you! That is the first compliment you ever paid me, Uncle Dick. I think something must be going to happen," and she glanced archly around.

"Something is going to happen!" he exclaimed, seizing her arm, and turning her about. "Look, how rapidly the storm is coming upon us! That is an unusual phenomenon to see such a phosphoric-like light haloing the hilltops, with darkness rising from the valleys." As they hastened up to the pavilion, the low rumbling of thunder, that for some time they had heard in the distance, came nearer and nearer, while an

occasional gleam of lightning lit up the low-lying horizon like a fitful smile of Nature at the manifestation of her own power.

"There! *nous nous sommes sauvés!*" exclaimed Ricarda, as they finally reached shelter. Taking off her hat, she hung it on a projecting stick in the pavilion; then with a quick motion pushed her waving hair back from her forehead, and turning to the wide doorway, stood with flushed cheeks and clasped hands, rapturously gazing at the awe-inspiring scene around her. "This was worth coming for, Uncle Dick," she said at length. "I do not know—I may be all mistaken—but I never see a manifestation of electricity in nature without thinking that, in the realm of this strange and wonderful force, the greatest and most important discoveries are within the coming half century to be made. Even with the modicum of this power that men already control, how superhuman are their achievements! If the gods are ever again jealous of the power of mortals, it will be because of their ability to seize and utilize this sublime, mysterious presence that lurks all about us like a spark of heavenly fire. I can never think of Franklin, and Faraday, and Morse, and their discoveries, without fairly holding my breath. If I go into the laboratory with papa, I feel sure that my attention will all be absorbed in electricity. At Vassar, my mania for making electrical experiments was such as to win me the *sobriquet* of 'Electrical Eel'; and I have been so fascinated with the science as sometimes to regard it as an augury of my fitness in its pursuance as a study. Only to think, Uncle Dick, if I should succeed in solving as yet unsolved electrical problems, as in mathematics did Marie-Gaétane-Agnesi!"

"That would be electrifying, to say the least," smiled Lane, when a sudden and startling clap of thunder seemed to shake the ground under their feet, driving the color from Ricarda's cheeks and further talk out of her mind.

"That was very near us," said Lane, as he observed the pallor of her face, which was most unusual in Ricarda. He feared the hurried ascent had been too great a tax upon her. "The lightning must have struck not far away, and you know," he added, with excessive exactness, as if to reassure her, "that it never strikes twice in the same place."

But a moment later, and it seemed to be striking all about the hilltop; while the increasing darkness, forming a background like night, gave an awful intensity to the fiery swiftness of the forks of lightning that flashed with zigzag outlines in the gloom, like old Semitic characters—the yet unread hieroglyphics of the skies—the language of electricity. "This is too grand and awful for mortal endurance," whispered Ricarda.

Then followed a lull in the thunder, and the rain, which had been falling in large and labored drops, suddenly came down in torrents, followed by a blinding flash, and a crash of splitting timber that was quickly overpowered by terrifying bursts of thunder, and a blocking up of the doorway of the pavilion by a riven limb of oak.

Unconsciously to himself, in unquestioning obedience to an all-powerful instinct of his nature, which ruled his action, as the hand is moved by the will, Lane had put his arm about Ricarda, holding her close to his side, as if to shield her from the lightning-strokes, or some indefinable harm of the storm. Both had been too greatly affected by its intensity and terrific grandeur to realize the quick, strong, and passionated infolding of the one by the other. The moment had come to Lane when love had won the mastery over intention, and, borne out to the extreme limit of his being by the overwhelming emotions of the past moments, had leaped into sudden freedom of expression, and now seemed to confront him with a victorious sense of acquired liberty.

The pallor in Ricarda's face was still unabated, and, although she had borne the terror of the tempest bravely and unflinchingly, without uttering a cry, or making a movement of alarm, she was now unable to suppress a tremor that made weakness of her strength, and which at the same time revealed to her the support she was receiving from Lane. As a recognition of this passed through her mind, she said, as if in apology for herself:

"You never thought I was so weak, Uncle Dick?" while a faint smile gleamed on her colorless lips.

"What I *have* thought, Ricarda—" and his voice had a strange, new sound in it, which caused her to turn her head, and look into his face—"what I *have* thought is of the past, Ricarda. I am *weak*, too; weaker than you think, and since these awful moments that I have just experienced my heart refuses longer the violence of silence. I can not let you pass from my arms without telling you that I love you—not as your 'Uncle Dick,' your life-long comrade and friend, but more, a thousand times more, as a man loves the one woman in all the world whom he would call wife."

Lane's face was now paler than Ricarda's, for a quick blush overspread hers, and she made an attempt to free herself from his arm.

"You are too weak yet to stand alone, Ricarda," he said, "and there are no seats here."

But, from an innate sense of delicacy that had ever been one of the peculiar charms of his manliness, he quickly broke into short lengths the boughs of the fallen limb before the door,

shook the leaves free from the rain, piled them into a heap, and, after begging the loan of her cloak as upholstering for the rustic seat, proffered it to her with a playful attempt at his old-time gallantry. She gladly availed herself of it, and, sitting down, leaned her head, turned half in shadow, wearily against the side of the pavilion, and with closed eyes, and her hands clasped in her lap, spoke no word in reply to the avowal her friend had made.

After assuring himself of her comfort, Lane retreated a step or two, and stood, silent and pale, with folded arms. At length he looked out on the wreck caused by the storm. The oak-tree that the lightning had struck was cleft in twain to its roots, and its rugged, sturdy trunk shivered in countless shreds. Something of the hush and desolation without was like the feeling of loss in his heart, as though the storm had swept away the final illusion of his life, but which left him with a feeling of freedom, like one who has parted with a burden. Suddenly he heard her speak his name.

"Richard!" His heart leaped into his throat at the word, and he saw Ricarda's hand uplifted toward him.

"I think I am strong enough to stand now," she said, and he helped her to rise. She placed her hand on his shoulder, as if not quite sure of her strength, and, looking into his eyes with something of her old-time gleam of mirth, softened by what might readily be concentrated into tears, said:

"Do you think it would be very weak and silly in me to be appropriated by a man since I love him?"

"Can this be true, Ricarda?" he asked, his voice husky with emotion.

"I know you expected something *better* of me" (with arch reproachfulness), "but it is true, nevertheless"; and a smile illumined her face. Lane folded her to his heart, and when again they looked in each other's eyes their love shone through tears.

An hour later, as they were walking homeward, and Ricarda was leaning on his arm, instead of tripping lightly along unaided, as was her wont, Lane said, as if in remembrance of their talk in ascending the hill:

"That I am to have you to walk with me always, Ricarda, is to feel like having received an endowment of wings."

"Like Mercury," she laughed. "That must be the latest achievement of electricity." As they neared the cottage, Ricarda said: "I wonder what dear papa will say? We must never be separated from him."

"I have thought of all these things, Ricarda; thought of them more times than you could well

believe. I think the papa will perhaps have much to say, but I hope he will not be displeased. At all events, I think, with you, that we three should not be parted while we live."

During the remainder of the walk Lane was busy thinking how he should make known the great event of the afternoon to James, which half seemed to him, at moments, like a dream, so strange and so beyond all common earthly experiences it was, at least to him.

The sky had partially cleared, and the sun, that had already gone down, had left a flame of color along the sky. Ricarda's father had for the last hour been sitting on the porch of the cottage, enjoying the revived air, the freshened beauty of the landscape, and anxiously watching for the return of his daughter and Dick. When he saw them slowly approaching, Ricarda leaning on her companion's arm, he felt an intuitive apprehension that something of unusual import had occurred, and he hastened to meet them. When they had come near enough for him to see that his daughter's face was pale:

"You come very opportunely, papa," she said, slipping her disengaged hand through his arm. "The storm was terrific on the summit—an oak-tree near us was shattered by the lightning—and I was shocked so that I lost my strength, and Uncle Dick has been obliged to half carry me home. But I am quite well again, papa." After a moment's pause, she quickly added, as if she had forgotten: "But he is to be 'Uncle Dick' no more. I call him 'Richard' now."

They had reached the porch, where Ricarda sank into a chair. James looked from her pale but happy face into that of his friend, as if seeking a solution to her concluding remark.

"It means, Jim," said Lane, extending his hand and frankly meeting his friend's eyes, "that old things have passed away and all things have become new: Ricarda has promised to become my wife, and we three, God and you helping, will never more in life be separated."

James mechanically took the proffered hand, but, soon relinquishing it, sat down by Ricarda, taking her hand in one of his, while with the other he stroked her hair in caressing tenderness. Tears filled her eyes, and, rising, she tenderly embraced and kissed him, and then went to her room for dry raiment.

James sat for some time in silence, looking as if at the western sky, and then with a sly gleam of humor in his eyes turned to Lane with—

"What do *you* want of a wife, Dick? What has become of the man who if he loved a woman could not have the heart to ask her to marry him? O Dick, to think that *you*, too, along with Bridget and Patrick and the rest of the vul-

gar crowd, should do so common a thing as to marry! I expected something finer, higher, more platonic from you and your disciple."

"Go on, Jim!" exclaimed Dick, blushing and laughing, "you have only begun to enumerate things. They rise before me with the distinctness of crimes in the mind of a drowning man, and are enough in numbers to make a rosary that would girdle the cottage."

"Very well," laughed James in return, "the enumeration is needless, and you may give answer collectively."

"That's quickly done," ejaculated Lane, folding his arms and leaning against a pillar of the porch. "The answer is, that I have learned the lesson you learned years ago—the one that Love teaches."

Lane's reply, although given with no intention of modifying the humor of his friend, quickly sobered him, recalling as it did his own love-life, so sweet, so precious, and so sadly brief. He sat, looking again on the western sky as if he saw in its fading hues the panorama of those broken-hearted days. Then he heard Ricarda's step on the stairs, and rising he gave his hand to Lane, saying with tremulous voice: "God bless you, Dick! May you know all the joy that was mine, and taste none of its sorrow." Turning, he embraced Ricarda, and the three went to their dinner.

After what had been already won, Lane found himself confronted, in arranging for the future, with differences of opinions and interests that greatly taxed his knowledge and patience. In all probability his business would require him to live abroad, mostly in London, while for James to cross the Atlantic for a permanent abode was like severing him from his own professional connections at a time of life when men claim that they thereafter no longer make friends. And, above all, Ricarda, who felt an unwonted tenderness toward her father, opposed Richard's wish for their immediate marriage. She thought it best to postpone it until the end of the year so that she could adhere to the original plan of "doing Europe with papa."

"I can not explain to you why, Richard," she said, in answer to his pleading, "but I feel that it will be a matter of regret to me in the future if I do not give papa all of this year. He seems to me less strong than usual; the journeying may do him good, and he deserves from me a thousand-fold more than I can ever give him. You can join us for a few days at a time throughout the year, and, you know, after that, Richard, that all my life is to be spent with you, and you may find it quite enough," she gayly concluded.

So it was finally arranged, to Richard's dis-

comfiture, that the marriage should take place in London after the Continental tour, and James was to remain with them at least a year thereafter, as he could spend that length of time to advantage in seeing what was being done in physical science in London. Further in the future than that they felt it not worth while to make definite arrangements.

When the year's sight-seeing with her father was over, and the two were back in London, Ricarda, who had been listening with amusement to Richard's account of the vexations to which foreigners were subjected in arranging the details of a legal marriage in France and England (their own was to be solemnized at the American Legation on the following day), somewhat surprised the two men by turning the conversation upon the subject of her career.

"Through college, the Continent crossed, and through the matrimonial gate," which she archly emphasized, "it is then time, is it not, Richard, to begin one's work in earnest?—You see, the question is still the same, papa, to be a young lady is to *be* what—to *do* what? Here in England, where women think and do so much, I should not like to feel like a drone in the hive."

"Marriage itself is a career, Ricarda," remarked her father.

"True, papa; for man also, as for woman. Have you not told me that once upon a time Richard said that for a wife to poise her whole existence on love was to place herself at a disadvantage with her husband? It may be that if I should have no larger sphere in which to grow, and no more active work to do, in being a helpmeet in its best sense to my lord, than to dote on him in his presence and pine for him in his absence, that I should right speedily become a Jerusalem cherry-tree in a geranium-pot."

At this recall of one of his long-ago speeches Richard laughed long and heartily.

"What a man sows that shall he reap," sententially observed James.

"And none ever more gladly than I in this," replied Lane, with fervor. "Whatever pursuit Ricarda may choose for mental growth, culture, and her own happiness, shall have my hearty approval. In the summer-time we shall have our botanizing—the flora of these British Isles will afford new fields of delightful discoveries, and I think we may all brighten up our knowledge of natural history with happy results. During the winter there is never lack of intellectual entertainment in London. Moreover, Jim"—for, although Mygatt James was shortly to become his father-in-law, the old name had too many and too deeply rooted associations to be exchanged for a more dignified title—"moreover, I

have carried into effect a notion of mine that I think will make London seem more like home to you, for I believe that home is as much where one's *work* is as where one's *heart* is.—But more of this to-morrow, Ricarda," added Lane, while a light passed over his face, and, turning to her chair, he laid his arm about her neck. "You may see in it something that will recall a certain memorable day when you first called me 'Richard,' and which, after all, my wife, was our real wedding-day."

Ricarda smiled questioningly up in his face, but received only the glad light of his countenance in reply.

After the marriage-service was over, and the three friends had become domiciled in the new home which Richard had prepared while Ricarda and her father were on the Continent, he led them into a room which to both father and daughter was a surprise and delight. It was a light and beautiful apartment, adorned with engraved and sculptured portraits of scientific men and women—of Faraday, Franklin, Galvani, Liebig, Wheatstone; of Henry, Morse, Mitchell, Herschel—while adjoining was a library of specific scientific works of admirable selection. On long tables and on shelves inclosed in glass were all the needed instruments and mechanisms required in a chemist's laboratory.

"And this beautiful workshop for papa!" exclaimed Ricarda, happy tears of gratitude filling her eyes as she turned them toward her husband.

"This was too much, Dick," said James, with emotion; for this thoughtfulness on the part of Lane touched him deeply.

"Too much!" exclaimed Richard, laughingly putting his arm about Ricarda, and looking in her face with an expression that needed no translation. "No, Jim, nothing of this sort could be too much. I had a scientific friend make the selection of instruments, and as to the cost—for I know you are thinking of the outlay of money—it is only the counting out of a set of diamonds as my wedding-gift to Ricarda. So, you see, it

comes from her, after all. I felt sure that, between the two, there would be no hesitancy of choice on her part."

The expressions of delight on the face of Ricarda, and that fell from her lips as she and her father examined one thing after another in the laboratory, had in them all the *abandon* of her childhood. To watch her lovely face, the grace of her beautiful form, the movements of her deft and exquisite hands as she glided amid the dainty machines, repaid her husband a thousand times over for the trouble and care the room had involved. With her quick discernment she saw that especial attention had been bestowed upon the selection, variety, and beauty of the electrical instruments, and with ready intuition she divined the reason. It was evident that the laboratory had been fitted up as much for her as for his old friend. She appreciated the delicacy of the action on the part of her husband, who in affording a source of great pleasure to her father gave her also the opportunity of pursuing a study for which she had expressed marked inclination, if she should care so to do.

"I think there is room for a career here, Ricarda," remarked her father, facetiously, as they finished their tour of inspection.

"So there is!" she exclaimed, joyously. "And *here, too*," as she put her hand through Dick's arm, and stood at his side. "Being 'appropriated' is not, after all, to lose one's self, but to find one's self. This is a realization of the dreams of the new era, when marriage means help, growth, and grace to woman as well as to man, when love sanctifies work and makes it joy, and work strengthens and enriches love."

"But all men are not Richards," said her father.

"Nor all women Ricardas," added her husband.

"Ah, if they only *were*!" she laughed.

"Then had the millennium dawned," said James in the same spirit.

"Mine has dawned already," said Richard, as, drawing Ricarda closer to him, he kissed her.

MARY A. E. WAGER-FISHER.

REFORMS IN ASIATIC TURKEY.

BY ONE WHO HAS LIVED THERE.

AT a time when the British Government adopts a decided policy with regard to the Asiatic provinces of the Ottoman Empire, and when that policy is assailed by the Opposition in Parliament, by public journals, and by speeches at meetings, it is really surprising that so little reliable information should have been obtained on the internal condition of the country under discussion. It seems to be a subject on which the English in general are contentedly ignorant. The practical question at issue is the possibility of reforming the Turkish rule in western Asia so as to warrant our protecting it from foreign assault, and a sane judgment on that point must be preceded by a distinct comprehension of its actual state and susceptibility of improvement.

Newspaper correspondents, however able and conscientious, can only report what meets the eye of a passing traveler or temporary resident. The underlying truths which pervade the whole mechanism of Ottoman provincial administration can not be detected otherwise than by their occasionally cropping up, and they may never come under the notice of erratic and casual observers. Blue-books are not much more satisfactory in the amount of knowledge imparted by them. Since the days of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe ("there were giants in those days") the stature and strength of our embassy at Constantinople have dwindled down to pygmy growth and chronic debility. British ambassadors may thus contrive to live on doubtful reputations for familiarity with all the secrets of Oriental diplomacy, reputations acquired by brief sojourns in obscure corners of the Ottoman Empire during their long-past youth, when sanguine hopes of the regeneration of the Turks were still entertained, which have since proved unfounded and delusive. They may now be either such survivors of the obsolete Palmerstonian school, traditionally maintaining the robust belief in Turkish progress enunciated by our greatest Foreign Secretary of modern times, or benevolent and credulous recipients of plausible assurances that Turkish provincial rule is immaculate, which their personal experience furnishes them with no facts and arguments to controvert. In neither hypothesis can much be expected in the way of enlightenment on the real state of Asiatic Turkey, and it is hardly to be wondered at that ambassadorial contributions to blue-books, in the form of dispatches and reports to the Foreign Office, should be so moderately instructive. Am-

bassadors, moreover, rarely extend their sphere of practical observation beyond the walls of the capital; and a long time must pass before the provinces in Asia can possibly reach even that slender measure of improvement which has some appearance of existing in the central Government. Thus the state of Asiatic Turkey is far from being justly appreciated at our embassy, where friendly contact with individual Turks possessing a superficial varnish of European education induces well-meaning and ingenuous Englishmen to adopt the mistaken notion that Ottoman politicians may really in time become statesmen, while they are only skillful and subtle enough to succeed in throwing a veil of doubt and darkness over every untoward event and embarrassing question that arises in the provinces, whose true bearings they ingeniously disguise in order to deprive diplomatic intervention of all power to hamper the even tenor of the nefarious way of viziers and valis.

Few as are the British consuls and vice-consuls in Asiatic Turkey, they should obviously be selected in the manner most likely to secure their efficiency. Those appointments, like that of ambassador at the Porte, have been held of late years by various classes of men. There are English consular officers in Asiatic Turkey who are able, upright, zealous for the public service, and possessed of every qualification required for a satisfactory discharge of their duties, but these are "*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*." The majority of those occupying British consular posts in western Asia are mere Levantine Englishmen, owing their selection to a colloquial smattering of the languages of the country—for none of them can read or write any of those languages—while they are not endowed with one particle of the essentially English qualities which produce public servants of independent character, whom the Turks can look up to with respect. Educated among abject natives who think the only way to hold their own is by adulation of pashas, they regard it as suicidal to expose local abuses of power. They have hardly even acquired a sufficient command of the English language, its grammar and syntax, to render their reports readable when the subject of them gives them any value or interest. There are also full-blood Englishmen in the consular service of England in Asiatic Turkey who can not greatly edify the readers of their published reports on the state of the country, simply because their igno-

rance of its languages prevents their acquiring an adequate knowledge of it. Like an English lady long resident in Italy, who was asked if she had picked up the language of the country, and answered that she had escaped wonderfully well considering how much she had heard of it, they seem to avoid all occasions of intercourse with those who do not speak any European language. They are thus obliged to receive at second hand every word that is addressed to them by the Turkish authorities and by most of those transacting business at their offices. As they know so little of the peoples among whom they live, it is difficult for them to obtain a sufficient insight into the more complicated questions affecting those populations, and their opinions, laid before the embassy and inserted in blue-books, are consequently of little assistance to inquirers on those subjects. Some consuls and vice-consuls find it almost impossible not to fall an easy prey into the hands of designing native dragomans, who, being unpaid, derive ample incomes from protecting in their chief's name, though without his knowledge, the claims and causes of Ottoman subjects before the Turkish authorities. The latter, hoping to make friends in influential quarters, readily shut their eyes to such irregularities, which are masked by a transfer of the interests at stake to the dragoman, who enjoys British protection. Thus these native dragomans and the Turkish authorities play into each other's hands, and their mutual self-interest forms a solid foundation for a superstructure of dragomanic corruption and impunity, which governors-general encourage in order to give a color in their favor to consular reports founded on the intelligence brought by the dragomans. The consular chief is hoodwinked and the embassy misled that pockets may be kept full, which our Government should duly replenish by salaries sufficient both for the necessary expenditure of consuls and vice-consuls, and for the employment of a superior class of paid dragomans. Under these circumstances it would surely be desirable that reforms in our own establishment in Asiatic Turkey should precede those which we wish to induce the Porte to adopt.

The pivot on which the questions regarding reforms in the Asiatic provinces of the Ottoman Empire all turn, is the manner in which the attempt should be made to apply them with the best prospect of success. If any degree of certainty can be attained that the means to be employed will produce the desired effect, the problem may be considered as solved. The suggestion made, of appointing three English commissioners in each province to direct the working of the police, judicial and financial departments, seems likely to meet the requirements of the

case, provided those commissioners belong neither to the class of Levantine Englishmen, nor to that of Englishmen not knowing Oriental languages. The remarks passed above on those two classes, as composing unsatisfactorily the majority of the British consular establishment in Asiatic Turkey, are applicable *a fortiori* to a staff of superintending commissioners. It is hard to see that the object in view can be attained by any other means; and, however difficult it may be to find eligible persons, it will be necessary to make the most of the best men who are at the disposal of the Government. A few facts may throw some light on the question whether or not the Augean stable to be cleansed by them may be found to contain such a mass of accumulated filth that not even a triple river can flow through it.

There is no branch of the Turkish provincial administration in western Asia which calls more loudly for reform than the police establishment. The constabulary force is not regularly paid, and every opportunity is taken of supplying the place of wages by accepting bribes. Arrested persons are allowed to escape for a dollar. Beasts of burden are seized for forced labor by hundreds when only fifty or sixty are required, and those in excess of the requisition are liberated for two dollars a head. Demands are made for the payment of taxes in arrear, and gratuities are received for postponing the collection thereof, which is intrusted to constables. Recruits for the army are summoned to draw their lot at the military conscription, and, when the number drawn is for active service, they are, on payment of an amount proportionate to their means, rejected as being physically disqualified. In short, the police find many ways of doing without their pay, which accumulates on paper, and may be made good to them at some future time. When quarrels occur in the streets; and blows are exchanged, a solitary Turk surrounded by non-Mussulmans has nothing to fear from the police, which is always ready to fight for him, whether he be in the right or in the wrong; and his defeated adversaries are finally mulcted by the constables, and dismissed. In order to substantiate so sweeping a charge against the Turkish authorities of the Asiatic towns under Ottoman rule, it is necessary, of course, that recent cases in point should be mentioned. Thus, an officer of police was informed by one of his men that a Christian shopkeeper was disputing with a Mussulman about a piece of false coin offered to him by the latter for an article which he had purchased. "Take the infidel to jail at once," was the order given to the constable, who perfectly understood its meaning, and soon returned with several pieces of money sent to the officer by the Christian in payment of his liberty. A Jewish money-

changer refused to give a Mussulman a hundred silver piasters in exchange for a hundred-piaster note, which was then current for forty piasters. The holder of the note gathered a mob in the bazaar, which plundered the money-changer's whole stock-in-trade. No notice was taken of the complaint the Jewish victim lodged at the police office, whither a considerable share of the spoil had found its way. There have even been instances of housebreaking in which some of the robbers were seen in the uniform of the constabulary.

Again, on one occasion, the Turkish chief of a police station was making his nightly rounds, accompanied by a strong force, when he was met by a gang of thieves going about to find some opportunity of robbing people passing through the streets on their way home after spending the evening, as is the practice, at friends' houses. They called to him to put out his lantern, and he did so. That police officer was in nominal receipt of a salary of about one hundred pounds a year, he had no private resources whatever, and yet, after fourteen years' service, he retired with a fortune of nearly twenty thousand pounds. The fact speaks for itself.

A murder was committed, and, on hearing of it, the authorities sent another officer of police to find out the names of the assassins. This was easily done, as there were many witnesses of the crime, which was perpetrated by daylight in an open street; and the officer repaired to the house of three brothers, who had been seen killing the murdered man. He remained closeted with them for nearly an hour, and then took them to the gate of the town, where he told them to make their way to some village. One of them was afterward captured by the friends of the victim, and taken to the police office. A written accusation had been presented, and was produced; but the names inscribed in it had been altered by the chief of the police, and the prisoner was released on the plea that his name was not mentioned in it. Several cases of burglary had occurred, and one of them was falsely laid at the door of a personal enemy of the informant. An officer and two constables were sent to the house of the man accused, and they arrested him. On his declaring that he had no knowledge of the burglary, he was stripped and put to the torture with red-hot irons to make him confess. He laid a complaint before the governor-general of the province, who had him carried to the military hospital to be cured of his wounds, and had the officer and constables placed under arrest. When conversing with the English consul, the governor-general requested him to report the case to his embassy, because he had heard of his conduct having been misrepresented by other con-

suls. The report was sent, and it was communicated by the English embassy to the Sultan's Government, which blamed the governor-general for not having summarily dismissed the officer and constables from the public service. The provincial council was at once convoked, and a solemn and formal declaration was signed by the governor-general, as president of it, and by all the councilors, to the effect that no incident of the kind had ever occurred, and that the English consul's statement was the mere offspring of his imagination. This declaration was forwarded to the Porte, and by the Porte to the embassy, where no further notice was taken of the case; and the consul heard of it only a year afterward, from the clerk who wrote the declaration under the governor-general's dictation. The officer and constables were of course ordered to return to their duty.

In a neighboring provincial town, where there is no British consul, a circumstance of a somewhat similar nature took place at about the same time. The chief of the police, with half a dozen constables, entered the workshop of a Christian blacksmith, and told him that he must move immediately to another street where there was a vacant workshop belonging to the Government, for which he must pay rent in advance. The blacksmith replied quite respectfully that he had paid rent in advance for the one he occupied, which he would lose by moving to another, and that he would lose also many of his customers by the change; but he was peremptorily ordered to go. He complained of this treatment to his bishop, who went to intercede for him with the governor-general. Before the case was decided either way, the chief of the police returned with his followers, and they commenced beating him with sticks until he was hardly able to reach his house. Two days later he died of the injuries he had received. An English medical man, who was there at the time, being much shocked by what had happened, and seeing the governor-general seated at the door of a shop in the bazaar, went to him with his dragoman, and told him that he ought to bring his police agents to justice for killing the Christian blacksmith. He had himself gone to see him before his death, and had verified the fact of its having been caused by a severe blow on the head. The Pasha made no reply to him, but complained to the Porte of the irregularity of this proceeding on the part of a person not holding a consular position, at the same time forwarding a certificate from a native doctor to prove that the blacksmith had died of a liver complaint of long standing. The case was referred by the Porte to the English embassy, where it was known through a report from the nearest English consulate, sent after a full inquiry into all the facts.

The only result was an instruction to warn the Englishman to abstain for the future from meddling in matters which did not concern him.

Quite recently, a town in the same part of the country, inhabited solely by Christians, has suffered wholesale persecution by the Turkish police. Arrears of taxes were due, and a detachment of constables was sent to collect them. Houses were ransacked with the utmost violence, and effects were exposed for sale at any price. A complaint was forwarded to the governor-general of the province, who hastened to the town alluded to, and he was received by its whole population with every possible mark of respect. He promised to give them time for the payment of their arrears, the great accumulation of which has been the almost universal and time-honored consequence, in the Asiatic provinces, of bribing the collectors to let them stand over. The people were now too poor to furnish the usual gratuities, to obtain which, by extortion and terror, the police agents were acting with such rigor. The Pasha's back was hardly turned when the persecution recommenced as violently as ever. One of the Christians, in his exasperation at seeing his wife and children thus deprived of their bedding and household utensils, shot the constable who was carrying them off. Troops were brought from the chief provincial city to quell a so-called bold insurrection. Many of the Christians fled to the mountains, and their wives and children were arrested and escorted by the police to that chief city, which is a hundred and fifty miles distant. It was cold and rainy as the women were driven along. One of them was in feeble health, and begged to be allowed to stop at a village on the road. She was refused, and, unable to bear up longer, she lay down and died. A priest wrote a paper for collective signature to lay the grievances of the town before the Porte. He was arrested, stripped, and beaten in presence of the troops. A telegraphic report was dispatched by the governor-general to the Grand Vizier, declaring that a Russian plot, headed by priests, and inciting the Christians to revolt, had been discovered, and successfully counteracted and completely frustrated by him. The plain truth is that the Turkish police agents were the only firebrands in the whole affair. Numerous arrests were effected, and some of the chief inhabitants of the place were handcuffed and chained by the neck and feet in a standing posture in a prison flooded with several inches of water, half frozen over. The last intelligence received is that the Christians had risen in a body and broken open the prison, liberating the Christian prisoners, and putting the Turkish police agents in their place in the same prison.

It would be as superfluous as tedious to dwell

on the many recent instances of abominable conduct on the part of the police department in Asiatic Turkey. Suffice it to say that in one town of about one hundred thousand inhabitants, during the year just closed, no less than one hundred and ninety-three murders have been committed, while only two murderers have been brought to justice; and even in their case no credit is due to the provincial government, because every possible effort was made by the authorities for the purpose of screening them from the punishment which was insisted upon by the British consulate, armed with a legal right to interfere. In consequence of this utter inefficiency of the police department in that town, nothing but contempt was felt for the constabulary force, and in one case an officer with thirty constables was mobbed in the streets, and a prisoner, arrested for some imaginary offense because able to pay a heavy ransom, was forcibly taken from them. The governor-general then gave one hundred pounds per month to an influential Mussulman to keep the town quiet. This local magnate made a few of his own people patrol the streets, and put the money in his pocket, without any improvement in security of life and property being attained. The same system is followed in the villages, which are pillaged with impunity by the retainers of powerful chiefs who have obtained such contracts by large bribes to the authorities. The facts cursorily related above will not, probably, leave room for any doubt that the police department in the Turkish provinces of Asia is conspicuous for the absence of every quality that could make it useful, and stands in the most deplorable need of immediate and complete reorganization.

The judicial department is the next field which requires the application of strong measures to remedy its inherent defects, if these Asiatic provinces of the Ottoman Empire can be expected to rise from their present state of absolute collapse to that level of good government which could alone sanction their protection by England. Judgment in causes is exclusively given in favor of the side which makes the highest bid for it. Professional witnesses crowd the doors of all the courts of law, ready to swear whatever may be required, and receiving payment in advance according to the amount involved in a civil suit, or the importance of the evidence for the prisoner or the prosecutor in a criminal case. These are Mussulmans, of course—Christian and Jewish witnesses not being admitted to testify, on the plea that by the Koranic law their oath is not legal. Some of the recent trials in Asiatic Turkey are so striking that they can not fail to convey an idea of the enormity of the injustice prevailing there. In one case, two trustworthy Mussulman witnesses had their depositions rejected af-

ter a nocturnal visit by the prisoner's relatives to all the members of the tribunal. Although those two witnesses swore that they had seen the prisoner stab the murdered man, he was acquitted. The son of the victim of the crime applied, as prosecutor, for an inquiry into this suspicious proceeding, and a paper was found in the record of the trial, bearing ten seals and signatures purporting to be those of the best reputed householders in the quarter of the town to which the two witnesses belonged, and declaring them to be men of bad character, and accustomed to perjure themselves before the courts of justice for hire. The ten householders were summoned, and, on being questioned, they swore that they had not sealed or signed any such document, and that they knew the two witnesses to be very good men, and quite incapable of taking a false oath. The whole proceedings in the case were quashed, and a new trial was ordered; but this was not obtained without the strongest possible pressure from without, in the form of a serious remonstrance from the British consulate. By Mussulman law a criminal case can not be tried without there being a "*davaji*," or prosecutor, who must be the next of kin of the person suffering by the crime, if that person be dead. The son of the murdered man had been very active and intelligent in his exertions to bring his father's murderers to justice. The device resorted to by the friends of the murderer first arrested was in perfect keeping with Turkish character. Another murder had just been reported. A young girl had threatened to complain to her absent uncle of the treatment she received from his wife, and had been strangled in the night by the wife and her mother. An accusation was immediately brought against the son of the man previously murdered, and a proposal was made to him to withdraw the charge on condition of his giving up the prosecution of his father's murderer. He rejected the offer, and was put on his trial. The wife and her mother swore to having seen him strangle the girl, and the innocent youth was condemned to be hanged. He has not been executed, for what reason does not appear; but he remains in prison under sentence of death, the object in view having been attained by his being prevented from acting as prosecutor. The new trial could not have gone on if it had not been for the vigorous efforts of the English consulate, which also succeeded in having another of the murderers captured. They were tried together, and sentence of twelve years' imprisonment was passed on both of them. If the English consulate had not taken up the prosecution officially, satisfying thereby the *quasi*-legal scruples of the law officers of the Porte by exercising the treaty right of protecting a consular guard—for this

was the status of the murdered man—the trial would have arrived at no practical result.

Justice was soon again tampered with by the same tribunal in a case of murder in a village. Two men had been seen by many witnesses putting an enemy of theirs to death, and ample evidence was given quite regularly, but neither of the prisoners was punished, the one having distributed one hundred and sixty pounds, and the other one hundred and fifty pounds among the members of the tribunal. The prosecutor, seeing the murderers at large, has presented ten successive memorials to the Government, but without the least notice being taken of them.

In another instance there was not even a trial. An elderly Christian woman earned a livelihood for her infirm husband and numerous family by acting as a broker for the sale of jewels in the harems of the wealthier class of Mussulmans. One day she was told to take all the jewels she had for sale to a house where she had occasionally been employed in her calling. Her husband accompanied her to the door of the harem, and said he would wait there for her, as he had been in the habit of doing. After he had stood at the door for several hours he knocked, and three negresses appeared, and he asked them to tell his wife to come to him. They denied that his wife had come to the house that day, and treated him as a madman. He went home, hoping that she had, unseen by the black slaves, left the harem by some other door, and gone to their own house; but nothing had been heard of her there. For several days he went about the town inquiring for her without success. At last he happened to meet in the street the youngest of the three negresses whom he had seen at the Turkish house, a girl of fifteen; she stopped him, saying she was so sorry for him, that she would tell him the whole truth; and she then related how her mistress had taken his wife into a room where there was a trap-door opening above a deep vault, and there asked her to show the jewels she had brought. They were carefully examined, and placed on a divan. Her mistress then, with the help of the two other female slaves, pushed the poor woman into the vault, and closed the trap-door over her. All this the girl said she had seen; and she added that they had heard his wife's cries until late at night, and supposed that she must then have died from the effects of her fall. In the morning, she continued, the body was taken out by a small staircase leading down to the vault from the courtyard, and buried in the garden by the same black slaves. Armed with this statement, the husband laid an accusation against both the Turkish lady and her two negresses. The tribunal ordered a domiciliary visit to the house, but nothing was found

that could inculcate any one. He then applied for the summoning of the young negress to give evidence, but she was not summoned, and no trial took place, the husband of the lady being high in office, rich and influential, which were three good reasons for screening his wife from justice. The jewels obtained by this abominable crime were worth eight hundred pounds, and their different owners, who had merely intrusted them to the murdered woman for sale, never heard more of them, though it is believed that the president and members of the tribunal had been requested, not without compliance, to select a few of them for the use of their harems.

In a case of robbery, still pending, a Christian merchant lost two hundred pounds from his strong box, which had been forced open before daybreak. He applied for the arrest of a Mussulman miller, whom his servants had seen running across the courtyard of his house at that time. A trial took place, but this evidence was not admitted, the servants being Christians. The Mussulman workmen of the mill were then called as witnesses by the plaintiff, and they deposed on oath that the miller had left them before daylight on that Sunday morning, having worked all night, and had returned after daylight breathless with running, and without his shoes. A pair of shoes was found close to the strong box in the merchant's house which fitted the prisoner perfectly, and were also sprinkled with flour, as if coming from a mill. This was not thought enough to condemn him against the all-powerful testimony of a share of the money stolen, which was said to have been presented to the tribunal. The merchant was informed by its president that, if he did not bring within a fixed term two Mussulman witnesses of the act of taking the two hundred pounds from the strong box the prisoner would be acquitted.

With reference to civil causes tried before the ordinary court two may be mentioned as recently concluded. The guardian of a family of orphans, a Christian, sued a Mussulman for a sum of two hundred and forty pounds which had been lent to him by their deceased father. The debt was denied by the Mussulman, and witnesses were called to prove it, the first of whom deposed clearly in favor of the plaintiff, though the witness was a Mussulman. The registrar of the court commenced writing the deposition in the record of the trial, when the president interrupted him and dictated to him a statement as clearly in favor of the defendant. The witness was begged by the plaintiff to repeat his evidence, which he did in the identical words of the president. The plaintiff then withdrew his suit, regretting aloud that he had paid the fees in advance, as it was vain to expect justice from a

Turkish tribunal. In the other civil case alluded to a Jew was sued by a Mussulman for one hundred and eighty pounds in part payment for a house which the latter had sold to the former. While stating the grounds of his suit the Mussulman plaintiff was stopped by a Mussulman member of the court, who said that he could never gain his cause in that way, and who dictated to the registrar, for insertion in the record of the trial, another statement of facts, and a line of argument altogether different. The defendant objected to this mode of proceeding, and was ordered by the president to keep silence, or he might otherwise be imprisoned for contempt of court. The poor Jew bowed to this injunction, and humbly produced the plaintiff's receipt, in his own handwriting, for the whole of the price of the house, of a part of which he now now claimed payment a second time. Two most influential Mussulmans were brought forward to swear that the receipt was a forgery, not written by the plaintiff, and not sealed with his own seal. These witnesses could not be classed with those who habitually swear anything for money, being rich and respected; but there is a practice among the best-reputed Mussulmans to lend their testimony, and these two had causes pending in favor of which the present plaintiff would give evidence in return. The Jew was condemned to disburse the one hundred and eighty pounds, and he paid the amount at once, asking only that this second settlement of the account should be registered by the court, to prevent its being claimed a third time, and sentence being again passed against him by the same court for the same sum. This was received as an excellent joke by the president and members of the tribunal, who laughed heartily as they counted the coin, calculating doubtless how much of it would fall to their own share.

A great commercial cause, the trial of which has lasted eight years, offers an apt illustration of the mode of administering justice in the Turkish provinces of Asia, so striking are its details, and so important will be its results. A native Christian merchant sent an agent to open a house of business in Manchester in connection with his own in Turkey. For a couple of years there was perfect regularity in their payments, but, when their credit was well established, a colossal swindle was attempted, showing the purpose with which the branch house had been founded. A large quantity of manufactured goods was bought from forty different sellers, to whom strong assurances were given that the amount in payment would be remitted by the foreign principal of the English firm, who was stated to be the moneyed partner in it. The goods were shipped under consignment to this native merchant, and he

promptly sold them at any price which he could obtain without delay. The purchase money was never remitted to Manchester. The agent there became a bankrupt, and the creditors, finding no assets, sued the native merchant in Asiatic Turkey, as his partner. The case seems so very simple, that it is hardly credible that a court of justice exists anywhere capable of keeping it up so long. It is said to have cost the defendant, in the province and at the capital on appeal, no less than six thousand pounds, to stave off a final judgment against him; but he can afford even that enormous amount of bribery, considering that the claim brought forward exceeds twenty-nine thousand pounds.

Another great commercial cause is pending in a neighboring province, which also has lasted several years. An English merchant invested upward of twenty thousand pounds in business of a nature apparently promising fair profits. He purchased about twenty villages for the facilitation of a trade in the exportation of cotton. He then went home, leaving a native partner in charge of his affairs. During ten years he found that, instead of receiving any return from his capital, he was called upon to make frequent remittances for the purpose of carrying on his speculation. At last he visited the province himself to inquire into the state of his interests. On the third day after his arrival he died suddenly. Suspicions of foul play very naturally arose, but a consular investigation did not corroborate them. His heirs in England sent out a lawyer to liquidate their inheritance, and he appointed two agents, a Frenchman and a native Christian, to carry out the object in view. Those two agents conceived a deep scheme of robbery. The Frenchman expressed a wish that a strong letter of recommendation should be addressed by a British consular authority to the Turkish governor-general of the province in which the villages were situated. The English lawyer readily agreed to this, and he applied by mistake to a consular officer not holding the Queen's commission for the jurisdiction which he assumed in that part of the consular district of another British consulate. A daring device was resorted to for shifting all responsibility from the French agent, who was possessed of some property, to the native agent, who had not a farthing in the world. Means were found of dictating the terms of the letter of recommendation in the Turkish language, which that consular officer did not understand, and in it the native was alone mentioned as the agent for the liquidation of the deceased Englishman's estate. They then commenced together to carry out the audacious fraud on which they were intent. They concealed the existence of several most valuable villages, which they sold, appro-

priating to themselves the proceeds of the sales; and they collected the outstanding debts, formed by advances made for the purchase of cotton, taking care to receive always a little less than the full amounts due, so that the bonds and bills representing the debts should remain in their hands, lest they might ever be required to account for the sums, for the payment of which they contrived to give no receipts. Remittances not being made by them to the heirs in England, another representative was dispatched to see into the matter. He soon understood the whole truth, and he brought an action against the Frenchman. It was tried before the French consular court at the chief station of the consular district. To the Englishman's utter amazement, the defense made was simply the production of the British consular letter of recommendation, stating that the native was the sole agent for winding up the affairs of the estate. In vain the Englishman pleaded that no British consular officer's letter could annul the power of attorney delivered by a British subject. Judgment was given against him, and it was confirmed by the appeal court of Aix, where he carried his case. There thus remained only the native to prosecute, and the cause became amenable to Turkish justice alone. In spite of this feeble hope of success, the Englishman thought it his duty to proceed. Every possible obstacle was placed in his way. The Frenchman, in throwing the onus of their joint swindle on the native alone, had bound himself to protect him from all evil consequences, and he has hitherto been quite successful in doing so. The Turkish authorities have exercised the chicanery which they possess in so great a degree to frustrate the ends of justice, and it is not difficult to comprehend the means employed to inspire so much zeal. They even went so far as to allow the defendant to give a merely nominal bail, and he of course absconded, but, through energetic measures taken by the British consul really holding the Queen's commission for jurisdiction in that province, he has now been found and brought back to stand his trial.

In municipal cases most of the minor offenses giving rise to them are punished by fines, levied indiscriminately from the guilty and from the innocent. Bribery is not so rife in these cases, for the elementary reason that a more profitable practice is followed. The fines collected have to be sent by monthly payments to the Treasury with a register referring to receipts given for the fines; but, when they are being received, a smaller sum is accepted, the receipt to be given when the remainder is called for, which is never the case. The fine is thus omitted in the register, and the money is divided every evening among those composing the municipal court.

It would seem idle to multiply dry particulars of cases, all essentially similar, showing the widespread corruption and sinister ingenuity which thwarts the administration of justice in Turkey, though this could be done without difficulty, as such cases are of almost daily occurrence in the Asiatic provinces of Turkey. It is indeed hard to see how any attempt at reform and superintendence could successfully cope with a system so rotten to its very core.

The third important branch of provincial rule in the Turkish territory of western Asia, which presents an equally lamentable spectacle of corruption, is the financial and fiscal department. Its practice is less often prominently before the public than those of the police and judicial departments; but, on the other hand, it is too persistently addicted to malversation of office to escape detection. Designedly bewildering complications of accounts, showing illusory balances in favor of those who keep them, supply the means of peculation. Receipts in coin and payments in notes leave large profits. Collusive sales of crown lands enrich their negotiators. The farming of the tithes of agricultural produce offers an abundant harvest of gain to its many manipulators, whether the season be favorable to the crops or otherwise. The collection of arrears of taxes is productive of gratuities to all those who are connected with it, great and small. The administration of property belonging to pious foundations furnishes a fertile field for wholesale robbery. Finally, the appointment of governors and lieutenant-governors of districts by the governors-general of provinces is almost invariably accompanied by money payments by the former to the latter, and to other functionaries facilitating their nominations. Instances of bribery and corruption are so common in the Asiatic provinces of the Ottoman Empire that, in adducing a few of them as proofs of their existence, the only difficulty lies in their selection, as it is not attempted now to treat the subject of reforms in Asiatic Turkey in an exhaustive, but rather in a suggestive manner. The following cases may serve to establish the fact of such malpractices existing, if demonstration be required.

Complaints were lately sent to a governor-general by the population of a district against the extreme rapacity of a new governor. A commissioner was intrusted with the duties of a formal inquiry into the case. The governor summoned all the complainants before him, and in the presence of the commissioner he admitted the receipt of every bribe which they mentioned. He then made out a debtor and creditor account of all that he had received in the district and of all that he had paid to obtain his appointment, resulting in a balance in his own

favor, of which he demanded payment in the event of his recall. He was not recalled, and his rapacity immediately increased in intensity.

A British merchant remitted five hundred pounds in notes by post from one town to another. The letters containing them in halves were never received. Investigations were instituted, and the postmaster absconded. He has now been captured, however, through the active exertions of the British consulate, and the merchant may thus hope to recover his money, a part of which the postmaster probably devoted to purchasing impunity and undisturbed possession of the remainder.

There exists a perfect understanding among Turkish pashas and effendis with regard to the levying of this species of blackmail from subordinate functionaries. A late governor-general of an Asiatic province had received one thousand pounds from a person who had been appointed a judge through his good offices with the Porte; this large amount corroborating what has been stated above concerning the value of the illicit gains that accrue from the exercise of judicial functions. It happened that the governor-general was recalled very soon after the appointment of the judge. On the arrival of his successor an arrangement was entered into by which half the sum paid to the late governor was handed by him to the new one on condition of his not attempting to replace the judge by another remunerating candidate for magisterial honors and profits.

The devices employed for realizing large amounts are sometimes singularly ingenious; and, if such a degree of intelligence and energy as one sees every day displayed in inventing means of peculation were directed toward the laudable end of good government, the Turkish domination in western Asia might last and prosper, a result quite incompatible with the constant perversion of skill to iniquitous purposes. For instance, the Turkish authorities spend their time in having the walls of half-ruined houses repaired or pulled down at the expense of their Government, in order to prevent their falling on the inhabitants, whom at the same time they assess for the payment of the necessary outlay, which had been charged to the Treasury. They announce that the volume of water in one stream is to be diverted to a second, which is insufficient to supply the mills built on it and the gardens irrigated by it; the owners of mills and gardens on the first stream pay liberally to prevent the cutting of a channel between the two streams, which would cut off the water so necessary to their property; the second stream is then dammed up at the distance of a few miles, and the millers and gardeners having an interest in it disburse

all they can to have the water of the other stream added to it, in the belief that the supply is failing from natural causes; the dam is at once cleared away, and there is great rejoicing when the water is seen to have increased in volume. This swindle is, of course, understood when it is seen that the two streams have not been united, as was supposed; but the authorities have in the mean time been paid by both parties, and neither of them has the courage to make any complaint. Such juggling tricks are not uncommon in the Asiatic provinces, and no shame is felt in playing them off on the people. The sheep-tax is collected by the emissaries of the provincial government, one for each group of villages or nomadic tribes. These collectors pay generally about fifteen pounds to the Turkish authorities for their respective appointments. They then go out to drive a lucrative trade, and make a small fortune by not counting the flocks of those who pay for exemption from the tax. The farming of the tithes is the greatest and most profitable of the many fields for malversation of office which are open to the Turkish provincial administration in Asia. A sufficient bribe can always secure the privilege of assessment at thirty per cent. of the value of the crop, and even after collection new arrangements can be made by which the amount stipulated as payable to the Treasury is greatly reduced. One of these contractors owed fifteen hundred pounds as the price of a collection which had yielded him about five thousand pounds, and, by the disbursement of gratuities in the proper quarters, he had his debt registered as eight hundred pounds. Another of them owes upward of fifty thousand pounds to the Treasury for tithe contracts, which had been paid for only in part during a long series of years; and he is allowed to continue his speculations in the same way with very considerable profit to himself, while his accumulating debt remains unclaimed through regular payments of bribes amounting to about five thousand pounds a year, although he is wealthy enough to pay up all the arrears he owes if pressed. In another example of the same kind the tithes of a circle of villages had been farmed for many years by a speculator who paid generally about two thousand pounds for them, a little more or a little less in proportion to the abundance or deficiency of the crops. Last season having been unusually productive there, the Turkish authorities availed themselves of the opportunity of deriving an advantage from this circumstance. They had the tithes exposed for sale piecemeal, each village separately, and the aggregate amount offered for them was nearly six thousand pounds; but they were not sold. The previous farmer of them was summoned, and a bargain was struck with him on the plea

of the inexpediency of making any change of persons when the perfect security offered by the original speculator had been already amply tested. He openly boasted of his good fortune in having been able to purchase nearly six thousand pounds' worth of tithes for the customary payment of two thousand pounds with only fifteen hundred pounds in addition distributed among those disposing of them. Such is the manner in which the provincial revenues of Asiatic Turkey are collected; for this latter instance is far from being a solitary one, and it may indeed be taken as a sample of the universal practice. Those public revenues would doubtless be greatly augmented in amount if a better system of collection with a rigid superintendence were introduced with practical success.

The question now arises whether practical success in the introduction of reforms into the police, judicial, and financial establishments of Asiatic Turkey be possible. Proposals can always be made, more or less advantageous in theory, and they may also be accepted. But the Turks are very skillful in defeating the application of measures which they had accepted in principle, and they have a ready excuse for their non-application in the dearth of financial resources to meet the unavoidable expense attending the due realization of reforms. In making this excuse for inaction they may nurse a latent hope of obtaining thereby another loan, which would furnish an opening for picking and stealing; but, however this may be, it should be borne in mind that the Ottoman Turks are an essentially Oriental people, and, as such, they respect power alone, yielding to force, not to persuasion. Gentleness and humanity are, to them, suggestive of weakness and fear. Whatever is done for them must be done peremptorily, if it is expected to succeed. They are a cynical race, ruling a conquered country on principles of self-interest, irrespective of right or wrong. A late very intelligent and equally unreserved Grand Vizier made no concealment of the fact, being in the habit of saying that the Turkish domination of the Ottoman Empire is for the benefit not of the governed, but of the governing, classes. In its Asiatic provinces it is in fact an organized system of peculation. The public business of the infernal regions themselves, as an American traveler quaintly observes, could hardly be administered on such principles. The Turkish rule in western Asia is past redemption, irreclaimably vicious. No reproductive faculty exists in the character of the Turks. If their domination is not corrupt, it is nothing. The rotten, withering branches of the tree once lopped off, it must die. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, than whom no one knows the Turks better, said of them in one of

his speeches, "Their corruption eats into the very foundations of society, and a combination of violence, fraud, and intrigue obstructs the march of progress, and poisons the very atmosphere in which they prevail." On the other hand, Lord Palmerston once said in the House of Commons that there was not an instance in all history of another country having advanced so much in its political and social condition during twenty years as the Ottoman Empire had! These are two great authorities on the subject, and they are in open contradiction with each other; inquirers can judge which of them is the more likely to be in the right.

If only stubborn facts are taken into consideration, no lack of proof will be found that, however plausible it may appear to be at Constantinople, the old theory of Turkish regeneration has been completely refuted by subsequent events and indications in Asiatic Turkey. No possible doubt of this can remain in the mind of any one who has been resident there for a sufficient length of time to form a safe opinion. The Turks of Asia have not improved in any way for centuries, their national tendencies being confined to that spirit of conquest which led them victoriously from the Altai Mountains and the plains of Khorassan to the shores of the Bosphorus. New powers or capacities can not be easily created in them, and the influence of their domination, which has always been fatal to civilization, must continue, like an incubus, to crush down every element of progress that exists in the country. They are not colonists, they are not traders, they are not administrators: the special faculties and habits requisite for all those vocations are entirely wanting in them. They have learned nothing since they invaded the Byzantine Empire, and they have unlearned nothing. Oltenitza, Silistria, and Kars, Alexinatz, Shipka, and Plevna prove that they are still the same intrepid warriors they were then; but they are also now the same cruel and bloodthirsty despoilers of the subjugated population, and respect for justice and truth is as far as ever from exercising any influence on their conduct. They can but oppress and impoverish, torture and plunder, being equally incapable of living and thriving by honest industry themselves, and of allowing others to prosper by it. The prejudices of caste are even more deeply rooted in them now than they were of old, for the sympathy and protection afforded of late to the Christians of Turkey by the European powers have only exacerbated their hatred of them. Not a Mussulman beggar meets a non-Mussulman householder in the towns of Asiatic Turkey without taking "*le haut du pavé*," and making him walk in the gutter. It is true that a Christian or Jewish householder may be a mem-

ber of one of the provincial councils, all of which have had for many years the illusory semblance of being composed of mixed elements; but he is nevertheless contemptuously ordered to sign their decrees, even when the purport of those decrees is prejudicial to the legitimate interests of the non-Mussulman classes of the population. The Turk is thus the lord of creation, and the Christian and Jew are his retainers. His Mussulman faith is a religion of pride, requiring no alimant, out living on itself, and that pride must be abased before any reform growing out of the Christian doctrine of equality can be successfully introduced. Like the haughty exclusiveness of the Jewish polity of old, the insolent usurpation of superiority by Islamism must ultimately cause its own downfall; but the time may not yet have come for such a sweeping change in the Turkish domination in western Asia, and the means of producing it, though they have certainly now been called into existence, may not have reached that degree of maturity which is necessary for its completion, if violent convulsions are to be avoided in effecting it.

Notwithstanding the danger, however, that amicable relations might suffer by our insistence, and that serious disturbances might be produced in the country by compliance with it, still the only advisable course for England to follow with regard to Asiatic Turkey, if the Anglo-Turkish Convention is to become more than a dead letter, must be to merge her chivalrous courtesy into a stern declaration that her counsels will be enforced in the event of their being disregarded. The Porte, having seen the deplorable excesses of the Turks in the late war glossed over and palliated in England, may have conceived, by dint of impunity, the erroneous notion that England will assume no other tone, whatever ultimate answer may be given to her advice; and, if the negotiations regarding the application of reforms to the Asiatic provinces are not carried on by England in a manner proving that no more trifling with the subject will be allowed, it will soon become evident that only one alternative will remain open to her, namely, the repudiation of the responsibilities assumed by her in the Anglo-Turkish Convention. Those responsibilities having been very properly made conditional on the application of reforms, such a conclusion of the question would be perfectly justifiable in itself; and it would be less unsatisfactory than to go on receiving vacuous assurances of the fulfillment of a condition with is opposed by too many obstacles to admit the probability, or even the possibility, of its being fully realized under the Turkish domination in western Asia.

ITALIAN SKETCHES.

I.

THE HOMES OF THE PLASTER-IMAGE MEN.

IT is a well-known fact that while emigration is almost unknown to the thriving peasantry of Tuscany, the neighboring province of Lucca furnishes a very large proportion of the wandering Italians who go to seek their fortunes beyond the seas. These are nearly all *figurinaj*, those plaster-image men who with their trays of brittle distortions of famous statues are to be met with everywhere throughout the world. Few peasant families of the Lucchesi valleys are without some Gianni or Pietro who, forsaking the parental corn- or hemp-patch, has trudged away to attack the world's oyster by means of sulphurmolds and wax and plaster. But the Italian race ever being essentially home-loving, these Lucchesi seldom settle abroad. Sooner or later they find their way back to their native place, lay out their savings in a scrap of ground, tell wondrous tales of travel and golden possibilities, and keep up the family tradition by packing off all superfluous sons to seek their fortune in the same way. Here at the Bagni di Lucca we are in the very midst of this land of *figurinaj*, and all the surrounding villages nestling in chestnut-glades or crowning hilltops are pointed out to us as the homes of returned emigrants. All are interesting, but Ghivizzano is certainly the most picturesque. A few miles from the Bagni, just where the noble valley of the Serchio widens out into a sunny, vine-tangled district, sloping upward over a chain of chestnut-covered hills to the bold spurs and peaks of the central Apennines, Ghivizzano crowns the summit of one of the aforesaid hills. Encircled with high walls and crested by a tall campanile and a ruined tower dating from the days of that potent lady the Countess Matilda, it still shows an imposing front to the world, and must have been a splendid place for defense in the fighting days of Castruccio-Castracani, whose birthplace it was.

And now as then, though windows have here and there been opened in the grim old walls, there is but one gate to Ghivizzano; it is still a castello—as these walled villages are called—and generation after generation of its inhabitants contentedly tramp round two thirds of its circuit, after their day's labor in the fields, to reach that solitary place of ingress. It seems strange that no successful *figurinaio* should have brought back some

public spirit as well as *quattrini* from his distant wanderings, and sought to let in light and air to the cooped-up dwellings by knocking down a few bits of the useless walls. Italians, however, are the most conservative, least revolutionary of races, and the fact that a thing has always been, is with them an excellent reason why it should always continue to be. Besides, all the more thriving inhabitants—chiefly returned emigrants—have spread themselves outside the village, and the hillside toward the high-road is dotted with tiny farms and a few gayly-painted houses. But apart from *quattrini*, the nomadic tendencies of Ghivizzano have one result which is comical enough to the casual visitor. Halting for breath outside the gateway of this Old World Italian village, it was startling to be suddenly accosted by a voice from an upper window with a "Good evening, ma'am," in very tolerable English. Castruccio's ghost would have been far less surprising.

Then, as we presently dived into a vaulted passage in the thickness of the wall, which runs nearly all round Ghivizzano, the same voice—close at hand now—said: "Very bad road, that way, ma'am; you *caan't* get on," in an accent which told that the speaker had not studied the English language among the "upper ten." He was quite young, but had come back from America lamed for life, and had settled down in his native place. He was beginning to tell us his adventures, when a brisk, withered old man with a face like a dried herring—before soaking—pounced upon us in a friendly way, and volunteered to take us up to the church. He too spoke English, though less fluently than the other, and gladly relapsed into his native tongue on finding that we understood it rather better than we understood his English. He was very voluble, and willing as Othello to recount his experiences. Of course he had been a *figurinaio*, and had only recently retired from his wandering business. He was the owner of a couple of houses and several fields, but his income seemed to be small—it certainly allowed no margin for soap—and he did not disdain to supplement it by filling the office of clock-winder to the commune for the magnificent weekly salary of ten centimes.

A perfect labyrinth of narrow lanes is crammed into the tiny circuit of Ghivizzano's walls. First of all—undeterred by the cripple's warning—we plunged into the dark vaulted passage, popularly known as Castruccio's dungeons, but which probably served as a covered way of communi-

cation between different points of the fortifications. The so-called dungeons are now tenanted by captives who greeted us with friendly grunts as we passed their doors. Now stumbling over fallen masonry, now climbing steep steps, diving under this blackened archway and that, we soon found ourselves back in the main street, not far from our starting-point. We were struck by the well-to-do air of the solid, well-built, low-browed houses. Picturesquely dingy, they are neither ruinous nor poverty-stricken. Their darkness and dirt are but the natural outcome of the universal indifference of the Italian lower classes to the state of their dwellings. For them a house is simply the shelter wherein they sleep and will probably die. All else, their pleasures as their labors, are carried on out of doors.

Some of these Ghivizzano houses have outer stairs ending in a *loggia*, forming most pictorial backgrounds to the groups of inhabitants. They are by no means overrun by visitors, so we were stared at with friendly interest, and a small crowd was gathering at our heels. The grown people looked well fed, the children fat and healthy. By the raised well in one corner of a tiny triangular piazza, two pretty girls were standing with copper water-vessels poised on their heads. Hard by, at the head of some stone steps, a black-eyed baby was dancing on his mother's lap, crowing and clapping his hands, while his pretty sister, a plump little maiden of some three years old, eating her supper lower down, flourished her wooden spoon, and smiled at us through a tangle of fair curls. As we looked at the pretty picture, we were startled by a dreary moan. An old beggar-woman was kneeling behind us with outstretched hand. The poor creature was evidently daft, for, though we gave her something, she knelt to us again a few minutes later. It was a painful sight.

But now we have mounted a long, wide flight of steps, most suggestive of old-time processions and martial shows, have reached the grassy platform in front of the church, and our guide, the *figurinaio*, is holding forth to us on the chief events of his life. He knows England well, he says, has been all over it, but seems to have closer acquaintance with its jails than with any other of its institutions. He admits that he did not confine his energies to the sale of plaster figures, but is mysterious as to his other avocations. New York he speaks of in the friendliest manner; he has been to San Francisco, but his dearest reminiscences are the glories of the city which he is pleased to pronounce Sencenati. It was there, it seems, that he made a good deal of money, but he added, with a droll twinkle in his puckery old eyes, that the greater part of it was spent before he reached home.

The Ghivizzano church is singularly poor and bare, and, unlike the generality of churches in this part of Italy, has absolutely nothing to show in the way of architecture, pictures, or Robbia-ware. But there is plenty to be seen outside its doors. Built on the very summit of the hill, its arched *loggia* rests on a rocky ledge which drops sheer down into a steep and leafy chestnut-glade. Farther on, you overlook the cluster of red-brown roofs to a great stretch of the Serchio Valley. The bold cliffs and wooded gorges of Galliciano crowd close to the farther bank of the river, and, save one luminous peak, shut out the giants of the Carrara range. But on this side of the winding, glistening river a great velvety patch of forest stretches away as far as Ponte all' Ania; little towns and villages are scattered about on the hillsides; the fields and vineyards are arabesqued with woodland strips, and miles away, perched on a bold height, and backed by the loftiest of the guardian mountains, you can see the walls and towers of Barga, once a nest of warriors, whose struggles for liberty I hope to relate in some future paper. And all this is bathed in the fleeting sweetness of the after-glow, when every tint shows forth in softest intensity before fading into night.

But I am not long left to peaceful contemplation of evening effects. A rough-looking lad calmly seats himself beside me on the low parapet, and stares at me pertinaciously but not impertinently. I see more boys flocking round, so I get up and peep in at the door of the dim little church. About a score of women and children are droning out their evening prayer in a melancholy chant. One or two tiny lights twinkle on a side-altar. Curiosity soon overcame devotion on the part of the younger members of the congregation, and, having returned to my wall, I was presently interviewed by a group of little girls, who, whispering and giggling, stood a few paces from me, and took stock of everything about me. To the victim this soon became monotonous; so, singling out one of the mites, an odd little creature with a waist almost reaching to her knees, I asked her what her name was. This astounding request filled her with dismay, and put her companions to flight. Her giggles ceased; she covered her face with her hands; she wriggled this way and that, as though I were holding her in some fearsome spell. But my companion, the big boy, came to her aid; he was perfectly ready to answer questions. The child was his sister, and, after he had administered a few encouraging pokes and nudges, the queer thing at last gasped out that her name was Penelope, and that she was eight years of age. Having made this statement, she instantly scampered away to the other end of the *loggia*, and was soon giggling as before.

Nothing disperses small gazers like asking a few questions; on big ones it has a precisely opposite effect.

And now I had another companion, a loquacious matron, who had two sons away in America. She eagerly inquired if I were American, and, on learning that I was English, her esteem for me diminished. Perhaps, however, I had heard of America, she added, with a benevolent smile. To these poor people the States are a sort of earthly paradise, teeming with golden possibilities—England merely a station on the way. I asked if her sons were *figurinaj*. At first they were, she said, now they had other employments. They were good lads, sent her money occasionally, and talked of returning soon. As to how they earned their living—well, they did earn it. They could not get their bread for nothing, even in America *si sa*.

All this time the others of the party had been up in the campanile. This is not lofty, so the view is little more extended than from the *loggia* below. Hearing a voice raised in loud indignation, I glanced upward. I beheld a black and withered arm, easily recognizable as the property of our traveled cicerone, protruding from one of the embrasures, and vehemently sawing the air. I learned afterward that it was the subject of taxes which had aroused the old man's wrath. The government taxes are heavy enough, but the municipal dues are those that excite most discontent. Worst of all is the *focatico*, or hearth-tax, paid by every head of a family, and which seems to be levied in a very arbitrary manner. The old fellow was still speaking of his wrongs when my friends came out of the tower. At a climax in his narrative he suddenly tore his cap from his head, and cast it far from him. That was a great relief to his feelings; he became calm, and the stout woman took up the doleful strain, and inveighed in her turn against the *focatico*. And now the vesper prayer was over, and the scanty congregation joined our crowd outside. From the shadowy arch of a side-door appeared a vision of age and infancy worthy of a painter's canvas. A haggard, bent, and withered crone, on whose wrinkled visage there yet lingered in some strange way traces of long-past beauty, came tottering down the step holding by the hand a plump darling of a baby boy, with laughing eyes, gleaming little teeth, and a thick crop of curly brown hair. The one was so feeble, the other so young, both trod so uncertainly, that it was hard to say which supported the other. Half leading, half led, withered feet and baby toes stumbled toward the *loggia* till they reached one of the dismal stones covering what was, till a year or two ago, the general grave-pit for Ghivizzano's dead. Here the poor creature

sank down on her stiffened knees and mumbled out a prayer, perhaps for some long-lost love of her own, perhaps for the father of the sturdy babe clinging to her skirts, and to whose arm she still clung. Soon we placed a bit of money in the boy's little, grimy hand, and the grandmother—or great-grandmother—croaked out her thanks, and told us that Tonino could not talk, being not yet two years old. Certainly Tonino was a splendid little fellow, and his lips parted in an amiable, confiding smile as his fingers closed over his coin. His manly costume of trousers, braces, and shirt only gave fuller emphasis to his rounded, baby limbs. As the couple tottered away, the poor old woman in her feeble agedness looked as though her sole hold upon life was through that infant, whose strength lay all before him.

The gloaming was almost over now, the chestnut-woods fast losing their color; so, hurriedly going down another narrow street and up a steep vineyard-path, we scrambled to the ruins of Castruccio's fortress, which are so thickly set about with trees and vines that nothing is to be seen when you get there.

A fresh crowd of men, women, and children was in waiting to escort us to the town-gate. We asked one woman if she too had been in America. "No," she said with a sigh; adding, as she glanced around at her companions, "but we would all go directly if we could." And her companions nodded and echoed the wish.

But who was this whom we suddenly caught sight of, sitting on the wall with folded arms outside the gate? Surely this respectable, black-coated, straw-hatted man, with shaven cheeks and a gray goatee beneath his chin, could be no native of Ghivizzano! But, in spite of his transatlantic appearance, he was only a returned *figurinaio*. He began to talk to us immediately, and spoke of his travels. He knew English well, had sold plaster images in the States, sold fish at San Francisco, lived at Montevideo, and had been to all the East Indian Presidencies. Like all the rest, he spoke enthusiastically of America, but objected to the climate of the East Indies. Things had gone well with him, he said; he liked wandering about the world, and but for his family and his farm down there among the chestnuts he should be ready to go away again to-morrow. There was plenty of business capacity in his keen old face; also, if his eyes did not belie him, a turn for sharp practice. In his way he was a praiser of past times. Those were the days for business, when he was young, he exclaimed, with an expressive flourish of his arms. Especially in California; there, indeed, one made money. Now—with a contemptuous movement of his under lip—now *affari* went badly. *Affari*

were at an end almost everywhere. We thought we had heard something like this before from men in other ranks of life. Then he gave us some information about Ghivizzano. It contained, he told us, fifty-seven families; nearly all had houses of their own, their pasture, their scrap of land. Few were exactly poor, none exactly rich. Wasn't he rich? Well, he had nothing to complain of; he might have been worse off. But the taxes were terrible, and the commune harassed them sadly. No—Ghivizzano was not a commune in itself, only a fraction of that of Coreglia, and one had to tramp all the way up in the hills there to pay the *focatico*, etc. Did all his fellow *figurinaj* come back with their pockets as full as his own? Certainly not; "*one had to know how to do business*"! The Ghivizzano men weren't as successful as some others. Did we see that village right away up there upon the hillside across the river? Well, that village had grown rich, positively rich, by the trade. The trade wasn't what it once was, when he was young—but what else could one do with all one's boys?

And, indeed, with the swarms of tiny children that we had seen surging round the corners and overflowing the doorways of Ghivizzano, it was plain that many of these human figures would have to earn their bread by figures in plaster.



II.

ITALIAN MOVING.

It is impossible to live long in any Italian city without being struck by the perpetual changes of habitation of all one's friends and acquaintances. With the exception of the local aristocracy, who generation after generation are born, live, and die in the same massive family mansions, no one seems to care to pass more than one or two years in the same house. And as for the small-fry of seamstresses, milliners, and work-people of all kinds, once a year is hardly often enough to make a fresh list of their addresses. The great "flitting" days here in Florence are the 1st of November and the 1st of May; so, for a week or so before and after these dates, the streets are encumbered by vans, carts, and hand-barrows, piled with miscellaneous articles of furniture—piled so high too, and so lightly secured, that it is marvelous how they escape ruin, or reach their haven unwrecked. Naturally, more people move in the spring than in autumn, when, what with rain, wind, and mud, it is difficult to avoid more or less damage to all your goods and chattels. In England a move is only under-

taken after long reflection and careful consideration of ways and means, for even the wealthy families shrink from rushing lightly into the expense and trouble inevitable to a change of abode. How, then, is it that here in Italy the very classes to whom expense is no trifling thing, and whose incomes are reckoned by francs, not pounds, are precisely those who are continually transferring their lares and penates to fresh quarters—now east, now west, to the north, or the south of the town? It can hardly be in search of comfort, for, even with plenty of money at your command, it takes a certain time to adapt yourself to a new home, and, with the probability of changing again within six or twelve months, it is hardly worth while to remedy its defects or fit your belongings to their new position. But, as a rule, Italians are ignorant of the first elements of material domestic comfort. The houses are made to be let, not to make their inmates comfortable; and when the builder of middle-class dwellings has placed the kitchen in convenient proximity to the dining-room—and generally to the entrance-door of your flat—he conceives that every requirement has been fulfilled. I am inclined to think that the continual "flitting" of people of small means, here in Florence, merely shows that most houses are so comfortless that it is seldom possible to change for the worse. And as people with a national disregard for comfort and home elegance care little for harmony between wall-papers and furniture, and seldom possess any carpets worth mentioning, few of the obstacles which—mere expense apart—surge up in the ordinary householder's mind at the idea of moving have much power over the Italian *paterfamilias* when he decides to give his landlord warning. Indeed, when his purse is low, a move is almost a measure of economy, owing to the prevailing Florentine method of rent-paying. As I have said, houses let from the 1st of May and the 1st of November, but this by no means implies that your rent only falls due at those dates. You positively have to pay it over eight months in advance, that is, about the middle of February or August, for the term beginning with the following May or November. Thus by giving notice and avoiding actually fixing another apartment bill a week or so before leaving his old one, the impecunious Florentine can stave off the evil day of payment at least two months. So, from this and other causes, it sometimes happens that you see one family tumbling into their new quarters the very day that its old occupants are tumbling out; and great are the confusion, turmoil, litter, bad language, and general mixing up of rickety possessions thereby occasioned. Yet after all there is little of the genuine anxiety or excitement manifested by northerners on simi-

lar occasions. The dramatic gestures, the pagan interjections that apparently mean so much, are for the most part mere conventional expressions and modes of speech. As a rule, no one is out of temper, no one in a hurry. Life is long and moving short, might well be the motto of the upholsterer and carpenter, who are the usual superintendents of these domestic changes. For the extent of their zeal is to get the beds you sleep in, the tables you eat on, transferred to the new house from the old within the hours of their working-day. Other things will right themselves naturally in course of time; these are the sole essentials, and your Florentine *paterfamilias* demands but little more. His children are reveling in the general disorganization of domestic matters, and if his wife be in despair, well, he can always slip off to his *café* out of hearing of her shrill grumblings. And—as many of my readers may know—the soft Italian tongue does not always issue very softly from the feminine mouth.

Then, as for the servants, they enjoy the upset almost as much as the children. Disorder is their natural element. Unlike English domestics, who object to doing anything but their own work, Italian servants throw into extra and abnormal labor all the zeal which they can seldom be persuaded to devote to their daily duties. To them it is a positive treat to go without their regular dinner for once in a way; a delightful variation to refresh themselves with slices of ham or sausage from the nearest shop, seated on a pile of bedding, or a case of crockery, and carrying on sportive conversation with gay young *facchini* (porters) and carpenters.

And here let me say *en passant* that, although Italian maid-servants are but too commonly lazy, untidy, slipshod wenches, doing as little as they can, and only blossoming into energy on *fiesta* days, when—leaving everything at sixes and sevens—they sally forth in gaudiest festival array, and although the best of them seldom accomplish more than half of the daily tasks of a British handmaiden, yet, an Italian man-servant is the very best in the world. He will do three times as much work as an English indoor-man, for here men are kept not for show, but for use, and English or American people wintering in Italy would spare themselves much annoyance by conforming to the customs of the country, and engaging men instead of women for kitchen and parlor work. For, if chosen intelligently, your Italian man-servant is a treasure. He may fail to lay the table with consummate elegance, certainly he will not keep your silver at its highest polish, but, besides his regular work, he will always be ready and willing to assist the other servants. He will make your beds if required,

nurse your baby, button your boots, and be generally depended upon for all manner of odd jobs.

Not long ago an article appeared in a well-known London paper containing some very sweeping strictures upon Italian servants, which, though doubtless entirely unexaggerated, would have had greater value had the writer mentioned what part of Italy was the scene of her woful experiences. The Boot comprises so many different races, different degrees of civilization, that what is perfectly true of one part of the peninsula fails to give any correct view of another. For instance, in Florence, by no means famous for good servants, the present writer has never, during a residence of many years, had the ill luck to fall in with any such desperate “ne’er-do-wells” as those described in the paper on “Italian Servants *versus* English.” There is one point which, it seems to me, English employers do not sufficiently take into account in dealing with their Italian servants—namely, that it is best to be content with modifying certain of their national characteristics, without wasting time and temper in vain endeavors to convert them into the well-trained, noiseless domestics of an English household. Taken at their worst, they have the qualities of their defects, and that is why they are so active and helpful in the (to them) delightful business of a change of house.

Now, to give a good notion of a move conducted on the approved Florentine principle, it will be as well to relate my personal experiences while shifting our belongings from a noisy street on the south side of the Arno to our present lovely home on the sunny second floor of an historic palace with the finest garden in Florence—a garden as yet untouched by the local modern mania for prim beds and rockwork, set about with noble trees, radiant with flowers, and musical with bird-voices and the splashing of fountains.

The first question to be settled was whether to employ railway-vans, and thus effect an expeditious move regardless of breakages, or to confide entirely in my upholsterer and let him transfer our chattels in far slower but also far safer fashion. And, as everything had to be carried down the one hundred and two stairs of the old apartment and up the sixty-seven stairs of the new at the opposite end of the town, it seemed better to give up all idea of the reckless innovation of moving everything at once, and content one’s self with easy-going, old-fashioned ways. Accordingly, my worthy upholsterer is summoned from his littery shop in Via Romana, where perpetual quilting of cotton counterpanes is carried on, and he is requested to name his price and say in how many days he can undertake to strip our rooms and put all things in order in the new

home. His wrinkled, smiling visage, not unlike that of a benevolent frog, and which nature certainly designed for a comic actor rather than an upholsterer, instantly expands into a broader grin than usual. How long would he take? He shifted from one leg to the other, scratched his head, enjoyed the comic aspect of British haste, and finally committed himself to the opinion that all might be done in four or five days, provided the weather held up.

We were in October, so continued fine weather was far from certain, but perhaps if we began at once, since the new apartment was already at our disposal, we might be settled before the autumn rains set in. So it was finally arranged that he should begin in a day or so, and that he was to provide the necessary carts and horses. This he undertook, twinkling more merrily than ever as he bade us farewell; and on the appointed morning we were aroused at a very early hour by the arrival of four men and a boy, and much creaking and banging, rustling of straw and clatter of crockery told us that the dismantling process had begun. This energy promised well, and already we imagined ourselves installed in our newly papered south rooms overlooking that bright garden, and we briskly rose and proceeded to the packing of books and dresses with a feeling that there was not a moment to be lost.

Going out an hour or so later, we were in time to witness the starting of the first load. But where were the horses and wagons which imagination had shown us standing all this time beneath the archway at the bottom of our hundred and two steps? All that was to be seen was a moderate-sized hand-cart, easily propelled by two men. We were—so to speak—about to be moved in a wheelbarrow! No wonder that that perfidious old man of the comic countenance had twinkled so merrily on being invested with the responsibility of choosing vans and horses! But we were already sufficiently imbued with the spirit of the land of our adoption to resign ourselves to fate and the upholsterer, and hope for great results from small commencements.

And for the first two days all went smoothly enough, and the cheery presence of Signor Giovanni the upholsterer at least gave animation to his men. As for the small boy, edict of banishment had to be pronounced against him. We had had misgivings of him from the first, and he soon justified them. With the reckless *abandon* of youth he had pounced upon a carefully packed basket of English crockery, and, choosing to imagine it empty, hoisted it upside down on his head. One instant, and the floor was scattered with fragments of sponge- and soap-dishes quite unmatchable at this distance from the Strand.

Then a steady rain set in, and we shivered

over a small fire in a curtainless, carpetless room, speculating as to whether the chairs and tables carried down stairs a couple of hours earlier had reached their destination before the storm broke. Only later did we ascertain that they had gone no farther than the archway. No oil-cloth was forthcoming to cover the contents of the cart, and the men, we were told, were too heated by their exertions to be able to venture through the streets in the rain! Florentines cherish the delusion that wet weather is so extraordinary an occurrence that no provision need be made against it. Even for pianos no covered carts are used; they are paraded through the town exhibiting their silk and varnish to all beholders, and merely fastened by leather straps to small trucks.

So once more we had to resign ourselves to fate, and for a whole week the rain beat against our panes, and all that could be done was to hang pictures in the new home, arrange the few articles already there, and bid beaming Signor Giovanni (whose smiles began to seem fiendish) profit by the delay to complete necessary alterations of window-cornices and curtains.

Complete! we little knew how far from completion all these things were.

Only at the end of twelve miserable days were we able to surrender the keys of our old home, and bid good-by to our southern view, across closely-clustered roofs, of fair Bellosguardo and the ilex avenue of Poggio Imperiale—only at the end of four months did we see the last of carpenters and upholsterers in our new abode; for, as soon as we were encamped—I may not say settled—in the palace with the garden, our comic upholsterer deserted us, and went to beam elsewhere upon other people's carpets and curtains. The only result to be attained by stern messages and supplicating appeals was an occasional flying visit at the oddest hours from one or other of his sons.

Coming home wearied out in the dark winter afternoons, and hoping for an interval of rest and solitude before dinner, we would be startled, on entering our bedroom, by a voice as from the skies, and behold the airy Beppo—the tasteful member of Signor Giovanni's family—perched on a ladder, putting up bed-curtains that had been in his hands for weeks. Another time, still later in the day, we found the stout Cesare—whose figure was so valuable in the stretching of carpets—nailing a forgotten trimming on our favorite arm-chair.

A propos to carpets, the Anglo-Saxon mind has to abandon all accustomed grooves of thought with regard to these useful elements of comfort. In England—until Oriental rugs and Indian matting came in fashion—we had a fixed idea that they should be cut to fit the rooms for which they

were intended. In Italy, on the contrary, it is considered great waste to cut off corners and edges. These can be turned under, you know, ready for use in case you have bigger rooms the next time you move. And so, always with an eye to future changes, your upholsterer can not see the necessity of fitting your carpets to your present floors. When you indignantly show him that all these hillocks and protuberances prevent your furniture from standing firmly against the walls, that every piece is toppling forward, you are smilingly asked to have patience. Then, in a twinkling, little wedges and chips of any sort of wood your carpenter may have left about are inserted beneath the tottering legs, and you are triumphantly begged to observe that all is now as it should be. And gradually you come to think so also, and renounce struggling against the inevitable, at least as regards the laying of carpets.

But on one point you must be inflexible, or madness might be the result.

Florentine carpenters and cabinet-makers take measurements as accurately as can be desired, but they seldom conform to them, and I shudder to think of the time and energy required to have a curtain-cornice made to fit, and when it does fit to have it put up in a straight line.

It is a very complicated proceeding. First of all, iron clamps have to be inserted in the wall, and, as neither upholsterer nor carpenter will undertake this job, you have to secure the attendance of an ironsmith with the clamps, and of a mason to fasten them to the wall. Then the carpenter has to prepare the wooden framework to which cornice and vallance are to be nailed. The mason can do his share of the performance independently; but, if you can not assemble upholsterer, carpenter, and smith at one and the same time, dire confusion follows. The clamps are too short, or the board too narrow, or the cornice too long. All preliminary flourishing of the foot-rule has been in vain if your trinity can not discuss the matter on the spot. And one day the carpenter is engaged, the next the upholsterer misses his appointment, the third no smith is forthcoming, and so on till you despair of ever seeing the pile of curtains in the corner hung up in their appointed places. When at last, after long delay, you are invited to come and see how elegantly they have been draped, you find, to your horror, that the whole erection is hopelessly crooked, that all must be done over again.

But here so many harrowing recollections crowd upon my mind that it is best to turn to pleasanter subjects.

This moving tale would be incomplete without some mention of another prominent character in it. Let me introduce my carpenter. He

is a thin, wiry man, with a sour mouth and self-asserting nose of the particular kind of *retroussé* which experience disposes me to regard as significant of the intensest conceit. This worthy has his merits: he is quick, active, and tolerably punctual, and if he would confine himself to his special business, and note down his measurements, he would be a very satisfactory carpenter and joiner. But, unfortunately, he is apt to consider himself a slighted genius, and thinks that he, and he alone, should have the supreme command in all that is going on. He had a severe attack of wounded pride on finding that wardrobes which he had made were, in the course of the move, taken down and put together again by the profane fingers of Signor Giovanni and his minions. He could have done it all in half the time, he said, without help from any one. This man's wife is a needlewoman, and, happening to want a cradle trimmed in a particular fashion, we told him to send us his wife to do it under our own superintendence. He promptly offered to trim the cradle himself, and I had to acknowledge a weak preference for needles and thread rather than hammer and nails before being allowed to obtain his wife's services. She came; but to my amazement her husband came too; and, as he bullied her into executing my orders according to his own peculiar interpretation of them, the result was not completely satisfactory. He, however, was highly delighted with the achievement, and confided to one of the servants that he knew that he could fit ladies' dresses far better than his wife. This man's burning desire is to be first fiddle on all occasions, and we have had to leave off engaging him as waiter on company nights, simply because he tries to usurp the reins of government, and, instead of helping our servants, orders them about in a totally absurd and exasperating manner.

And now, having said so much of the troubles of our move, this paper may fittingly conclude with a description of the house in which they came to an end. Possibly we may have to move again some day, but meanwhile we consider ourselves settled, and love our picturesque abode in spite of its sundry defects. Then, too, it is an historic palace, for its owner and our landlord is the most noble Count Ugolino della Gherardesca, lineal descendant of him who met his death in the Hunger Tower of Pisa. Over the principal entrance is a huge coronet sculptured in stone, but close beside the gate by which we tenants enter is a marble slab recording that here, in the days of Savonarola, dwelt Bartolommeo Scala, Secretary to the Republic, and husband to a daughter of the house of Gherardesca. Pushing open this heavy gate, we find ourselves in a graveled court divided from the

garden by railings that, in this summer season, are thickly garlanded with clustering roses and the graceful foliage of the wisteria, soon to be crowned for the second time by scented wreaths of lilac-blossoms. Then turning in by the porter's lodge under the arcade, we climb one of the steepest stairs in Florence, and have time to lose our breath before being stopped by a tall iron gate beyond which more stairs await us, and which is our frontier fortress. And, to add to its defensive appearance, there is a small opening in the wall above through which the garrison may ascertain whether friends or foes are ringing the modern substitute for the horn of the middle ages. But as the gate closes behind us, and the door at the head of the stairs is opened, we have a glimpse of Dante's Florence, for we see three slender towers in a gracious group beyond intervening groups and gardens.

These are Arnolfo's Tower, its smaller rival of the Bargello, and the spired belfry of the Badia. The marbled mass of the Duomo hides from us all save one corner of Giotto's Campanile, and quite shuts out the lovely hill of Bellosguardo. Going out into the long balcony that stretches from wing to wing of this southern front, we look over the garden where huge magnolias hold up to us their creamy chalices of scent, and great South American firs sweep the lawn near the camellia-hedge with their trailing branches. Close to our farthest window a tall tulip-tree stands almost within reach, and covered with pale, red-flecked flowers about which foraging parties of bees are ever circling. Beneath is the arcade where Tito Melema showed his stolen gems to Bartolommeo Scala, and brought his learning to bear on that bitter strife

of epigrams in which the fat historian had just been worsted by Politian.

Farther off to the west is a stalwart stone-pine, which even in Scala's time must have been of long growth, and our one western window looks down on a soft, green lawn dotted with azaleas and inclosed by a grove of lofty trees. And, climbing another and still steeper flight of stairs, we come out on a turreted terrace, from which we can see half Tuscany. The city lies before us against its background of southern hills; Fiesole is behind us; to the east we look away to the Falterona, Vallambrosa, and the Arezzo Mountains; to the northwest we have the chain of the Pistojan Apennines; to the southwest the translucent Carrara Peaks are visible. Trees and gardens fill the foreground; beyond are towers and domes and cypress-streaked hillsides dotted with numerous villas. All day the landscape quivers with white heat, mists, or soft blue haze. Toward evening these clear away, and sky and hills rival each other in glorious tints found nowhere but on Nature's palette. By day swallows cry sweetly in their circling flights; by night nightingales raise their voices in the Gherardesca thickets; the chin-owl gently hoots his little joys and troubles; the screech-owl perches on a neighboring roof and gives out his dismal note; frogs innumerable babble and trill and croak in all the pieces of water; fire-flies flash among the trees like falling fragments of the stars gleaming overhead; and only now and then a rattle of wheels and passing shouts in the quiet street remind us that we are not in the country, but within half a mile of the noisy heart of the city of Florence.

LINDA VILLARI.

THE SEAMY SIDE.

By WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE.

AUTHORS OF "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," "BY CELIA'S ARBOR," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DAY AFTER.

WHEN Anthony Hamblin rashly jumped at the conclusion that by effacing himself he could remove all trouble at one stroke and enable everybody else to live happy ever after, he calculated on that one trouble alone. Now, the

network of human miseries is so artfully constructed, that when you have got rid of the most pressing and troublesome by some clever *coup-de-main*, you find you have only opened the door to other unsuspected causes of suffering. The earth is like that island seen by Lucian, which was planted everywhere with knives, swords, daggers, pikes, lances, and spears, so that the wretched inhabitants constantly spiked, lacerated, gashed, and ripped open their unlucky skins. Na-

ture is always ready to stick in her knife in some place where we least expect it. At any rate, to run away never helps: assume rather a bold front, and buy a pennyworth of court-plaster. As every copy-book which has room on the text-hand page says, "Temerity dismays the Foe."

Yet it seems so easy simply to run away. Fighting is troublesome and exciting. It requires physical activity; it prevents the solid enjoyment of meals; it interrupts the calm flow of ideas; it makes a Christian man angry, inclined to evil thought, and harsh speech, and desire of revenge. You run away, and there is no troublesome fight at all. To be sure, you may find that your self-respect has been left on the field of battle. In Mr. Hamblin's case that would not matter, because there was not going to be an Anthony Hamblin any more. There are, too, so many situations in life when flight would seem desirable; when you have got so clogged and bemired with debts that there is no help but in a complete change of identity; when you have *done something*, and it is going to be found out; when you have got into a mess of a domestic kind, and are threatened with a breach-of-promise case; when you are let out of prison; when your conscience—this case is very, very rare—smites you for having given your relations so much trouble, and you resolve that they shall have heard the last of you, lent their last five-pound note to you, written the last letter of remonstrance, appeal, and indignation, and forgiven you for the last, the four hundred and ninetieth time; when you find that you have been on a wrong tack—another rare case—and have advocated mischievous and mistaken doctrines; when you find that your marriage has proved a failure, and that the poor woman tied to you would be certainly happier as a widow, and perhaps happier with another man; when you consider how detestable a father, husband, brother, son, cousin, and distant relation you have been, and how very satisfactory it would be to the whole family to put on mourning for you. "He is gone, poor fellow; but one can not feel otherwise than relieved. When a man is irreclaimable, he is better—under the sod." You would hear this said, being in reality alive, although hidden away.

It is possible to multiply such cases indefinitely. There are, indeed, many men, of my own personal acquaintance, who may perhaps take a hint, should they read these pages, and consider how much better it would be for everybody if they were only as good as dead. I believe, indeed, that there must be whole townships, with gay billiard-saloons, churches, and daily papers, somewhere in the States, in which all the inhabitants are men who have disappeared.

There is somewhere a subterranean population, so to speak, of buried folk; they are ghosts in the flesh; they are cousins, brothers, uncles, nephews, long since mourned as dead, now gambling and drinking under new names. Some day I will visit such a place and get their secrets out of the men over Bourbon whisky, under promise of inviolable secrecy. In England there are no such townships of refuge; but Alsatia exists, and has always existed. It used to be somewhere about Blackfriars—it is now, I believe, somewhere east of Thames Tunnel. The unburied dead—those who have generously disappeared—when they do not go to America, take refuge in the vast, unexplored, monotonous East-End. Here all alike live and die in a gray and sunless obscurity; here a man may pass a hundred years forgotten and unsuspected.

Mr. Hamblin never returned to claim his great-coat. The policeman waited; as long as she could, the girl waited too, attracted by the singular fascination of a coat which in all probability belonged to a drowned man. Presently the Humane Society's officer, Harris, came back, his work of dragging and rescuing over for the present; then the girl went away, and the two men waited. The scared and terrified skaters had all left the ice.

The afternoon came on; policemen and officers were still at their posts; the banks were crowded with those who came to gaze on the gap in the ice, the sudden grave of so many; the early evening closed in—but Mr. Hamblin appeared not.

When Harris carried back his tent to the office of the Society, and his day's work was done, he, with the policeman, made their way to Clapham Common, and delivered up the coat and told their story.

It was then nearly six o'clock. Reporters had already got hold of lists, so far as they could be arrived at. One or two had learned from Harris that the owner of the coat, by which he kept so steady a watch, was a great City magnate, chief partner in the well-known firm of "Anthony Hamblin & Company"; and in the later editions of the evening papers it was rumored that Mr. Anthony Hamblin was among the missing. Yet no word of this report went down to the house in Clapham Common, where Alison, wondering a little why her father had not kept his appointment on the Mount Pond, sat in quiet happiness, expecting no evil, and dreaming of Gilbert Yorke.

When the two men came to the house in the evening, they were like unto Joseph's brethren when they brought with them their false *pièce de conviction*, inasmuch as they bore a coat, saying,

"This have we found; know now whether it be thy father's coat or no."

Surely, surely, had her father thought of Alison's grief and terror, he would have spared her the cruel blow. Had he thought of her long watches in the night, of her agony, her hoping against hope, he might have found some better way.

And yet, he might have said: "Suffering is better than shame. What are the tears of a night, of a week, of a season, compared to the wound which never heals, the scar which can not be hidden, the mantle of disgrace which must be worn like the canvas suit of a life-long convict—till death brings an end?"

When the coat came, they sent messengers and inquiries everywhere. Mr. Hamblin had not been to the City; his partners had not seen him at all that day; he had kept none of his appointments.

On Sunday morning, when messages came from all quarters to ask whether Mr. Hamblin had returned, there were no news of him; but Miss Hamblin was like a wild thing, they reported, for grief and anxiety, and Mrs. Cridland could do nothing to ease or soothe her.

The latest editions of the evening papers added to the first brief account of the accident lists of the drowned, as accurately as could be obtained. Among them was the name of Mr. Anthony Hamblin.

"It is greatly feared," said the "Globe," "that among those who have met a sudden end in this dreadful disaster is Mr. Anthony Hamblin, senior partner in the house of Anthony Hamblin & Company, of Great St. Simon Apostle, City. The unfortunate gentleman was last seen and spoken to by an officer of the Royal Humane Society—Harris by name—to whom he was well known as a liberal supporter of the institution. Mr. Hamblin expressed his intention of going on the ice for an hour, and intrusted to the man's care a heavy overcoat. He had skates with him. This was about half an hour before the breaking of the ice. He did not return for his coat. As yet, the body has not been identified among those recovered. We learn by telegram that he had not up to six o'clock returned to his residence on Clapham Common. Mr. Hamblin, who was greatly respected in private life, was a widower, and leaves one daughter."

Stephen Hamblin had been in his chambers all the afternoon, waiting for his brother, who did not keep the appointment. He was anxious to see Anthony for one or two special reasons of his own, connected with that shortness of cash we have already alluded to. It was not usual with Anthony to miss an engagement, nor was it, on the other hand, a common thing with him

to seek one with Stephen. What was it he wanted to talk about? There could surely be no unpleasantness about past and future advances; that was altogether unlike Anthony. Some slight anxiety, however, weighed on the mind of the younger brother. He had a foreshadowing of something disagreeable. So that it was almost with a sense of relief that at half past five he gave up the hope of seeing Anthony, and resolved to wait for him no longer.

Stephen went to the reading-room of his club. There was no one in the place whom he knew. All along the streets he had heard the boys shouting as they brandished their papers: "Dreadful accident on the Serpentine! List of the drowned!"

Things like domestic calamities, national misfortunes, or the affairs of other nations, troubled Stephen very little. He had not the curiosity to buy an evening paper: at the club he had not the curiosity to look at one. He sat by the fire, with a French novel in his hand, one of a school which is now unhappily coming to the front. The author was determined on being more than realistic; he would spare the reader nothing; he invented details. Stephen had read and fully realized all the dreadfulness of a low and small workshop crammed with work-girls; he had read their talk; he saw them before him in all their squalor; he was beginning to think that the other sex had better never have been invented, when the clock struck seven, and he remembered that his luncheon had been scanty and early. He threw away the novel, which he never afterward finished, took an evening paper, and descended to the dining-room. There is one thing about a good dinner which I do not remember to have seen noticed anywhere—it demands a fitting successor; you can not, without doing a violence to the best and most gastric impulses of our humanity, follow up a great and glorious dinner by a common steak. Stephen, though he did not put his thought into words, felt this. He ordered a little *purée*, a red mullet, a cutlet, and a golden plover. He said he would take a bottle of champagne, Heidsieck—a bottle, not a pint. And then, while the soup was being brought, he sat down and began the evening's news.

He threw down the paper with an oath.

"Always my cursed luck!" he said. "Just when I wanted him worse than ever."

Some men have been known to shed tears at hearing of a brother's sudden death; some have instinctively considered how the calamity would affect his widow and children. Stephen and a certain American boy (he, on learning that his father was drowned, lamented that his own pocket-knife was gone with him) are the only two of whom I have heard that they immediate-

ly thought of their personal and selfish interests. Some feeling of regret might have been looked for, some expression of sorrow for a brother who had done so much for him. But there was none. He scowled at the paper; he brooded over the news. It spoiled his dinner, took the sparkle out of his champagne, the flavor out of the plover. When he had finished he walked quickly to his chambers in Pall Mall, packed up some things, and drove to Clapham Common. The partners were there; Gilbert Yorke was there; they were looking in each other's faces, dismayed. Mrs. Cridland was somewhere weeping with Alison; the boy was standing by the fire in the study, ready to run wherever he might be sent, awed and tearful.

"Stephen," said Augustus, taking him by the hand, "I am glad you are come. This is your place in the present dreadful anxiety."

"Yes," he said, loudly and defiantly. "Tell Miss Hamblin, Charles"—this to the footman—"or better, Mrs. Cridland, that I have arrived.—Yes, Augustus, this is my place, with my niece. I shall remain here for her protection."

No one went to bed in the Hamblin household. Alison walked up and down all night, starting at the merest sound, rushing to the door as if she thought she heard the sound of wheels. With her watched Mrs. Cridland and the boy. Stephen sat in the study. He had no thought of sleep; his mind was strangely agitated; from time to time he took a glass of brandy-and-water; and as the night went on, when the hands of the clock pointed to those small hours when, if a man be awake, his conscience tells him all the real truth about the past, and his terrors preach most of the possible truth about the future, his despondency became so extreme that he could not bear to sit still.

When, at length, the long winter's night was over, and the slow dawn appeared, Stephen began to take a little comfort.

"He *must*," he said, "have left me something. He would not give everything to that girl. He *could* not leave me absolutely dependent on her whims."

In the kitchen sat the servants, watching in silence. If one of the younger maids dropped off, she was awakened by the others and accused, in whispers, of betraying a hard and unfeeling nature.

At eight Harris came and saw Stephen.

"There's eight-and-twenty bodies," he said, "waiting identification, but not one like Mr. Hamblin."

"What do you think?" asked Stephen.

"What is a man to think?" replied the man. "It was a cold day. If Mr. Hamblin did not go down with the rest, why didn't he come back for

the coat? The body will be recovered, likely, to-day."

But it was not.

The news was heard by Mr. Alderney Codd at eight o'clock, as he was sitting among a circle of friends at a certain tavern near Fleet Street. They were as yet only beginning their whisky-and-water, and the night was young. Generally the conversation on Saturday nights turned on various projects of ambitious financing, histories of *coups* which had been made, and of others, much grander, which had been missed. It is always so: the things in which we fail are ever so much greater than the things in which we succeed. Yet it gives a feeling of superiority to have missed an event greater than any that has fallen in the way of your friends.

When Alderney Codd had partly recovered the first shock of the sad news he became at once the hero of the evening. He proceeded to relate, with many digressions and dramatic touches which seemed to brighten the situation, how, only the very night before, he had borrowed of his cousin Anthony Hamblin that very coat, fur-lined, wondrous, which now, an object of veneration, hung upon the wall before them for all eyes to see. He said that he was tempted to retain that coat in memory of the lender, and as a special mark of his cousin's affection and esteem for him. He gave free scope to his imagination in discoursing on the greatness of the Hamblin family and on his own connection with the cousinhood. And he naturally assumed additional importance as a possible, nay, a probable, legatee. It was later—in fact, next morning, when the glow of the whisky-and-water had departed—that honest Alderney reflected with sadness on his own personal loss, not only of a kind friend, but of a ready lender. And it was with a heart unfeignedly sad that he walked over to Clapham, and watched awhile with Stephen.

There was another man, more deeply interested in the event than either, who read the news with a strange feeling of coldness, as if he were indeed dead. This was Anthony himself. He had taken a cheap lodging over a small coffee-house in the Commercial Road, and saw the news in the Sunday morning paper, while eating the richly-flavored egg and dubious butter which they brought him for breakfast. He had already so changed himself in appearance, by cutting off his beard and presenting smoothness of chin and cheek to the eyes of mankind, that it would have been difficult for his nearest friends to recognize him. It is a moot question among gentlemen of the burgling and other professions which require ready disguise, whether the bearded man who shaves, or the smooth man who puts on a

false beard, has the better chance. I think the feeling is in favor of the former. As regards Anthony Hamblin, he added, for greater security, a pair of green spectacles. Instead of his usual hat he had a billycock, and instead of a frock-coat he wore a nondescript garment of the pea-jacket kind, only longer, such as might have been sported by a racing-man or a publican of broad views. There was not in all Scotland Yard a single officer able to recognize him without close scrutiny.

He read the paragraph in the paper with great care and attention. Then he laid it down, and began to consider.

After breakfast he went to the bedroom which was his for the day, and considered again. Yet there was nothing to consider about, so far as Alison was concerned, because the *coup* was struck. "What was done," he said to himself, "could not be undone." Yet, with regard to himself, there was ample ground for meditation. He had not provided for the step. He had little money with him, only the three or four pounds which a man may generally carry in his pocket; he had drawn no check, and it was now too late. In addition to his little purse, he possessed, he reflected, his diamond studs, his one ring, his gold shirt-links, and his watch and chain. The watch alone had cost him four-and-twenty guineas. But, after the proceeds of all these gauds were spent, what was he to do next?

Anything, except one thing. He would never return home.

Another person heard the news, but not until Monday, because that person, who was Rachel Nethersole, never dreamed of the iniquity of looking at a Sunday paper.

She was deeply disappointed—not so much shocked as disappointed.

"I told him," she said to the faithful servant who followed her to the modern Babylon, "that I was compelled—being an Instrument—to follow him to his death or to his ruin. I little thought—but the judgments are swift—that his death was so near. I imagined"—she sighed plaintively, as if she meant that she hoped—"that it was his ruin which was imminent. We are purblind mortals; and yet he warned me, being so near his end, when men are sometimes granted a vision of the future, that if I continued to pursue the case I should entail consequences the nature of which I little dreamed of. Such consequences came as *he* little dreamed of. What a pity!"

She sniffed violently and with temper. However, at the hour appointed, she repaired to her lawyer.

"I should like," she said, to his intense astonishment—"I should like the warrant for the

apprehension of Anthony Hamblin to be taken out all the same."

"Good Heavens!" he cried, "you can not ask for the arrest of a dead man!"

"I wish to show the world the real nature of his character."

This was revenge indeed. But Miss Nethersole had to yield to her legal adviser's representations. He said that he refused to make himself and her ridiculous.

"What you feel, no doubt," he said, blandly, "to be a conscientious measure dictated by pure justice, other people would call revenge."

"I am the Instrument—" she began in her stern, cold manner.

"Madam," the lawyer interrupted, "no doubt—no doubt; but death has removed your victim. Heaven has interfered. Your instrumentality is no longer required. As for this claim, it becomes a money-matter. Leave it as such with me; and I will present it, at proper time and place, to the deceased gentleman's executors."

"So that they will know him—as he was, in his real light?"

"Undoubtedly; they will know all that I tell them—all that I have learned from you. If your claim be disputed, we can then seek a remedy in an action at law."

"So that then all the world would know?"

"All the world," he echoed. "In that case, which is not at all likely to happen, all the world would know."

Rachel Nethersole went away. She retired to her house at Newbury, where she resumed the exercises peculiar to her sect, and tried to feel satisfied with the result of her instrumentality.

But she was not. She was profoundly dissatisfied; she had looked for nothing less than going to the police-courts and crying: "Your dead man, whose virtues you extol, was a common cheat and forger. Here are the proofs. Had it not been for his death, I should have had him arrested on this criminal charge." And now she was told that she could do nothing—nothing at all; and the world would go on ascribing virtues to this citizen cut off so suddenly. Her home, which for three months had been glorified, so to speak, by the lurid light of coming revenge, was dull and quiet now that light had gone out of it: her daily life had lost its excitement, and was monotonous. The old pleasures pleased no more.

She had been so certain of revenge; she had, with her own eyes, gloated over her enemy as she announced to him the things which were to befall him; and now—and now, to think that he had escaped her clutches by an accident which had never entered into her calculations! Why, if John of Leyden had hanged himself, or John

Huss died suddenly in the night before the day appointed for torture, the same kind of disappointment would have been felt by the judges. Nor was there so much consolation as might be at first supposed, in the thought that her prey had been cut off in all his sins. Some, no doubt. She would have preferred to think that he was alive still and in prison, clad in convict garb, fed on convict fare, doing convict work. A hard, revengeful woman.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW THE PARTNERS MADE A PROPOSAL.

THEY began by advertising. That was the only thing to do. They advertised everywhere in newspapers; outside police-stations—side by side with the proclamations of a hundred pounds reward for the discovery of murderers; on hoardings, wherever the eye of passer-by might be caught. For there was one slender chance. Alison told how her father had left her in the morning *distrain*, troubled about something. What could he be troubled about? Everything had gone well with him; his business interests were flourishing; his investments were sound; he had no annoyances, unless it was that caused by his visitor: he was at peace with the only member of the family who had ever troubled him.

The partners whispered a word to each other; their wives and daughters whispered it to Alison. Sudden madness. Such a thing was unknown in the Hamblin family, but not unknown in the history of humanity. Such a thing was possible. It was almost the only explanation possible, except that of death. Anthony Hamblin might have been robbed and murdered. That crime, also, is unhappily not unknown, but rare in London: he could not have been robbed and shut up. Therefore he was either dead or insane.

In a story told by one of our best English novelists, a man, formerly the skipper of a ship, loses his reason, but retains his sailor instinct, and ships himself before the mast as an able seaman. This story came back to Alison's mind, and she dwelt upon it.

"He left me," she said to Gilbert Yorke, "my poor dear left me trying to look cheerful; but he was not. He was troubled in his mind. Painful recollections of things long since forgotten had been revived in his mind. He could not sleep that night after our party; he could not take his breakfast; he was uncertain in his manner, and went backward and forward. Gilbert, I am sure that he is not dead, but living—some-

where, with his poor brain full of some dreadful hallucination."

"It may be, Alison," said Gilbert, willing to encourage her. "It may be so, but then you must consider how we have advertised him, how minutely we have described him, and how the papers have talked about it. Why, I should say that half the people in this country know that Mr. Anthony Hamblin is missing, and what he is like. The partners began by offering a reward of one hundred pounds; now they have made it a thousand. Why, what a chance for a man who thinks he recognizes the missing man in a stranger!"

"Then," said Alison, "he must be somewhere among the other half, the people who have never heard of him. Gilbert, do not discourage me," she went on, her deep eyes filling with tears. "To think that he is not dead, but living; to dream at night that his step may be upon the road near the house; that he is coming back to us all again—it fills me with comfort and hope: but to think otherwise would—oh! I *must* think that he is living. When they brought home the coat of Joseph to his father, Jacob rent his clothes and mourned. Yet Joseph was not dead, and presently he was restored to his father and his brethren. O Gilbert, some day my father will wake up from his madness, and come back to us all in his right mind."

This speculation found no favor with Stephen. His brother was dead. That was a fact which admitted of no doubt.

Certainly, the silence which followed the advertisements boded little hope for Alison's theory. There was hardly any attempt at response. Here and there a letter came, mostly ill spelt and ill written, stating that the writer knew such a man as was described, namely, with long brown beard, of whom he knew nothing else. There was that single fact of a beard—could he be the missing Anthony Hamblin? And, if so, the advertisers would bear in mind the claim of the writer to the reward. But this sort of clew led to nothing. Either, then, Anthony Hamblin was dead, or he was living, as Alison suggested, among that half of the English people who had not even heard of his disappearance. Again, a gentleman, who dated from a public-house in the High Street of Islington, wrote once offering confidently to produce Mr. Anthony Hamblin, if the advertisers would first advance ten pounds for preliminary expenses, leaving the rest of the reward open until the restoration of the missing gentleman. And another worthy wrote, calling himself the representative and guardian of a boy, whose father was Anthony Hamblin. This philanthropist, on being interviewed by a clerk from the solicitor's office, first offered to square the claim

for fifty pounds down, and then, being threatened with conspiracy, abruptly bolted.

At last, Alison consented to put on the garb of mourning. But it was in deference to the wishes of her cousins. For herself she would have preferred to continue in the belief that the missing man was not dead but living, and would return some day and ere long to his daughter's arms.

Stephen, naturally, remained in the house. That course suited him perfectly—first, because he was short of ready money, and free quarters meant great economy; secondly, because the free quarters were excellent, meaning wine of the very noblest *crus*, cigars of the finest brands, and a really noble cook; thirdly, because it gave him an opportunity of producing a favorable impression on Alison, which might eventually be useful; and, lastly, for a purpose of his own, which was conceived later on, by whisper of the devil, and which rapidly grew upon him and became an overmastering passion.

He was not a lady's man. He was not altogether at his ease with his cousin Flora Cridland and his niece Alison. He rejoiced, therefore, when he found that they preferred an early dinner with the boy, and allowed him to dine alone in the study. The breakfast-hour, again, was early. He would breakfast in the study. After breakfast he inquired ceremoniously after the health of his niece, whom he seldom saw. He interfered with none of the arrangements of the house; went to town every day after breakfast, came back most days to dine by himself, and after dinner either read a French novel or put up his feet, smoked cigars, drank brandy-and-soda, and reflected. The quarters were so good that he had not the least intention of turning out.

If he met Alison in the house, he was gravely deferential, sympathetic, but not obtrusive; if he met his cousin, Flora Cridland, he was more sprightly, but kind and thoughtful; if he met the boy, he would pat his cheek gently, and ask, with a sigh of real feeling, how he was getting on with his Latin verses. He gave no trouble, assumed no air of command, and gained every kind of credit, solely because he did nothing. And, really, when one considers how reputations are made, whether by statesmen, governors of provinces, able editors, or original dramatists, one is inclined to think that the art of doing nothing has hitherto been most extensively practiced and most grossly underrated. Had you, dear reader, never done anything except follow in a groove, you would doubtless have been ere now F. R. S., C. B., C. M. G., K. C. B., K. C. M. G., and perhaps a baronet. Whereas, in consequence of your perpetual activity, you are now no better than myself, plain Mister, *le sieur*, Es-

quire by courtesy, with never a title to your back.

Stephen's courteous and considerate demeanor was due mainly to a grievous doubt which constantly afflicted and possessed him. Panurge was not a greater martyr to a doubt than Stephen Hamblin.

Consider his position. He had been for nearly twenty years dependent on his brother. Anthony never offered to make him any allowance. He seemed perfectly to realize that Stephen's pretense at business, financing or broking, was only the shallowest form; and there was the understanding between them that when Stephen wanted any money he was to write for it, or call for it, and have it.

Only one man, Mr. Billiter, the family solicitor, knew of those loans, though the partners suspected them.

Anthony being dead, who was going to have the honor of maintaining Stephen?

There was absolutely no form of labor by which he could earn his daily bread; there was none by which he meant to try. He called himself an indigo-broker, but he had done that for twenty years and more. He sometimes dabbled in small financing schemes with his cousin Alderney Codd, but that would not do for a permanent prop. And his private account in the bank was next to nothing.

The great doubt, therefore, was, how Anthony had disposed of his property by testament. And really, considering everything, Stephen seems justified in being anxious.

He might have satisfied himself upon the point by the simple means of calling at the solicitor's office. There were reasons, however, why he hesitated. In the first place, there were associations of an extremely disagreeable character connected with the one room in that firm's offices into which he was always shown. It was the room of the senior partner, Mr. Billiter. Stephen, although now in his forty-fifth year, was afraid of that old man. It had been Mr. Billiter's duty to confer with him in connection with a good many episodes of his career which he was desirous of forgetting. Now, Mr. Billiter, a man with old-fashioned notions about repentance, had an unpleasant way of recalling these little matters. Again, Mr. Billiter was the only man who knew the secret which Stephen and Anthony kept between themselves—the fact of Stephen's absolute dependence on the elder brother.

At first he thought that he might be dispossessed from his self-constituted post of guardian, in favor of one of the cousins, presumably Augustus or William Hamblin, appointed by the will. But time passed on, and no such intima-

tion was sent to him. Had, then, Anthony actually appointed him the guardian of his daughter? It seemed incredible, considering the history of the past. And yet he was Anthony's only brother.

And even if he were appointed guardian, there was the anxiety about the future. What provision, if any, had his brother made for him? Surely some; otherwise he would have literally to beg his daily bread of his niece. The facts might be presented, he thought, in graceful, pathetic, and attractive form. But influences might be brought to bear on the girl, against which he would be powerless. There were his cousins, the partners; they were not friendly. There was that young fellow Yorke, always about the place, no doubt anxious to hang up his hat in the house and marry the heiress. Of course Alison's husband would not desire to diminish his wife's income by a permanent charge. Yet how could he live under eight hundred a year, or so? Why, his dinners cost him three hundred a year, at least. Anthony had never counted what he bestowed; or, if he did practice that meanness, had the grace to hide it. How should he persuade Alison that nothing under a thousand a year would adequately represent his brother's affection? And what if the will contained a provision ridiculously small?

He wrestled with these doubts for six weeks and more. During that time the advertising went on; and they all kept up some show of pretense that perhaps Anthony would return unexpectedly, recovered from that hallucination in which Alison believed so firmly.

One day, however, Stephen received a letter from Mr. Billiter, the family solicitor, officially and stiffly worded, requesting the honor of an interview at a stated time.

Mr. Billiter, who perhaps knew more family secrets than any other man of his profession in London, was not, as we have said, popular among the prodigal sons with whose career he was acquainted. He had a great, a profound dislike for scattering, wasting, idleness, and debauchery of all kinds, being himself a man of great common sense, holding a just view of the proportion of things, and incapable, at all times in his life, of being allured by the imaginary pleasures of riot. Having this dislike to the doings of Comus, he showed it in a certain contemptuous treatment of those prodigals who came to him to know the intentions of the family; and whether he gave them a check, or told them they were to be pitchforked into some unfortunate colony with a ten-pound note, or announced another act of forgiveness, he put the facts so plainly that the youth, whether repentant or not, went away with a sense of humiliation

and shame very disagreeable to a high-toned, whole-souled prodigal.

He held Stephen Hamblin in especial dislike, as a prodigal of five-and-twenty years' standing, which was really extending the rope beyond all precedent. Stephen was irreclaimable. It was hard to look on, and see the waste of so much money on so bad a subject.

He was in appearance a shriveled-up man, between sixty and seventy years of age; a thin, small man, with gray hair, still strong, and thick, pointed chin, keen bright eyes, and a sharp nose.

He received Stephen without offering to shake hands with him, coolly nodding, and going on with the papers before him. Stephen took a chair by the fire, and waited. Presently the old man jerked his head sideways, and said, without taking the trouble to look at his visitor:

"This is a bad business for you, Stephen. What do you propose to do?"

There was a twinkle in his eye, caught by Stephen, which seemed to mean that, the worse the business turned out, the better he would be pleased.

Then he pushed away his papers, leaned back in his wooden chair, with his elbows on the arms, and looked round.

"That depends upon my brother's testamentary dispositions," said Stephen, reading the twinkle in that sense, and tentatively.

"I am coming to that presently. Meantime, you see, you are left without any resources at all. And to work you are ashamed."

Stephen laughed. He was resolved on keeping his temper if possible.

"Can I dig?" he asked, "or shall I beg?"

"When I recall," continued this disagreeable old man, "the various occasions on which you and I have conversed in this office—"

"Thank you." Stephen made an impatient gesture; "I have not the least wish to be reminded of them again. Great Heavens! is it impossible for you to forget those old schoolboy scrapes?"

"Quite," replied Mr. Billiter; "unless the schoolboy repents and reforms. Of repentance I have as yet seen no trace. I fear you have never experienced that salutary discipline."

"If I had, you would not have heard of it," said Stephen, his face growing dark.

"Nay, nay; I should have had ocular demonstration. We know the tree by its fruits."

This was an unpromising beginning. The lawyer, doubtless for some reason of his own, went on to recall in detail, one after the other, the whole of his previous interviews with his visitor. When he had quite finished, Stephen's face wore an expression of wrath suppressed with difficulty, which would have delighted his enemies.

"I believe," he said at last, "that I have now reminded you of everything that has previously passed between us. If I have omitted any important point, it is from no desire to spare your feelings."

"That I can quite believe," said Stephen, with a ghastly grin.

"But from forgetfulness. I am growing old, and some of the details may have escaped my memory."

"So much the better," said Stephen.

"All this, however," the old man went on, "is a preamble. I am now coming to the real business of the day. I asked you to call upon me because—"

"I thought," said Stephen, "you were going to confine yourself to the pleasure of reviving the business of the past. That is a part of our interview which has always afforded you so much gratification."

"Not at all, Stephen, not at all. I merely sketched out some of the past because it is as well that men should know sometimes the light in which others regard their actions. Fortunately for you, I am the only man in possession of all the facts. Yet the partners in the house know some of them."

"Would you mind proceeding straight to the point?" Stephen cried, impatiently.

"I am doing so."

Here Mr. Billiter pushed back his chair and rose. A standing position gives one a certain advantage—stature has nothing to do with it.

"Do you think, Stephen Hamblin," he asked, shaking a judicial forefinger, "that a man of your antecedents is a fit person to be the guardian of a young lady?"

"Do you mean that I shall rob her, or ill treat her, or beat her with a stick, or murder her, then?"

"That is not an answer to my question, which is, are you a proper person for such a charge?"

"I really think that I am not called upon to answer that question."

"You will see directly why I put it. I only want you to acknowledge the justice of the proposal I am about to make you."

"Oh! you are going to make a proposal? Well, I am ready to listen."

"I must remind you that you have no money and no income, that you were dependent on your brother until his death, that you have drawn upon him of late years for a very large amount—many hundreds every year—and that, unless you get something out of the estate, you will be reduced to the painful necessity of working or starving. Your cousins in the firm, as I dare say you know very well, will certainly do nothing for you."

"You have put the case plainly. It is a perfectly correct statement, and the situation has been before my eyes for six weeks. Now for your proposal."

"Of course my statement of the facts is perfectly correct. Remember, then, your position."

"I want to know, however, what my brother's will directed."

"My dear sir, the surviving partners feel so strongly in the matter, that, had his will named you as guardian and trustee, they would have opposed your appointment in open court as an unfit person for the trust; and then those facts would have come out which are better hidden."

"I am much obliged to my cousins," said Stephen. "They are, and always have been, my very dear friends. I am *very* much obliged to them."

"You ought to be, when you learn what they propose."

"But my brother's will—what does that say? Why is it not produced?"

"Because, my dear sir" (the lawyer spoke very slowly and distinctly), "your brother Anthony, in spite of his great wealth, could never be persuaded to make a will at all. He always put it off. There is no will."

"No will!" Stephen stared in amazement; "my brother made no will?"

"None. There was the chance that some other firm of lawyers had drawn it up for him. We have searched his private safe at the office; we have searched his papers at Clapham—"

"After I went there?"

"The day after, while you were away. All business documents were removed by myself, and brought here. The papers left in his desk and drawers are nothing but old accounts, diaries, and letters. There is no will."

"No will?" Stephen repeated. It was not till afterward that he waxed indignant over the want of confidence which caused the partners to remove the papers.

"No will; consequently no bequests for any one. Do you understand your position? Miss Hamblin is sole heiress to the whole property."

Stephen remained silent. This was, indeed, the very worst thing that could possibly have happened to him.

"You now understand the general situation," continued the lawyer, sitting down again, "and are prepared no doubt to meet my proposal in a favorable spirit?"

"What is your proposal?"

"It is one which was suggested by Mr. Augustus Hamblin, in the first place, and put into shape by me. It is this. Miss Hamblin wants about fifteen months before she comes of age. That is a very short period of guardianship. We

are willing, so as to avoid all suspicion of scandal, that you should be nominally the guardian, and that letters of administration, if they are granted at all during the minority, shall be taken out in your name. We, however, shall relieve you of all your duties. You will have nothing whatever to do with the management of the estates. You will continue to live at Clapham, if you please, and until your residence becomes distasteful to Alison; and for your trouble, whatever trouble the arrangement may cause you, we are prepared to offer you the sum of five hundred pounds. If Miss Hamblin consents, as her cousins will advise her to do, that sum will be continued afterward for your lifetime as an annual charge upon the estate, subject to good behavior."

"What is good behavior?" Stephen asked, looking as amiable as an hyena.

"If you raise money upon it, or sell it, as if it were an actual annuity of your own, or disgrace yourself in any way, the allowance will be stopped."

"Have you anything more to say?" added Stephen, rising.

"Nothing more," said the lawyer, pleasantly. "Let me see—we have recapitulated the facts, have we not?"

"Oh, yes; you have raked up all the mud."

"And I've given you to understand my opinion about your conduct."

"Yes; you've certainly told me that."

"And—and—yes, I really think that is all."

"In that case I can go, I suppose." Stephen put on his hat. "Is it not a very remarkable thing, Mr. Billiter, that at every interview I have ever had with you I should desire vehemently to kill you?"

"It really is remarkable, Stephen Hamblin," answered the lawyer, with a hard smile; "it shows how admirable are our laws that you are deterred from carrying your wish into effect. —By the way, you accept the conditions, I suppose?"

"Yes, I accept; of course I accept. If you had offered me a hundred a year, I must have accepted. I suppose the outside world will not know. Alison will not know, for the present."

"I see no reason why any one should know. Augustus Hamblin does not talk. And, Stephen"—just as the door was closing—"what a very sad pity it is that you never *could* run straight! When are you going to begin repentance? Time is getting on, and the rope will be quite played out some day."

Stephen slammed the door and strode away, with rage tearing at his heart.

He walked all the way, because he was in such a rage, to Clapham Common. By the time

he got there, he had walked himself into a good temper. Why, what did it matter what the old man said? Five hundred a year, not so much as he had always managed to get out of Anthony, but still something; still a good round sum for a bachelor, and for a year at least the run of the fraternal cellar. Not at all bad.

He sent word to Alison that he would like to see her if she was quite disengaged.

"My dear," he said, taking her by the two hands—he had never called her before by any other term of endearment—"my dear, I have to-day been with your poor father's lawyer. They have invited me, with the concurrence of your cousins, and for the brief space which remains before you attain your majority, to act as your guardian. I hope you will not object to me."

He still held her two hands, gazed sentimentally into her eyes, and went on before she had time to reply:

"We have not seen so much of each other as we might have done in the old days. That was entirely my fault. My partial estrangement from you, and from the rest of the family, was my fault altogether. But your father and I were never estranged. One heart always. Perhaps I took offense because certain youthful peccadilloes were too severely visited. Perhaps I showed offense too readily, and have been forgiven with difficulty. But never mind. Those things are now like old songs. You have no fear of any more wild oats, Alison?"

"Not at all, uncle."

She smiled in his face, as he held her hands. She was too young to see that the light in his eyes was unreal and the smile on his lips forced.

"Then that is settled. You will do what you like, go where you like, have all you wish to have. That will be my sole care as your guardian. That is my idea of looking after you for the next fifteen months or so. When you come of age, you can turn me into the street, and sit down to enjoy, all the rest of your life, this wealth of your father. Happy girl! I wish I was only twenty. And I wish I was going to have, like you, a quarter of a million of money!"

This part of his speech, at any rate, was sincere.

CHAPTER IX.

HOW STEPHEN DREAMED A DREAM.

THIS good understanding was celebrated after the English fashion. Stephen dined with the ladies in the evening. Nicolas was permitted to assist at this little banquet, which was, the boy observed with pleasure, the first cheerful meal

since the calamity, and he hoped it was the presage of better things. It was, in reality, only the lifting of the clouds for a brief moment.

Stephen had never shown himself more kindly, more thoughtful, more sympathetic, than on this occasion. Alison wondered how they had all come to overlook these fine qualities of geniality and tenderness. They accounted fully, she concluded, for her father's steady affection for him. By what sad accident was it that the cousins regarded the Bláck Hamblin, and had taught her to regard him, with so much dislike and suspicion? What was it in him, what had he done, that her father should so often have been rendered moody for days together? Why, this spendthrift, this prodigal, this man who was the Awful Example quoted by Aunt Flora to young Nicolas in a solemn warning, was a delightful companion, full of anecdote, of ready sympathy, quick to feel, of kind heart, and wide experience. Occasionally something was said which jarred. That, however, was due, no doubt, to his inexperience of the calm, domestic life.

Thinking thus, while Stephen talked, Alison caught the eyes of young Nick, who blushed immediately with an unwonted confusion. They were both thinking the same things.

Mrs. Cridland was not so ready to accept the new aspect of things without suspicion. She naturally reserved her opinions until they were in the drawing-room.

"Stephen," she said, when arrived there, "reminds me of what he used to be five-and-twenty years ago, when he wanted to get anything out of his mother. Poor soul! he would cajole and caress her until she gave it him, and then he was away at once and back to his profligate courses in town. A heartless and wicked boy!"

"My dear auntie," Alison expostulated, "surely we ought to forget old stories if we can. I suppose my uncle is no longer what you say he was."

"I don't know, my dear," said her aunt, sharply. "We never inquired into Stephen's private life after his mother died. He may be repentant, but I doubt it."

"Perhaps," said Alison, "every one was hard upon him for the follies of his youth."

"I do not know whether they were unduly hard upon him. He caused them terrible anxiety. However, that is all over. Let us, as you say, forget it. What a strange thing it is, child, that you are so like him! Sometimes, when I see you side by side, it seems as if you are more like Stephen than your poor father. You have the Hamblin face, of course—we all have that"—it was a theory among the cousins, who perhaps no more resembled each other than any

other set of cousins, that there was a peculiar Hamblin face, common to all—"but you are wonderfully like your grandmother, the Señora, just as Stephen is."

At this moment the door flew open, and young Nick appeared, his hands in his pockets, his cheeks flushed, tears standing in his eyes.

"What is the matter, my boy?" cried his mother. "I thought you were with your uncle Stephen."

"He is not my uncle; I will never call him by that name again!" cried the boy, bursting into tears. "He is only a first cousin once removed."

"Why—"

"First cousin, once removed," he repeated; "let him be proud of that, if he likes. Never mind, mother. I'll be even with him."

The prospect of retributive justice pleased the boy so much that he instantly mopped up his tears, and, though he sat in a corner with an assumption of resentment, he had really resumed his cheerfulness.

In fact, Stephen, after the ladies left him, did not observe that Nicolas remained behind, and was seated beside the fire with a plate of preserved ginger before him. Stephen, with his shoulder turned to the boy, and thinking himself alone, began to meditate. His meditations led him, presumably, into irritating grooves, for presently he brought his fist down upon the table with a loud and emphatic "D—n!"

Young Nick had just finished his preserved ginger, and was considering what topic would be best to begin upon with this genial successor of Uncle Anthony, when the ejaculation startled him.

"Birds in their little nests agree," said the boy, softly, "to do without the wicked D."

Stephen turned round sharply.

"What the devil," he cried, springing to his feet, "do you mean by watching me? Go away; go to your mother; get out, I say!"

The injunction, being enforced by a box on the ear, left no room for doubt; and Nicolas, outraged, insulted, and humiliated, retreated, as we have seen, to a place where he could revolve a stroke of revenge. But his confidence in Stephen Hamblin was rudely destroyed, and it never returned.

Stephen, with bland smile, presently appeared, and asked for a cup of tea. He took no notice of the boy, who turned his back, and pretended to be absorbed in a book. He was considering whether cobbler's wax, popguns, powder in tobacco, apple-pie beds, nettle-beds, watered beds, detonating powders, booby-traps, deceptive telegrams, alarming letters, or anonymous post-card libels would give him the readiest and most

complete revenge, and his enemy the greatest annoyance.

His indignation was very great when, his cup of tea finished, Stephen invited Alison to go with him to the study.

"Like him," he cried, when the door was shut.—"Old lady, it's clear that you and me will have to pack up. You think this house big enough to hold Stephen the First Cousin once removed—bah!—and you and me, do you? That's your greenness. Mark my words. Bunk it is!"

"Nicolas, dear, pray do *not* use those vulgar words. At the same time, if I only knew how far Stephen is sincere—"

The words were wrung out of the poor lady by anxiety on her own account, and not from the habit of discussing delicate affairs with her only son. Nicolas, indeed, could not know that his mother's only income had been that granted her by Anthony Hamblin for acting as housekeeper, duenna, companion, and first lady of the establishment for Alison his daughter. And as yet she did not know, and was still prayerfully considering, the possible limitations of the new guardian's powers.

"I am going to ask you, Alison," said Stephen, "to assist me in going through some of your father's letters and papers. We must do it, and it will save me the feeling of—of—prying into things if you will help me with the letters. Not to-night, you know. It will take several days to go through them all."

Alison acceded, and Stephen began opening the drawers and desks and taking out the papers, to show her the nature of the task before them.

A man of fifty, if he be of methodical habits, has accumulated a tolerable pile of papers, of all kinds. A City man's papers are generally a collection of records connected with money. Anthony Hamblin was no exception to the rule. He had kept diaries, journals, bills, and receipts with that thoughtfulness which belongs especially to rich men. They have already made their money, they know what it is worth, they are careful not to lose it, and they are determined to get good value for it if they can. Men who are still piling up the dollars are much less careful. The bulk of the papers consisted of such documents. Besides them, there were bundles of Alison's letters.

"Alison," said Stephen, softly, "here are your early letters tied up. Take them. It would be like prying into your little secrets to read them."

She laughed, and then sighed.

"Here are more bills," she said, "and here are papers marked 'I. O. U.' As for my letters, anybody might read them."

"Of course—of course. At the same time, you may give me those I. O. U.'s."

He exchanged a bundle of childish letters for a roll, docketed and endorsed, which Alison gave him.

He opened the packet with a curious smile.

"Ah!" he said, "twenty years old." He rapidly selected those which bore his own name, and placed them aside. "These are a form of receipt. I see your cousin Alderney Codd's name among them. He was one of those who abused your father's kindness shamelessly, I think."

Presently Stephen grew tired of sorting the papers. He leaned back in his chair, sighed, and asked if he might take a cigar without Alison running away. She explained that her father had always smoked a cigar in the evening.

Then they drew chairs to the fire—it had been a cold day of east wind—and sat opposite each other below the portrait of the Señora. And they were both so like her! Alison thought her grandmother's eyes were resting sadly on Stephen.

"Did Anthony, your father," asked Stephen, after a pretty long silence, "ever speak to you about his testamentary dispositions?"

"No, never."

"He never told you of his intention as regards myself—you know that it was always intended that the injury done me under my father's will should be repaired by Anthony."

"I did not know," said Alison; "but I suppose that my cousin Augustus knows."

"There seems to have been no will, so that the carrying out of your father's wishes"—Stephen said this carelessly, as if there could be no doubt what they were—"will devolve entirely upon you. Fortunately, I have a note, somewhere, of his proposed intentions."

It was an inspiration, and he immediately began to consider how much he might ask for.

"Of course my father's wishes will be law to me," Alison said, with a little break in her voice.

"Naturally," Stephen replied, with solemnity. "You know, I suppose, something of the fortune which you will inherit?"

"No, I have never asked."

"I know"—Stephen had pondered over it for years; "the personalty will be sworn under two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. The real property consists of the little estate in Sussex, this house and garden, and a few other houses. Then there are the pictures, furniture, books, and collections: you are a very fortunate girl. If I had all the money—" He stopped and hesitated. "If I had had it twenty years ago, when Alderney Codd and I were young fools together, I dare say it would have gone on the turf, or in lansque-

net, baccarat, and hazard. A very good thing, Alison, that the fortune went to the steady one."

He laughed and tossed his head with so genial and careless a grace that Alison's heart was entirely won. She put out her hand timidly, and took his.

"Dear Uncle Stephen," she said, "he did not see enough of you in the old days. We were somehow estranged. You did not let us know you. Promise me that you will relieve me of some part of this great load of money."

"Poor Alison!" Stephen replied, blowing a beautiful horizontal circle of blue smoke into the air, "you overrate the spending capacities of your fortune. They are great, but not inexhaustible. Still I am not above helping you, provided my demands fall well within your father's expressed intentions."

What could be more honorable than this? and who was to know that Stephen was at the very moment considering at what figure he could put those intentions?

Then he changed the subject.

"I hope," he said softly, "that we may find something among all these papers that will tell us of your mother."

"My father never spoke of her," said Alison. "It seems hard that I am never to know anything about my own mother and her relations—not even to know when and how she died."

"It *is* hard," replied Stephen. "And your father never spoke of her, not even to you?"

"Never, except once, when he warned me solemnly that I must never speak of her."

"It is very strange!" Stephen sat up and laid aside his cigar. "Tell me your earliest recollections, Alison. Let us see if something can not be made out."

"I remember," said the girl, "the sea, and Brighton, and Mrs. Duncombe. Nobody ever came to see me except papa. We knew no one. Mrs. Duncombe did not tell me anything except that my mother was dead. Then, when I was ten years of age, papa came and took me away."

"Why did he hide you so long?"

"I did not ask him. I was too happy to be with him always. Yes, he said that he could not get on without me any longer. That made me happier still."

"I see," Stephen answered, reflectively. "Of course it did. Naturally. But it made you no wiser."

"I suppose papa had a reason. I have sometimes thought that he must have married beneath him, and that he did not wish me to know my mother's relations."

"Yes; that is possible."

He mused in silence for a while, and presently lifted his head. Somehow his face was

changed. The light had gone out of his eyes; they were hard; his voice was harsh and grating; his manner was constrained.

"I have kept you too long over business details," he said, rising and holding out his hand. "Good night, Alison. If I find any documents that will interest you, I will set them aside. Take your own letters. I shall learn nothing from them, that is very certain."

It was the old, harsh, ungracious Stephen Hamblin whom she had always known. What was the matter with him?

When Anthony, ten years before, brought home with him unexpectedly, and without preparing anybody's mind for such an apparition, a little girl whom he introduced as his daughter, there was no one more surprised than Stephen, or more disgusted. He had regarded himself as the heir to the Hamblin estates and wealth. He had pleased his selfish spirit in imagining himself the successor: only one life between himself and this great fortune. His brother was eight years his senior. He might drop off any day, though it is not usual for men in their forties to drop off suddenly. Still it was on the cards, and Stephen Hamblin was by no means above desiring the death of any man who stood between himself and the sun. And then came this girl, this unlooked-for, inopportune girl, with the ungrateful assurance that Anthony was a widower, and this was his child. It was not in nature that such a man should receive in a spirit of meekness such a blow. Stephen hated the girl. As he grew older, and became, through his own wastefulness, entirely dependent on his brother, he hated her more and more, daily saying to himself that if it had not been for her he would have been the heir. Yet he might have known that no insurance company, which could have got at the facts, would consider his life as so good as his brother's, although there were eight years between them.

At first he accepted Anthony's statement. The girl was his child; his wife was dead: no use asking any more questions. There was nothing left but to sulk.

Then suspicions awakened in his mind. Who was the girl's mother? When had Anthony married her?

He had encouraged these suspicions, and brooded over them, until they assumed in his mind almost the shape and distinct outline of certainty. He was wronged and cheated by his brother, because, he declared to himself, his brother could never have been married at all. Such a man could never have had such a secret. But time passed on, and he forgot his old suspicions. At his brother's death they did not at first return.

He belonged, by nature, to the fine old order of murdering uncles. He could have been a rival Richard III.; yet the softening touch of civilization prevented him from so disposing of his niece. Then the partners' proposal seemed to offer some sort of compromise; and he thought he would arrange with his niece, on her coming of age, for some solid grant, "in accordance with her father's expressed intentions." Plenty of time to put them on paper. Plenty of time.

Now, the old dream came back to him. It returned suddenly. The talk with Alison revived it. He lay back in his easy-chair when she was gone, and gave the reins to a vigorous imagination. He saw, in his dream, the girl dispossessed, because her father was never married: he saw her taken away by some newly-found relations, quite common people who let lodgings, say, at Ford or Hackney. And he saw himself in actual possession: a rich man, with the way of life still stretching far before him.

"Forty-five," he said, "is the true time for enjoyment. Hang it! we take our fling too early; if we only knew, we should reserve ourselves till five-and-thirty at earliest. Why do they let the young fellows of one-and-twenty fling themselves away, waste, and spend, get rid of their money and their health, before they know what pleasure means? One must be forty before the full flavor comes into the cup of life. I shall enjoy—I shall commit no excesses, but I shall enjoy.

"I suppose I shall be senior partner in the house. Well, I will stay there long enough to sack those respectable Christians, my cousins. They shall go out into the cold, where they sent me."

He helped himself to a soda-and-brandy, and took a fresh cigar. His imagination still flowed along in a rich and copious stream. "As for this house, I shall sell it up. What is the good of such a house to me? Pictures, *bric-à-brac*, water-colors, engravings, plate—I shall get rid of all. I want nothing but my set of chambers in Pall Mall, with a private hansom and a smart

boy. Alderney Codd may come to see me, now and then. None of the rest. Flora Cridland and her pink and white brat may go to the devil. And as for Alison, I suppose I shall have to make her an allowance. Yes. I will certainly make her an allowance."

He felt so virtuous as he made this resolution that he became thirsty again, and proceeded no further until he had taken off the greater portion of a second soda-and-brandy.

Then he sat down and resumed his dream.

"Yes. Alison shall have an allowance. The world shall not say that I am stingy, and treat her badly. How much? I should say five hundred a year, paid quarterly, would well meet the case. Just what they propose to give me."

He thought a little over this, because it was an important thing to decide, and drank more brandy-and-soda.

"These cigars of Anthony's are quite the best I ever smoked," he said. "I shall not sell them. Nor the wine. Nor the brandy, by Jove!" He filled another glass of brandy-and-soda. "Five hundred a year is too much, altogether too much for a girl in such a position. I think anybody will say I have done the thing handsomely if I make it three. Yes, three hundred a year will be an ample—a generous allowance."

Then he went on thinking and drinking alternately. The dream was the most delicious flight of fancy he had ever essayed.

"Three hundred?" he murmured sweetly. "Too much. It would only tempt adventurers on the lookout for a girl with money. What she requires is to have her actual wants supplied. And that," he said with firmness, "is what Alison, poor girl! shall have from me. Her position is certainly not her own fault. A hundred pounds a year. Two pounds a week! Why, it means more than three thousand pounds at three per cent. Three thousand pounds! Quite a large slice out of the cake. A really handsome sum."

(To be continued.)

THE MIDWAY INN.

"The hidden but the common thought of all."

THE thoughts I am about to set down are not *my* thoughts, for, as my friends say, I have given up the practice of thinking, or it may be, as my enemies say, I never had it. They are the thoughts of an acquaintance who thinks for me. I call him an acquaintance, though I pass as much of my time with him as with my nearest and dearest; perhaps at the club, perhaps at the office, perhaps in metaphysical discussion, perhaps at billiards—what does it matter? Thousands of men in town have such acquaintances, in whose company they spend, by necessity or custom, half the sum of their lives. It is not rational, doubtless; but then "Consider, sir," said the great talking philosopher, "should we become purely rational, how our friendships would be cut off. We form many such with bad men because they have agreeable qualities, or may be useful to us. We form many such by mistake, imagining people to be different from what they really are." And he goes on complacently to observe that we shall either have the satisfaction of meeting these gentlemen in a future state, or be satisfied without meeting them.

For my part, I do not feel that the scheme of future happiness, which ought by rights to be in preparation for me, will be at all interfered with by my not meeting again the man I have in my mind. To have seen him in the flesh is sufficient for me. In the spirit I can not imagine him; the consideration is too subtle; for, unlike "the little man who had (for certain) a little soul," I don't believe he has a soul at all.

He is middle-aged, rich, lethargic, sententious, dogmatic, and, in short, is the quintessence of the commonplace. I need not say, therefore, that he is credited by the world with unlimited common sense. And for once the world is right. He has nothing original about him, save so much of sin as he may have inherited from our first parents; there is no more at the back of him than at the back of a looking-glass—indeed less, for he has not a grain of quicksilver; but, like the looking-glass, he reflects. Having nothing else to do, he hangs, as it were, on the wall of the world, and mirrors it for me as it unconsciously passes by him—not, however, as in a glass darkly, but with singular clearness. His vision is never disturbed by passion or prejudice; he has no enthusiasm and no illusions. Nor do I believe he has ever had any. If the noblest study of mankind is man, my friend has devoted

himself to a high calling; the living page of human life has been his favorite, and indeed, for these many years, his only reading. And for this he has had exceptional opportunities. Always a man of wealth and leisure, he has never wasted himself in that superficial observation which is the only harvest of foreign travel. He despises it, and in relation to travelers is wont to quote the famous parallel of the copper wire, "which grows the narrower by going farther." A confirmed stay-at-home, he has mingled much in society of all sorts, and exercised a keen but quite unsympathetic observation. His very reserve in company (though, when he catches you alone, he is a button-holder of great tenacity) encourages free speech in others; they have no more reticence in his presence than if he were the butler. He has belonged to no cliques, and thereby escaped the greatest peril which can beset the student of human nature. A man of genius, indeed, in these days is almost certain, sooner or later, to become the center of a mutual admiration society; but the person I have in my mind is no genius, nor anything like one, and he thanks Heaven for it. To an opinion of his own he does not pretend, but his views upon the opinions of other people he believes to be infallible. I have called him dogmatic, but that does not at all express the absolute certainty with which he delivers judgment. "I know no more," he says, "about the problems of human life than you do" (taking me as an illustration of the lowest prevailing ignorance), "but I know what everybody is thinking about." He is didactic, and therefore often dull, and will eventually, no doubt, become one of the greatest bores in Great Britain. At present, however, he is worth knowing; and I propose to myself to be his Boswell, and to introduce him—or, at least, his views—to other people. I have entitled them the Midway Inn, partly from my own inveterate habit of storytelling, but chiefly from an image of his own, by which he once described to me, in his fine egotistic, rolling style, the position he seems to himself to occupy in the world.

When I was a boy, he said [which I don't believe he ever was], I had a long journey to take between home and school. Exactly midway there was a hill with an Inn upon it, at which we changed horses. It was a point to which I looked forward with very different feel-

ings when going and returning. In the one case—for I hated school—it seemed to frown darkly on me, and from that spot the remainder of the way was dull and gloomy; in the other case, the sun seemed always glinting on it, and the rest of the road was as a fair avenue that leads to paradise. The innkeeper received us with equal hospitality on both occasions, and it was quite evident did not care one farthing in which direction we were tending. He would stand in front of his house, jingling his money—*our* money—in his pockets, and watch us depart with the greatest serenity, whether we went east or west. I thought him at one time the most genial of Bonifaces (for it was his profession to wear a smile), and at another a mere mocker of human woe. When I grew up, I perceived that he was a philosopher.

And now I keep the Midway Inn myself, and watch from the hilltop the passengers come and go—some loath, some willing, like myself of old—and listen to their talk in the coffee-room; or sometimes in a private parlor, where, though they speak low and gravely, their converse is still unrestrained, because, you see, I am the landlord.

Sometimes they speak of death and the hereafter, of which the child they buried yesterday knows more than the wisest of them, and more than Shakespeare knew. The being totally ignorant of the subject does not indeed (as you may perhaps have observed in other matters) deter some of them from speaking of it with great confidence; but the views of a minority would quite surprise you, and this minority is growing—coming to majority. Every day I see an increase of the doubters. It is not a question of the orthodox and the infidel, you must understand, at all, though that is assuming great proportions; but there is every day more uncertainty among them, and, what is much more noteworthy, more dissatisfaction.

Years ago, when a hardy Cambridge scholar dared to publish his doubts of an eternal punishment overtaking the wicked, an orthodox professor of the same college took him (theologically) by the throat. "You are destroying," he cried, "the hope of the Christian." But this is not the hope I speak of (as loosing and losing its hold upon men's minds); I mean the real hope, the hope of heaven.

When I used to go to church—for my Inn is too far removed from it to admit of my attendance there nowadays—matters were very different. Heaven and hell were, in the eyes not only of our congregation, but of those who hung about the doors in the summer sun, or even played leapfrog over the gravestones, as distinct alternatives as the east and west highways on each side of my Inn. If you did not go one way, you must

go the other; and, not only so, but an immense desire was felt by very many to go in the right direction. Now I perceive it is not so. A considerable number of highway passengers, though even they are less numerous than of old, are still studious—that is, in their aspirations—to avoid taking (shall I say delicately) the lower road; but only a few, comparatively, are solicitous to reach the goal of the upper.

Let me once more observe that I am speaking of the ordinary passengers—those who travel by the mail. Of the persons who are convinced that there never was an Architect of the universe, and that man sprang from the mollusk, I know little or nothing: they mostly travel two and two, in gigs, and have quarreled so dreadfully on the way that, at the Inn, they don't speak to one another. The commonalty, I repeat, are losing their hopes of heaven, just as the grown-up schoolboy finds his paradise no more in home. I can remember when divines were never tired of painting the lily, of indulging in the most glowing descriptions of the Elysian Fields. A popular artist once drew a picture of them: "The Plains of Heaven" it was called, and the painter's name was Martin. If he were to do so now, the public (who are vulgar) would exclaim "Betty Martin." Not that they disbelieve in it, but that the attractions of the place are dying out, like those of Bath and Cheltenham.

Of course some blame attaches to the divines themselves, that things have come to such a pass. "I protest," says a great philosopher, "that I never enter a church, but the man in the pulpit talks so unlike a man, as though he had never known what human joys or sorrows are—so carefully avoids every subject of interest save *one*, and paints that in colors at once so misty and so meretricious—that I say to myself, I will never sit under him again." This may, of course, be only an ingenious excuse of his for not going to church; but there is really something in it. The angels, with their harps, on clouds, are now presented to the eyes, even of faith, in vain; they are still appreciated on canvas by an old master, but to become one of them is no longer the common aspiration. There is a suspicion, partly owing, doubtless, to the modern talk about the dignity and even the divinity of Labor, that they ought to be doing something else than (as the American poet puts it with characteristic irreverence) "loafing about the throne"; that we ourselves, with no ear perhaps for music, and with little voice (alas!) for praise, should take no pleasure in such avocations. It is not the skeptics—though their influence is getting to be considerable—who have wrought this change, but the conditions of modern life. Notwithstanding the cheerful "returns" as to pauperism, and the

glowing speeches of our Chancellors of the Exchequer, these conditions are far harder, among the thinking classes, than they were. The question of "Is life worth living?" is one that concerns philosophers and metaphysicians, and not the persons I have in my mind at all; but the question, "Do I wish to be out of it?" is one that is getting answered very widely—and in the affirmative. This was certainly not the case in the days of our grandsires. Which of them ever read those lines—

"For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?"—

without a sympathetic complacency? This may not have been the best of all possible worlds to them, but none of them wished to exchange it, save at the proper time, and for the proper place. Thanks to overwork, and still more to overworry, it is not so now. There are many prosperous persons in rude health, of course, who will ask (with a virtuous resolution that is sometimes to be deplored), "Do you suppose, then, that I wish to cut my throat?" I certainly do not. Do not let us talk of cutting throats; though, mind you, the average of suicides, so admirably preserved by the Registrar-General and other painstaking persons, is not entirely to be depended upon. You should hear the doctors at my Inn (in the intervals of their abuse of their professional brethren) discourse upon this topic—on that overdose of chloral which poor B. took, and on that injudicious self-application of chloroform which "carried off poor C." With the law in such a barbarous state in relation to self-destruction, and taking into account the feelings of relatives, there was, of course, only one way of wording the certificate, but—and then they shake their heads as only doctors can, and help themselves to port, though they know it's poison to them.

It is an old joke that annuitants live for ever, but no annuity ever had the effect of prolonging life which the assurance companies have. How many a time, I wonder, in these later years has a hand been stayed, with a pistol or "a cup of cold poison" in it, by the thought "If I do this, my family will lose the money I am insured for, besides the premiums"? This feeling is altogether different from that which causes Jeannette and Jeannot in their Paris attic to light their charcoal-fire, stop up the chinks with their love-letters, and die (very disreputably) "clasped in one another's arms, and silent in a last embrace." There is not one halfpenny's worth of sentiment about it in the Englishman's case, nor are any such thoughts bred in his brain while youth is in

him. It is in our midway days, with old age touching us here and there, as autumn "lays its fiery finger on the leaves" and withers them, that we first think of it. When the weight of anxiety and care is growing on us, while the shoulders are becoming bowed (not in resignation, but in weakness) which have to bear it; when our pains are more and more constant, our pleasures few and fading, and when whatever happens, we know, must needs be for the worse—then it is that the praise of the silver hair and length of days becomes a mockery indeed.

Was it the prescience of such a state of thought, I wonder (for it certainly did not exist in their time), that caused good men of old to extol old age; as though anything could reconcile the mind of man to the time when the very sun is darkened to him, and "the clouds return after the rain"? There is a noble passage in "Hyperion" which has always seemed to me to repeat that sentiment in Ecclesiastes; it speaks of an expression in a man's face:

"As though the vanward clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
Was with its storied thunder laboring up."

This is why poor paterfamilias, sitting in the family pew, is not so enamored of that idea of accomplishing those threescore years and ten which the young parson, fresh from Cambridge, is describing as such a lucky number in life's lottery. The attempt to paint it so is well-meaning, no doubt; "the vacant chaff well meant for grain"; and it is touching to see how men generally (knowing that they themselves have to go through with it) are wont to portray it in cheerful colors.

A modern philosopher even goes so far as to say that our memories in old age are always grateful to us. Our pleasures are remembered, but our pains are forgotten; "if we try to recall a physical pain," she writes (for it is a female), "we find it to be impossible." From which I gather only this for certain, that that woman never had the gout.

The folks who come my way, indeed, seem to remember their physical ailments very distinctly, to judge by the way they talk of them; and are exceedingly apprehensive of their recurrence. Nay, it is curious to see how some old men will resent the compliments of their juniors on their state of health or appearance. "Stuff and nonsense!" cried old Sam Rogers grimly; "I tell you there is no such thing as a fine old man." In a humbler walk of life I remember to have heard a similar but more touching reply. It was upon the great centenarian question raised by Mr. Thoms. An old woman in a workhouse, said to be a hundred years of age, was sent for by the Board of Guardians, to decide the point

by her personal testimony. One can imagine the half-dozen portly, prosperous figures, and the contrast their appearance offered to that of the bent and withered crone. "Now, Betty," said the chairman with unctuous patronage, "you look hale and hearty enough, yet they tell me that you are a hundred years old; is this really true?" "God Almighty knows, sir," was her reply, "but I feel a thousand."

And there are so many people nowadays who "feel a thousand."

It is for this reason that the gift of old age is unwished for, and the prospect of future life without encouragement. It is the modern conviction that there will be some kind of work in it; and, even though what we shall be set to do may be "wrought with tumult of acclaim," we have had enough of work. What follows, almost as a matter of course, is that the thought of possible extinction has lost its terrors. Heaven and its glories have still their charms for those who are not wearied out with toil in this life; but the slave draws for himself a far other picture of home. His is no passionate cry to be admitted into the eternal city; he murmurs sullenly, "Let me rest."

It was a favorite taunt with the skeptics of old—those early fathers of infidelity, who used to occupy themselves so laboriously with scraping at the rind of the Christian faith—that until the Cross arose men were not afraid of death. But that arrow has lost its barb. The fear of death, even among professing Christians, is now comparatively rare; I do not mean merely among dying men—in whom those who have had acquaintance with deathbeds tell us they see it scarcely ever—but with the quick and hale. Even with very ignorant persons the idea that things may be a great deal worse for us hereafter than even at present is not generally entertained as respects themselves. A clergyman who was attending a sick man in his parish expressed a hope to the wife that she took occasion to remind her husband of his spiritual condition. "Oh, yes, sir," she replied, "many and many a time have I woken him up o' nights, and cried, 'John, John, you little know the torments as is preparing for you!'" But the good woman, it seems, was not disturbed by any such dire imaginings upon her own account.

Higher in the social scale, the apprehension of a Gehenna, or at all events of such a one as our forefathers almost universally believed in, is rapidly dying out. The mathematician tells us that, even as a question of numbers, "about one in ten, my good sir, by the most favorable computations," the thing is incredible; the philanthropist inquires indignantly, "Is the city Arab, then, who grows to a thief and felon as naturally

as a tree puts forth its leaves, to be damned in both worlds?" and I notice that even the clergy who come my way, and take their weak glass of negus while the coach changes horses, no longer insist upon the point, but at the worst faintly trust the larger hope.

Notwithstanding these comparatively cheerful views upon a subject so important to all passengers on life's highway, the general feeling is, as I have said, one of profound dissatisfaction; the good old notion that whatever is is right is fast disappearing; and in its place there is a doubt—rarely expressed except among the philosophers, with whom, as I have said, I have nothing to do—a secret, harassing, and unwelcome doubt respecting the divine government of the world. It is a question which the very philosophers are not likely to settle even among themselves, but it has become very obtrusive and important. Men raise their eyebrows and shrug their shoulders when it is alluded to, instead, as of old, pulverizing the audacious questioner on the spot, or even (as would have happened at a later date) putting him into Coventry; they have no opinion to offer upon the subject, or at all events do not wish to talk about it. But it is no longer, be it observed, "bad form" in a general way to do so; it is only that the topic is personally distasteful.

The once famous advocate of analogy threw a bitter seed among mankind when he suggested, in all innocence, and merely for the sake of his own argument, that, as the innocent suffered for the guilty in this world, so it might be in the world to come; and it is bearing bitter fruit. To feel aweary at the Midway Inn is bad enough; but to be journeying to no home, and perhaps even to some harsher school than we yet wot of, is indeed a depressing reflection.

Hence it comes, I think, or partly hence, that there is now no fun in the world. Wit we have, and an abundance of grim humor, which evokes anything but mirth. Nothing would astonish us in the Midway Inn so much as a peal of laughter. A great writer (though it must be confessed scarcely an amusing one), who has recently reached his journey's end, used to describe his animal spirits depreciatingly, as being at the best but vegetable spirits. And that is now the way with us all. When Charles Dickens died, it was confidently stated in a great literary journal that his loss, so far from affecting "the gayety of nations," would scarcely be felt at all; the power of rousing tears and laughter being (I suppose the writer thought) so very common. That prophecy has been by no means fulfilled. But, what is far worse than there being no humorous writers among us, the faculty of appreciating even the old ones is dying out. There is no such

thing as high spirits anywhere. It is observable, too, how very much public entertainments have increased of late—a tacit acknowledgment of dullness at home—while, instead of the lively, if somewhat boisterous, talk of our fathers, we have drawing-room dissertations on art, and dandy drivel about blue china.

There is one pleasure only that takes more and more root among us, and never seems to fail, and that is, making money. To hear the passengers at the Midway Inn discourse upon this topic, you would think they were all commercial travelers. It is most curious how the desire for pecuniary gain has infected even the idlest, who of course take the shortest cut to it by way of the race-course. I see young gentlemen, blond and beardless, telling the darkest secrets to one another, affecting, one would think, the fate of Europe, but which in reality relate to the state of the fetlock of the brother to Boanerges. Their earnestness (which is reserved for this enthralling topic) is quite appalling. In their elders one has long been accustomed to it, but these young people should really know better. The interest excited in society by "scratchings" has never been equaled since the time of the Cock Lane ghost. If men would only "lose their money and look pleasant" without talking about it, I shouldn't mind; but they *will* make it a subject of conversation, as though every one who liked his glass of wine should converse upon "the vintages." One looks for it in business people and forgives it; but every one is now for business.

The reverence that used to belong to Death is now only paid to it in the case of immensely rich persons, whose wealth is spoken of with bated breath. "He died, sir, worth two millions; a very warm man." If you happen to say, though with all reasonable probability and even with Holy Writ to back you, "He is probably warmer by this time," you are looked upon as a Communist. What the man was is nothing, what he made is everything. It is the gold alone that we now value: the temple that might have sanctified the gold is of no account. This worship of mere wealth has, it is true, this advantage over the old adoration of birth, that something may be possibly got out of it; to cringe and fawn upon the people that have blue blood is manifestly futile, since the peculiarity is not communicable, but it is hoped that, by being shaken up in the same social bag with millionaires, something may be attained by what is technically called the "sweating" process. So far as I have observed, however, the results are small, while the operation is to the last degree disagreeable.

What is very significant of this new sort of golden age is that a literature of its own has

arisen, though of an anomalous kind. It is pre-side dover by a sort of male Miss Kilmansegg, who is also a model of propriety. It is as though the dragon that guarded the apples of Hesperides should be a dragon of virtue. Under the pretense of extolling prudence and perseverance, he paints money-making as the highest good, and calls it thrift; and the popularity of this class of book is enormous. The heroes are all "self-made" men who come to town with that proverbial half-crown which has the faculty of accumulation that used to be confined to snowballs. Like the daughters of the horse-leech, their cry is "Give, give," only instead of blood they want money; and I need hardly say they get it from other people's pockets. Love and friendship are names that have lost their meaning, if they ever had any, with these gentry. They remind one of the miser of old who could not hear a large sum of money mentioned without an acceleration of the action of the heart; and perhaps that is the use of their hearts, which, otherwise, like that of the spleen in other people, must be only a subject of vague conjecture. They live abhorred and die respected; leaving all their heaped-up wealth to some charitable institution, the secretary of which levants with it eventually to the United States.

This last catastrophe, however, is not mentioned in these biographies, the subjects of which are held up as patterns of wisdom and prudence for the rising generation. I shall have left the Midway Inn, thank Heaven, for a residence of smaller dimensions, before it has grown up. Conceive an England inhabited by self-made men!

Has it ever struck you how gloomy is the poetry of the present day? This is not perhaps of very much consequence, since everybody has a great deal too much to do to permit him to read it; but how full of sighs, and groans, and passionate bewailings it is! And also how deuced difficult! It is almost as inarticulate as an Æolian harp, and quite as melancholy. There are one or two exceptions, of course, as in the case of Mr. Calverley and Mr. Locker; but even the latter is careful to insist upon the fact that, like those who have gone before us, we must all quit Piccadilly. "At present," as dear Charles Lamb writes, "we have the advantage of them"; but there is no one to remind us of that now, nor is it, as I have said, the general opinion that it is an advantage.

It is this prevailing gloom, I think, which accounts for the enormous and increasing popularity of fiction. Observe how story-telling creeps into the very newspapers (along with their professional fibbing); and, even in the magazines, how it lies down side by side with "burning questions" (such as "Is future punishment eternal?")

like the weaned child putting its hand into the cockatrice's den. For your sake, my good fellow, who write stories [here he glowered at me compassionately], I am glad of it; but the fact is of melancholy significance. It means that people are glad to find themselves "anywhere, anywhere, out of the world," and (I must be allowed to add) they are generally gratified, for anything less like real life than what some novelists portray it is difficult to imagine.

[Here he stared at me so exceedingly hard that any one with a less heavenly temper, or who had no material reasons for putting up with it, would have taken his remark as personal and gone away.]

Another cause of the absence of good fellowship among us (he went on) is the growth of education. It sticks like a fungus to everybody, and though, it is fair to say, mostly outside, does a great deal of mischief. The scholastic interest has become so powerful that nobody dares speak a word against it; but the fact is, men are educated far beyond their wits. You can't fill any cup beyond what it will hold, and the little cups are exceedingly numerous. Boys are now crammed (with information) like turkeys (but unfortunately not killed at Christmas), and when they grow up there is absolutely no room in them

for a joke. The prigs that frequent my Midway Inn are as the sands in its hour-glass, only with no chance, alas! of their running out. The wisdom of our ancestors limited education, and very wisely, to the three R's; that is all that is necessary for the great mass of mankind; while the pick of them, with those clamping-irons well stuck to their heels, will win their way to the topmost peaks of knowledge.

At the very best—that is to say when it produces anything—what does the most costly education in this country produce in ordinary minds but the deplorable habit of classical quotation? If it could teach them to *think*—but that is a subject, my dear friend, into which you will scarcely follow me.

[I could have knocked his head off if he had not been so exceptionally stout and strong, and as it was I took up my hat to go, when a thought struck me.]

"Among your valuable remarks upon society as at present constituted you have said nothing, my dear sir, about the ladies."

"I never speak of anything," he replied with dignity, "which I do not thoroughly understand. Man I do know—down to his boots; but woman"—here he sighed and hesitated—"no; I don't know nearly so much of her."

JAMES PAYN, *in the Nineteenth Century.*

CONSPIRACIES IN RUSSIA.

I.

A LURID light has suddenly been shed upon the condition of Russia by the startling events of the last few months. Tragic deeds follow each other with bewildering swiftness. The most eccentric flight of fancy does not now suffice to gather in the full picture of the dramatic rapidity with which, in the Czar's dominions, horrors accumulate upon horror's head. Sick of a so-called "paternal government" which combines Mongol cruelty with all the deleterious subtleties of "a culture that was rotten before it had become ripe," Russian malcontents resort to a mode of warfare such as outraged human nature, in its despair, is wont to adopt against a relentless foe. Men's eyes may look in sadness upon a spectacle which has the appearance of a ghastly midnight reflex from the mythic Nibelungen Massacre. But of the fatal moving cause and connection of those acts of violence none can doubt who keeps in mind the course that has hitherto marked Russian history.

It has come to this at last, that he who was extolled as a "Divine Figure from the North" is now looked upon, by the best portion of his own people, as an "unspeakable" despot. His corrupt, venal, unscrupulous minions are ruthlessly shot down, stabbed, strangled, at the order of a secret *Vehme*, as "the one great anti-human specimen of humanity." All illusion is dispelled. The contrasts face each other with determined mien, with pitiless action. "Terror for terror!" is the acknowledged programme of those who strike out for deliverance from a galling thralldom. The Autocrat replies with fresh cruelties; he only widens thereby the circle of his foes. Everywhere the hand of the invisible League turns up—in the public street, in the places of popular amusement, in the midst of a brilliant social gathering, in the office of the merchant and the banker, in the bureaux of the police; ay, in the barrack-room, and in the very cabinets of the Czar and the heir apparent.

It is a perfect revelation to many men not conversant with Muscovite history, this extraor-

dinary spirit of secret leaguings in Russia. People are amazed to hear of occult political associations in the new as well as in the older capitals of the Czar's empire—at St. Petersburg, at Moscow, at Kiev—not to speak of Kharkov, Odessa, and other towns of the east and the south. Yet we need not go further back than the first part of the present century, in order to find precedents for secret societies—strong, remarkable precedents, little or scarcely known here, but of deep import for Russia's present and future. There is a conspiratory tradition in the interest of liberalism or democracy even in the ice-bound atmosphere of the northern realm. The events of the present day are but a revival—a revival on a more extensive scale. Now, all history proves that, when a movement thus enters a second stadium with increased energy, the chances of its final success augment, progressively, in a threefold and fourfold proportion.

Germany, too, has had her patriotic and revolutionary conspiracies since the beginning of this century. It has sometimes been said that the open-hearted Teuton does not incline to plotting. As a rule, this is true. As a rule, few nations incline at all that way. Dire necessity only drives them into a secret *Bund* or a *Venta*; and then these hidden leagues have their justification in the stress of circumstances. From the days of Armin, the liberator of Germany from the Roman yoke, to those of the Swiss patriots, the peasant unions of the sixteenth century, known as "The League of the Laced Shoe" and "The Poor Konrad," and down to our times, Germans also have now and then largely resorted to occult organizations of freemen.

They conspired against the Napoleonic yoke with Dörnberg, Schill, and Hofer—and, chief of all, with Baron Stein. They conspired after the restoration of their national independence, when the simplest liberties were denied them by ungrateful princes; hundreds of men distinguished by learning or position—not to speak of the thousands of obscurer patriots—becoming the prey at that time of royal persecution. Again, they conspired before those great risings of 1848-'49, which for a while brought the occupants of the thrones down on their knees, and, in spite of the subsequent reaction, successfully did away with many of the worst abuses. Whatever progress Germany has made on the road toward union and freedom has been foreshadowed, prepared, and furthered by secret confederacies like the *Tugend Bund*; the patriotic Students' Associations (*Burschenschaften*) which aimed at the restoration of the empire or the establishment of a republican commonwealth; "The League of the Free," "The Association of Germans,"

"The Union of the Proscribed," "The German League of Justice," and kindred brotherhoods. Countless have been the victims of a royal and imperial inquisition which pried by its spies into the patriotic fraternities, and often swept hundreds of members, together with masses of wrongly suspected people, into its widespread nets. But not in vain has been the martyrdom of these men. From a soil fruitfully watered by their blood—from the dreary walls of their ghastly dungeons—from the weary paths of their hopeless exile, many a sweet flower has sprung up, whose bright color and fragrance gladden a generation which knows little of the sufferings of its sires.

The same with France and Italy. There also, the democratic and national spirit, driven in by sanguinary royal reactions, found a refuge, and set up centers of organization, in clandestine folk-motes of freemen, until the moment came when action in the light of day became possible. Cavour himself acknowledged, after his success, "I have been a conspirator my whole life long!" Yet, what comparison could he bear, in that respect, with the apostle of Italian freedom and union, the whilom Triumvir of the Roman Republic, to whom a deeply-rent nation—a "mere geographical expression," in Metternich's contemptuous words—owes the secret organization of that Sicilian campaign which, under the subsequent glorious headship of the Leader of the Thousands, for the first time rendered a united Italy possible!

II.

THE successful precedents of Germany, France, and Italy, have something of a counterpart in Russia. I refer to the conspiracies under Alexander I. and Nicholas, in which men of the highest social rank and of eminent position in the administration and the army, men connected with the Government and the court, noblemen of historic families, and officers whom the Czar had fully trusted, were deeply implicated.

One of them, who has given valuable details of those early movements, I met abroad, years ago. When I made his acquaintance, it was little expected—though all the rest of Europe was in commotion through popular uprisings against princely misrule—that any corresponding movement could originate in Russia. Ages of uncontested oppression seemed to be before her as her unavoidable lot. For nearly a quarter of a century after his triumph over the insurrection of December, 1825, Nicholas had held the country in his iron grip. It was as if the very soul of the Russian nation were crushed. Fortunately, the mad ambition of that tyrant brought upon him the retaliation of Europe. Striking

out for universal dominion through an attack upon Constantinople—whose conquest has been the secular aim, not of the down-trodden Russian nation, but of a series of her despots, heathen and Christian, ever since the ninth century—he was deservedly foiled; leaving to his successor the legacy of an empire deeply shaken, in which the seeds of dissatisfaction rapidly germinated, though at first in underground darkness.

Many may have forgotten it, some may pretend not to know it, but it is a plain fact that the Crimean war acted upon Russia, in a notable degree, as a liberating solvent. Defeat brought the irresponsible rule of czardom into very serious difficulties. Even as, in 1870, the Napoleonic disaster led to French freedom, so the capture of Sebastopol gave rise to a movement in Russia, which aimed at the introduction of representative government, together with the abolition of serfdom. The new Autocrat—himself, like his predecessors, an extensive slaveholder through his crown-peasants—tried to fence off the danger to his sovereign privilege by suddenly making friends with the serfs. Of this more will have to be said in a subsequent article. Let it suffice to state here that he became a liberator of the *mujiks*, the better to hold the educated classes in continued political subjection. But it is ill fighting against the currents of the time. After some twenty years of apparent success of this crafty policy, political aspirations once more rise strongly to the surface.

In vain did Alexander II. seek to divert the feeling of the nation from pressing home-questions to glorious military enterprises abroad. In vain he strove to uphold the prestige of success, without which autocracy can not live, at all hazards and at all costs to humanity—committing ruthless barbarities in the Caucasus, in Poland, and in Turkistan, to which further unspeakable atrocities were added in the recent campaign against Turkey. It is all of no avail. In the very hour of his triumph the wall-writing appears which foretells his doom.

I believe there can be no doubt that the unprovoked attack upon the Ottoman Empire—made in the midst of an attempt at a parliamentary reform on the basis of the civil and political equality of races and creeds—had little, if any, support among the liberal, none among the advanced or democratic, elements in Russia. By them it was felt that that attack was the usual device of a hard-driven despotism which tries to get rid of internal complications by bloodletting abroad. Had the Porte been allowed to work out its reforms in peace, Russian liberals would have been able to retort upon their own oppressor by asking him for “freedom as in Turkey,” even as French democrats under Napoleon III.

asked for “freedom as in Austria.” The fact of an Ottoman representative government having been established at Constantinople through students’ (Softas’) demonstrations and popular risings against despotic and incapable Sultans, one of whom was deposed after the other, would have strengthened the hands of the progressive parties at St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Kiev. Hence I think—and I do not say it lightly—that the Czar’s anti-Turkish crusade was looked upon with deep inward aversion by the more energetic revolutionists.

Still some of them inclined to the belief that, one way or the other, the war would have the effect of shaking the autocratic edifice. In war the rottenness, the corruption, the venality, the inefficiency of the administration, civil and military, would come out. Heavy sacrifices in blood and treasure would have to be made by the people. Dissatisfaction would therefore increase. When death is to be faced, when sufferings are to be undergone by hundreds of thousands, men become bolder in thought and action. A better chance would thus offer itself for agitation among the masses, otherwise so stolid in Russia. The Czar and the Grand Dukes would have to go to the scene of war—to stay there for a length of time, especially if things went wrong. Who knew what might be done in such a case among a mutinous army on foreign soil and an angered population at home?

Victory itself was similarly discounted. After a triumph gained with enormous sacrifices for the alleged deliverance of the Bulgars, the Russians would have a good claim for their own emancipation. If Alexander then refused to the Russian people its right of self-government, as he was sure to do, the revolutionary party would be strengthened. So, whether the Czar vanquished the Sultan, or the Sultan the Czar, or “each did kill the other,” every way some gain was hoped for by men whom wild despair had made reckless as to the use of means.

Had England and Austro-Hungary, in alliance with reformed Turkey, made a combined push against Russia, when her weakened forces lay before Plevna, the event would have been hailed with ill-disguised pleasure by the leaders of the secret societies. It would have brought matters to a crisis. The Czar, at that time, dared not return to Moscow lest the demand for a charter should be presented to him on the point of militia bayonets, respectfully arrayed for his reception. It was a great historical opportunity, that long siege of Plevna; but it was lost, so far as English interests are concerned, through divided counsels here.

A year ago a distinguished English statesman, an ex-cabinet minister, who has taken a

prominent part, though generally in a moderate sense, in the discussions on the Eastern question, asked me, in presence of others, "Whether, in the case of foreign intervention in the East, there would not have been a great patriotic rally among Russian revolutionists themselves?" I answered, "That, to the best of my belief, an active opposition of European Powers to the war-policy of the Czar would have found allies in Russia, and that the present revolutionary party there must not be judged by precedents taken from other and dissimilar cases."

What has happened since June last is, I think, calculated to show the correctness of this appreciation. The Eastern question is immaterial to the so-called Nihilists. They disliked its being raised; they have no enthusiasm for its results. They use the complications arising out of it one way or the other, according to circumstances. And the majority, albeit by no means holding (as is often erroneously thought) Internationalist or Social Democratic views, would certainly have preferred seeing autocracy put to straits from abroad, in order to get greater elbow-room for themselves within, so as to be able to lift czarism from its base by the parallelogram of forces. This attitude of the Russian revolutionists is to be explained from two considerations which act upon them with major force: First, they feel that the empire is already an unwieldy, overgrown one, which becomes less and less fit for free institutions the more it succeeds in annexing further foreign races whom the Czar plays out against the Russians, or against each other, whenever reforms are called for. Secondly, they know that the widely scattered, ignorant peasantry of Muscovy proper are difficult to reach and to organize for political objects, while in the comparatively few larger towns in which progressive sentiments pulsate Government employs a reign of terror against the freedom-loving class.

In such a situation the Party of Action would have been glad to see Government checked in its conquering career by foreign Powers, thereby disparaged in the eyes of the country, and thus rendered liable to defeat at home. A beaten army is often rebelliously inclined. At all events, it is rather a doubtful instrument for internal repression. For various reasons the "Nihilists" would consequently not have objected to a repetition of the lesson given to czarism in the Crimean war.

III.

ANOTHER circumstance, connected with the traditional policy of Russian monarchs, is to be taken into account. It is an old and well-kept rule in their state councils that neighboring countries must not be permitted to reorganize them-

selves in such a way as to strengthen the impediments to encroachment, or to provoke the envy of the Russian people. Thus Poland was accused of intolerable anarchy, in order to get a pretext for her dismemberment. Yet, no sooner did Poland reform her Constitution in a truly liberal sense than she was charged with being a "hot-bed of Jacobinism" and struck from the roll of nations. In the same way, the intervention of the Emperor Nicholas in Hungary had the twofold object of preventing the Magyar Commonwealth from becoming an even more dangerous stumbling-block to Panslavist advance and a virtual reproach to the continuance of the autocratic system in Russia. Sweden, another parliamentary country, was for a similar double reason robbed of Finland. Against Turkey the scheme of procedure has always been laid down with cynical openness. During the war of 1828-'29, Count Pozzo di Borgo, the Russian Ambassador at Paris, plainly wrote in a dispatch that all hesitation of his Government as to whether Turkey ought to be attacked was at an end as soon as the Emperor saw that the reforms just introduced by the Porte would have the effect of consolidating the Ottoman Empire.

The dispatch of Pozzo di Borgo goes on: "The Emperor has put the Turkish system to the proof, and his Majesty has found it to possess a commencement of physical and moral organization which it hitherto had not. If the Sultan has been enabled to offer us a more determined and regular resistance, while he had scarcely assembled together the elements of his new plan of reform and ameliorations, how formidable should we have found him *had he had time to give it more solidity*, and to render that barrier impenetrable which we found so much difficulty in surmounting, although art has hitherto done so little to assist Nature! Things being in this state, we must congratulate ourselves upon having attacked them (the Turks) before they became dangerous to us; for delay would only have rendered our relative situation worse, and prepared us greater obstacles than those with which we met."

Can anything be clearer? And is there not a perfect counterpart to this Macchiavelism in the arguments mentioned in a dispatch which Mr. Layard sent to the Earl of Derby, under date of May 30, 1877? There we read: "A Russian gentleman observed to me: 'Russia looks upon the establishment of a Constitution and a Parliament by the Turkish Government as an insult and a defiance to her. Their existence would alone furnish us with a sufficient reason to make war upon Turkey. We will never consent to be the only Power left in Europe without constitutional institutions; and as we are not yet

prepared for them, *we can not, it is evident, allow Turkey to have them.*"

Could more convincing proofs be required that it is in the interest of Europe to see Russia thrown into the path of radical political reforms, so that the incubus of an aggressive despotism ever plotting in the dark might be lifted from our part of the world? This European interest coincides with the wish of the most resolute parties at present active in Russia. A change has in this respect come over the dream of her propagandists. Alexander Herzen, who passed for a "revolutionist," worked in his time for the Pan-slavist cause and for the conquest of Constantinople; pointing out even Vienna as a legitimate object of Russian ambition, and speaking of czars as if they were revolutionary dictators to whom an historical task was given! These strange ideas are often found to underlie his apparently most democratic language. In private, he now and then would avow such views in even bolder words, into which his impetuous character allowed itself to be betrayed on slight provocation. The transition from him to Katkoff, of the "Moscow Gazette"—his rival in influence, and adversary in agitation—was therefore not so abrupt as may at first sight appear.

On their part, the present Russian revolutionists are dead against Chauvinism. In one of their organs they plainly said after the recent war: "No longer do we mean to tolerate a rule of satraps, after we have sacrificed more than three hundred thousand lives for doing away with a Government in Bulgaria which was *far more humane, far more liberal and honorable than this vile Mongol system which tyrannizes over us*. The Russian people will not be so foolish as to permit itself to be led again to the shambles for the sake of foreigners, while its own condition is a far more miserable one than that of the Bulgars, whom the *impostors of Moscow* had written up as 'brethren' of ours. Does a Russian peasant possess a house and farm similar to those which Bulgarian peasants own? And when had Turkey ever such tyrants as Kleinmichel, Murawieff, Trepoff, or Mesentzoff, who in Russia may be counted by the hundreds? We are the unhappiest people on the earth, and our misfortune is the existence of czarism."

Such was the language of the "Journal of the Revolution" shortly after the stipulations of San Stefano. Since then the secret leaders have seen fit to address themselves more especially to the army in a slightly altered tone. In doing so by an appeal issued a few weeks since they introduced words such as men who have bled for their country always like to hear. The appeal contains the following passages:

There is a power in Russia which might serve

the cause of freedom and hasten its triumph; and this power is the army. It, too, had of late to undergo all the sufferings arising from the prevailing system of government. Can the army already have forgotten what it passed through, and not have understood the cause of the evil? Its present condition is a much worse one than that in which the Russian army found itself after its return from the Napoleonic wars of 1813-'15. Then it saw, on coming back, the country under a state of siege and the people in misery. Now our soldiers meet with famished peasants, deficits, an enslaved nation, a public exchequer robbed by frauds, schools under the administration of intriguing bigots, and a dominant rule of spies, with whom, through the enactments of the new ukase on the courts-martial for political offenses, even members of the imperial family are now associated. The brave warriors of the Shipka Pass, the sufferers of the crossing of the Balkans, are employed for shameful executions against poor tillers of the soil and starving workmen. To the officer who escaped from death at the terrible attack upon Plevna it may happen that he must shoot down his own sister who perchance takes part in a street demonstration of the discontented population; or that he has to march, in military step, over the grave of his own brother whose body was riddled with bullets in consequence of a denunciation launched against him by an infamous secret police. What a terrible situation! Among the heroes of the Napoleonic wars there were men who could not bear such a state of things. They formed political unions tending to a change of the system of government in Russia. The same, with the necessary modifications required by our own circumstances, ought to be done now within the army if it still counts men of noble heart and of high intellect in its ranks. Now there is a better prospect of success than there was in 1815-'25, because now it is not the aristocracy and the officers alone who will act. Sooner or later the despotism that weighs upon us must fall, though the crisis may last a long time and the victims may be many. It depends upon all honorable and thinking men of the army to facilitate the decision and to hasten the end of the crisis.

These words, containing as they do a characteristic reference to the conspiracies under Alexander I. and Nicholas, mark a fresh departure in the revolutionary propaganda of action. A tradition is here appealed to which had become somewhat obscured in the mind of the younger generation in Russia, and of which but little is known to the general public out of the Northern Empire. In the warfare of parties of action traditions of this kind are valuable. A consciousness of the struggles of the past, a sympathetic remembrance of the bygone champions, an intelligent understanding of the reasons of their temporary failure, are apt to embolden men, to fill their hearts with sacred fire, and to strengthen their confidence in the coming triumph of a

cause which has been "bequeathed from bleeding sire to son."

The history of the Russian conspiracies and revolutionary risings of the earlier part of this century may, therefore, well be of interest at this moment. Its importance is all the greater because the doings of the secret leagues of those days, in which so many of the very *aristoi* of Russia were engaged, show in several respects a wonderful likeness to the procedure of the revolutionary party of the present day. A strong historical side-light is thus shed upon what is going on now.

IV.

BEFORE proceeding to detail the conspiracies whose aim was to establish representative government in Russia in the first part of this century, a rapid glance at the rise and origin of her despotic system may be of use. Thus only can we fully understand the fierceness which nerves men who look back upon the slavery of a thousand years to the most eccentric deeds of desperate resolution.

Mr. Gladstone, in an article in which he spoke of the "ample evidence of a just and philanthropic mind" in Alexander II., once described Russia as "nationally young." No greater historical error could be committed: Russia is an old country; and the tyranny of her rulers is of the most ancient date. Vainly does the eye search for a period of popular freedom in wandering over her imperial annals. From the ninth to the nineteenth century the grim darkness of the long Cimmerian night of her oppression is but relieved, here and there, by a pale star of nascent liberty, whose uncertain glitter, scarcely seen, rapidly vanishes away. At the very time of the formation of the empire we meet with a dire despotism, "born with teeth in its head." And to this hour the same tyranny, only in crueller, more systematic form, holds the nation in an abject thralldom, against which the nobler minds among the better educated classes—before all, the aspiring youth—desperately carry on a desultory warfare.

The earliest chronicles of Russia show us a people subjugated by a foreign warrior *szib*, called Warangians, who came from the Germanic north. They were Norwegians, Swedes, Angles, and Goths, led by chieftains whose names are all of the clearest Teutonic type. It was Rurik, with his brothers Sineus and Truvor, who laid the foundations of the realm in the ninth century, and gave the country its name and its institutions. Slav, Finnic, and Tartar tribes, dwelling between the Finnish Gulf and the upper course of the Dnieper, were combined by these Teutonic Warangians into a "Russian" king-

dom. At that time the word "Russian" only signified the conquering race, even as the name of France arose out of that of the conquerors of Gaul, the German Franks. To this day thirty-nine princely families in Russia assert their origin from the direct male line of Rurik. Among these families are the Gortchakoffs and the Krapotkins, one of the latter of whom recently fell a victim to the Secret League, while another Krapotkin lives as an exile in Switzerland.

The institutions brought over by the Russo-Norman war-clan to the great Scythian plain, on which Finns, Slavs, and Turko-Tartars then dwelt, were of a semi-feudal kind. Still, they contained the germs of some of those liberties which we meet with among all early Teutonic tribes. Soon, however, the Russian Grand Princes, feeling little restraint for their lust of power among the easily yielding native races, became so thoroughly despotic as to show no trace of their original character as Germanic sib-heads, or *Kunings*. The native population at large was held by them in severe subjection. This slavery was turned into an even deeper degradation when Russia fell under the yoke of a second foreign dominion, namely, that of the Golden Horde—a Mongol tribe, whose Khans swayed Russia from the twelfth to the fifteenth century.

The khanate, gradually collapsing through internal feuds, was supplanted by the czardom of Muscovy. Slowly rising on the ruins of the power of the Golden Horde, it continued to govern in the spirit and with the administrative machinery of the Mongols. With the aid of Tartar mercenaries, the Czars broke down the few self-ruling communities which had in the mean while grown up in the north—such as Novgorod, the associate of the German Hanseatic League, Pskov, and Tver. Though delivered from the harsh yoke of the Tartars, Russia was not to enjoy any liberty. Her monarchs established everywhere the dead level of oppression. No representative institutions were allowed, by which the nation could make its voice regularly heard. The will of the Autocrat was supreme.

Herberstein, an envoy of the German Empire, who visited Russia soon after the withdrawal of the Mongols, wrote with utter astonishment: "The Grand Prince speaks, and everything is done; the life, the property, of the laymen and the clergy, of the nobles and the citizens, all depend on his supreme will. He knows of no contradiction, and everything appears in him just, as in God; for the Russians are convinced that the Grand Prince is the fulfiller of the heavenly decrees. 'God and the Prince have willed it!' are the ordinary expressions among them. . . . I do not know," Herberstein adds with philosophical sadness, "whether it is the character of the

Russian nation which has formed such autocrats, or whether the autocrats have stamped this character upon the nation!"*

Exactly the same picture is given a century later by the French Captain Margeret,† who had long served the Russians during the civil wars. Speaking of the State Council he says: "There is no fixed number to this Council; for it entirely depends on the Emperor‡ to appoint as many of them as it pleases him. The Secret Council, when matters of high importance are at issue, is usually composed of the nearest relatives of imperial blood. By way of outward form, the advice of the Church dignitaries is taken, the Patriarch being summoned to the Council with some bishops. But, properly speaking, there is neither law nor Council. There is nothing but the will of the Emperor, be it good or bad, which is free to waste everything with fire and sword, and to strike alike the innocent and the guilty. I hold him to be one of the most absolute princes in the world; for all the inhabitants of the country, whether nobles or commoners, even the Emperor's own brothers, call themselves *clops hospodaro*—that is, slaves of the Emperor."

So hopeless was the bondage of the Russian nation, even at a time when, owing to the frequency of changes on the throne through long civil wars, one might have thought some independence of character would assert itself among the supporters of the different monarchs or pretenders rapidly succeeding, or fighting against, each other in the midst of endless plots.

V.

A FEW rare cases of the convocation of a special Assembly (*Zemskoi Sobor*, or *Zemskaia Duma*), for particular legislative purposes, must, however, be noted.

In 1549 that vicious and blood-stained tyrant, Ivan IV., or the Terrible, called an Assembly together for the discussion of a law-code. In these States-General—if that name can be given them—sat the highest Church dignitaries; the abbots of the first-class cloisters; and a number of great noblemen, or boiars. Among the elected members were the deputies of the clergy in town and country, as well as those of the nobility, of the merchants, and of the townsmen in general. Again, in 1556, when a war with Poland threat-

ened to break out, Ivan IV. took the opinion of an Assembly for that special case.

At his death, in 1584, when his son Feodor, a sickly, half-witted prince, came to the throne, the advisers of that Czar once more convoked an Assembly. In the very same year, his brother-in-law, Boris Godunoff, who belonged to a Tartar family, practically assumed the governing power. Dissolving the Assembly, he ruled in the most absolute manner. In order to gain over the smaller landed proprietors, he added to his political tyranny the enslavement of that section of the peasantry which had not yet been serfs.

When the long civil wars and the rule of pretenders drew toward their end, some kind of States-General had of necessity to be convoked for the selection of a new dynasty. This happened in 1613, when Michael Romanoff, the young son of Philaret, the Metropolitan of Rostoff, was chosen. For a few years this Assembly continued to exist, but only with a consultative voice. Originally, Michael Romanoff had been selected by the States-General from the various candidates, on account of a letter produced before them, which purported to be written by Philaret, and in which that Church dignitary was made to say that the Assembly ought not to confer autocratic power upon the monarch whom they should elect, but that the legislative power should be divided between the Czar, the House of Boiars, and the States-General. The oath imposed upon Michael Romanoff was therefore to the effect that he should neither decree laws nor declare war, nor conclude treaties of peace or alliance, nor inflict capital punishment or confiscation of property upon any person, except with the assent of the Boiars and the Parliament.

Philaret's letter, which had induced the Assembly to elect his son, was afterward declared to be a forgery. The young Czar himself, a few years later, ordered the Charter of 1613 to be destroyed, and to be replaced by another, in which it is laid down that Michael Romanoff was elected Czar "*and Autocrat*" of all the Russias. In course of time, the convocation even of the merely consultative Assembly became less and less frequent. At last its existence ceased altogether. After 1682, no convocation took place—except once, under Catharine II., for a temporary object.

It is to these sporadic cases of States-General, if we may call them so, and to a charter enshrouded in some historical doubt, that Russian liberals have in our time, now and then, referred as to a precedent. At least they did so in writings published abroad; Russian censorship having forbidden the subject to be touched upon at all.

Peter I., Catharine I., Peter II., Anna, Eliza-

* "*Rerum Moscovitarum Commentarii*," Vienna, 1549.

† "*Estat de l'Empire de Russie et Grand Duché de Moscovie*," Paris, 1607.

‡ This title, as I have shown in a special essay in "*Fraser*," of June, 1876 ("The Russian Imperial Title: a Forgotten Page of History"), was not founded for the first time in 1721, but had already been in use before, toward the end of the sixteenth century.

beth, Peter III., Catharine II., Paul I., Alexander I., Nicholas, Alexander II., all ruled on the strict autocratic principle. Peter I.—“the Great”—enlarged upon it by extending the liability to corporal punishment from the nobility, which was already subjected to the knout, to the imperial family itself. He had his own sisters whipped! He put his own son to the torture, who died from it. A bestial reign—this reign of a gifted madman, who took a delight in chopping off the heads of a row of alleged political offenders, while quaffing brandy between each fatal stroke of his reddened axe. It was sultanism with a vengeance.

VI.

WHAT were the Russian nobility—the descendants of a proud and brave conquering race—doing in the mean time, in presence of these saturnalia of tyranny?

Strange to say, though humbled to the dust by an insane autocracy, they did not wring the smallest political concession for their own order from the arrogant monarchical power—not even when women sat on the throne. All manly spirit seemed to have gone from them. True, at the death of Peter I., in 1725, some suspicion arose that there was a party among them which might try a *coup* for the sake of obtaining a constitution, similar to the one in neighboring Sweden or Poland. But the display of some guns, and the marching out of the Imperial Guard by Prince Menshikoff, with whose family she had once lived as a servant, sufficed to cow the would-be conspirators, and to insure the proclamation of Catharine I. as autocratic ruler. By origin, that Empress was a soldier's daughter from Livonia. First a housemaid; then alternately courtesan and mistress of a general, of a nobleman, and lastly of Czar Peter, she finally came to govern an empire in true despotic fashion, with the aid of favorites; a degraded nobility slavishly dancing attendance upon her, even when she had become a helpless drunkard and debauchee.

When Peter II. died in 1730, the two leading ministers in the State Council—the Dolgorukoffs and the Gallitzins—seemed to be intent at last upon limiting the power of the Crown. The supporters of merely oligarchical views and the friends of constitutional aspirations were, however, at loggerheads. The result was, that a simple condition was imposed upon Anna, upon whom the crown had been conferred, that she should follow in everything the advice of the Supreme State Council. Parliamentary institutions were not stipulated for. Anna subscribed to the terms; but a fortnight after her arrival she easily restored the autocratic system by a successful conspiracy and state-stroke of her own.

In 1740 we come upon a harrowing event. A cabinet minister, Volynski, was tried on the charge of having aimed at a diminution of the armed force of the state; of having (strange crime!) described that monster in human shape, Ivan the Terrible, as a tyrant; and—worst of all—of having praised the Polish form of government, while saying that “one had everything to fear from the absolutistic power in Russia.” Volynski had committed the imprudence of writing a “Project for the Reform of the Affairs of the State.” There were some historical remarks in it, which the Empress interpreted as a comparison between herself and Messalina. Such was her wrath that she looked upon all those who had read the memorandum as accomplices of the unfortunate Minister.

The revenge was terrible. It was done in the old Oriental style of Genghis Khan and Timur Lenk. Brought at the Czarina's order before a secret tribunal, mainly composed of military men, Volynski was sentenced to be impaled alive, after having his tongue cut out. His alleged accomplices were to be broken upon the wheel, or beheaded. His innocent children were condemned to exile for life.

In her great mercy, the Empress commuted these sentences in the following manner: She ordained that Volynski was to have his tongue cut out, and then his right hand chopped off. His son was exiled to Siberia until the age of fifteen, then to be sent as a common soldier to a garrison in Kamtchatka. His daughters were to be kept in a convent under strict watch, and never to be allowed to issue from the cloister gates. Some of the so-called accomplices of the unhappy would-be reformer were beheaded, or transported as prisoners and exiles to distant parts of the country. This was her imperial mercy.

It is said that the Empress fell afterward into a state of extreme terror, thinking she was pursued at night by the mutilated, blood-bespattered phantom of her former minister. On her death-bed she imagined seeing him standing before her in mute reproach. Unutterable fear agitated her at the seeming apparition. Let us hope that there was really enough conscience left in her to feel anguish at the remembrance of her fiendish deed!

In 1765 Catharine II., herself a most arbitrary ruler under a philosophical mask, read the documents of Volynski's trial. She left behind her an expression of disapproval, going so far even as to avow that the unfortunate sufferer had been “a good and zealous patriot, and an innocent man, who had unjustly suffered death.” Still, the autocratic form of government remained all the same under Catharine II.

VII.

WE now come to more modern times, only to get deeper into imperial horrors.

In 1775, Nathalie, the wife of the then Grand Duke Paul, a German princess from Hesse-Darmstadt, privately elaborated with Count Panin a constitutional project. A woman of considerable intellect, she seems to have understood that this was the only means of closing the era of oligarchical plots and palace conspiracies ending in murder. Her plan provided for two Houses of Parliament; it had also the gradual emancipation of the serfs for its object. Panin himself, formerly Russian ambassador in Sweden, had acquired a great liking there for the parliamentary system. Still, even his project was rather of an oligarchical than of a really constitutional nature; it would have limited the power of the Crown without conferring freedom upon the nation.

Catharine II., on hearing of this project, declared strongly against it. Soon afterward, Nathalie died in child-bed, and a rumor spread of her death having been brought about by the midwife who had attended upon her. Considering the many violent deaths in the imperial house of Russia, the rumor had nothing improbable in it, though no proof could be furnished in point of fact—except the somewhat strange circumstance that “this midwife amassed a great fortune, and that Prince Potemkin” (Catharine’s favorite), “who was so haughty and so arrogant toward everybody, went from time to time on a visit to her.”* The mystery of Nathalie’s death was followed by the revelation, through a heap of letters found in a secret drawer, of her intimate relations with Count Razumowski, once the friend of Paul, in his boyhood. Catharine II. had the cruelty to communicate these letters to her son, who thence fell into an access of rage, soon culminating in occasional outbreaks of madness.

A slight hope there was, for a moment, of a constitution being obtained after the violent death of Paul I., brought upon him by a palace conspiracy.

He was the son of the unfortunate Peter III., who himself had been murdered at the instigation of his own wife, Catharine II. It was Count Orloff, the brother of the paramour of the Empress, who murdered Czar Peter. Tyrannic autocrat as she was, Catharine, in her arbitrary dealings with men, yet preserved some outward politeness of form. In her successor, Paul, the absolutistic fury knew no bounds. “Sir,” he once said to a French emigrant, “there is no nobleman except the man to whom I deign to speak, and only as long as I speak to him!”

Under this violent ruler, men were degraded beyond endurance. By a ukase he compelled all people that met him in their carriages to step down and kneel before him in the street. The slightest whisper of complaint marked a person as a candidate for transportation to Siberia. In his terrible fits of anger he did not even spare the dignity of his fellow-monarchs—as when, for instance, he challenged to duel every sovereign that would not declare war against England. Such a challenge, addressed to the King of Denmark, he had published in the “Official Gazette” of St. Petersburg. He was on the verge of downright insanity—as all princes are apt to be whose violence of character is not reined in by any limitation of power.

The end was that ghastly nocturnal scene, when Paul, attacked by the conspirators, died of the well-known “apoplectic stroke.” The midnight surprise originated with the Princes Suboff; Count Pahlen, the Governor-General of St. Petersburg; the Vice-Chancellor, Count Panin; General Uwaroff, and some others. They personally did the deed. Paul’s son—the future Emperor Alexander I.—had been drawn into the plot. He gave his assent to a demand for his father’s abdication; promising, it is said, by word of mouth, that if he himself were placed on the throne he would grant a charter.

It was easy to foresee what result the demand for Paul’s abdication would have. Nobody expected that this proud Muscovite Sultan, whose reason was always overmastered by his wrathful impetuosity, would yield to a threat. So the issue of the assault upon his autocratic privilege could not be doubtful in his son’s mind. The Czar’s bedroom had but a single door. The door toward the Empress’s apartments he had shortly before had walled up, expecting danger from that direction. This proved a help to the conspirators. When the monarch, driven to bay, jumped up from his couch with drawn sword, trying to reach the window, they surrounded, throttled, and battered him into such a hideous, mutilated mass of flesh, that the sorry remnants of whatever humanity there was in this mad specimen of royalty had afterward to be hidden from the members of his family.

This was one of the typical scenes of absolutistic government, as practiced in Russia for a long time past.

On Pahlen and the three brothers Suboff announcing the event to the Czarevitch, who was now Alexander I., the exclamation of the new Emperor simply was, “What a page in history!” Count Pahlen answered, “Sire, the pages that are to follow will throw oblivion over this!” In these words, a reminder was contained of Alexander’s promise that he would grant a charter.

* See Prince Dolgorukoff’s “*La Vérité sur la Russie*,” from which some of the above details are taken.

But the new Czar—of whom Napoleon I. afterward said that he was “false as a Greek of the Byzantine Empire” (and Napoleon understood these things well, being himself of the craft)—was saved from keeping his word by the intervention of three members of the palace conspiracy, who declared for the continuance of autocratic rule. They had probably been bought over beforehand by the wily imperial *Grec*. It was Prince Peter Volkonski, adjutant and favorite of Alexander, together with Lieutenant-General Uwaroff and Major-General Talyzin, the commander of the Preobrashenski Guards, who threatened to call out these troops if a constitution were insisted upon. Thus, Alexander I. preserved his absolutistic power as *Samoderzh*, having gained his object by that art of dissimulation in which he was an adept. Talyzin died shortly afterward. Uwaroff and Volkonski, who had been among the murderers of Paul, continued enjoying court favors for many years; the one dying under the reign of Alexander I., the other under that of Nicholas. It is a common saying in Russia that “every Czar walks with his predecessor’s murderers in front and his own murderers behind him.”

Alexander had got rid of his pledge that he would introduce a constitution. Nevertheless, owing to the troublousness of the revolutionary times, whose waves reached even the Russian frontiers, he thought fit to keep a draft of a constitution, as it were, in stock, to be conveniently produced if ever some sudden, unavoidable urgency should arise. All Europe had been shaken by the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars. None could say whether some fresh political earthquake might not unexpectedly happen. The task of drawing up a constitutional project was therefore intrusted, in secret, to Mr. Speranski. He was a man of humble birth and, as his enemies said, of doubtful origin, but had risen, through his abilities, to the post of State Secretary of the Czar. He entered upon his commission with a zeal he had afterward to repent.

Looked at from the point of view of parliamentarism as understood in western Europe, Speranski’s scheme turned out a very mild and exceedingly moderate one. He wished to maintain the so-called Senate, which in Russia is a mere body of Government nominees, composed of invalid, aged, slavishly-obedient ex-officials. Along with the Senate he proposed a Representative Assembly, not by means of direct elections, but by a fourfold process of filtration. There were to be, according to his scheme, Communal Assemblies, which would have to treat of the smallest local or parish affairs. Delegates from these were to form District Assemblies. Again, delegates from the District Assemblies

were to form County Boards—or “Government” Assemblies, as the Russian phrase for counties is. Lastly, delegates from the County Boards were to form the Representative Chamber, or *Gossudarstvennaja Duma*.

It need scarcely be said that this project aimed mainly at the establishment of a consultative body, without decisive privileges—a body which was expected to fix the budget, but not to presume upon refusing it in case of a conflict with the Crown. Still, the scheme was something, considering the state of affairs in Russia. Alexander I., however, suddenly conceiving mistrust against the man whom he himself had urged to draw up this scheme, banished him one fine morning. In his old age, being recalled, Speranski turned conservative. He had seen enough of the danger there was in working peaceably for progress—even when it was done in the position of a State Secretary, and at the order of a sovereign.

VIII.

FROM that time palace conspiracies are followed in Russia by conspiracies in the popular interest.

A strange commotion seized upon many minds among the educated classes in Russia after the war against Napoleon I. From the excitement of a war of independence, in which the popular forces had played no mean part, the return to the brutish system of the knout was not easy. The Russian troops—including not only the regular soldiers, but also masses of the militia—had passed and repassed through Germany and France during the years 1813-15, and had seen and heard a great deal in these campaigns. They found in both countries an emancipated peasantry. They learned that a government which had ruled by *lettres de cachet* had gone down in the storms of a revolution. They had been in contact with nations where men were somewhat jealous of their personal dignity, and where the public expected that an administration would be composed at least of honest officials—not of such as would rob the state exchequer in the manner of the jokingly so-called Russian “conveyers of crown property.”

To go back to a country whose peasants were serfs; whose government ruled by cabinet ordinances in the *lettres de cachet* style and by the whip; whose officials were (and still are) the most corrupt in the world; and where all personal dignity of the subject is trodden under foot, was consequently rather a sudden transition. It gave to some a great mental shock. The ordinary herd of drilled *mujiks*, or of roving Cossacks, may not have felt it so much. But the officers did. All Russian writers agree in saying that from that time liberal ideas began to be

propagated in their country. They also aver that the German *Tugend-Bund* and kindred associations, which had helped in overthrowing the Corsican despot, and which then still acted as a leaven in Germany for reform in the national and parliamentary sense, had made a powerful impression upon the minds of Russian officers, who, on their return, felt degraded by the rule of irresponsible tyranny and its concomitant; the knout.

At first—so Nicholas Turguenieff states—there sprang up quite a secret literature of political epigrams and couplets, in the satirical or pathetic style. This is the customary outcome of dissatisfaction in despotically governed countries. France, before 1789, furnished an example of it. Where there is no freedom of the press, men take their clandestine revenge against tyranny by squibs, which are often not the less biting because their allusions are hidden under an apparently harmless poetical garb.

Such stinging epigrams and ditties were orally repeated, or even shown in manuscript, soon after 1813-'15, among friends in the highest Russian circles. Greater freedom in general talk also became a habit. The officers of the Guard, before all, attracted attention by the audacity with which they uttered their political thoughts. They took no heed whether those to whom they spoke in public, or in the drawing-rooms, were partisans or adversaries of their doctrines. A whirlwind of great historical events had passed over Europe. Men's minds had become bolder. The very spy-system, under which Russia had suffered so long, was not able to maintain itself in its former force and influence. All this contributed to enhance the tone of the liberal *Fronde* in society.

However, the mass of the nation, bowed down by long political slavery, and bound in the fetters of serfdom, could not be stirred. Nicholas Turguenieff, who played a part in these attempts at liberalizing his country, points despairingly to a number of popular sayings in Russia which are characteristic signs of a spirit of abject submission. "Everything belongs to God and to the Sovereign"! "Though thou dislike it, be always ready to do everything thou art bidden"! Quite a string of such sayings is daily current in Russia. "To petition" is expressed there by the technical phrase, "To beat the earth with the forehead," etc. A nation with such a vocabulary—Turguenieff thought—makes its way with difficulty toward freedom.

A despotism founded on the backwardness of the masses may for a long time keep its power, in spite of the more intelligent section of the community. But when this section, though a minority, takes resolute action, the despot may be overthrown by a revolution achieved in a

comparatively small circle of men. The inert great mass are then no real obstacle. A palace conspiracy, aided by outsiders in influential position, may oust or cow the tyrant, and effect a change in the parliamentary sense. And if in a despot-ridden country things are to be bettered at all, some first attempt of this kind must be made, at one time or other, without waiting for the slow process of the gradual enlightenment of the masses—or else a country would simply be kept for ever in a vicious circle. Despots do not grant the rights necessary for such gradual education. Macaulay saw this; and he was not a revolutionist of a very pronounced type.

The Russian masses being so sluggish, and no possibility existing for a legal, open propaganda of progressive ideas, men were naturally led toward the idea of a secret organization.

We get the first glimpse of an attempt to found some kind of a political association in 1815. It was in Lithuania, at the headquarters of the Second Army, commanded by Prince Wittgenstein. There, the two brothers Murawieff, both officers, sought to attract kindred spirits who were inclined toward bringing about a great reform in the state. These officers of the line, going to St. Petersburg, sounded others of the Imperial Guard, and, to their great delight, found among them much readiness and good will. At first there was probably nothing more than friendly conversation in the way of wishes—no definite plan of revolution whatever. In the character of the educated Russian there is a great deal of the self-critical faculty, with no corresponding energy of action—a kind of musing melancholy which occasionally seems to take a Titanic start, only to collapse, after a little while, into utter despair. It is a state of mind neither adapted to steady, plodding public labor, nor fit for the slow, persevering work of occult propaganda, in which great powers of reserve and self-abnegation are required. Yet, under the spur of a sudden emergency, these same men may be brought to perform a daring, heroic deed. Such, at least, the character of educated Russians was in the earlier part of this century. Since then a remarkable change has been wrought.

It is somewhat difficult to state with exactness how the various secret societies which followed each other after 1815 arose, and how far the ideas attributed to their leading men were those of the totality or majority of the members. On one point Russian writers of the most different party views are agreed—namely, that Colonel Pestel, an adjutant of Prince Wittgenstein, rapidly became the directing mind of the movement, after he had made the acquaintance of the brothers Murawieff, who invited him to join the conspiracy.

Of German extraction, but a Russian subject by birth, Pestel had been educated at Dresden, in Germany, and afterward been in the corps of Imperial Pages in Russia. His father was Governor-General of Siberia. Young Pestel took part in the campaigns against France; became a captain; then adjutant of Marshal Wittgenstein; and, lastly, commander of the infantry regiment of Viatka. It is believed that he was the founder, in 1817, of "The League of Well-Being," also called "The Worthy Sons of the Fatherland."

This was a short-lived association, probably on account of the great divergence of opinions among its members. Nicholas Turguenieff, a writer otherwise most competent to speak on the subject of these occult movements, denies the existence of "The League of Well-Being." But the report of the Judicial Commission of Inquiry, which in later years sat to investigate the origin of the revolutionary outbreak of December, 1825, positively affirms that a league of the name mentioned had been formed in 1817. As a rule, the credibility of a Russian Government commission is not to be placed on a par with the statement or the opinion of a man of so high a character as Nicholas Turguenieff. It must, however, not be forgotten that his book was written in the way of self-defense against the judicial charges of a Government whose persecuting arm reached very far, and which even sought—unsuccessfully, of course—to obtain the surrender of Turguenieff's person from an English Government! It is, therefore, not impossible that Turguenieff may have been unnecessarily inclined to doubt the existence of a secret association of which he had not been a member, but whose doings were nevertheless lugged into a judicial report against himself.

Some of the "conspirators" of this first league can not have been very dangerous men; at least not to the monarchical principle. There were those who, in the spirit of Stein, Hardenberg, Gneisenau, Arndt, and Jahn, sought to save monarchy in spite of itself. They did all they could to maintain a line of connection with the existing powers. A few of the Russian would-be conspirators were artless enough to propose drawing the Emperor himself into the secret—unless the proposal was the very depth of art, and had merely the object of securing for them, in case of detection, a colorable excuse, however lame. The judicial report alluded to does not, indeed, put this interpretation upon the strange suggestion. It simply says that "several members proposed to solicit the assent of the late Emperor (Alexander I.) to the establishment of the society."

In another passage, the report declares that

"the principal provisions of the Code of the League of Well-Being, the division of the subject-matter into chapters, its most remarkable ideas, and even the very style of writing, show an imitation, and, in a great measure, a translation from the German original"—that is, from the statutes of the *Tugend-Bund*. No doubt Pestel had become acquainted with these latter during the war in which he had served. The German "League of Virtue" having counted in its ranks many leading members in high administrative position, who never ceased to be zealously loyal to the Crown, some of the Russian imitators may have wished to apply the same procedure to a very dissimilar case. This was not the view of Pestel and his friends. Soon, therefore, things assumed a more decided aspect, which rapidly changed into a somberer hue of tragic import.

IX.

AFTER the dissolution of the short-lived League of 1817, a secret association was started under the name of "The Society of Public Welfare." Its name was similar enough to the previous one; its rules, too, were copied from those of the German *Tugend-Bund*. The members were almost all officers or writers. Modern constitutional ideas were still the prevailing ones in it; but, here and there, democratic notions came up among the more ardent associates. French, German, and English principles of progress and liberalism served as themes of discussion. Of French writers, Benjamin Constant especially was made use of as an intellectual guide.

At that time, a few of the older Liberals, such as Admiral Mordwinoff, who wished for a change in the moderate parliamentary sense, were not prepared for the emancipation of the serfs, to which Turguenieff attached great importance. "We must begin with the throne," said Mordwinoff; "not with the serfs. It is from above that one sweeps the stairs!" He would have been content with the introduction of a constitution on the most aristocratic basis, curtailing the power of the Crown, but leaving the vast mass of the people at the mercy of the landholders. However, the majority of the would-be reformers entertained better, more advanced ideas; and they continually tried to impress the less progressive members with the necessity of working out a great measure of peasant enfranchisement, so as to win over the masses. Those who at present always speak of the "Liberator-Czar" Alexander II. ought to note this fact of the early aspiration toward a manumission of the serfs among the opponents of irresponsible czardom.

The Society of Public Welfare had members in the capital, at Moscow, and at Tultschin, in which latter place the headquarters of the Second

Army were established. One of the generals, a commander in the Caucasus, learned, on his arrival at St. Petersburg, that the Emperor had been secretly informed of the existence of the society, and that Government had its eyes upon the members. This he communicated to some of the conspirators, adding that Alexander thought the society a large one—which, in point of fact, was very far from being the case—and that this alone kept him from “playing them a bad trick.” One of the members of the society, General Michael Orloff, also heard through his brother, who was the Emperor’s adjutant, that Alexander I. knew of the meetings of the would-be conspirators.

Here we have a clew to the Czar’s cautious conduct and to his occasional affectation of liberal sympathies. Altogether, his position was a dubious one. The Congress of Vienna had stipulated for the “Kingdom of Poland”—as the Russian portion of the dismembered country was called—a representative form of government. Hence the Czar, autocrat in the larger part of his empire, had to observe some constitutional forms in the western section of his dominions. At the opening of the Polish Diet in 1818, he made a speech which seemed to foreshadow similar parliamentary institutions for Russia. These, however, he was evidently bent, at heart, upon preventing as long as he could. At the same time he knew that he was surrounded by men longing for a parliamentary *régime*—men who might at any moment spring a mine upon him, but whom it would not be safe to attack just now.

His father’s terrible end was before his eyes as a warning. In the complicated position in which he was placed, Alexander I. no doubt feared that if he unbosomed himself to persons of his immediate surrounding, asking them to proceed against others of equal social or military rank, the very men so addressed in confidence would perhaps turn out to be themselves members of the secret society. Would he not thus bring about his own doom? Would not his enemies, forewarned, arm themselves at once, and proceed against him? Must not the danger have appeared to him all the greater because he thought—erroneously, it is true—the society to be a large one?

But he knew how to dissimulate. “By the falseness of his character,” Prince Peter Doigorukoff says, “he was the worthy grandson of Catharine, whose remarkable intellect he was, however, far from possessing. . . . During the first eighteen years of his reign he played the Liberal in Europe, and wore the mask of the same in Russia. But during the last years of his government, having fallen, as regards foreign policy, under the influence of the Minister

who then governed Austria, and in home matters under the influence of the cruel and pitiless Arakcheeff, he abjured the tendencies of his youth, and entered upon a completely reactionary course—though without adding the violence and the brutality which his brother Nicholas afterward showed.” Such is the appreciation of the character of Alexander I. by a writer of most moderate constitutional views, who always shows as much reserve as is possible in judging of the acts of crowned heads.

When, in consequence of this reactionary course of government, matters approached a crisis, the Society of Public Welfare was dissolved—in appearance at least; for immediately afterward it was reorganized. Nicholas Turguenieff presided at the meeting which pronounced the dissolution. In reality, the league was transformed by the bolder men, who had only resorted to this manœuvre in order to get rid of the timid. Turguenieff professes to have from that time discontinued his connection with the society.

X.

THE Society of Public Welfare had existed with two chief branches—a “Society of the North,” comprising St. Petersburg and Moscow, and a “Society of the South,” with Kiev and one or two other southern towns as head-centers.

In the Society of the North, where the less advanced ideas prevailed, dissatisfaction gradually arose against Pestel, who entirely swayed the southern branch. Upon this, Pestel himself brought about a general meeting of the members at Moscow, in February, 1821, where high words were bandied between the different partisans. Finally, as already mentioned, the dissolution of the league was pronounced under the chairmanship of Nicholas Turguenieff.

Colonel Abramoff, who protested against this resolution, exclaimed that “the society could not be dissolved, as it would continue to exist even if he alone were to remain of it.” He evidently did not know what Pestel and his friends aimed at. Their only object had been to weed out the less audacious. A fresh society, under the directorate of Pestel, Yushneffski, and Nikita Murawieff, was at once established. The activity of this new league, whose headquarters were at Tultschin, was such that in the course of less than two years four branch societies were called into existence. Soon almost the whole staff of Field-Marshal Prince Wittgenstein consisted of members of the conspiracy—without the Prince himself, or the Chief of the Staff, Paul Kisseleff, suspecting anything wrong!

Prince Dolgorukoff, in speaking of these secret propagandistic labors, says:

The Liberals of St. Petersburg and Moscow—

"The Society of the North," as it was called—wished for a monarchical constitutional government. "The Society of the South" desired a federative republic composed of the various provinces of Russia. The Society of the South had at its head a man who possessed an eminent intellect, a courage ready to face every danger, an unshakable energy, and a boundless ambition—namely, Paul Pestel. His truly superior mind had understood that a representative government is only solid and durable when it is so directed as to develop the well-being of the masses. While the members of the Society of the North, though rejecting the odious principle of serfdom, had no fixed ideas as to how the manumission of the serfs should be wrought, Pestel had induced the Society of the South to decide that *the serfs should be emancipated with a grant of freehold land*. This idea, which to-day is admitted in Russia by all those who wish for serious, not for fictitious reforms, was during the lifetime of Pestel, forty years ago, an innovation of astonishing boldness.

These words, written in 1860 by a Russian author who himself belongs to the moderate constitutional party, are a testimony in honor of Pestel which those may reflect upon who believe that Alexander II. was the initiator of the emancipation idea.

Before Prince Dolgorukoff, Alexander Herzen had written the following, in 1858, on Pestel:

From the day that he had entered the society he became its center, its soul. Thanks to him, the vague aspirations and liberal tendencies obtained an aim, a practical determination. His great figure dominates over the whole conspiracy; it is a great figure even in the venomous accounts of the Commission of Inquiry. An ardent republican and determined revolutionist, he imposes and precipitates nothing. He acts with admirable prudence and reserve. He only seeks to better organize the association. He gives it regulations, and centralizes it. Knowing well the still timid conscience of those generous youths who are full of devotion, but scarcely imbued with ripe political ideas, he grants to them that the great thing would be to restrict the arbitrary power of the Czar. In the fragments of his conversation with others—as quoted by the Inquiry—it is impossible not to admire his tact and the richness of his resources. Conceding to some that a constitution on the English pattern would be very good, he, as soon as an interlocutor expresses a doubt, adds that, for his own part, he would prefer the American Constitution, which, he says, would be good for everybody, and not only "for lords and merchants." However, he thinks that if a charter could be imposed upon the Emperor, this would be a considerable progress. Then, in a few words, he refers, *among the possible contingencies, to the Emperor's death*. He doubts the possibility of forcing, by the sole pressure of public opinion, an absolute ruler to cede a portion of his power. He shows that by physical force alone this could be done, and that, in order to limit his

power, not less physical force would be required than for abolishing it altogether. And although he expressed himself with such caution—a caution interpreted as tergiversation by the Commission of Inquiry—he was at last understood: and some men feared him. Alexander Murawieff left the society. The members of the Alliance of Well-Being murmured. The Society of the North began to fear the ambition of Pestel.

This was before the dissolution of the original society in 1821. After its reorganization, Pestel increased his activity with the most ardent conspiratory zeal. At St. Petersburg, the reconstructed society had at first Prince Trubetzkoi at its head; then Nicholas Murawieff and Prince Obolenski. It may be mentioned, incidentally, that the Trubetzkoi and the Obolenskis are among those families who derive their origin from the once ruling house of Rurik, the Germanic founder of the empire. In the south, Pestel had the chief influence. Over and over again he insisted on the necessity of emancipating the peasants with a grant of land. Only in this way, he said, the revolution could be successfully accomplished.

XI.

BESIDES the occult associations mentioned, there was one, called "The United Slavs," which in Russia had for its leading spirit Sergius Murawieff-Apostol. Another secret league having been accidentally discovered in Poland by Bestujeff-Rumin, a member of Pestel's society, it was decided to establish a connection between the Russian and Polish men of progress.

The agreement made was to the effect that the Russians should acknowledge the independence of the Kingdom of Poland, as established in 1815, as well as of those Polish provinces in Russia which had not yet been quite Russified. The Polish society promised to bring about an insurrection as soon as a rising should be begun in the Second Russian Army, and to effect the arrest of the Grand Duke Constantine, the Governor of Poland. The proclamation of the republic in Poland was among the conditions laid down by Pestel. But the Polish confederates, in whose name Krijanowski, Grodetzki, and Karoski acted, refused to prejudge the question of the form of government. Nor would they engage themselves to proceed to the more extreme measures against the Grand Duke Constantine which are said to have been insisted upon by the Russian conspirators. These extreme measures, it is alleged, referred to the taking of the Grand Duke's life.

Everything appeared now ready for decisive action. Colonel Pestel was at the head of a regiment whose men were considered to be entirely under his influence, whithersoever he might lead

them. As the whilom adjutant of Marshal Wittgenstein, he had great opportunities of forming good acquaintances with officers of rank. The Intendant-General of the Second Army, Yushneffski, and two active generals, friends of his, Von Viesen (of German extraction, like Pestel) and Prince Sergius Volkonski, were at one with him in the desire of overthrowing autocracy. Then there were, in the Society of the South, six colonels and two lieutenant-colonels, Sergius and Matthew Murawieff, among the leading members of the conspiracy.

A number of officers could be reckoned upon. Besides, it would not have been difficult, through the members of the League, to seize the regimental chests, the papers of the Staff, the Intendence, and the Chancery of the Marshal. Pestel's plan was, to wait for the day when Alexander I., who was at Taganrog, would be present at the manœuvres, and then to act. On that day, Prince Wittgenstein, the higher generals, and the Czar himself were to be arrested. The fortress of Bobruisk was to be occupied. Then the events to be brought about by the friends at St. Petersburg and at Warsaw were to be waited for.

In the capital, the Society of the North was to give the signal for the rising through the Imperial Guards. That society had among its members some officers of rank—foremost among them, Prince Trubetzkoi, Colonel Mitkoff, and Captain Nicholas Murawieff, as well as Prince Obolenski, Bestujeff, and other men of influence and daring. Among the highest nobility, in the upper ranks of the civil administration, even in the immediate vicinity of the Court, there were associates of the conspiracy. At Moscow, the chief of the Chancery of Prince Gallitzin; at St. Petersburg, a close friend of Count Miloradowitch, the Governor-General of the town, were affiliated to it. All the movements of Government could therefore be easily watched.

Unfortunately, no full agreement was arrived at between the Societies of the North and the South, even in the reconstructed state of the former. In 1824 Pestel went to St. Petersburg in order to effect a thorough understanding and a full amalgamation of the several leagues under one direction. This was with difficulty attained. At the same time, the men of the North shrank from adopting his plans of action, which they declared to be too violent. There were in the North few adherents of Pestel's democratic views. Almost all the members there desired constitutional government under a monarchy. However, a number of these promised that if the Czar could not be made to accept a charter, they would go over to the democratic side, and that in this case nothing was left but to banish the imperial family from Russian soil. Still, with all

these words of promise to the ear, they were loath to agree to a programme of immediate revolution.

Not having fully succeeded in his endeavor to bring about unity of purpose, Pestel suggested that a general meeting of the delegates of the various societies should be held in 1826—under condition that action should then not be delayed any longer. He thereupon went back to the south.

Meanwhile, secret denunciations had reached the Emperor at Taganrog. The Czar, ill, and in a melancholy mood, had not sufficient energy to proceed to a strong and sweeping measure. Yet, one of the conspirators, Colonel Schweikoffski, was suddenly removed from his regiment without a cause being publicly assigned. Suspicion was at once aroused by this act among the members of the League. For a moment, Schweikoffski thought of raising immediately the standard of insurrection, in order to forestall the danger that seemed to threaten them. The Report of the Judicial Inquiry asserts even that Schweikoffski proposed sending men to Taganrog to take the life of the Emperor. When the question is of being killed or of killing, scruples otherwise strong quickly vanish away. Colonel Artamon Murawieff is said to have offered himself for the deed. Bestujeff declared that he could find for that task fifteen men among "The League of the United Slavs." The Report adds that the project was in the end abandoned.

This question of tyrannicide had gradually forced itself into the foreground in the secret meetings. The Report of the Judicial Inquiry alleges that it was mooted by some members as early as 1817, but that others repelled these ideas. Of Colonel Pestel it is asserted that he remarked to one of the Murawieffs that one of the first things to be done was to "get rid of the imperial family"; to which Murawieff is said to have replied that "he regarded such a plan as wholly barbarous and unfeasible."

At one of the meetings the question was raised openly as to what was to be done with the imperial family in case of success. Banishment and imprisonment were in turn proposed. Pestel, having listened to the various speakers, is alleged to have remarked that in destruction alone there was safety. Others rejected the notion as a horrible one. "I know well that it is," he is stated to have replied. The vote being taken, the majority were for him, but only a majority of six. Again, he is asserted to have declared that "we must make the house clean," and that his project was to seize, by a surprise, the whole imperial family; to seize also the members of the Senate and the Synod, to force them to proclaim a new Government in the republican sense; to declare all higher officials and army leaders who

were not members of the secret society dismissed from their functions; and to replace them by members of the society.

These statements are repeated, without any depreciatory remark, by later Russian writers favorable to the cause of the so-called Decembrists of 1825. The mouths of the chief men of the conspiracy having been closed through death on the gallows, it is difficult to discover the real truth.

In the nature of things—however opinions in the abstract may differ as to the legitimacy of tyrannicide—such views and intentions will always come up whenever men, driven to despair by a blood-stained cruelty, have to do battle, single-handed, against a thrice-armed oppression.

XII.

THE year 1826 having been fixed for the revolutionary rising by secret agreement, the leagues did not stir after Schweikoffski's suspicious removal from his post. Suddenly, however, Alexander died at Taganrog, on December 1, 1825. Pestel's plan was thus once more thrown out of gear.

The death of the Czar happened, nevertheless, under circumstances which in a certain measure favored the action of the members in the north. Had their measures been but better planned, Russia might, since 1825, have enjoyed at last representative government. A doubt which arose as to who was to succeed to the throne came to the aid of the friends of progress in the capital. Alexander had secretly changed the order of succession—with the consent, it is true, of the presumptive heir, but without designing to make the fact known to the millions whose duty he thought it was always to obey, and whom he did not therefore think it necessary to inform of what had been resolved upon as regarded their future ruler. Great was the astonishment when, after Alexander's death, it was suddenly asserted that not Constantine, the eldest born, but Nicholas, had, by a decree until then hidden, been designated Czar of all the Russias. Men most devoted to the Crown were for several days puzzled as to whom they were to consider the rightful heir. Nicholas in person added to the confusion by at once declaring himself in public his eldest brother's subject.

In the memoir* which the present Czar has ordered to be published from notes of the Emperor Nicholas, and from the recollections of several members of the imperial family, it is

stated that immediately after the arrival of the news of Alexander's death, he (Nicholas), accompanied by Count Miloradowitch, Adjutant-General Prince Trubetzkoi, Count Golanishtcheff-Kutusoff, and others, went to the great Court Church, and there took the oath of homage to his brother Constantine, whom he assumed to be the Emperor now, according to dynastic law. His example was followed by those who accompanied him, and by other chief personages that happened to be in the palace. From the church the Grand Duke went back to the Dowager Empress to inform her of his act.

"Nicholas!" she exclaimed, "what have you done? Do you not know, then, that there is an act which appoints you heir-presumptive?"

In his memoir he professes to have "then heard for the first time in a positive form" of the existence of this act. The words "in a *positive* form" are, however, a noteworthy qualification.

Matters were thus complicated enough. They became still more so when the Grand Duke Nicholas resolved—probably for the sake of his own personal safety—upon asking his brother to repeal his renunciation of the crown. This was a strange step, almost incomprehensible when we remember the ambitious and arbitrary character of Nicholas; but perhaps he was afraid of suddenly being met by a strong Constantine party which might deal with him as other Russian princes had before been dealt with by conspirators at court. Be that as it may, he thought it advisable to exhibit some hesitation. Communication in those days, when there existed neither railways nor telegraphs, was difficult. It had taken ten days before the news of Alexander's death reached St. Petersburg. Fifteen days more were consumed by correspondence between the two brothers, one of whom was at St. Petersburg, the other at Warsaw. Nicholas had taken the oath to Constantine! Constantine had taken the oath to Nicholas! Probably each mistrusted the other. In the Imperial palace there reigned the greatest consternation. The Grand Duke Michael went post-haste from St. Petersburg to Warsaw, and thence back again, in order to clear up the mystery. Public opinion, in the mean time, was utterly unsettled. All this was calculated to help the patriotic conspirators.

On the 26th of December, 1825, the revolutionary attempt was made in the streets of St. Petersburg. During the preceding days, the members of the Secret League—Prince Trubetzkoi, Ryleieff the poet, Bestujeff, Prince Obolenski, Prince Rostoffski, Kahoffski, and other men of the military and civic class—had repeatedly met in the evening to concert a plan. Young Prince Odoeffski, an officer of the Horse Guards, kept them informed of what occurred at the

* "Die Thronbestellung des Kaisers Nicolaus I. von Russland im Jahre 1825. Nach seinen eignen Aufzeichnungen und den Erinnerungen der kaiserlichen Familie auf Befehl Sr. Majestät des Kaisers Alexander II.," herausgegeben von Baron M. von Korff. Berlin, 1857.

palace—even of the very words spoken there. The meetings of the conspirators were stormy, as is usual in moments of supreme danger. The more decided men proposed strong measures calculated to insure success, while others shrank back from what they regarded as cruel violence. Between the 24th and the 25th there was a falling off in the number of those attending the nocturnal assembly. Only seventeen came—but all of them men of energy and influence. This thinning of the ranks, too, is a feature characteristic of all conspiracies just previous to action.

At the house of Prince Obolenski there appeared officers of the various regiments of the Guards as associates of the League. Obolenski announced that, by order of the Directorate, their duty was, on the day fixed for the public ceremony of homage to the new Emperor, to lead as many troops of their regiments as they could to the square before the Senate, and to make them refuse the oath to Nicholas. With the first regiment gained over, other regiments were to be approached. At the same time, the people were to be gathered by drums being beaten throughout the town. This latter proposal was made by Prince Trubetzkoi.

"We are going to meet death," exclaimed young Odoeffski enthusiastically, embracing his friends in Russian fashion; "but what a glorious death it will be!"

Others, of sterner stuff, like Kahoffski, a brooding and rather sinister man, said: "We can not do anything with those philanthropists. The only question now is, to kill!"

"I have passed the Rubicon!" said Bestujeff; "and I shall strike down with the sword all that cross my path!"

It was assumed by the members of the conspiracy that Nicholas, seeing the military revolt before him, would enter into negotiations, perhaps renounce the crown. Thereupon a Provisional Government was to be established, composed of three members. Old Admiral Mordwinoff, one of the most moderate, nay, ultra-moderate men, Prince Sergius Trubetzkoi, and a high Church dignitary were to be offered seats in this Government. Colonel Batenkoff was to occupy the post of Chief Secretary. A constitutional monarchy—not a republic—was the aim of the leaders in the capital. There were to be two Parliamentary bodies: an Upper House, whose members were to be appointed for life (Batenkoff was in favor of an hereditary House of Peers), and a House of Commons. The Council of the Empire, as hitherto existing, was to be replaced by a Council of Thirty-six. Elections were to be held for the House of Commons; and Parliament was to frame a constitution and to choose the new sovereign.

Manifestoes to this effect had been printed in the night before the proposed rising, at the office of a printer who was in the League, but who, from the following day, became a traitor and informer. These prints were afterward burned by Government order. The compositor whose services had been used by the conspirators "died suddenly."

XIII.

THE day of revolution dawned. Palace conspiracies had formerly been carried out in the dead of night. The New Russia, of which these patriots dreamed, was to be initiated in the light of the sun. This resolution—as most friendly writers aver—became fatal to the movement. "Better," they say, "would it have been had they chosen one of the long wintry nights of St. Petersburg for their bold deed!"

A portion of the Guards, and several companies of the Marine Troops, actually followed their officers to the public place. Count Miloradowitch, an honest, worthy man, who had seen danger on many a battle-field during the Napoleonic wars, and who at first had pledged himself to Nicholas for the security of the town, now hurried to the Czar with the ominous words: "Sire! things are turning out bad! They surround the monument of Peter the Great. But I am going to address them!" In vain was he warned not to expose his life. He answered, "What good would there be in a governor-general if he did not know how to sacrifice his blood in case of need!"

Meanwhile, scenes of riot had been rife among the people. It was not yet a distinct awakening among the enslaved mass. No popular agitators came forward with words of fire on their tongue, or the promise of energetic deeds in their gestures. Yet, somehow, the sluggish soul of that inert multitude felt a sympathetic thrill. General Miloradowitch, seeing the danger, rode toward and addressed the mutinous soldiers who had been drawn into the "Constitutional" movement by the use of "Constantine's" name—words which among the more ignorant served as a helpful confusion. In the midst of his pathetic harangue, the aged warrior all at once sank down on his horse. His outstretched arm fell as if it were of lead. A pistol-shot fired by Lieutenant Kahoffski had mortally wounded him.

Masses of the population suddenly turned up now. St. Petersburg was in commotion. Cries arose for a charter.

Shots were fired at General Woinoff—ay, even, as Baron Korff's publication asserts, against the Emperor Nicholas himself, when he tried to bring back the troops to obedience. In this dangerous crisis, Prince Eugene of Würtemberg displayed, as Russian army-leader, the sternest cour-

age. He first advised a cavalry attack. When this proved of no avail, grape-shot was employed against the body of rebel troops that occupied the Senate Square.

Before the word of command to discharge the guns was given, General Suchosannet, at the order of Nicholas, rode toward the insurgent soldiers, offering to spare their lives if they laid down their arms. He was received with the cry, "Have you brought the constitution with you?" and with a volley of shots.

"Your Majesty!" Suchosannet reported, "these madmen call out for a constitution!"

The Emperor, shrugging his shoulders, and raising his eyes to heaven—so he says in his own "Memoir"—now gave the order to fire, but immediately recalled it. On the final order being given, the gunner did not execute the command! "They are our brethren!" the simple soldier exclaimed. "And if I myself stood before the gun," the officer cried, "and you were ordered to fire, how could you dare to hesitate?"

Upon this the shot was fired. The battle was begun. It ended with the defeat of the insurgents.

"The danger," says the "Memoir" published by Alexander II. in 1857, "was obvious. *Guards fought against Guards*. The Emperor, the only support of the empire, risked his life during several hours. The people were in the utmost excitement, and it was difficult to learn the true state of public feeling. The conspiracy was a fact, but its head and its extent were yet hidden. Everything was still enveloped in impenetrable secrecy; and the whole outbreak might have recommenced any moment. These considerations were far from encouraging; but there was the firmness, the presence of mind of the young monarch, which the officers marveled at, and which inspirited the soldiers. The victory remained with the throne and with loyalty; and the soldiers heartily attached themselves to their new master."

Under this self-praise it is easy to recognize the true situation and the greatness of the perils which surrounded the "only support of the empire"—that is, of the absolutistic form of government.

The same "Memoir" says that the Czar was not able on that day, from morning till late at night, to partake of any repast, and that he never went to bed during the whole night. He remained up, in uniform, with his sash on; personally examining the chief prisoners that were brought in, receiving reports, and giving orders. The Empress Alexandra Feodorowna had, from the excitement, "lost her voice and all strength." "All the imperial children passed the night in two rooms, as in a bivouac."

XIV.

In the mean while other tragic events occurred in the south.

Pestel, the two Murawieffs, Bestujeff-Rumin, and some others, had been arrested in consequence of the denunciation sent to Alexander at Taganrog. Officers, placing themselves at the head of some companies, hastened to free their comrades-in-arms. In the struggle that ensued, the Lieutenant-Colonel who had effected the arrest of Pestel and his friends was wounded. The liberated leaders then endeavored a bold stroke. After taking the town of Vasilkoff, they tried to gain over fresh regiments, but were attacked, near Belaja Tzerkoff, by the division of General Geismar. In this battle Sergius Murawieff was one of the first that were wounded and made prisoners, together with his brother Matthias. Another of the Murawieffs fell.

A political catechism had been drawn up for the insurgent troops, in which the democratic form of government was proved to be, according to the teaching of the Old Testament, the only government acceptable to God. This teaching did not make a good impression on the rather bigoted *mujik*-soldiers. Their resistance, when attacked, was a weak one; a number of them acted treacherously toward their own chiefs. The movement in the south thus quickly collapsed. Moreover, no plan of action had been concerted between the leaders in the north and the south. Pestel's original advice having been disregarded, each section was thrown on its own resources to deal with an unexpected emergency as best it could.

The end was the usual scene of horrors. Pestel, Sergius Murawieff, Ryleieff, Bestujeff-Rumin, and Kahoffski suffered death on the gallows. Prince Trubetzkoi was, at the prayer of his wife, "pardoned"—that is, transported to Siberia, with eighty-three other leaders. The soldiers of the Guards that had taken part in the rising were sent against the mountain tribes in the Caucasus, and against Persia.

Russia now became once more a prison-house in which utter silence reigned. Only the blows of the knout were heard in the drear solitude. The very groans of the victims seemed to be stifled.

It only remains to say a few words on the bearing of the originators of the December risings, as described in the Report of the Commission of Inquiry.

It has been remarked that the confessions made by these men incriminated them even more than the facts that were proved against them. Were these confessions the result of a sublime heroism in the face of death? or had they been

wrung from them—forced upon them—by means of torture? It may seem strange that so horrible a question should be raised even in reference to the Government practices under the grim Nicholas. But those conversant with the traditions of the dreaded "Third Division"—of which the bland Schuvaloff was the head, before being appointed to the task of deceiving, as I must call it, the English Government, and Queen Victoria in person, by false assurances made in the name of the Czar "on a gentleman's word of honor"—are well aware that torture has always been practiced in Russia against political offenders. Only a few weeks ago the German press and the London "Standard" have openly stated that torture was employed against Solovieff. No denial has come yet, though the Cabinet of St. Petersburg seldom scruples to deny the most patent facts.

Nicholas Turguenieff, who, in his quality of a former member of the Russian Government administration, is always to be listened to with a great deal of attention, positively says: "The replies and the declarations of the accused of 1826 resemble too much those which were formerly drawn out by the system of torture not to have been the result of analogous means. Only, one does not see the same frankness in the drawing up of the judicial protocols; for, though the results are given, there is silence as to the causes which brought them about. The Minister of War having been informed that Colonel Pestel had just been led into St. Petersburg, the first words which came from the Minister's lips were *an order to subject him to the torture*. I purposely use here a general expression, not wishing, by a more precise statement, to add disgust to the horror."

It is impossible, under these suspicious circumstances, to say how far we are to take the alleged avowals of the accused as genuine. "I would have been able," Ryleieff is made to exclaim, in the "Judicial Report," "to stop all pro-

ceedings; but I have, on the contrary, forced on action. I am the chief author of the events of December 26th. If any one has merited death for that rising, it is I!"

Was this a noble attempt to shield his friends? or were these words the outcome of a man's sufferings on the rack? We shall never know. Nor can we decide whether some of the accused had not, by cruel, fiendish means, been made to contradict and to incriminate each other in a manner which must have inwardly delighted the tyrannic victor. Let us draw the veil over these harrowing secrets of the dungeon! This much we know, that by barbarous atrocities was the reign of Nicholas initiated. Through pools of blood he waded to the throne; and the beams of the gallows served as supports for his proud imperial seat.

More than fifty years have passed since the martyrdom of the insurgents of December, 1825. To-day Russia, in which under Nicholas the stillness of death had reigned, is deeply troubled by disaffection—"an Empire of the Discontented." So Katkoff calls it in his "Moscow Gazette"; and when he, the supporter of autocracy, makes so general a confession, the absolutistic system, though still showing a face of brass, must indeed have feet of clay. In the next article I shall have to speak more fully of the attempt the successor of Nicholas made to thwart the progress of the constitutional movement, which recommenced after the Crimean war, by that liberation of the serfs which the organizer of the Leagues of 1821-'25 had already inserted in his programme. For the present I will conclude with a hope that the contest we see daily going on may result in a triumph but too long delayed, and that, guided by the spirit of Pestel and Murawieff, the opponents of a brutal czardom may succeed in opening a new era for Russia, after the oppressive servitude of a thousand years.

KARL BLIND, in *Contemporary Review*.

MORALISTS ON BLUE CHINA.

THERE is an interesting tribe of natives on the northwest frontier of India who acknowledge but three deadly sins. The first is the smoking of tobacco, the next is an indiscretion reprobated by our own theologians, and the last deadly sin is to part one's hair in the middle. There is a simplicity about this prohibitory code which modern moralists would do well to imitate. In official reports on native manners (which the

natives help to pay for) the race to which we allude is spoken of rather rudely as "the superstitious Zips" (their real name is of no importance to the argument), and their ideas are held up to ridicule. Yet it is surely a wise thing to reduce the deadly sins to the utmost possible simplicity and to the smallest number. The tendency of modern moralists, and especially of virtuous pressmen, is, on the other hand, to add at

random to the list of deadly sins. Every one must be edified by the virtue of penny-a-liners, and of some of the gentlemen who do the picture-galleries. There is nothing like the austerity of pressmen, though Mr. Swinburne, carried away by his craze for alliteration, once compared it to the virtue of members of another profession. They have decided that a new deadly sin has appeared on the moral horizon, and this *dulce scelus, suave flagitium* (to quote an early Latin father), is the love of blue china.

These two simple words "blue china" have become—it is difficult to say why—a kind of railing accusation. They are hurled at the heads of poets and painters and people at large, much as charges of having robbed a church and murdered a sainted grandmother are tossed about in American political journals. The original sin of the porcelain in question seems to be its blueness. Yet an amateur who is fond of Dresden, or who collects Anatolian ware, or Rhodian tiles, or Persian lamps, nay, even people who have no ceramic tastes of any description, often fall under the stern reprimand of the newspaper preacher, just as if their abodes were full of old Nanking and the hawthorn pattern. The accusation of dealing in blue china is the modern counterpart of the charge of witchcraft, or of the vague Roman offense of insulting the Emperor. There is no way of disproving it, and indeed the mere charge is supposed to carry its own evidence with it. How heinous is the offense of being "mixed up," as people charitably say, with blue china, may be gathered from the practice of the novelists. The old romancers used to have a good stock of villains always on hand, tasteful and varied patterns which had long been approved of by discriminating public taste. There was the wicked earl, whose wickedness ran in certain well-known channels, and who generally died of passion and suppressed gout. There was the bad baronet. He persecuted rustic beauty, prosecuted interesting poachers, and often perished in consequence of a fall from his horse during a thunderstorm. We have also known him expire, blaspheming, when his yacht was struck by lightning, and in one noted case his skeleton was found in the hollow of an old oak-tree. Another favorite villain was the roaring pirate and smug-gler of the Dirk Hatteraick type, while a fourth was the sanctimonious attorney. All these mischievous persons have resigned in favor of the newest villain out, the villain who is contaminated by a taste for blue china. We have not ascertained that this malevolent but craven wretch has ever been permitted by the novelist to do any real mischief. It is his intentions (which, like Wilkins Micawber, junior, he never carries out in any one direction) that are so baneful.

There is a lurking devil in his china-closet that would have frightened good Charles Lamb. "I have an almost feminine partiality for old china. When I go to see any great house I inquire for the china-closet," says that essayist. In his time the profligate and abominable character of the taste had not been discovered, and he made remarks which we dare not quote, for fear of raising the blush on the cheek of modest journalists. Lamb will be allowed by the virtuous the same off-chance as some theologians give the old heathen philosophers. Not utterly condemned to torment, he will pass his days with the wise of the older world, who can say:

"Siamo perduti, e sol di tanto offesi
Che senza speme vivemo in disio."

Charles Lamb sinned in loving blue china, but not against knowledge. He had not "sat under" the ethical critics of the fine arts. He was wont "to point out to his cousin certain *speciosa miracula* upon a set of extraordinary old blue china, a recent purchase"; but if he lived now he would know better. He would use teacups adorned with the semblance of pink ribbon. It has been remarked, moreover, by a kindly critic that, even if Lamb did like porcelain, he partly redeemed his character for manliness by his taste for Irish stew (or was it cow-heel?) and gin-and-water. He was not altogether bad. But the curious spectacle of the taste of the last becoming the unpardonable sin of the present generation has led us away from the new villain of romance—the blue-china villain.

We are fresh from making this person's acquaintance in a novel where he is guilty of the last and worst offense with which the romance-writer can brand a character. The blue-china villain, a young and strong man, has just been horsewhipped by an elderly and virtuous earl. To be horsewhipped in a novel is to be deeply stained indeed. There is no court of appeal; character is gone for ever. In the fiction to which we refer, it does not appear that the miscreant had been guilty of any other offense beyond liking porcelain. He aggravated this crime, however, in a horrid manner, by wearing a "silk smoking-suit," at the moment when he was beaten like a hound. The heroes of the late Mr. Lawrence, tremendous people, any one of whom could pitch a colossal Welsher over a horse-pond, used to wear silk smoking-suits, and it was counted to them for merit. They also adorned their arched insteps with slippers "daintily characterized with enigmatic monograms in embossed gold." Yet what used to be a decided virtue in the eyes of the novelists has become degraded by association with the produce of Satsuma and with old Nanking. So relative, when all is said, are the so-

called absolute distinctions of human morality. When the Emperor Hwhang-ti invented blue china (his Majesty flourished in the mythic period of the Celestial Empire about 5260 B. C.), he little thought that he was founding the most corrupt sect of the modern world.

There must be some obscure though valid reason for the earnestness with which the moralist now condemns certain forms of ceramic profligacy. One can imagine the explanation of the superficial critic. He would say that delicacy of satire is not the strong point of the English *feuilletonistes*. He would point out that the same scribblers are very gregarious animals, and that, if any one gives them a lead in any direction, they are apt to rush down that steep place with unnecessary clamor. Thus it only needs a clever writer to make a very obvious point, in an amusing way, and lightly to chastise the affectation of persons who pretend to live for the beautiful, and who can only find the beautiful in *bric-à-brac*. The success of a satire of that sort is a sufficient motive. At once the hack writers adopt the thing, and give it—as, to do them justice, they always do—a deeply moral meaning. They break the butterfly with iron poles, on tremendous wheels, on scaffolds as high as that which pleased Haman well. Another instance of the same practice was afforded in the last generation, or the generation before, by the hacks who were always talking about the “silver-fork school.” To these persons, with their birth, breeding, and taste, silver forks seemed an outrage. Like manly Englishmen, they used the cold steel, when they ate peas, in the way still affected by the vigorous and unspoiled Teutonic race. The cry of “silver-fork school” was exactly analogous to the shriek of “blue china,” which is raised, in season and out of season, by satirists who make up by their virulence for their want of originality.

This would be the explanation of the superficial observer. He would also hint that dull people are apt to envy and detest those who have tastes that they themselves do not possess. Suppose a writer on art to know nothing about it—not a very difficult thing to suppose. Let him rather detest all forms of plastic representations than otherwise; but let him, if he must have a preference, prefer pictures of Evangelical young ladies clinging to stone crosses in the midst of

howling seas. He may also like canvases which recall to him Bible stories, and the three or four historical anecdotes of which he has a muddled and confused recollection. If a critic of this sort finds people admiring works which have nothing but color, sentiment, drawing, and composition to recommend them, what will he do? He will write an article *en colère*, as the Paris newsboys used to say when they advertised a particularly ferocious essay in “Le Père Duchêne.” He will protest that every one who likes what he does not like is “an oaf and an affected puppy.” He will remember that he does not like blue china either, and he will lump all his aversions under that useful head. He will bethink him—and this is the moment when the angry critic is oddest and most amusing—that he is very righteous, and that all persons who like what he dislikes must be very wicked. He will draw the conclusion that some unlucky picture, by some unfortunate painter, is sapping the moral strength of the nation; and then he will rant in the most absurd way, and think he has done his duty as an æsthetic critic.

Mr. Ruskin is perhaps partly responsible for all these sermons out of place. Mr. Ruskin generally, if not always, likes the pictures that the moralist who thunders against blue china dislikes. He hates the pictures that the moralist admires. But his method is just the same, though the victims are different. He is just as likely to call the harmless painters of whom he does not approve “dishonest,” “sensual,” “corrupt,” “devilish,” etc., as the preacher from the opposite pulpit is to scream “morbid,” “affected,” “un-English,” “unmanly,” “debasing,” “corrupting,” “blue china.” We are born into a pharisaical period, and we must take the consequences of the situation. Some of the zeal that finds eternal fault with porcelain is of the sort displayed by the apostle who denounced *alabastra*. Meanwhile the price of the peccant article does not fall in the market. Perhaps people who liked blue china when it was innocent like it better now it is criminal. Already it is difficult to sin on less than five thousand pounds a year. Soon millionaires will have the vicious passion all to themselves, like deer-stalking.

The Saturday Review.

MR. BROWNING'S DRAMATIC IDYLS.*

THIS is by far the best book which Mr. Browning has published for many years. Though not reaching the level of his "Men and Women," or of the finest portions of "The Ring and the Book," it has many passages full of his characteristic power, and except where a rough style gives dramatic force to the sketch, as in the picture of John Bunyan's penitents, Ned Bratts and his wife, nothing at all of the truculent ugliness, the ostentatious broken-windedness of his latest gasping style of English verse. Of course, his subjects are, as usual with Mr. Browning, startling subjects. He not only loves to flash his weird figures upon the imagination with all the suddenness and abruptness of a magic lantern, but to present you with a subject that takes your breath away as much by the singularity of its attitude as by the suddenness of its appearance. He rejects purposely the shading and the moral atmosphere which make the grimmest subjects seem natural when they are given in connection with all the conditions of their history and origin, for his object is to make you see the wonder of the world, rather than its harmony, or the context which, partly at least, explains it. But assuming, as the critic always must assume, the poet's special bent and genius, there is nothing specially harsh in this volume, and much that is really powerful, while the harshest pictures in it are lent a touch of grandeur by the purpose which penetrates the life portrayed.

We do not take great interest in the first or second of the Idyls. The picture of Martin Relph's remorse for his cowardice, or other motive only half-understood even by himself, in not having stayed the execution of an innocent woman by shouting out that he saw the messenger arriving with the reprieve, is somewhat too vague and unfinished to be interesting. The man hardly knows what his own guilt was, or whether he really was guilty of anything but unreadiness of nature; nor is the confusion in his mind which has grown up since the fatal day as to what it is of which he accuses himself, painted with sufficient force to make the picture interesting from that point of view. For a very different reason we can not admire Mr. Browning's "Pheidippides"—the idyl whose subject is the great runner, who took to Sparta within two days the news of the Persian invasion, and came back only to announce the coldness and jealousy of the Spartans, and their willingness to leave Athens to her

fate. The chief point of the legend is the story that Pheidippides came upon the god Pan—the god of Arcadian and pastoral pleasures—in the course of his race, and received from the god a promise to assist Athens in the coming struggle, and a remonstrance with the Athenians for not having hitherto paid Pan due honors. This is a raw sort of legend, which needs poetic manipulation and motive to give it anything like beauty or force. Mr. Browning lends it none, but tells it in its bareness, without any effort to show what there was in the Arcadian goat-god—the god who was supposed to inspire those sudden, wild passions of fear, called panic-fear, such as seized Persia at Marathon—which would specially lead him to favor Athens, the most accomplished and least merely naturalistic of the states of Greece, or to fight in her ranks against the invading Persian. The theme might have been made poetical, but needs poetic motive to render it so. Mr. Browning has not attempted this, and the legend, in his versification of it, remains as wanting in artistic wholeness as it is in the gossipy story of Herodotus.

The first of these Idyls which strikes us as fully worthy of Mr. Browning is the fine story, reminding us of Emily Brontë and the figures in "Wuthering Heights," of the father and son, Halbert and Hob—two wild North-England savages who agreed to live and growl at each other, till at last the passion in them broke loose in the scene described in the following idyl:

"HALBERT AND HOB.

"Here is a thing that happened. Like wild beasts
whelped, for den,
In a wild part of North England, there lived once
two wild men
Inhabiting one homestead, neither a hovel nor hut,
Time out of mind their birthright: father and son,
these—but—
Such a son, such a father! Most wildness by de-
grees
Softens away: yet, last of their line, the wildest
and worst were these.
Criminals, then? Why, no: they did not murder
and rob;
But, give them a word, they returned a blow—old
Halbert as young Hob:
Harsh and fierce of word, rough and savage of
deed,
Hated or feared the more—who knows? the gen-
uine wild-beast breed.

* Dramatic Idyls. By Robert Browning. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

"Thus were they found by the few sparse folk of
the country-side;

But how fared each with other? E'en beasts
couch, hide by hide,
In a growling, grudging agreement: so, father and
son lay curled
The closelier up in their den because the last of
their kind in the world.

"Still, beast irks beast on occasion. One Christmas
night of snow,
Came father and son to words—such words! more
cruel because the blow
To crown each word was wanting, while taunt
matched gibe, and curse
Competed with oath in wager, like pastime in hell
—nay, worse:

For pastime turned to earnest, as up there sprang
at last
The son at the throat of the father, seized him and
held him fast.

"'Out of this house you go!'—(there followed a
hIDEOUS oath)—

'This oven where now we bake, too hot to hold
us both!

If there's snow outside, there's coolness: out with
you, bide a spell

In the drift and save the sexton the charge of a
parish shell!'

"Now, the old trunk was tough, was solid as stump
of oak

Untouched at the core by a thousand years: much
less had its seventy broke

One whipcord nerve in the muscly mass from neck
to shoulder-blade

Of the mountainous man, whereon his child's rash
hand like a feather weighed.

"Nevertheless at once did the mammoth shut his
eyes,

Drop chin to breast, drop hands to sides, stand
stiffened—arms and thighs

All of a piece—struck mute, much as a sentry
stands,

Patient to take the enemy's fire: his captain so
commands.

"Whereat the son's wrath flew to fury at such sheer
scorn

Of his puny strength by the giant eld thus acting
the babe new-born:

And 'Neither will this turn serve!' yelled he.
'Out with you! Trundle, log!

If you can not tramp and trudge like a man, try
all-fours like a dog!'

"Still the old man stood mute. So, logwise—down
to floor

Pulled from his fireside place, dragged on from
hearth to door—

Was he pushed, a very log, staircase along, until
A certain turn in the steps was reached, a yard
from the house-door-sill.

"Then the father opened his eyes—each spark of
their rage extinct—

Temples, late black, dead-blanced—right hand
with left hand linked—

He faced his son submissive; when slow the ac-
cents came,

They were strangely mild, though his son's rash
hand on his neck lay all the same.

"'Halbert, on such a night of a Christmas long ago,
For such a cause, with such a gesture, did I drag
—so—

My father down thus far; but, softening here, I
heard

A voice in my heart, and stopped: you wait for an
outer word.

"'For your own sake, not mine, soften you too!
Untrod

Leave this last step we reach, nor brave the finger
of God!

I dared not pass its lifting: I did well. I nor
blame

Nor praise you. I stopped here: Halbert, do you
the same!'

"Straightway the son relaxed his hold of the fa-
ther's throat.

They mounted, side by side, to the room again;
no note

Took either of each, no sign made each to either;
last

As first, in absolute silence, their Christmas-night
they passed.

"At dawn, the father sate on, dead, in the self-same
place

With an outburst blackening still the old, bad
fighting-face:

But the son crouched all a-tremble like any lamb
new-yeaned.

"When he went to the burial, some one's staff he
borrowed—tottered and leaned.

But his lips were loose, not locked—kept mutter-
ing, mumbling. 'There:

At his cursing and swearing, the youngsters cried;
but the elders thought, 'In prayer.'

A boy threw stones: he picked them up and
stored them in his vest.

"So tottered, muttered, mumbled he, till he died,
perhaps found rest.

'Is there a reason in nature for these hard hearts?'
O Lear,

That a reason out of nature must turn them soft,
seems clear!'

The closing couplet throws out this grim picture
in fine relief against that "reason in nature"
which transmitted so hard and savage a disposi-
tion from father to son, and from son to son's
son, and also against that "reason out of na-
ture" which touched in turn both father and son
with a softening remorse for their unfilial passion
—the father more spontaneously, but with little
effect on his subsequent life; the son only through

his father's recollection, but with a transforming effect on his subsequent life.

The Russian idyl, "Ivàn Ivànovitch," on the old subject of the mother who threw three of her babies to the pursuing wolves in order to save her own life, is also very grim and powerful, especially in its ending—the calm execution of the wretched creature by the self-possessed hero of her village, the Russian peasant who first hears her tale, and discerns the truth of the matter in spite of the unfortunate mother's attempt to falsify the facts, and make it appear that she had endeavored to guard her children from the wolves by her own body. Ivàn Ivànovitch takes upon himself to judge that for a mother who, whether from panic or selfishness, had acted thus unnaturally, to survive her terrible deed, would be intolerable for all, herself included; that the only fitting thing to do with a life thus reeking of memories utterly unnatural to a woman and a mother was to extinguish it with as little delay as possible, so as to leave the least possible stain on the traditions of a world which, without true mothers—nay, without the overruling and peremptory instincts which can alone make true mothers—would soon cease to be a human world at all. We can give but the short passage in which this deed of judgment is narrated, and that in which, after the inquest held by the village, Ivàn is told that he is acquitted of all guilt, an acquittal which he coldly accepts as a matter of course:

"Down she sank. Solemnly
Ivàn rose, raised his axe—for fitly, as she knelt,
Her head lay: well apart, each side, her arms
hung—dealt,
Lightning-swift, thunder-strong, one blow—no
need of more!
Headless she knelt on still: that pine was sound
at core
(Neighbors were used to say)—cast-iron-kerneled
—which
Taxed for a second stroke Ivàn Ivànovitch.
The man was scant of words as strokes. 'It had
to be:
I could no other: God it was bade "Act for
me!"'
Then stooping, peering round—what is it now he
lacks?
A proper strip of bark wherewith to wipe his axe.
Which done, he turns, goes in, closes the door be-
hind.
The others mute remain, watching the blood-snake
wind
Into a hiding-place among the splinter-heaps.

"So while the youngers raised the corpse, the elders trooped
Silently to the house: where, halting, some one
stooped,

Listened beside the door; all there was silent,
too.
Then they held counsel; then pushed door, and,
passing through,
Stood in the murderer's presence.

Ivàn Ivànovitch

Knelt, building on the floor that Kremlin rare and
rich
He defily cut and carved on lazy winter nights.
Some five young faces watched, breathlessly, as,
to rights,
Piece upon piece, he reared the fabric nigh com-
plete.
Stèscha, Ivàn's old mother, sat spinning by the
heat
Of the oven where his wife Kàtia stood baking
bread.
Ivàn's self, as he turned his honey-colored head,
Was just in act to drop, 'twixt fir-cones—each a
dome—
The scooped-out yellow gourd presumably the
home
Of Kolokol the Big: the bell, therein to hitch—
An acorn-cup—was ready: Ivàn Ivànovitch
Turned with it in his mouth.

They told him he
was free
As air to walk abroad. 'How otherwise?' asked
he."

This is, on the whole, decidedly the finest of these idyls. It paints a grandeur of unhesitating, calm self-reliance in the village hero such as is hardly conceivable in our world of doubts and scruples, and paints, too, the clearness and coldness and freedom from all liability to agitation which would be the only possible conditions of such Draconic rigor of purpose.

And the closing idyl, the picture of Bunyan's brazen converts, the bad Bedford innkeeper, Ned Bratts and his wife, who, in the vivacity of the impression made upon them by the "Pilgrim's Progress," rush into court to confess a long list of crimes and murders, and to demand immediate judgment and execution while their repentance lasts, is also drawn with Mr. Browning's most vigorous, not to say violent, strokes. The painting makes less impression on us than that of the Russian peasant's calm and inflexible erasure, as it were, of the stained and miserable mother's life from the life of earth, just because the later sketch is so violent and the characters so strange a compound of flowers of sulphur and flowers of grace. There is something of the dignity of sculpture in the idyl of Ivàn Ivànovitch—nothing but the most violent contrasts of color in the weird picture of the conquest of grace over coarse cravings and vulgar lusts. Yet even here the glimpse given of Bunyan himself has true grandeur. "Tab," Ned Bratts's wife, is giving her account of her visit to the poet-tinker in his prison to reproach him, as she intended, for re-

fusing to let his blind daughter supply her and her husband, as usual, with the stout laces which Bunyan was accustomed to make in his prison :

“ ‘She takes it in her head to come no more—such airs

These hussies have ! Yet, since we need a stout-ish lace—

‘I’ll to the jail-bird father, abuse her to his face !’

So, first I filled a jug to give me heart, and then,

Primed to the proper pitch, I posted to their den—

Patmore—they style their prison ! I tip the turn-key, catch

My heart up, fix my face, and fearless lift the latch—

Both arms a-kimbo, in bounce with a good round oath

Ready for rapping out : no “Lawks” nor “By my troth !”

There sat my man, the father. He looked up : what one feels

When heart that leaped to mouth drops down again to heels !

He raised his hand . . . Hast seen, when drinking out the night,

And, in the day, earth grow another something quite

Under the sun’s first stare ? I stood a very stone.

“Woman !” (a fiery tear he put in every tone)

“How should my child frequent your house where lust is sport,

Violence—trade ? Too true ! I trust no vague report.

Her angel’s hand, which stops the sight of sin, leaves clear

The other gate of sense, lets outrage through the ear.

What has she heard !—which, heard, shall never be again.

Better lack food than feast, a Dives in the—wain

Or reign or train—of Charles !” (His language was not ours :

’Tis my belief, God spoke : no tinker has such powers.)

“Bread, only bread they bring—my laces : if we broke

Your lump of leavened sin, the loaf’s first crumb would choke !”

Down on my marrow-bones ! Then all at once rose he :

His brown hair burst a-spread, his eyes were suns to see :

Up went his hands : “Through flesh, I reach, I read thy soul !

So may some stricken tree look blasted, bough and bole,

Champed by the fire-tooth, charred without, and yet thrice bound,

With dremint about, within may life be found, A prisoned power to branch and blossom as before,

Could but the gardener cleave the cloister, reach the core,

Loosen the vital sap : yet where shall help be found ?

Who says, ‘How save it ?’—nor ‘Why cumbers it the ground ?’

Woman, that tree art thou ? All sloughed about with scurf,

Thy stag-horns fright the sky, thy snake-roots sting the turf !

Drunkenness, wantonness, theft, murder, gnash and gnarl

Thine outward, case thy soul with coating like the marle

Satan stamps flat upon each head beneath his hoof !

And how deliver such ? The strong men keep aloof,

Lover and friend stand far, the mocking ones pass by,

Tophet gapes wide for prey : lost soul, despair and die !

What then ? ‘Look unto me and be ye saved !’ saith God ;

‘I strike the rock, outstreets the life-stream at my rod !

Be your sins scarlet, wool shall they seem like—although

As crimson red, yet turn white as the driven snow !”

There, there, there ! All I seem to somehow understand

Is—that, if I reached home, ’twas through the guiding hand

Of his blind girl, which led and led me through the streets,

And out of town and up to door again. What greets

First thing my eye, as limbs recover from their swoon ?

A Book—this Book she gave at parting. “Father’s boon—

The Book he wrote : it reads as if he spoke himself :

He can not preach in bonds, so—take it down from shelf

When you want counsel—think you hear his very voice !”

That is not what “Tab” would have said. It is Tab’s thought distilled through Mr. Browning’s mind. But it is powerful with the kind of power to which Mr. Browning accustomed us in years long past, before he condensed his verse into a rasping, short-hand style of his own, and wrapped up his meaning in metaphysical innuendoes. Of these new dramatic Idyls, three at least will live, if not quite on a level with the best of his weird, imaginative works, still by virtue of a kind of power which no other writer in our language could have imparted to them—by the vividness of their own life, and the subtilty of their own significance.

The Spectator.

THE QUEEN'S PRIVATE APARTMENTS AT WINDSOR.

ON the occasion of the marriage of the Duke of Connaught and the Princess Margaret of Prussia it was remarked in St. George's Hall that a very small proportion of the invited guests penetrated beyond that elegant, if narrow, apartment. There was not much to complain of, so far as picturesque surroundings went, nor as to wedding-cake and creature-comforts of a more substantial character. The hospitality of Windsor Castle—when it is dispensed—is on the most liberal scale: the sherry is nearly as good as that private and particular bin at the Carlton Club which makes the Reform to burn with envy; and if there were any shortcomings, as there are none, the magnificent buffet of gold plate, with Tippoo Sultan's golden tiger's head with the movable tongue, would atone for them all. St. George's Hall certainly looks its best when occupied by a grand banquet, one of those celebrations for which the matchless gold plate is brought out, the service for a hundred and eighty persons, with six plates for each one, the like of which the world can not furnish. Nothing in the way of a banquet can exceed the magnificence of these spectacles; the massive splendor of the great golden centerpieces being relieved by the sparkle of diamonds, the soft radiance of pearls, the gleam of satin and scarlet. On the 13th of March the long room was made narrower than it is in fact by being converted into a buffet for the entertainment of the larger number of invited guests, who partook of their railway-station kind of meal while the real wedding-breakfast was celebrated in the private dining-room, within the *enceinte* of the peculiarly sacred royal apartments. This distinction marks sharply enough the difference between guests royal and guests who are only "distinguished," yet not distinguished enough to be invited to sign the marriage-certificate of royalty. The state apartments, as they are called, of Windsor Castle are as open to the public almost as Chatsworth. When the court is absent from Windsor—an ample space of every year—any of her Majesty's liege subjects, by going through the mere form of calling at a stationer's shop and asking for a ticket, may view some of the finest rooms and nearly all the finest pictures in Windsor Castle. Fortified with a yellow-hued piece of paper, like the gold checks sought for in New York in the days when greenbacks were plentiful, but unproductive of much in the way of food or clothing, the visitor may view the staircase on which state receptions take place.

At the times when he is allowed to see it there is not much adventitious aid from shrubs and flowers, and the nickname of "the King's Swimming-bath" will be recognized as curiously appropriate. In the old ballroom he may feast his eyes on a series of Vandycks, equally valuable as artistic triumphs and historic relics; and in the State Drawing-room may see, among other portraits of the house of Hanover, that of "Fred, who was alive, but now is dead"; of which much-belied prince—the father of George III.—it may "be said" that, unlike his father, who hated "boets and bainters," he had a keen taste for the arts, and collected many of the finest pictures, including the Rubenses, which now adorn Windsor. He may also inspect the Waterloo Chamber, used as a dining-room for the members of the household, and admire its resemblance to the cabin of a ship; due, it is said, to the taste of his late Majesty King William IV.; and the St. George's banqueting-hall, already alluded to. If he be a connoisseur in furniture and decoration, he may marvel at the wonderful Gouthier cabinet, of such finely sculptured ormolu that he will hesitate whether to appraise its value at ten or fifteen thousand pounds, and will go home to look upon those he has bought for hundreds with loathing and dismay. Superb wood-carving, by Grinling Gibbons, will challenge his admiration in the Presence Chamber; and after inspecting the Albert and St. George's Chapels, and enjoying the splendid sylvan scenery from the windows, he will go into the outer air impressed with a conviction that he has seen a royal palace which may, in many respects, compare advantageously even with Fontainebleau. It is true that the latter is, from the practice of leaving many of the apartments untouched, almost a school of decorative art; but so far as pictures and rare pieces of furniture are concerned, the French palace is far inferior to English Windsor.

Yet he will not have seen the actual dwelling of the sovereign of this realm any more than if he had been at Fontainebleau; for there is a region beyond that brought under his ken into which he may not penetrate except as a guest of the Queen, or by express permission, very rarely granted. If he be honored with an invitation to Windsor Castle, he will be admirably bestowed; for, besides the magnificent apartments assigned to royal guests, there are snug quarters for those of lower but still distinguished rank. In no pal-

ace in Europe are more elegant and convenient rooms for guests of every degree than in Windsor Castle. They are, it is true, difficult to find; and the castle will become a still more agreeable place of sojourn than it is when some topographic genius has laid down a map of the inhabited part of it. At present it would be simply maddening, were there not pages always civil and eager to capture the hapless wayfarer who has lost himself in interminable corridors, and worn out his patience in trying to find the right flight of stairs. Beyond the spacious apartments assigned recently to the King and Queen of the Belgians and their suite are delightful rooms in the Round Tower and other portions of the earlier structure of the castle. Those usually occupied by the Crown Princess of Prussia are beautiful in the extreme, rich and snug at the same time, made warm and pleasant with glowing tapestry, and retaining a deliciously habitable air. The line of the Round and adjacent towers gives a pleasing quaintness to the shape of the rooms, which, of a necessity, are portions of the sectors of an irregular circle. There are numerous many-angled rooms in this part of the castle, with windows deeply embayed in the thickness of the wall; apartments warm and comfortable in winter and deliciously cool in summer, and all delightfully furnished and hung with paintings and engravings, rich and rare, quaint and curious. For the most part, the royal and guest apartments are cut off from the rest of the castle by the great corridor, which can only be approached through the hall in which sit the pages, the depositories of the topographic lore of the castle—the corps of guides, in fact. This great corridor is one of the wonders of Windsor, and is yet so singularly constructed that its treasures can hardly be seen except on a very bright day. It is of immense length, but narrow, according, as Prince Paul says in “*La Grande Duchesse*,” to *l’habitude des couloirs*, and is the main artery of the system of private apartments of state and simple residence. A day or two might be spent pleasantly in this corridor alone, although the side light is ill adapted for displaying the pictures, among which are the masterpieces of Canaletto, full of air and light, and superb specimens of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney; portraits of Pitt and other statesmen, of soldiers and princes, and one of Lord Thurlow absolutely priceless. Beneath the pictures stand busts of celebrated persons, groups in bronze, and a great wealth of cabinets in ebony, ormolu, old buhl, and that antique Oriental work which made the Japanese ambassadors wild with envy when they saw it on the occasion of their visit. In cabinets and cases of all shapes and kinds are hundreds of pieces of *pâte tendre* of

the best period of Sèvres, forming part of that famous collection made by the “wicked Marquis” for his luxurious master, King George IV. of sacred memory. Before the specimens of *bleu du roi*, *vert pomme*, *œil de perdrix*, and *rose Pompadour*, the china maniac stands transfixed, until his attention is directed to some marvelous old Chelsea, which recalls his mind to the fact that Butcher Cumberland, as he was ridiculously called, not only converted a swamp into the beautiful lake known as Virginia Water, and a common country race-meeting into royal Ascot, but founded the old Chelsea porcelain-works. Between the cabinets and busts stand vases of old Chinese and Japanese ware, any one of which would be the lion of a sale at Christie’s; but so high is the tone of decoration here that they only seem in keeping with the general effect.

Opening on the great corridor is a suite of drawing-rooms all luxuriously furnished—not in what is now considered as artistic taste—and glowing with rich hues. These rooms contain some of the best work of various kinds ever produced. The White Drawing-room, which is not yellow like that of similar name at Buckingham Palace, and is entered through doors which close as exactly and noiselessly as those of a cabinet, is decorated (as its name implies) mainly in white and gold, in the later style of Louis Seize; fine carvings, heavily gilt, standing out boldly from a white ground. This handsome room, looking from a great bay-window over the Home Park, is not cumbered with furniture, but a couple of Gouthier cabinets in it could hardly be matched in Europe, Russia not excepted. The talk of Windsor assesses their value at ten thousand pounds; but their perfection, like that of the bronzes, the candelabra, and other ornaments, passes description. Two of the pictures which adorn the walls of the White Drawing-room represent the Queen and the late Prince Consort at the period of their wedding. The bridegroom wears a rifleman’s dress of dark green, and is every inch of him the “ideal knight.” Young, handsome, elegant, and strong, altogether as unlike the middle-aged gentleman whom persons now middle-aged themselves recollect as jolting along on his high-trotting horse as can well be imagined. The high-trotter was an ordinance of the physician, and doubtless afforded much healthy exercise; but the faithful and energetic animal was an uncompromising enemy of the Graces. There are in this room also fine pictures of Queen Charlotte in a red dress; of Frederick Prince of Wales, by Ramsay; and of the present Prince of Wales as a child, by Winterhalter, whose eminently courtly pictures, interesting of course from the subjects they represent, are irritating when considered as works of art. Rich in mosaics and in

the magnificent porcelain plaques with which the Gouthier cabinets are inlaid, the White Drawing-room charms the eye, except when it is cast down on the rich velvet-pile carpet, designed in the atrocious taste of thirty or forty years ago, when people were made to walk on rose-bushes and hollyhocks, and a thousand gay colors stared upward from the floor.

Next to the little used White Drawing-room is the Green Drawing-room, with great panels of green flowered satin let into the walls. The rich hangings and handsome furniture, even the superb fireplace, of this central drawing-room, are lost sight of in the great wealth of Sèvres contained in the various cabinets. The quantity of this rare porcelain is almost as remarkable as its quality—most important of all, the service made for Louis XVI., which afterward became the property of George IV. No such set of *bleu du roi* exists elsewhere. The color is absolutely perfect, and the paintings are by the most eminent hands ever employed at the royal porcelain manufactory. This wonderful service is not overdone with the blaze of color and the rich, heavy gilding peculiar to Sèvres. Inside the gilt rim, with its inner band of *bleu du roi*, is a plain white zone, within which is the picture framed as it were in plain gold. There is another peculiarity about this grand service—it is complete, with the very trifling exception of a couple of plates, broken or stolen in the time of George IV., who sometimes used part of it at breakfast. Stray plates and other pieces purporting to have formed part of this famous set find their way from time to time into auction-rooms, and fetch enormous prices; but the only theory that can be set up concerning them is that they are rejected pieces, for the whole service at Windsor is complete, with the exception noted, as supplied to the French King. Other wonderful pieces of Sèvres are ensconced in the cabinets of the Green Drawing-room—services decorated with flowers and with animals, and divinely painted. There are *garnitures de cheminée* and huge bowls by dozens, all of the very finest kind and the best period, the later days of Louis XV. and the early ones of his hapless successor. Connoisseurs skilled in china have estimated the value of the contents of the Green Drawing-room at two hundred thousand pounds—but this must be as rough an estimate as that of the famous gold plate, said to be worth millions, and which certainly does weigh seven tons at the least. Beyond this drawing-room the Queen rarely goes, except on the occasion of a state dinner, when the Royal Dining-room in the Prince of Wales's Tower is occupied. The Crimson Drawing-room is generally occupied by the ladies and gentlemen of the household, and

to eyes greedy of color is more attractive than either the Green or White rooms. Crimson satin glows on the walls and on the furniture, and throws into strong relief the magnificent malachite vase, presented to the Queen by the late Emperor Nicholas of Russia, and several beautiful cabinets inlaid with Florentine mosaic. Here, too, is the grand piano-forte on which the Queen received her first lessons, as well as a bevy of Winterhalters, and a good portrait of the Duke of Kent by Beechy.

Immediately beyond this crimson room is the Royal Dining-room, only used on state occasions, and capable of accommodating a large party of guests. Everything in this apartment is in the simplest possible style. Plain gilt moldings and handsome rosewood form its only decoration, excepting the wine-cooler designed by Flaxman for George IV. when Prince Regent. This extraordinary work is several feet in length, and may be described as a Capo di Monte tureen translated into silver-gilt. Bacchanalian groups dance round its "swelling port"; fruit, reptiles, and animals cling to the rim; and the common objects of the seashore incrust the base. How such a richly confused work of art was evolved from the severe imagination of Flaxman must for ever remain a mystery, like the precise loss of hard cash that its production entailed upon everybody who had anything to do with it. Happily it was not so fatal as the Albert Memorial, which killed everybody at first concerned with it; but this punch-bowl, or wine-cooler, or font, or pap-boat—for it has served every one of these purposes—was a serious enough matter in its day. This, however, is not the dining-room occupied daily by the Queen. At the other end of the corridor, just over the Queen's entrance to the castle, is an octagonal room, sober in tone and plain almost to the exaggeration of plainness in its decoration. Lined with oak, it contains only three objects of a pictorial character. Two of these are in Gobelins tapestry, and represent the appetizing subject of a boar-hunt. The third is of quite another character; it is a portrait painted only the other day by the Baron von Angeli, whose picture of the Crown Princess created so much sensation in the exhibition of the Royal Academy three or four years since. It is the triumph of almost brutal realism. From the widow's-cap to the clasped hand it is the positive but unflattering likeness of the Queen, and preferred by her on that account above all other of her portraits. It is the antithesis of a Winterhalter—the work of a painter after the Protector Cromwell's own heart. Not only is every feature painted in with its defects exaggerated, its harder lines intensified, but even the shade of complexion is strengthened. It might be said to

be the portrait of a monarch painted by a republican. Yet it is the favorite of the Queen, and hangs immediately above and behind the chair she habitually occupies at dinner and luncheon, thus challenging almost perpetual comparison. In this cruel piece of realism the Queen wears rather her stately than her ordinary look, but the position and painting of the hands are simply masterly. It is in this Oak-room, or in her private sitting-room overlooking the Long Walk, that the Queen gets through the routine work of her exalted position during her residence at

Windsor. This Oak-room is, like all the truly private apartments at Windsor, completely shut in from the more public part of the castle, and can only be approached from the Grand Corridor. At Windsor, indeed, that most magnificent of royal residences, the problem is completely solved how to attend with the utmost severity to public business, to conduct a royal pageant on a scale which throws the festivities of Berlin and St. Petersburg into the shade, and to secure at a moment's notice the most perfect seclusion.

Time.

THE ROSE OF LOVE.

'Twas but a rose—he gave it me ;
 Ah ! it was more than any rose ;
 A year that comes, a year that goes,
 May bring no sweeter mystery.

As nun, with faith's own prayer, I gave
 The inmost of my soul for this,
 Nor ever dreamed that soul could miss
 The answer that my faith did crave.

Each leaf was leaf of love's own book ;
 I read it o'er and o'er again ;
 'Twas joy that never felt a pain—
 So love lives in a touch or look.

'Twas but a rose—and roses fade ;
 I never learned this in the morn ;
 The sun of life, with golden scorn,
 Ne'er taught me how a rose was made.

And so all day I read my rose ;
 O sweet, sweet rose of tender hue,
 No year makes sweeter things than you—
 But summer comes, and summer goes.

They say the bee-sting in the heart
 Of rarest flower may sometime be ;
 My rose had hid it deep from me,
 Or else my love was thing apart.

And roses fall ; so pale and brown
 My rose became. Did Love go free ?
 And did he fly from thee and me ?—
 I threw the scentless blossom down.

But surely, when the year comes round,
 The summer-time with roses sweet,
 Then Love again my love will greet,
 And roses grow from love's death-wound.

MARIE LE BARON.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

REFLECTION OF NATIONAL CHARACTER IN LITERATURE AND ART.

A RECENT number of the "Quarterly Review" contained an article entitled "Reflection of English Character in English Art," in which certain charges made by Mr. Gladstone against the national disposition are met by the assertion that they are unfounded from the fact that the evil deplored is entirely absent from the art and literature of the country. The dominant faculty of any people will always be found, the "Quarterly" writer believes, in the unconscious tendencies of popular taste. He argues as follows :

History is made up of politics, and in England, wherever there are politics, there is passion. The political action of a nation is doubtless the index of its character, but where the nature of its action is disputed, as at present, we must endeavor to find a clew to its character in some other quarter. Such a clew may, we think, be obtained by examining the tendencies of popular taste. The character of every great nation is reflected indirectly in its art and literature, as well as directly in its history. Poets, painters, sculptors, musicians, and architects show us the thoughts that pass through the mind of a people, and embody in an ideal form the objects that appear to it most noble, or beautiful, or worthy of pursuit. Art, again, shows the most sensitive sympathy with every social change which a nation undergoes. If, therefore, we can discover any masterful tendencies in our contemporary art, which can only be explained by the predominant influence of what is known to be a strong national passion, and, if these are also found to coexist with analogous forces in the political world, then we shall be able to form a much more satisfactory judgment as to the nature of our ruling passion than if we were to draw our conclusion from politics alone.

First, then, we may say with certainty that, if contemporary English art afford any indication of the dominant passion imputed to the nation by Liberal critics, or of any other absorbing and exclusive principle of life, it will be as untrue to the spirit of its traditions as Mr. Gladstone thinks the English people is to the spirit of the Constitution described by Pitt. What distinguishes English literature, for instance, is its balance of liberty and authority.

And now to apply the conclusions at which we have arrived. A dispute has arisen as to the true character of the English people. Mr. Gladstone has imparted to the world his own conception of that character. The assumption on which his argument proceeds is, that the Tories are making England false to her mission by flattering her dominant passion for extended empire. That this really is her dominant passion he does not attempt to prove by any evidence beyond his simple assertion: "The sentiment of empire may be called innate in every Briton. It is part of our patrimony, born with our birth; dying only with our death; incorporating itself in the first elements of our knowledge, and interwoven with all our habits of mental action upon public affairs." If this be so, it is morally certain

that this master tendency will display itself in our art, and we have accordingly sought for traces of its influence in our painting, our drama, and our fiction. The leading imaginative characteristics of a people, prompted by their genius in the manner supposed by Mr. Gladstone, are obvious. Coarse and vulgar as the instinct of material aggrandizement may be, it at least requires to be nourished on ideas of vehement action and extended imagination. We should expect in our painters the vigorous movement of Rubens, or the brutal force of Caravaggio; in our dramatists, the splendid extravagance of Marlowe; in our novelists, the romantic conceptions, though not the tasteful execution, of Scott. With the idea, too, of empire are inseparably associated ideas of central authority, such as those which are expressed with so much majesty in the "*Æneid*." But what have we found, in fact, to be the characteristic features of modern English art? Domesticity, as shown in the almost exclusive devotion of our painting to *genre* subjects, in the prosaic tone of our drama, and in the narrow range of our fiction.

The relation of literature and art to the prevailing tendencies of a people is certainly an interesting study, but, so far from this relation being either complete or trustworthy, a wide gulf, to our mind, really separates the great body of the community from all forms of æsthetic expression. Literature comes very much nearer to popular feeling than art does with all except the Latin races, and there have been periods when poets and painters have borne a measure of relation to popular tendencies, the poets sometimes fully and the painters to certain limited feelings and aspirations. But let us glance rapidly at art and literature as they stand to-day in their relations to popular taste.

In the United States there is really nothing in common between the people and our art, no common ground of sympathy or feeling, no common standard of judgment, no accepted base of appreciation or interchange of ideas. The art world is a world of its own, wherein the culture, the ideas, the aspirations, the purposes, are essentially different from those of the rest of the community. Even literary circles have for the most part little in common with art circles, poets and writers being generally a little more ignorant of art beyond its historical phase, and more indifferent to it, than any other class. Artists here simply address each other, and a small circle of admirers. The throngs that gather at the exhibitions, and the reports of art matters in the newspapers, do not disprove what we are saying, for people have a childlike fondness for pictures, and are always amused by illustrated periodicals or collections of story-telling paintings. American painters are commonly cautious, conventional, simple-minded, with no theatrical fondness for sensation or extravagance, loving their art in its minor chords, so to speak; appreciating delicacy and purity of expression much more than stirring action. Our people, on the other hand, are bold and restless, full of invention, de-

lighting in novelty, ambitious for great successes, audacious in conception, and inclined to emphasis and exaggeration in all that they utter. Judging from our national characteristics, we should show in our art, according to the "Quarterly Review," "the vigorous movement of Rubens"; in our dramatists, "the splendid extravagance of Marlowe"; in our novelists, "the romantic conceptions, though not the tasteful execution, of Scott." How completely the reverse of all this our painting, our stage, and our fiction are we all know full well. Our people, indeed, do not expect either art or literature to reflect their feelings or to express the passions that agitate them. It is true that literature has in a few instances influenced and even led strong currents of feeling, but at this moment there is neither a writer nor a painter in the land with any conspicuous hold upon the affections of the people. This assertion needs to be modified somewhat for New England, and the Southern people have shown an active sympathy for a few of their writers; but for the most part our people are without a literature that in any just degree reveals their tendencies, represents their passions, or excites their sympathies, or one with which they feel any deep concern. Art amuses them a little, literature somewhat more, but both are looked upon as rather idle and practically worthless things, which may in some degree be supported, but which have very little place in the earnest interests of life.

While other peoples come nearer into relation with their art than we do, no community wholly does so. The domesticity shown in English productions of which the "Quarterly" speaks is but one side of the British mind. Britons scarcely less than ourselves are restless and ambitious; they push colonizing schemes into remote quarters; their ships penetrate every sea; they have shown, and are showing, immense audacity, enterprise, and a spirit of aggrandizement—all of which has some place in their writings, but scarcely any in their art. Recently English artists and writers have exhibited a great fondness for classical themes; the magazines are full of discussions of Greek topics, and the exhibitions are characterized by paintings of Greek and Roman scenes, and yet it would be difficult to imagine anything more radically opposed than is the rugged, picturesque, and barbaric English character to the refined Greek.

In France writers have often a great hold upon multitudes of people, but they usually do not reflect the sober instincts and conventional tendencies of the middle class, which is the major part of the community. Individuals of the *bourgeoise* flit through French fiction (mostly for purposes of satire), but its general tone and sentiment are far different from the prudent and sedate tastes of this class, particularly as found in the provinces. A few writers, such as André Theuriot, have given us glimpses of this middle class, but it is quite certain that French romantic literature as a whole depicts phases of life that are exceptional, and reflects characteristics that are only in a small degree national. French art is doubtless nearer to national character than either British or American

art; but painters like Corot and Millet have nothing in common with the attributes usually accredited to French character—with those painters extravagance and theatrical sensation being utterly unknown.

The fact is that the larger number of artists and writers are too often Bohemians, with erratic tastes and wholly independent modes of thought, and for these reasons, if for no other, are not always calculated by their natural bent to show the age and body of the time, its "form and pressure." It is clear, we think, that national character must not be sought for in art if we would measure its depth and reach with fullness, and that the English reviewer has done no more than to make a special and ingenious plea which is interesting and suggestive, but misleading.

TOWN SPACES AND TOWN GARDENS.

ARTISTS and architects are accustomed to deplore the rigid and mathematical laying out of the streets in the upper part of New York, affirming that by the plan pursued suitable sites or spaces for grand structures are unattainable. Were it at any time desired to erect a cathedral upon the scale of that of Cologne, it would be impossible, we are told, unless, as was done with the Grand Central Depot, streets are closed and taken possession of for the purpose. Depth is possible, as some blocks are from seven to eight hundred feet long, but the width between each cross-street is not more than two hundred feet, less than half the width of St. Peter's at Rome. The new Roman Catholic Cathedral, recently dedicated, occupies one entire square, yet it is only half the length of St. Peter's, and if it covered the whole width of the square, it would be over thirty feet narrower than the cathedral at Cologne, or eighty-five feet less than the transept of St. Paul's, London. But as we could erect on the larger squares, should we ever desire to do so, cathedrals as big as Westminster Abbey, giving even more length if not greater width, we need not take our deficiencies in this particular very much to heart. As to sites, we are assured by certain critics that New York is wretchedly off, having nothing equal, for instance, to that of St. Paul's, London. It is true that the ground rises toward St. Paul's, and this may be the peculiar advantage it enjoys, for otherwise we do not see in what way its situation is superior to many sites in New York. The ground facing the public squares—the Battery, the City Hall Park, Union Square, Madison Square, Washington Square, Central Park—gives in many instances admirable sites for large buildings—but has not, unfortunately, often been selected for the purpose, while many imposing structures have been crowded into narrow streets. Good sites for buildings are by no means common in any city, some of the noblest structures in the world being hidden away among clustering houses that render a full view of them impossible. New York has generally too flat a surface, but otherwise we can not agree with the critics referred to that it

is worse off than cities generally. So far, however, it has signally failed to take possession of such advantages as its situation gives it.

The writers who complain of the lack of building sites dwell upon the waste spaces at the rear of the houses in the long blocks between the avenues. These spaces are declared to be of use solely for drying clothes; and one discontented person in the "American Architect" wants to see them thrown into small parks for the benefit and use of residents of houses bordering them. The rear yards of our dwellings are certainly far from being either as ornamental or rightly useful as they might be, but it would be unwise to curtail them. A little industry and taste would make them as elegant and pleasing as they are now distasteful. In old times the rear yard in New York was a very different thing from what it is now. The lots were all twenty-five feet wide, instead of as now from twelve to twenty; the houses were not usually more than forty-five feet deep; and hence there was a space big enough for a play-ground for children and for grass and flowers. These old-fashioned yards had usually vigorous grape-vines that clambered over framework to the upper stories of the house; there were flowering shrubs, sometimes fruit-trees, roses, geraniums, and other flowers; a well-kept grass-plot ornamented their center. What has become of these semi-rural spots—little green and charming spaces where children sported, and even sometimes afternoon tea was served? The rear spaces are not so large as they once were, houses now being deeper and on narrower lots, and such space as exists is for the most part in disorder. The grass-plot is worn and neglected; a few bushes and vines struggle for existence, and perhaps a lonely geranium tries to brighten the picture with a blossom or two. Taste and care are all that are needed to make these rear spaces fair and beautiful to see. Wonders can be done in the way of flowers in a very small area. Even a window-sill can be made radiant with beauty. The disposition to turn things to good account is the great point, without which no change of plan will accomplish the desired result. No doubt rear yards are neglected on account of our custom of frequently changing residences; but perhaps if people cultivated their gardens more, the inclination to move would be less marked. Landlords may take a hint from this, and realize that tasteful inclosures in the rear would have a money value as desirable features. A great deal is now being done in the way of encouraging household art. Ladies are covering their walls with painted china, their windows with strange devices in the way of curtains, their chair-backs with artistic embroidery. This mania to make the house beautiful might well be extended to all the surroundings, and work in the rear gardens might not only give us parterres of flowers to look at, but plant roses in the cheeks of the fair gardeners—a consummation in many cases devoutly to be wished. Will not our Society of Decorative Art and art schools for young women take up this subject, and instruct their pupils how to make beautiful the prospects that their win-

dows look out upon? A little time and a very little money would do it all. Let us hope to see vines clambering up every house-side, blossoms peering in at every window, verdure clothing every fence-line, art and taste transforming the present unsightliness into grace and beauty.

INCREASE OF MELANCHOLY.

THE lament comes from many quarters that over-civilization is making the educated classes despondent and melancholy. Weariness of life is eating, it is said, into the heart of society. The disease is intense in Russia, where a dreamy melancholy is described by all native writers as one of the features of cultured circles. It is a form of despondency that evinces itself in a disposition to brood over wrongs, and which lies, it is alleged, at the root of the present political disturbances. A similar melancholy, if we may believe certain writers, is spreading over England. The London "Spectator" has twice made the theme a topic for discussion. In Mr. James Payn's essay, "The Midway Inn," which the reader will find elsewhere in this number of the "Journal," the landlord of the inn, who is indulging in a monologue, declares "There is no such thing as high spirits anywhere," and thinks that the growth of education has destroyed all good fellowship. "Boys," he says, "are so crammed with information that when they grow up there is absolutely no room in them for a joke." A poet writes in the new magazine, "Time," of "The Age of Despair," and says:

Too far our race has journeyed from its birth;
Too far Death casts his shadow o'er the earth.

Ah, what remains to strengthen and support
Our hearts, since they have lost the trick of mirth?

Mr. Mallock has asked gravely, in a series of essays, "Is Life worth living?" and the German novelist Lindau ceaselessly harps in his stories on the emptiness and worthlessness of everything. Poets and romancists, however, have always been disposed to take despairing views of things, and melancholy has frequently been cultivated as a fashion. Young Arthur in "King John" exclaims:

" . . . when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night
Only for wantonness."

But this sort of affectation, is as old as human nature.

Is it solely for wantonness that sadness now over-spreads the world? The melancholy of the poets—that which the "Saturday Review" calls "Wertherism"—is doubtless a melancholy of the true Jaques characteristics—a whimsical egotism and selfish bitterness that finds its own praise by defaming the rest of mankind; but the sadness that comes over the world now seems to have arisen from mental strain, from excess of meditation and study. Years ago Emerson found in England numbers of "silent Greeks," men whose fastidious culture shrank from the collisions and contests of life, whose over-fastidiousness had paralyzed impulse and ambition, who

admired nothing and sought for nothing, because nothing could come up to the level of their lofty ideals. This indicates that scholarly melancholy is not a new thing, but has simply increased as education has extended to greater numbers.

Yet is it true that sadness is peculiarly the product of culture? The very incarnation of melancholy is to be found in Millet's pictures of French rustics. What a picture of sullen gloom is that of his "Sower"—a life without hope, without light, bound for ever to the wheel of dreary task! And yet this is an out-of-door laborer. We might expect melancholy to grow up in the shop amid the ceaseless din of machinery, but in primitive, picturesque labor why should there not abound the old joyousness? There is less oppression and injustice now: the laborer is protected; the fruits of his fields are garnered for himself, instead of for priest, king, or robber baron; and yet, if we may believe the painter, an intense gloom rests upon him. Can it be that, suffering less than his ancestors, he yet embodies the accumulations of sorrow and despair that have been borne by his race? Or is it that while still as lowly as his progenitors, he has caught visions of higher and better things, that time has taught him to think and compare, to discover all that is withheld from him, to see in himself the perpetual drudge kept for ever in the dust by the unjust discriminations of life? The English rustic, also, has ceased to be the merry fellow he was once—foregone all his old sports and pastimes, without really gaining compensation in education; but, having in a rude way learned to think, he has come into the possession of discontent and distrust.

It is no wonder that gloom should be the heritage of drudges of the fields and victims of tasteless labor; but a wonder, indeed, that education should bring a mildew upon the heart and brain of people who have all the world before them to choose from and enjoy. Indisputably, if this result be true, it is because education is wrong in its methods and ob-

jects. It would be far different if nature were studied more and the artificial sentiments of the poets and romancists less. Melancholy comes of brooding and introspection, and hence if men were to look abroad rather than within, to open their eyes and hearts to the beauties and wonders of meadows and woods, of sky and sea, then despondency would be effectually exorcised. It is not knowledge wholly, but kinds of knowledge, that bring gloom and sadness. Naturalists are not disposed that way, nor men of science, nor any who study outward life instead of emotions and passions. Our literature is clearly too subjective; we should have back the old breezy, objective novel, the picturesque stir of Walter Scott, the robust energy of Cooper. Culture ought to chasten and enrich our whole being, filling us with Matthew Arnold's "sweetness and light." Is it not odd that one prophet should be preaching this beneficence as the outcome of the right use of the mind, while others are deploring the gloom that intellectualism is casting over the world? But in fact is it intellectualism? Are we not giving that name to emotional unrest, self-consciousness, and feverish desire? Intellectualism broadens, enlarges, exalts; all great, honest, healthful mental training and development can do mankind no harm; but new conditions, no doubt, involve new complications. Compensations always bring their evils; hence a too studious and introspective questioning may quicken melancholy into an epidemic. A little heroic treatment will stamp it out; nothing, indeed, could be better for the afflicted than a sharp misfortune or two. If this can not be obtained at will, let them try a wholesale dose of out-of-doors, or let them emigrate and colonize, or explore new countries, or take up a science, or create for themselves some good, sturdy purpose. The mystery of life will still remain a mystery, and the uncertainties of all things remain uncertainties—but what matter, if we do not brood upon them?

Books of the Day.

AFTER the decay of Rome and the downfall of the Western Empire there is no epoch of history more interesting or more significant than that which has come to be known as the Renaissance. It is literally, as its name suggests, a period of re-birth—a revival or renewal of the long-suspended breath of civilization; and in it are to be sought the beginnings of the modern world, of the condition of things amid which we live. From the period of the Renaissance to our own time the story of mankind has been, on the whole, one of orderly, steady, and homogeneous progress or growth, and each successive step or stage can be traced, and its origin and sequence pointed out. Between the modern world, however, and that ancient world from which it is so

different and yet with which it has so much in common, there lies the great gulf of the Dark Ages; and the Renaissance is the dawn which closed that "double night of ages and of death" and ushered in the day whose warmth and light and accumulated treasures we now enjoy. To the Renaissance, therefore, belongs the interest which attaches in a peculiar degree to all beginnings, and it is undeniable that the period—its causes and characteristic phenomena—deserves far more attention than it has ever received, at the hands of historians and students.

One branch of the subject Mr. J. Addington Symonds, previously well known for his studies in Greek and Italian literature and art, has endeavored to treat with a considerable degree of fullness in his

"Renaissance in Italy." According to the author's design, this work will comprise four volumes, entitled respectively "The Age of the Despots" (dealing with the politics of the period), "The Revival of Learning" (dealing with its scholarship), "The Fine Arts," and "Italian Literature." Though these volumes, taken together and in the order planned, form one connected study of Italian culture at a certain period of history, still each is complete in itself, treats of a distinct department of the general subject, and can be read independently of its companions. Each installment of the work as it appeared has been very warmly received in England, and the work as a whole seems destined to meet and satisfy the want which has so long been inadequately supplied by the writings of Rio and Roscoe. In introducing it to the American public the publishers, availing themselves of the present demand for works on the fine arts, have selected the third volume; * intimating, however, that, should this meet with the reception to which its acknowledged merits entitle it, the republication of the other volumes will speedily follow.

In attempting now to define the character of this special volume, we should say at the start that, though complete in itself, its method of treatment is shaped by the nature of the general work of which it forms a part. The author does not content himself with retracing the history of the Italian arts, treating them as an isolated and independent phenomenon, but endeavors to define their relation to the main movement of Renaissance culture, of which they were simply one phase or mode of expression. "Keeping this, the chief object of my whole work, steadily in view, I have tried to explain the dependence of the arts on mediæval Christianity at their commencement, their gradual emancipation from ecclesiastical control, and their final attainment of freedom at the moment when the classical revival culminated." This subordination of the special subject of the work to a more comprehensive theme by no means fetters the treatment, but, on the contrary, by exhibiting the fine arts in their proper relations to the circumstances which produced, and shaped, and fostered them, gives them a new significance and a keener interest. The revival of sculpture and painting at the end of the thirteenth century was among the earliest signs of that new intellectual birth to which the title of Renaissance has been given; and the history of the entire period, with its gradual evolution and sudden mutations, is unmistakably reflected in these most sympathetic and sensitive of the arts. How dominant a rôle art played in that special phase of the Renaissance which was illustrated in Italy, Mr. Symonds is obliged to direct attention to at the very threshold of his work. Here is the opening paragraph of his book:

It has been granted only to two nations, the Greeks and the Italians, and to the latter only at the

time of the Renaissance, to invest every phase and variety of intellectual energy with the form of art. Nothing notable was produced in Italy between the thirteenth and the seventeenth centuries that did not bear the stamp and character of fine art. If the methods of science may be truly said to regulate our modes of thinking at the present time, it is no less true that during the Renaissance art exercised a like controlling influence. Not only was each department of the fine arts practiced with singular success; not only was the national genius to a very large extent absorbed in painting, sculpture, and architecture—but the æsthetic impulse was more subtly and widely diffused than this alone would imply. It possessed the Italians in the very center of their intellectual vitality, imposing its conditions on all the manifestations of their thought and feeling, so that even their shortcomings may be ascribed in a great measure to their inability to quit the æsthetic point of view.

The whole of this first chapter is most valuable and suggestive—profound without being pedantic, and eloquent without being rhetorical. It discusses the relation of art to the character and culture of the Italian people, the reasons why painting instead of sculpture became the supreme art of the Renaissance period, the differences between ancient and modern art, the relation of the fine arts to Christianity, the essential antagonism between piety and art, the compromises effected by the Church, and the humanization of ecclesiastical ideas by art. All these topics are discussed with a vigor and clearness which leaves nothing to be desired, and there are few so versed in the history and philosophy of art as not to find in Mr. Symonds's pages food for reflection and stimulus to thought. Particularly suggestive are the paragraphs in which he treats of the relation of art to Christianity. This, as he says, is the most difficult and thorny question offered to the understanding by the history of the Renaissance:

On the very threshold of the matter I am bound to affirm my conviction that the spiritual purists of all ages—the Jews, the iconoclasts of Byzantium, Savonarola, and our Puritan ancestors—were justified in their mistrust of plastic art. The spirit of Christianity and the spirit of figurative art are opposed, not because such art is immoral, but because it can not free itself from sensuous associations. It is always bringing us back to the dear life of earth, from which the faith would sever us. It is always reminding us of the body which piety bids us to forget. Painters and sculptors glorify that which saints and ascetics have mortified. The masterpieces of Titian and Correggio, for example, lead the soul away from compunction, away from penitence, away from worship even, to dwell on the delight of youthful faces, blooming color, graceful movement, delicate emotion. . . . When the worshiper would fain ascend on wings of ecstasy to God, the infinite, ineffable, unrealized, how can he endure the contact of those splendid forms in which the lust of the eye and the pride of life, professing to subserve devotion, remind him rudely of the goodness of sensual existence? . . . The sublimity and elevation it [art] gives to carnal loveliness are themselves hostile to the spirit that holds no truce or compromise of traffic with the flesh. As displayed in its most perfect phases, in Greek sculpture and Venetian painting, art dignifies the actual mundane life of man; but Christ, in the

* Renaissance in Italy. The Fine Arts. By John Addington Symonds. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 8vo, pp. 550.

language of uncompromising piety, means everything most alien to this mundane life—self-denial, abstinence from fleshly pleasure, the waiting for true bliss beyond the grave, seclusion even from social and domestic ties. . . .

If, then, there really exists this antagonism between fine art glorifying human life and piety condemning it, how came it, we may ask, that even in the middle ages the Church hailed art as her coadjutor? The answer lies in this, that the Church has always compromised. When the conflict of the first few centuries of Christianity had ended in her triumph, she began to mediate between asceticism and the world. Intent on absorbing all existing elements of life and power, she conformed her system to the Roman type, established her service in basilicas and pagan temples, adopted portions of the antique ritual, and converted local genii into saints. At the same time she utilized the spiritual forces of monasticism, and turned the mystic impulse of ecstasies to account. . . . The Christianity she formed and propagated was different from that of the New Testament, inasmuch as it had taken up into itself a mass of mythological anthropomorphic elements. Thus transmuted and materialized, thus accepted by the vivid faith of an unquestioning populace, Christianity offered a proper medium for artistic activity. The whole first period of Italian painting was occupied with the endeavor to set forth in form and color the popular conceptions of a faith at once unphilosophical and unspiritual, but beautiful and fit for art by reason of the human elements it had assumed into its substance. It was natural, therefore, that the Church should show herself indulgent to the arts, which were effecting in their own sphere what she had previously accomplished, though purists and ascetics, holding fast by the original spirit of their creed, might remain irreconcilably antagonistic to their influence. The Reformation, on the contrary, rejecting the whole mass of compromises sanctioned by the Church, and returning to the elemental principles of the faith, was no less naturally opposed to the fine arts, which, after giving sensuous form to Catholic mythology, had recently attained to liberty, and brought again the gods of Greece.

Following this teeming and instructive first chapter there are a chapter on Architecture, a chapter on Sculpture, and four chapters on Painting, which was, as we have said, the paramount art of the Renaissance, and to which much the greater portion of the book is assigned. A chapter each is assigned to Michael Angelo and Benvenuto Cellini, who are portrayed at full length as typical (though contrasted) figures of the Italian Renaissance. A final chapter traces the decline of the art of painting through the sixteenth century to the extinction of the Renaissance impulse; and there are three appendices, comprising papers on the Pulpits of Pisa and Ravello, on Michael Angelo's Sonnets, and Chronological Tables.

A more valuable treatise on art has not recently been offered to students, and it is to be hoped that it will meet with such a welcome as will insure the republication of the remaining volumes of the series in which it appears.

In our notice last month of "Wild Life in a Southern County" we spoke of the resemblance of the author's method and style to that of Mr. John

Burroughs, and we may add now that this resemblance becomes still more noticeable in reading Mr. Burroughs's "Locusts and Wild Honey"* so soon after the Englishman's work. There is just the difference between the two books that there is between the surroundings of their authors; Mr. Burroughs having a certain wild and adventurous flavor, as of primitive woods and remote mountain fastnesses, while the Englishman's so-called wild life is after all but the qualified wildness of a nature which is linked to man by many and long-continued associations. The Englishman's observations, varied and interesting as they are, are confined to the limits of a farm and a small section of adjacent country, which have been inhabited and cultivated by man for many generations; Mr. Burroughs, on the other hand, roams from Virginia to Canada, and, though nothing repels his curiosity merely because it is homelike and commonplace, yet he draws his happiest inspirations from those virgin and untrodden wildernesses where the traces of man are lost in the immensity and profusion of nature.

This wild, free, adventurous spirit is more noticeable in "Locusts and Wild Honey" than in any previous work of Mr. Burroughs. The title, as he admits, is allegorical rather than strictly descriptive, but, "if the name carries with it a suggestion of the wild and delectable in nature, of the free and ungarnered harvests which the wilderness everywhere affords to the observing eye and ear," it will prove, as he says, sufficiently explicit for his purpose; and, in fact, the title is in a peculiar degree suggestive of the contents of the volume. These contents consist of a number of detached papers dealing with such subjects as "The Pastoral Bees," "Sharp Eyes," "Strawberries," "Is it going to Rain?" "Speckled Trout," "Birds and Birds," "A Bed of Boughs," "Birds'-Nesting," and "The Halcyon in Canada." The title of a paper is usually no more descriptive than the title of a book, but is used as a sort of picturesque summary of its general contents. It would be very difficult, in fact, to describe in a phrase or a sentence any half-dozen consecutive pages of Mr. Burroughs's work; for he does not aim at expounding a theory or inculcating doctrine, but simply lays before us a selection from the varied and manifold secrets and confidences which Nature withholds jealously from the careless or the inattentive, but which she seems eager to disclose to the loving and vigilant observer.

Perhaps the most effective and certainly the pleasantest way to convey an idea of the contents of the book will be to quote a few illustrative passages taken almost at random from the different chapters. By comparing these with the similar quotations (in our last number) from "Wild Life in a Southern County," the reader will be able to obtain a very good idea of the resemblances and differences between two books which are unusually charming examples of a very delightful species of literature. The chapter on "Bees" is full of quaint and curious lore, and we

* *Locusts and Wild Honey*. By John Burroughs. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 16mo, pp. 253.

shall by and by quote a passage from it; but our first selection shall be taken from the essay on "Sharp Eyes," as defining the faculty and the habit by which Mr. Burroughs has been enabled to garner the copious harvest from which he offers us such opulent and varied sheaves:

Noting how one eye seconds and reinforces the other, I have often amused myself by wondering what the effect would be if one could go on opening eye after eye to the number of a dozen or more. What would he see? Perhaps not the invisible—not the odors of flowers or the fever-germs in the air—not the infinitely small of the microscope or the infinitely distant of the telescope. This would require, not more eyes so much as an eye constructed with more and different lenses; but would he not see with augmented power within the natural limits of vision? At any rate, some persons seem to have opened more eyes than others, they see with such force and distinctness; their vision penetrates the tangle and obscurity where that of others fails like a spent or impotent bullet. How many eyes did Gilbert White open? how many did Henry Thoreau? how many did Audubon? how many does the hunter, matching his sight against the keen and alert sense of a deer or a moose, or a fox or a wolf? Not outward eyes, but inward. We open another eye whenever we see beyond the first general features or outlines of things—whenever we grasp the special details and characteristic markings that this mask covers. Science confers new powers of vision. Whenever you have learned to discriminate the birds, or the plants, or the geological features of a country, it is as if new and keener eyes were added. . . .

A man has a sharper eye than a dog, or a fox, or than any of the wild creatures, but not so sharp an ear or nose. But in the birds he finds his match. How quickly the old turkey discovers the hawk, a mere speck against the sky, and how quickly the hawk discovers you if you happen to be secreted in the bushes, or behind the fence near which he alights! One advantage the bird surely has, and that is, owing to the form, structure, and position of the eye, it has a much larger field of vision—indeed, can probably see in nearly every direction at the same instant, behind as well as before. Man's field of vision embraces less than half a circle horizontally, and still less vertically; his brow and brain prevent him from seeing within many degrees of the zenith without a movement of the head; the bird, on the other hand, takes in nearly the whole sphere at a glance. I find I see, almost without effort, nearly every bird within sight in the field or wood I pass through (a flit of the wing, a flirt of the tail are enough, though the flickering leaves do all conspire to hide them), and that with like ease the birds see me, though unquestionably the chances are immensely in their favor. The eye sees what it has the means of seeing, truly. You must have the bird in your heart before you can find it in the bush. The eye must have purpose and aim. No one ever yet found the walking fern who did not have the walking fern in his mind. A person whose eye is full of Indian relics picks them up in every field he walks through. . . .

The habit of observation is the habit of clear and decisive gazing; not by a first casual glance, but by a steady, deliberate aim of the eye are the rare and characteristic things discovered. You must look intently and hold your eye firmly to the spot, to see more than do the rank and file of mankind. The sharp-shooter picks out his man and knows him with fatal certainty from a stump, or a rock, or a cap on

a pole. The phrenologists do well to locate, not only form, color, weight, etc., in the region of the eye, but a faculty which they call individuality—that which separates, discriminates, and sees in every object its essential character. This is just as necessary to the naturalist as to the artist or the poet. The sharp eye notes specific points and differences—it seizes upon and preserves the individuality of the thing.—(Pages 37, 53, 55.)

Here is the promised passage from the chapter on "The Pastoral Bees":

It is the making of the wax that costs with the bee. As with the poet, the form, the receptacle, gives him more trouble than the sweet that fills it, though, to be sure, there is always more or less empty comb in both cases. The honey he can have for the gathering, but the wax he must make himself—must evolve from his own inner consciousness. When wax is to be made the wax-makers fill themselves with honey and retire into their chamber for private meditation: it is like some solemn religious rite; they take hold of hands, or hook themselves together in long lines that hang in festoons from the top of the hive, and wait for the miracle to transpire. After about twenty-four hours their patience is rewarded, the honey is turned into wax, minute scales of which are secreted from between the rings of the abdomen of each bee; this is taken off and from it the comb is built up. It is calculated that about twenty-five pounds of honey are used in elaborating one pound of comb, to say nothing of the time that is lost. Hence the importance, in an economical point of view, of a recent device by which the honey is extracted and the comb returned intact to the bees. But honey without the comb is the perfume without the rose—it is sweet merely, and soon degenerates into candy. Half the delectableness is in breaking down these frail and exquisite walls yourself, and tasting the nectar before it has lost its freshness by contact with the air. Then the comb is a sort of shield or foil that prevents the tongue from being overwhelmed by the first shock of the sweet.—(Page 15.)

The essay on "Strawberries" is only less succulent and delicious than the berries themselves, and it would be difficult to say which leaves the more pungent and characteristic flavor upon the palate. The reader has probably enjoyed the eating of strawberries in the past, and retains a grateful recollection of them; but Mr. Burroughs will be apt to make him feel that he has hitherto done them but scant justice—that his appreciation has been far inferior to their deserts. In celebrating them, indeed, the author rises to strains of dithyrambic fervor:

On the threshold of summer, Nature proffers us this, her virgin fruit; more rich and sumptuous are to follow, but the wild delicacy and filip of the strawberry are never repeated—that keen feathered edge greets the tongue in nothing else. Let me not be afraid of over-praising it, but probe and probe for words to hint its surprising virtues. We may well celebrate it with festivals and music. It has the indescribable quality of all first things—that shy, uncloying, provoking, barbed sweetness. It is eager and sanguine as youth. It is born of the copious dews, the fragrant nights, the tender skies, the plentiful rains of the early season. The singing of birds is in it, and the health and frolic of lusty Nature. It is the product of liquid May touched by the June sun. It has the tartness, the briskness, the unruli-

ness of spring, and the aroma and intensity of summer.

Oh, the strawberry days! how vividly they come back to one! The smell of clover in the fields, of blooming rye on the hills, of the wild grape beside the woods, and of the sweet honeysuckle and spiræa about the house. The first hot, moist days. The daisies and buttercups, the songs of the birds, their first reckless jollity and love-making over, the full tender foliage of the trees, the bees swarming, and the air strung with resonant musical chords. The time of the sweetest and most succulent grass, when the cows come home with aching udders. Indeed, the strawberry belongs to the juiciest time of the year. What a challenge it is to the taste, how it bites back again! and is there any other sound like the snap and crackle with which it salutes the ear on being plucked from the stems? It is a threat to one's sense that the other is soon to verify. It snaps to the ear as it smacks to the tongue. All other berries are tame beside it.—(Page 65.)

Like every other lover of Nature for its own sake, Mr. Burroughs is an enthusiastic angler, and some of the most delightful writing in his book will be found in the chapters on "Speckled Trout," "A Bed of Boughs," and "The Halcyon in Canada," each of which describes a separate fishing expedition. It should be said, however, that he enjoys the sport less for the mere fish which it secures than because it affords the opportunity of getting at close quarters with Nature in her most confidential and fascinating aspects:

I have been a seeker of trout from boyhood [he says], and on all the expeditions in which this fish has been the ostensible purpose I have brought home more game than my creel showed. In fact, in my mature years I find I got more of nature into me, more of the woods, the wild, nearer to bird and beast, while threading my native streams for trout, than in almost any other way. It furnished a good excuse to go forth; it pitched one in the right key; it sent one through the fat and marrowy places of field and wood. Then the fisherman has a harmless, pre-occupied look; he is a kind of vagrant that nothing fears. He blends himself with the trees and the shadows. All his approaches are gentle and indirect. He times himself to the meandering, soliloquizing stream; its impulse bears him along. At the foot of the waterfall he sits sequestered and hidden in its volume of sound. The birds know he has no designs upon him, and the animals see that his mind is in the creek. His enthusiasm anneals him, and makes him pliable to the scenes and influences he moves among. . . .

I am sure I run no risk of over-praising the charm and attractiveness of a well-fed trout-stream, every drop of water in it as bright and pure as if the nymphs had brought it all the way from its source in crystal goblets, and as cool as if it had been hatched beneath a glacier. When the heated and soiled and jaded refugee from the city first sees one he feels as if he would like to turn it into his bosom and let it flow through him a few hours, it suggests such healing freshness and newness. How his roily thoughts would run clear; how the sediment would go down stream! Could he ever have an impure or an unwholesome wish afterward? The next best thing he can do is to tramp along its banks and surrender himself to its influence. If he reads it intently enough, he will, in a measure, be taking it into his mind and heart, and experiencing its salutary ministrations.—(Page 109.)

In the following passage the author interprets the secret of a feeling which is no doubt often experienced by what Carlyle calls "the fatal generation of sight-seers":

The next morning we set out per steamer for the Saguenay, and entered upon the second phase of our travels, but with less relish than we could have wished. Scenery-hunting is the least satisfying pursuit I have ever engaged in. What one sees in his necessary travels, or doing his work, or going a-fishing, seems worth while, but the famous view you go out in cold blood to admire is quite apt to elude you. Nature loves to enter a door another hand has opened; a mountain view, or a waterfall, I have noticed, never looks better than when one has just been warmed up by the capture of a big trout. If we had been bound for some salmon-stream up the Saguenay, we should perhaps have possessed that generous and receptive frame of mind—that open house of the heart—which makes one "eligible to any good fortune," and the grand scenery would have come in as a fit sauce to the salmon. An adventure, a bit of experience of some kind, is what one wants when he goes forth to admire woods and waters—something to create a draught and make the embers of thought and feeling brighten. Nature, like certain wary game, is best taken by seeming to pass by her intent on other matters.—(Page 246.)

These excerpts, it should be said, indicate but imperfectly the quality of the book, and moreover illustrate only one of its characteristic features. Perhaps the most piquant and entertaining passages are those in which the author narrates some of his personal experiences and adventures, and for none of these have we been able to make room.

THE character and merits of the series of "English Men of Letters" are probably by this time so well known to our readers that to say of the two latest volumes that they are up to the average of the series without quite equaling the best which it contains will, perhaps, give a sufficiently exact idea of their quality. Dean Church's "Spenser"* is not the kind of work to attract or gratify the general reader, but it is probably the best guide to the study of Spenser that can be obtained. There is no great poem in any language which stands so much in need of commentary and explanation, which, in other words, is so apt to prove puzzling and baffling to the reader who comes to it without preparation and without the key, as the "Faerie Queene." According to the plan of the author, the explanation which would have removed all difficulties was to have been given in the concluding book; but, as only six books of the intended twelve were ever published, such help as the author himself might have afforded is confined to the brief introductory epistle to Sir Walter Raleigh, in which he outlines or summarizes his scheme, and suggests the moral which he intended to teach. The assistance furnished by this outline, however, is by no means sufficient to enable the read-

* English Men of Letters. Edited by John Morley. Spenser. By R. W. Church, Dean of St. Paul's. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo, pp. 180.

er to understand and appreciate the poem. He must know something of the circumstances under which it was conceived and composed; of the condition of the English literature and language at the time it was written; of the social and poetic ideals which were current at the time, and which would tend more or less to shape the author's design; of the personal and other influences to which he was exposed; and of the extent to which the poem itself aided in creating the standard by which it has since been judged. All these points are treated by Dean Church in a manner which is at once comprehensive and concise, combining fullness of information and breadth of scholarship with acute critical insight and unusual soundness and temperateness of judgment. Such details of Spenser's life as investigation has brought to light are also narrated with clearness and animation; and the book, if not the most attractive, is likely to prove one of the most useful members of the series.

Principal Shairp's "Burns"* is much more likely to achieve popular success. It is not more skillfully executed, perhaps, but the story of Robert Burns is one of the most touching and interesting in all the annals of literature, and the materials for it are so abundant that a biographer has little more to do than select and arrange what he finds best adapted to his purposes. Principal Shairp has not attempted to narrate Burns's life in much detail, but he brings out the leading and characteristic features of it with a clearness and emphasis that can hardly fail to lodge them firmly and permanently in the reader's mind. His portrait is not likely to satisfy in all respects either the admirers or the detractors of Burns, for he aims at strict accuracy and impartiality, and few men have illustrated more strikingly than Burns the truth of Shakespeare's saying that "the web of life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together." One thing regarding Burns is plain to every one, and, indeed, makes his career the painful tragedy it was—the contradiction between the noble gifts he had and the actual life he lived. "When, however," says Principal Shairp, "we look more closely into the original outfit of the man, we seem in some sort to see how this came to be."

Given a being born into the world with a noble nature, endowments of head and heart beyond any of his time, wide-ranging sympathies, intellectual force of the strongest man, sensibility as of the tenderest woman, possessed also by a keen sense of right and wrong which he had brought from a pure home—place all these high gifts on the one side, and over against them a lower nature, fierce and turbulent, filling him with wild passions which were hard to restrain and fatal to indulge—and between these two opposing natures a weak and irresolute will, which could overhear the voice of conscience, but had no strength to obey it; launch such a man on such a world as this, and it is but too plain what the end will be. From earliest manhood till the close flesh and spirit were waging within him interminable war, and who shall say which had the victory?

* English Men of Letters. Edited by John Morley. Robert Burns. By Principal Shairp. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 205.

Among his countrymen there are many who are so captivated with his brilliant gifts and his genial temperament that they will not listen to any hint at the deep defects which marred them. Some would even go so far as to claim honor for him not only as Scotland's greatest poet, but as one of the best men she has produced. Those who thus try to canonize Burns are no true friends to his memory. They do but challenge the counter-verdict, and force men to recall facts which, if they can not forget, they would fain leave in silence. These moral defects it is ours to know; it is not ours to judge him who had them. —(Page 186.)

The estimate of the character and quality of Burns's work is marked by the same impartial balancing of merits and defects, combined always with that reverence and grateful appreciation which is the due of great genius, however it may be mixed with baser alloy. "Of all forms of literature," says the author, "the genuine song is the most penetrating and the most to be remembered; and in this kind Burns is the supreme master." In another place he pronounces Burns "the greatest lyric singer the world has known." Of the two or three hundred songs written by him, there are many beneath his genius, but thirty or forty of them come up to the very highest standard. And "these songs embody human emotion in its most condensed and sweetest essence. They appeal to all ranks, they touch all ages, they cheer toil-worn men under every clime. Wherever the English tongue is heard, beneath the suns of India, amid African deserts, on the Western prairies of America, among the squatters of Australia—wherever men of British blood would give vent to their deepest, kindest, most genial feelings, it is to the songs of Burns they spontaneously turn, and find in them at once a perfect utterance and a fresh tie of brotherhood. It is this which forms Burns's most enduring claim on the world's gratitude."

THE critic is likely to be somewhat baffled in the attempt to pass a verdict upon Mr. W. Davenport Adams's "The Secret of Success,"* because the very things which it is most obvious and most natural to say about it are admitted in advance by the author himself. He confesses at the outset that he has no exclusive, peculiar, or wonderful "secret" to unfold; that if there be a royal road to success, he does not know of it; and that the reader who goes to his book in the hope of learning some new and easy way of making money, or some fresh exposition of the Gospel of Getting-on, will probably find himself disappointed. "I do, indeed," he says, "profess to set forth the Secret of Success; but it is a secret which has always been known to the successful. And then, again, the Success to which I seek to direct the reader's attention is no novel form of

* The Secret of Success, or how to get on in the World. With some Remarks upon True and False Success, and the Art of making the Best Use of Life. By W. H. Davenport Adams. American edition, edited by P. G. H. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 12mo. pp. 389.

worldly prosperity, no extraordinary phase of fortune, but rather the acquisition of 'a sound mind in a sound body,' the complete culture of the physical, moral, and intellectual faculties of the individual. It is true that I have not neglected the ordinary meaning which the world gives to 'success,' nor do I wish to contend that competent means for the wholesome enjoyment of life is not a very reasonable and proper object for a man's energies. But I have endeavored to realize for the word a wider and higher significance, and to deal with it as representing the development of mind, soul, and body—the living, so far as is possible to man, a 'perfect life.'" In short, the so-called *secret* of success is really no secret at all, but a restatement of principles of conduct and ideals of life with most of which every reader has been familiar since the days of his copy-book exercises.

To the objection that his book simply reiterates truths which have become the commonplaces of moralists and the stock-in-trade of social teachers, the author rejoins by admitting it, but suggests that truths of so much importance can not be too frequently enforced, that their repetition may impress minds which have not been impressed before, and that they may be accompanied with fresh examples or presented in newer forms, so as to arrest the attention of the careless or suggest to the thoughtful new lines of reflection. To the further objection that his theme is hackneyed, and that he follows in the beaten track of worthy predecessors, he replies that, though he traverses the same ground, yet he devotes much space to illustrations from the comparatively fresh departments of "business" and "commerce," and pursues more than one course of inquiry which previous writers have only glanced at.

These pleas may all be frankly accepted, and it is not a little creditable to Mr. Adams that he sets out upon a somewhat dubious task with no more of pretension or deception than is implied in his title. The truth is, however, that the book will be read and enjoyed not for its morality or doctrines, excellent as these are, but for the genuine and varied entertainment which it affords. It is in the main a collection of stories and anecdotes, classified under appropriate texts, and strung together upon a slender thread of exposition. Some of these stories are old, some not so old, and others entirely new—at least to us; and they are all told with spirit, vigor, and a certain freshness. They are not always of a humorous character, though it is evidently the aim of the author to combine instruction with amusement whenever possible; but even when they are not avowedly humorous they seldom fail to be entertaining. The volume might be pretty accurately described as a collection of personal and illustrating the character and habits of men who have become eminent in various walks of life. A noticeable proportion of the anecdotes are derived from American sources, and refer to well-known Americans. There are fewer mistakes in these than might be expected, but the Astor whose history is narrated on page 64 is John Jacob, *not* William.

NOT the least curious of the many eccentricities of Mr. Ruskin is his persistent refusal to reprint his "Modern Painters," the copyright of which now belongs to him. No doubt to reproduce it in what the author would be content to consider its permanent shape would involve much labor in the way of revision, modification, and amendment, for a very large proportion of the original work is devoted to topics of transient interest, and to the discussion of questions which are now either settled or obsolete; but, in spite of the multifariousness and variety of his other writings, it is to the "Modern Painters" that one must still go in order to obtain anything like an adequate conception of Mr. Ruskin's art-teachings and of the splendor and vigor of his expositions. For such readers as may not have either the time or the disposition to cope with the original work in its fullness and voluminousness, a very useful *résumé* or compendium of it may be found in "Ruskin on Painting,"* one of the latest issues in Appletons' New Handy-Volume Series. This little volume contains a copious and judicious selection of passages from the "Modern Painters," which, taken consecutively, present the main argument of that work, with the exception of those special discussions which could be rendered intelligible only by the help of elaborate engravings, or which deal with questions that, as we have said, are now either settled or of obsolete interest. From it the reader may obtain a fairly adequate idea not only of the doctrines, theories, and opinions of Mr. Ruskin on art matters, but of that incomparably opulent and brilliant style which gives one a more exalted conception of the power and capacities of the English language. The selections are preceded by a biographical sketch based to a considerable extent upon those piquant autobiographical reminiscences with which Mr. Ruskin refreshed his readers in the earlier numbers of his "Fors Clavigera." The only fault likely to be found with this sketch will be on the score of its brevity—it would be difficult to imagine more entertaining or, on the whole, more instructive reading than these personal reminiscences afford.

. . . Few regions of the earth's surface have remained so nearly a *terra incognita* that a book of such fresh and romantic interest could be written about them as Mr. Beerbohm has given us in his "Wanderings in Patagonia."† The old illusion that the Patagonians are giants has been pretty well dispelled, or at least relegated to the most ignorant and credulous, but nearly everything else that Mr. Beerbohm tells us has the charm of novelty and the dignity of instruction. It is less, however, as a description of a country and people than as a record of personal adventure that the author presents his book to our notice. He spent but a short time in the country, and his journeys were not extensive;

* Ruskin on Painting. With a Biographical Sketch. Appletons' New Handy-Volume Series, No. 29. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo, pp. 210.

† Wanderings in Patagonia, or Life among the Os-trich-Hunters. By Julius Beerbohm. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, pp. 294.

but if a novelist should venture to crowd so many striking experiences and unexpected coincidences into so brief a period, he would certainly be accused of exaggeration. Mr. Beerbohm narrates his adventures with spirit and vivacity, and indeed exhibits a literary faculty which it is to be hoped will be exercised in other fields. He does not set himself to provide a hand-book of the country, or to compile a miscellaneous aggregation of facts; but he is a close and alert observer, and as the result of his own personal observations he presents us with a great deal of information of a varied and attractive character. His book is a model of its kind, and may be commended to intending travelers as an example of how much may be observed in a brief time and under not very advantageous circumstances. The volume contains a map of Patagonia, showing Mr. Beerbohm's journey, a serviceable index, and two illustrative woodcuts.

.... Mr. A. F. Nightingale, Principal of the Lake View High School, near Chicago, has prepared, in his "Hand-book of Requirements for Admission to the Colleges of the United States,"* a work which will doubtless prove extremely useful to a large and constantly increasing class. It presents in tabular form, and with all needful minuteness of detail, the requirements for admission (that is, the amount of work in various departments which the student must have done beforehand) in forty-four of the leading colleges of the United States, representing the different sections of the country, the leading denominational institutions, and the most important State universities of the West. Of each of the colleges included, the different studies and the degree of preparation required in each study are given in detail; but an average of the requirements to enter the colleges represented in the book will admit a student to the Freshman class of any college or university not named, so that, as the author says, it furnishes a chart of universal application to the collegiate institutions of the United States. The facts presented have been gathered from the latest catalogues and circulars of the institutions included, and verified by correspondence with the collegiate authorities; and they appear to be as authentic as they are comprehensive. Besides the table of "Requirements," there are a complete list of the colleges of the United States; a list of the leading ones in the order of their establishment; a list showing the number of students in each; a classification of colleges in regard to admission of the sexes; a classification of them in regard to denominational control; a table showing the ratio of colleges to population; the details of the Harvard University examination for women, taken from the circular of 1879; and specimen questions for admission to college.

.... An enterprise for which the more culti-

vated class of readers will be cordially grateful is that undertaken by the Messrs. Harper in the new library editions of the standard English and American historians, including Macaulay, Hume, Gibbon, Motley, and Hildreth. The Macaulay was published during the winter, and received in a recent number our due tribute of praise. It has now been followed by Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic,"* which is issued in the same richly simple and tasteful style, making three volumes which every lover of choice books will be eager to possess. These will be followed in due course by the rest of Motley's histories, and there will then be no reason why these works, which, as the "Edinburgh Review" says, reflect honor upon American literature, and would do honor to the literature of any country in the world, should not find a place in even the most modest library.

.... In his "Reading-Book of English Classics"† Dr. Leffingwell has attempted to provide for young pupils (not beginners, however) a variety of reading exercises, and at the same time to make them acquainted with the names and works of great authors. He thinks, with ex-President Hill, of Harvard, that "the reading-books in schools, which were formerly made up by compilations of classic authors, are now too largely original compositions or compilations from inferior writers"; and his book is a return to what he considers the older and better plan. His selections are varied in subject and style, and are taken in about equal proportion from the leading English and American authors.

.... Among the latest issues of Appletons' New Handy-Volume Series is "An Accomplished Gentleman," by Julian Sturgis, author of "John-a-Dreams." As in the latter story, the charm of "An Accomplished Gentleman" lies rather in the manner and style than in the substance of the story, though the plot and narrative are not without interest. The style is in a remarkable degree polished, incisive, and epigrammatic; and the character-drawing exhibits a neatness of touch which reminds one of the post-Restoration comedy rather than of the modern analytical school of fiction. Another member of the series is "A Rogue's Life: from his Birth to his Marriage," by Wilkie Collins, being a revised and improved version of a novelette which Mr. Collins contributed more than twenty years ago to "Household Words," and which had dropped out of the memory of the present generation. Still another addition to the series is "The Attic Philosopher in Paris," from the French of Emile Souvestre, which has long been and will long remain one of the minor classics of fictitious literature.

* The Rise of the Dutch Republic. A History. By John Lothrop Motley, LL. D., D. C. L. A new cheap edition in 3 vols., 8vo, vellum cloth, with uncut edges and gilt top. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo, pp. 579, 582, 664.

† Reading-Book of English Classics for Young Pupils. Selections from the Standard Literature of England and America. By C. W. Leffingwell, D. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 12mo, pp. 403.

* A Hand-Book of Requirements for Admission to the Colleges of the United States, with Miscellaneous Addenda for the Use of High Schools, Academies, and other College Preparatory Institutions. By A. F. Nightingale, A. M. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 4to, pp. 63.

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THE SEAMY SIDE.

By WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

AUTHORS OF "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," "BY CELIA'S ARBOR," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

WHAT STEPHEN PROPOSED.

THIS was the dream of a night. Morning, especially if it be cold, rainy, and uncomfortable morning, brings awaking and reality. Stephen awoke and realized. He remembered the evening's dream with a shudder which came of shame. He looked out upon leaden clouds, rain-beaten, bare branches, and plashy lawns, and he was ashamed of his ready enthusiasm.

Morning always found Stephen Hamblin sad. It is the way with men whose joys belong entirely to the town. In the morning he was at his worst in looks and in temper. The bald temples seemed to cover a larger area of skull, the tuft of black hair which remained in the middle seemed smaller, and his eyes seemed closer together. Morning, with such men, is the time for evil deeds.

He breakfasted alone, and then dragged out all the papers and spread them before him. He would, at least, learn all that was to be learned, and at once. Absurd to go on dreaming impossibilities.

And yet, in one form or the other, the dream had been with him so long that it was hard to put it aside.

The documents divided themselves into three classes. There were the letters—Alison had already taken away her own; there were the papers relating to private accounts, small but continuous loans to Alderney Codd, himself, and others; and there were the diaries and journals year by year. The lawyers had gone through

them before and taken away the more important papers. But there was still a great pile left.

Stephen had already carelessly turned over the letters. He now devoted himself to a rigid and thorough reading of every scrap of paper.

This took him more than one day. At the close of the first day's work he laid down the last read paper with a sigh of satisfaction, because he had as yet arrived at nothing. The results he wished to secure were chiefly negative results. There was not one hint, so far as he had got, of any love-business at all. If there were letters from women, they were letters from people in distress, asking for money: if there were any reference at all to marriages, they were those of persons entirely unconnected with the matter which interested Stephen.

Stephen was, in one sense, disappointed. What he would have rejoiced to find—evidence of an *amourette* without a ring—he had not found. But, on the other hand, there was no evidence of any love-passages at all, which was clear gain.

He went up to town, dined at the club, sat late after dinner, slept at his chambers in Pall Mall, and returned to Clapham on the following morning.

Here he renewed his researches.

This day he spent among the miscellaneous documents. Here were his own early I O U's—of late years this unmeaning ceremony had been abandoned—for prudence' sake, he tied these all up together and placed them in his own pocket. Nothing so hopelessly valueless as one of his own I O U's, and yet, for many reasons, nothing more desirable to get hold of. There were several, too, from Alderney Codd, which he also

put together by themselves for future use. Alderney might be influenced by means of them, he thought, with some shadowy idea about threatening that most impecunious of men and fellows.

The same day he began the study of the voluminous diaries.

Anthony Hamblin, brought up under the strict rule of an old-fashioned merchant, was taught very early to be methodical. He became, by long practice, methodical in all his ways. He not only kept carefully and endorsed all receipts, letters, and documents, down to the very play-bills, the dinner-bills, the hotel-bills, the luncheon-bills, but he actually entered in a big diary, one of the biggest procurable, all the simple daily occurrences of his life. Thus, the record of the day would appear as follows:

"*April 1, 18*.—Letters: from Stephen, asking for a loan of twenty-five pounds—sent the check: from the vicar, urging a continuance of my subscription to the schools—wrote to renew it: from the Secretary of the Society for providing Pensions for Aged Beadles—put the letter in the basket: from the Hospital for Incurable Cats—sent half a guinea—see disbursements for month. Promised Alison a box at the opera: into town: saw Augustus on business matters: lunched at the City Club—more champagne than is safe in the middle of the day: saw Alderney Codd. Lent him ten pounds for a fortnight; took his I O U for the amount: did no work in the afternoon: walked all the way home: strolled on the Common with Alison till dinner-time: the Dean and his daughters to dinner. Study at eleven: read till twelve."

This was the harmless chronicle of small things kept by the great City merchant. It was the journal of a man who was contented with life, was anxious about nothing, hoped for nothing strongly, had always found the road smooth, and was conscious that his lot was an enviable one. In Stephen's eyes it had one special merit: it accounted for every hour of the day. All Anthony Hamblin's life was there.

There were six-and-thirty of these volumes. Anthony had begun the first under the supervision of an exact and methodical father, when he entered the office at sixteen. What Stephen looked for and feared to find would probably occur somewhere about the sixteenth volume. Yet, taking every precaution, Stephen began with the earliest and read straight on.

The expression of his face as he toiled through page after page of these journals suggested contempt and wonder. With his dark eyes, almost olive-tint, and once clear-cut features, now rather swollen, he looked something like Mephistopheles, gone a little elderly, and showing signs

of an indulgent life. Certainly that hero of the stage could not more unmistakably have shown his contempt for such a record. Some men would have been moved to admiration at a life so blameless; others would have been moved to love and gratitude, finding their own name constantly mentioned, and always accompanied by a gift; others would have felt sympathy with so much paternal affection as appeared in the later volumes. Stephen, for his part, was unconsciously engaged in comparing his own life, step by step, as he went on, with that before him. He rejoiced in the contrast: on the one side were peace and calm, on the other red-hot pleasures; the "roses and rapture of life" for himself, and the insipidity of domestic joys for Anthony. History, to be sure, is not made by men of Anthony's stamp, because history is entirely a record of the messes and miseries incurred by people in consequence of their ignorance and the wickedness of their rulers. One thing of importance: there was no mention at all of any love-passages, to say nothing of any marriage. Yet Alison must have had a mother, and there could be no doubt that she was Anthony's own daughter. The resemblance to his mother was enough to prove it.

Presently the reader came upon a line which interested him. "By Jove!" he said, "I wonder what he says about Newbury?"

There was a good deal about Newbury, but not apparently what the reader expected.

"I thought he would have written something more about Dora," said Stephen.

He now read more carefully, as if he suspected something might happen about this time. To begin with, it was now only a year before Alison's birth, yet nothing was said. The entries were candid and frank; there was no hint at concealment; there seemed nothing to be concealed. The reader turned over page after page in anxiety which was fast becoming feverish. The holiday at Newbury seemed terminated, like all the rest, by return to London; not a word afterward about Dora Nethersole. The autumn and winter were spent at Clapham and in the City, as usual; in the spring Anthony went for a month to the south of France, his companion being that most respectable of the cousins, the Dean. He returned in early summer; in the autumn he went to Bournemouth. The reader's face clouded. He read on more anxiously. There was a gap of four weeks, during which there was no entry. You who have read Miss Nethersole's manuscript know how the time was spent. After that interval the journal went on. "Returned to town, saw Stephen, told him what I thought fit."

"What he thought fit!" echoed Stephen. "Then he kept something back. What could that be?"

Then the journal returned to its accustomed grooves, save that there was an entry which appeared every month, and seemed mysterious. "Sent eight pounds to Mrs. B." Who was Mrs. B.? In the journal, S. stood for Stephen, A. C. for Alderney Codd, F. for Mrs. Cridland, and so on. But who was Mrs. B.?

This entry was continued with no further explanation for three years. Then there appeared the following:

"June 13.—Went to fetch away A. Took her by train to Brighton. Gave her over to the custody of Mrs. D."

"A." must have been Alison.

After that the references made to "A." became so frequent as to leave no doubt. He went to Brighton to see "A." She was growing tall; she was growing pretty; she was like his mother. Not a word said about her own. She had the Hamblin face. And so on.

There was certainly small chance of finding anything in the later diaries, but there might be some mention of the deceased wife's relations. Stephen persevered.

There was none. The book was full of Alison. The man's affection for his daughter was surprising. To Stephen it seemed silly.

He laid down the last of the volumes with a sigh of relief.

So far, in a set of thirty journals and diaries carefully kept from day to day, there was only one gap, a modest little four weeks' interval in which Anthony had been to Bournemouth. "What," thought Stephen again, "did he hide when he told me about his Bournemouth journey?"

Then he thought of another chance.

He remembered the great family Bible, bound in solid leather, which contained the whole genealogy of the Hamblins from the birth of the earliest Anthony.

He knew where to find it, and opened it with a perceptible beating of the heart.

There were the names of Anthony and himself, the last two of the elder line. *No addition had been made.* There was no entry of Anthony's marriage. The two brothers stood on the page, with space after them to record their respective marriages and death. But there was no further record. Like the journals, the Bible was silent.

"Alison," he said, "is certainly Anthony's child. For that matter, no one ever doubted it. For some reason, he wished to hide the place of her birth and the name of her mother. Why? Two reasons suggest themselves: one, that he was never married at all—unlike Anthony, that—the second, that he desired to conceal the marriage. Why, again? Possibly because he was ashamed of his wife's people. Unlike Anthony,

very much unlike Anthony. Or he might have married under an assumed name—also unlike Anthony—in which case" (here Stephen smiled gratefully and benignantly) "it might be absolutely impossible to prove the marriage."

But mostly Stephen inclined to the no-marriage theory. A secret *liaison* commended itself to him as the most probable way of accounting for the whole business. To be sure, one easily believes what is the best for one's own interest.

"Anthony," he said, "would be eager to destroy, as effectually as possible, every trace of the presumably brief episode. No doubt he wished that no one should even suspect its existence. That is the way with your virtuous men. But he could not efface his own daughter, and did not wish to try. Hence the shallow artifice of pretending that her mother had died in childbirth. And that must be the reason, too, of Anthony's disinclination to make a will, in which he would have had to declare the whole truth."

At this point of the argument Stephen grew red-hot with indignation. No Roman satirist, no vehement orator of eloquent antiquity, could be more wrathful, more fiery with passion, than himself. His face glowed with virtue. He was the Christian who did well to be angry.

"What an impudent, what a shameful attempt," he cried, "to defraud the rightful heir! Was it possible that an elder brother could be so base? But he was mistaken," said Stephen, rubbing his hands. "He was mistaken! He reckoned without me. He did not count on my suspicions. He thought he should hoodwink me with all the rest of them. Why, I knew it all along. He forgot that he had to do with a man of the world."

Certainly Stephen knew one side of the world extremely well: it was the seamy side.

After this examination there was no longer any doubt in his mind; he was resolved. At the fitting moment, after a little preparation, he would present himself in the character of sole heir and claimant of the whole estate. But there must be a little preparation first.

"As for what my cousins say or think," he said, "I care not one brass farthing. Nor, for that matter, do I care for what all the world says and thinks. But it is as well to have general opinion with one."

It would be well, he thought, to begin, after the manner of the ancients, the German political press, and Russian diplomatists, by scattering abroad ambiguous words.

He made no more appearances at the domestic circle as the benevolent guardian, and he ceased sending polite messages to Alison.

He began to sow the seeds of distrust in the mind of honest Alderney Codd, who, but for him,

would certainly have never suspected evil. Of all the many classifications of mankind, there is none more exhaustive than that which divides humanity into those who do not and those who do think evil, those who believe in motives noble and disinterested, and those who habitually attribute motives low, sordid, and base. Needless to say that Stephen belonged, in his capacity of man of the world, to the latter. There are sheep and there are goats: the man of the world prefers the goats.

He invited Alderney to dine with him at Clapham, stating that it would be a bachelor's dinner for themselves. In fact, dinner was served in the study. Alderney arrived, clad still in the gorgeous coat with the fur lining. He was punctual to time—half-past seven—and found Stephen apparently hard at work behind a great pile of papers on a side-table.

"These are a few," he said, looking up and greeting his cousin, "just a few of the papers connected with the estate, which I have to go through."

"Oh!" said Alderney, with sympathy. "Poor Anthony will cut up, I hear, better than was expected even."

Stephen nodded mysteriously.

"You have heard, perhaps, that I am to take out letters of administration. There was no will, but of course I am the nearest friend of this poor, bereaved girl."

Alderney was rather astonished at this expression of sympathy and so much grief, after an interval of so many weeks. Many brothers dry up, so to speak, in a fortnight at latest. Most brothers cease to use the language of grief after a month.

"Yes, it is very sad; but Alison won't go on crying for ever, I suppose?"

"Don't be brutal, Alderney. Pretend to sympathy, if you can't feel any. You were always inclined to look on things from so hard a point of view."

This, again, was astonishing. Alderney sat down meekly, and began to wish that dinner would come.

"I thought," he said presently, while Stephen went on making notes and turning over leaves, "that the lawyers relieved you of all the work."

"My dear fellow!" with gentle surprise. "Impossible. They take care of the details, and do the necessary legal work. I have, however, to master the general situation. The guardians, executors, and trustees have all the responsibility, nearly all the work, and none of the profit." This was ungrateful, considering the five hundred a year. "But, of course, for the poor child's sake, one must not flinch from undertaking it."

Alderney was more surprised than ever. The last time Stephen spoke to him of Alison he called her a little devil. But that, to be sure, was late in the evening, when he was lamenting her existence.

"It is very creditable to you, Stephen," said Alderney warmly. "You have the same kind heart as your brother. I feared from what you said once before that you bore poor Alison a grudge for ever having been born, which is a thing that no girl should be blamed for."

"Alderney," said Stephen, "you ought to know better than to rake up an old thing said in a bad temper. Alison has now become my especial, my sacred charge."

Alderney Codd stroked his chin—noticing as he did so that the frayed condition of his cuffs was really beyond everything—and began to be more confounded than ever. He wished they would bring dinner. That Stephen Hamblin should acknowledge any duty, and act upon that recognition; that he should acknowledge anything sacred, and square his conduct accordingly, was to Alderney like a new revelation; and yet Stephen appeared in perfect health. So he only coughed—an involuntary expression of incredulity—and said nothing.

"What a task!" said Stephen; "what a melancholy yet profitable task it is going through the simple records of a blameless life like my brother Anthony's! You think with me, Alderney, that his life was really a blameless one?"

"Surely," said Alderney, almost ready by this time to believe that Stephen must be an awakened and converted vessel, and feeling some natural anxiety on his own personal behalf lest the complaint might be contagious—"surely. The very best man who ever lived. Many is the fiver I have borrowed of him. So far even as a tennier went, indeed, I always regarded Anthony as a safe draw; but, as a regular rule, not more than that at a time, and not more than once a month or so. And it was best to vary the place, the time, and the emergency. Dear me! to think that I have borrowed the last fiver from him that I shall ever get! Where shall we find another lender so free and so forgetful?"

"You can always rely on me, Alderney," said Stephen, slowly and sadly, "for that amount at least."

"God bless my soul!" cried Alderney, bewildered beyond power of control by this sudden conversion. "Has anything happened to you, Stephen? You haven't got some internal complaint?"

Stephen was still sitting at the table, with a three-quarter face lit by the fire. The room was dark, and his hard features, suffused by the rosy light, looked gentle and kind. Who, up till now,

had ever heard of Stephen Hamblin lending any one a single penny?

"I have been searching among these papers," he went on, still in the same slow, sad way, without noticing Alderney's extraordinary question, "for some evidence—say, rather, some record—of my brother's marriage. Alison is nearly twenty years of age. Here, for instance, is a bundle of papers which refer to a time before her birth. Plenty of diaries of that date are here before me. Oddly enough, I find no mention anywhere of any marriage. Yet Anthony was a most methodical man, and one would think must have made somewhere a careful record of an important event such as his marriage. Here, again"—he took up a thick volume, and opened it at random—"is a diary of that time. Anything seems set down. 'Advanced to Alderney Codd, twenty-five pounds.' And here is even your own I O U."

"Really!" cried Alderney, springing to his feet. "Let me see that document. My own I O U! And for five-and-twenty! I remember it well. It was twenty years ago. We went to Paris, you and I, with the money, and we staid there for a week. When it was all gone, you had to write to Anthony for more, to bring us home. I remember—I remember. Now this is really touching. I borrowed that money twenty years ago. Think of one's good deeds seeing the light again after so many years! It was indeed a casting of bread upon the water. I never expected to be rewarded in this manner."

His face flushed, especially his nose, and he spoke as if his own borrowing had been the good deed thus providentially brought to light.

Then the dinner was brought up. Alderney, like all thin men, was blessed with a regular and trustworthy appetite. There was little conversation during the dinner, which was good. When it was all over, and nothing more remained but the wine, the two men turned their chairs to the fire, and fell to quiet talk over a bottle of 1856, out of Anthony's capacious cellar.

"I suppose," said Stephen presently, harking back to the subject of his brother, "that you have a very distinct recollection of poor Anthony's regular habits?"

"Why, any man would remember so regular a life as his."

"True, the most methodical of men. It seems to me, Alderney, as if he knew on any day and at any time what he was then doing. This is really admirable port. I should like a bin of it. Of course, Anthony moved like the hands of a clock. It is good wine—Falernian. And yet I can not remember, nor can I find a trace of, any week or month during which he could

have gone away to be married. Take another glass, Alderney."

"Not that it takes a week," said Alderney, "to be married in. You may leave the office and find a church within a stone's-throw, if you like. Gad! Stephen, the thing is so easy that I wonder you and I have never been let in for it. Thank you. The decanter is with you. Full of body, isn't it?"

"The ceremony is not everything. The nose-gay of this wine is perfect. You have to court your bride, I suppose; and all that takes time. And what sort of a wife would that be, content with a five minutes squeezed here and there out of the office-day? Alderney, I know every holiday he ever took, where he went, with whom he went, and what he did. Ah, what a color! For the life of me, I can not understand when he was married."

"It does seem odd," said Alderney, "now one begins to think of it. This is the inner flask. Why can't a man drink a couple of bottles of this divine liquor without getting drunk?"

"Then the death of his wife. Did he go about as if nothing had happened? How is it there is no word about it in the diaries? We can have another bottle up. And the birth of his daughter? Why is not that event entered?"

"It does seem odd."

"So odd, Alderney, that I am going to investigate it. Do have some more port. If Anthony had been any other kind of man, if we were not all sure, quite sure in our own minds, that his life was always beyond reproach—if we could not all agree in this, I should say that he had never been married at all."

As Stephen said these words slowly, he leaned his head upon his hand, and gazed sadly into the fire.

Alderney did not reply at first. He was taking another glass of port. Wine stimulates the perceptive faculties, but sometimes confuses the powers of speech. Presently he said, rather thickly:

"Quite—quite impossible. Anthony's the best man in the world, and there's no better port out of Cambridge."

Alderney called next day at the offices in the City. Augustus Hamblin, apparently willing to waste a quarter of an hour with him, which was not always the case, received him, and let him talk.

Alderney expatiated on the virtuous attitude of the new guardian.

"Richard III.," said Augustus, "was equally full of love for his nephews."

"Nay, nay," cried Alderney reproachfully, "Stephen is in earnest. He is a new man."

"Perhaps," said Augustus. "We have, however, cut his nails pretty short. New man or old, he will do no mischief to the estate."

"Well," Alderney went on, "it is very odd, but Stephen can find no trace of Anthony's marriage, which was always, you know, a very mysterious affair. He must have married somebody."

"Yes," said Augustus confidently, though his brow clouded; "of course, somebody. What does it matter?"

"Stephen says that if Anthony had been a different kind of man, unless we were all agreed that he was the best of men, we might be inclined to think that he never was married at all."

The words went home. Augustus felt a sudden pang of fear and surprise. Stephen would in that case be the sole heir.

"A changed man, is he?" he asked. "Upon my word, Alderney, I suspect he is exactly the same man as he always has been: not changed a bit."

CHAPTER XI.

THE BIRCH-TREE TAVERN.

AMONG the City clubs is a small and little-known association which meets informally on every day of the week and all the year round, between the hours of two and five in the afternoon.

There are no rules in this club: it has no ballot-box: nobody is ever blackballed, nobody is ever proposed, nobody is ever elected: there is no subscription—if there were, the club would instantly dissolve: and it is nameless. It is, however, felt by the members to be a very real and existing club, a place where they may be sure of meeting their friends, an institution to which only those resort who are bound together by the common ties of like pursuits.

This place of meeting is the Birch-Tree Tavern, which stands in one of the narrow streets leading southward out of Cornhill. Its situation, therefore, is central, in the very heart of London. It is a simple house of refreshment, which, like all the City places, is full of life between one and three, and before or after those hours is dull and empty. When the hungry clerks have all disappeared, when the jostling waiters have left off carrying, taking orders, and bawling, when the boys have ceased to balance among the mob their piles of plates and dishes, when the compartments are all empty, a great calm falls upon the place, broken only by the buzz of conversation of the men who are always lounging over a London bar: by the occasional click of the bil-

liard-balls, and by the distant murmur from the room where the members of the club are holding their daily conference. If you ask for anything at this place after four, the waiters collect together to gaze upon you in pity; if at half-past five, they receive your orders with contumely, or even eject you with violence.

The Birch-Tree Tavern, the glories of which belong perhaps to the times when the new and splendid restaurant was unknown, consists of several houses, or parts of houses. Many years ago these had behind them little yards, each four feet broad by twenty long, where rubbish could be shot, where cats could practice gymnastics, and where the melancholy moss, which can live without sunshine, dragged on a monotonous existence. But the walls of the yards are taken down, the space between the houses roofed over, and the ground thus reclaimed has been made into a bar and a luncheon-table. If you go up stairs and turn to the left hand, first door on the first floor, you will find yourself in the room affected by the members of this nameless club.

They arrive between one and two o'clock in the day; they find a row of tables on one side of the room, spread with table-cloths, which are white on Monday; here they dine. After dinner they adjourn to a row of tables without table-cloths, on the other side, near the windows, which are adorned with nothing but lucifer-matches in their native caskets. Here they join their friends, and sit talking over fragrant tobacco and whisky-and-water till afternoon deepens into evening—in other words, until the waiter turns them out.

Where do they go when they leave the Birch-Tree Tavern?

That is a question to which there is no reply. They used to show a man at the Stilton Cheese who sat in that place every day of his life from four o'clock till seven, except on Sunday, when he was supposed to lie in bed till six. He then went to the Coach and Four, where he remained until nine. After that he repaired to the Albion, where he finished his monotonous day of perpetual thirst, for, during the whole of that time, he drank whisky-and-water gayly.

The members of this club began to drink earlier than this hero. In all probability, therefore, they left off earlier. It does not seem in nature, for instance, to drink whisky-and-water from two till six, and then to finish with another sitting from six till eleven afterward. Perhaps they went home and had tea and read good books; perhaps they went to bed at once; perhaps they sat in solitude and reflected; perhaps they sat like mediums waiting for a communication. I do not know, nor did the members of this club know, because their acquaintance with

each other began and ended at the tavern, what they did in the evening.

Men who pursue secret, tortuous, or mysterious methods of making money always meet their fellow laborers in certain taverns. One class of ingenious adventurers, which turns its attentions to the fluctuations of foreign stock, may be seen whispering together—they all whisper—in a certain underground place where they keep wonderful sherry at eighteen pence a glass; it is a sherry which unlocks all hearts. Others, who take an interest in the railways of the foreigner, may be seen at the Whittington, an agreeable little place, where they put you into little boxes, four feet square, with walls eight feet high. Here the guests sit like conspirators and discuss their secrets. Sometimes you may see one more suspicious than the rest, peering over the partition-wall to see if the occupiers of the next place are likely to be listeners. At Binn's, again, you will find in the ordinary compartments German Jews, who can tell you all about the price of diamonds and the rise of bullion. They are safe from listeners, because they are talking their own language, which is Schmoozum, and no one understands that except themselves.

The men who used the Birch-Tree Tavern were all of them engaged perpetually in the formation, the promotion, the floating of new companies. To conceive the idea of a new company; to give it such a name as would attract; to connect it with popular objects; to draw up a flaming prospectus, showing how the profits *must* be five-and-twenty, and would most likely be cent. per cent.; to receive fully paid-up shares, in reward for the idea and the preliminary work; to realize upon them when the shares were at their highest, and before the smash—this was the golden dream of men who frequented that first-floor room. They were always occupied with designs—hatching new ideas, abandoning old. They listened with the utmost eagerness to each other's ideas. They believed in them more than in their own, envied their possession, marveled at their own bad luck in not hitting upon them for themselves; and they pleased themselves with stories about great strokes of good fortune.

They are not an unkindly set of men. They do not steal each other's ideas or try to anticipate them. Their faces lack the hawk-like look of professional turf-men and gamblers. They all love to lounge and talk. Their calling makes them perhaps inclined to be dreamy and imaginative. One would not claim for them the highest standard of moral excellence, but certainly, when the imagination is allowed fair play, the habits of the bird of prey are seldom found. Now the rook is an eminently practical and not an imaginative bird.

I am far from asserting that these gentlemen are models of morality. On the contrary, they have no morality; such a thing does not exist in the lower flights of financing, whatever may be the case with the higher. They are positively without morals on this side of their character. They consider nothing about a company, except to inquire how the idea can be so presented as to attract the general public. Whether it is a snare and a delusion, whether the formation of such a company is a dishonest trading on the credulity of the ignorant, whether the traffic in its shares is not a mere robbery and plunder—these are things which the small projectors neither inquire into, nor care for, nor would understand.

One of the most regular frequenters of the tavern was Mr. Alderney Codd. Since the age of eight-and-twenty—since the time, that is, when he made that little arrangement, of which we have spoken, with his creditors—he has been engaged in the active, but hitherto unsuccessful, pursuit of other people's money by the promotion of risky companies. How he fell into this profession, by what successive steps this lay fellow of St. Alphege's became a promoter of companies, it is needless here to tell. He was in the profession, which is the important thing, and he was greatly respected in it, partly on account of his fertile imagination, which perpetually led him to devise new openings, and partly because he was supposed able to "influence" capital. Next to a capitalist comes the man who can influence capital. Was he not cousin to the Hamblins of Great St. Simon Apostle? Was he not hand-in-glove with Stephen, the younger brother, who was not in the firm, yet was supposed to be possessed of great wealth, and was always hanging about in the City? Was he not, again, a private friend of the successful Mr. Bunter Baker, commonly known as Jack Baker?

It was nothing that Alderney Codd was shabby and poor; they were all poor, and most of them were shabby. The important thing was, that he could influence capital directly, while the rest of them had to work crab-fashion toward the attainment of their objects—to crawl up back stairs, to take into their confidence a go-between, whose commission sopped up most of their profits. Another thing in Alderney's favor was that he was undoubtedly a university man, a fellow of his college, reputed to be a great scholar—a thing which always commands respect. Lastly, Alderney had once, some years before, actually made a great *coup*. He always told the story at the tavern whenever any stranger appeared in the circle—it was a privilege accorded to him; and the rest were never tired of hearing the story.

"It was in the early days of trams," he said, when he had led the conversation artfully to the

right moment for introducing the story—"the early days of trams. Not but what there is a good deal to be done in trams, even now, by a man who keeps his eyes open; and I would recommend anybody here who has time in his hands, and a little money for preliminary expenses" (here their jaws fell), "to consider the subject of trams applied to our own towns. My town was no other than—Valparaiso." Alderney Codd at this point would look round with an air of triumph, as if real genius was shown in the selection of a town so remote from Cornhill. "Valparaiso. It is a city which has a fine trade, and—and—well, I thought the idea of a tram in Valparaiso would possibly attract. Had it been Bristol or Birmingham, no one would have touched it; but to lend money to a foreign enterprise in those good days when people were credulous—ah, well!" Alderney Codd sighed. "We may well, like Horace, praise the past time, because it will never come again." Alderney's allusions to the classical authors, like his quotations, would not always bear inspection. "I conceived this idea, however. I have, as our friends know, some little influence over capital. I drew up the prospectus of that company; I introduced that company in certain quarters; I floated that company; I received five thousand pounds in fully-paid shares; the shares were taken; they ran up; I had the happiness to sell out when they were at seventy per cent. premium, a fortnight before the company smashed. As for the tram, gentlemen, it never was made, in consequence of a dispute with the municipality. However, it was not my fault; and I believe, gentlemen, I may call that transaction business—'*quocunque modo, rem,*' as Horace says."

Alderney generally stopped here. Had he gone on, he would have to explain that it was Stephen Hamblin who helped in starting this disastrous company, the name of which still brings tears of rage and bitterness to the eyes of many a country clergyman and poor maiden lady; he would have explained, further, that it was in consequence of acting further on Stephen's advice that he subsequently lost the whole. For he invested it in a new American railway. The prospectus, beautifully emblazoned with arms of the State, mottoes, gilded emblems, and effigies of the almighty dollar, set forth that this line of El Dorado, this railway of Golconda, this iron road of Ophir, ran through diamond-fields, silver-mines, gold-mines, rich *ranchos* boasting of ten thousand cattle; past meadows smiling—nay, grinning—with perpetual crops; through vineyards whose grapes were better for pressing and fermenting than any on the Johannesburg or belonging to the Château Lafitte; and among a population numerous as the ants in an ant-hill, prop-

perous as an early engineer, and as rich as Nebuchadnezzar, Vanderbilt, or Mr. Stewart. It ran, or passed, from one place not marked on any English map to another not marked on any English map—from one to another world-center, both shamefully passed over and neglected by Mr. Stanford's young men. It was elaborately explained that, besides the enormous passenger traffic in this densely-populated country, there would be expected from the extraordinary wealth of the territory, as above indicated, a great and rapidly-increasing goods business. Figures showed that the least which holders of ordinary stock in this railway could expect would be twenty-five per cent. The shares of the new railway were placed upon the markets; Alderney Codd's money was all, by Stephen's advice, invested in them. He unfortunately let go the golden opportunity, which Stephen embraced, of selling all he held when the shares were at their highest, and was involved in the general ruin when it was discovered that there was no town at all within hundreds of miles of the place, that there were no people except one or two in a log-hut, that there would be no passenger traffic, and no conveyance of goods. Alderney, unfortunately, like all his friends, believed in other people's companies. He promoted what he knew to be a bubble, but he accepted all other bubbles for what they professed to be. And bubbles always profess to be solid pudding: such is their playful way.

Perhaps Alderney's popularity was due in great measure to his personal qualities. He was a good-hearted man; he never ascribed evil, or thought evil, though his manner of life would have been, had Providence allowed him to float many of his bubble companies, as mischievous, tortuous, and shady as that of an Egyptian vice-roy. He took everybody into his confidence, and, with a sublime trust in human nature which nothing could ever destroy, he imparted profound secrets to the acquaintance of an hour, who in his turn not unfrequently revealed mysteries of the most startling and confidential description to him. Men who talk to strangers at bars have few secrets, and are very candid. Then Alderney never forgot a face or a friend; he had an excellent memory; he was always cheerful, even sanguine, and was never mean. To be sure he was a lavish borrower, a very prodigal in borrowing; he would ask for a ten-pound note and take a crown-piece; and he never, unless when he borrowed among his own set, remembered to repay.

Perhaps, again, part of his popularity was due to his face. This was thin and clean shaven. The mouth had an habitual smile lurking in the corners; the nose was just touched with red, which, when not carried too far, imparts benevo-

lence of aspect; and the eyes were kindly, so that young children and old ladies were encouraged to ask him the way.

Alderney was a philanthropist whom fortune had made an enemy of mankind; he perpetually schemed and planned methods by which his fellow creatures were to be ruined, being himself the readiest dupe, the most willing victim in the world. Men may despise dupes, but they like the ready believer. It is delightful to find even among hawks the simplicity of the pigeon. The quack doctor buys a plenary indulgence of Tetzel, while he, in his turn, purchases a pill of the quack. The vender of beef fat for butter gets her fortune told by the gypsy; the gypsy buys the beef fat on the word of the immoral young person who sells it for butter.

About the beginning of every quarter, Alderney Codd would be absent from his regular haunts; the circle at the Birch-Tree would miss him; it might be rumored that he had gone down to Cambridge, where these honest speculators supposed that his society was still greatly in request, by reason of his being so massive a scholar. The real reason of his absence was, that he drew his hundred a year quarterly, and lay in bed half the day for two or three weeks after it. That was Alderney's idea of enjoying life if you were rich—to lie in bed. While in the first flush and pride of that five-and-twenty pounds, Alderney got up about one o'clock every day. Naturally, therefore, he dined late. During this period he ceased to devise schemes; his imagination rested; his busy brain had time to turn to practical things, and such renovation in his apparel as the money ran to was accomplished during this period. When it was over, he would cheerfully return to the stand-up dinner, the half-pint of beer, and the Scotch whisky with pipes and conversation among his fellows.

Every one of the circle had a history. To be sure that is sadly true of all mankind. I mean that these men were all out of the ordinary grooves of life. They were adventurers. Formerly they would have joined a band of free lances, to fight and plunder under the flag of a gallant knight of broken fortunes; or they would have gone a-buccaneering, and marooned many a tall ship, without caring much whether she carried Spanish colors or no. Or they might have gone skulking among the woods and shady places of England, where Savernake, Sherwood, or the New Forest gives on to the high-road, lying in wait for unarmed travelers, in guise, as the famous dashing highwayman. Nowadays, for men of some education, no money, and small principle, there are few careers more attractive, though few less generally known, than that of small finance.

There were nine or ten of them at the tavern one afternoon in March; they had the room entirely to themselves, because it was Saturday, and the general public had gone away for their half-holiday. There was, therefore, a sense of freedom and enlargement: they need not whisper.

They sat round the largest table, that under the middle window. Outside it was a charming and delicious day in very early spring, a day when the first promise comes of better times, when the air is soft and fragrant, and one reckons, like the one confiding swallow, that the winter is gone.

In this tavern the atmosphere was always the same: no fragrance of spring ever got there, no sunshine could reach the room; if the windows were ever opened, they would let in nothing but a heavy wave of air equally laden with the fumes of tobacco, spirits, and roasted meats. The men at the table, however, cared little for the breath of meadows; they loved the city air, which always seems charged with the perfumes of silver ingots and golden bars.

Among them this afternoon was one whom all regarded with a feeling which had something of awe in it; more of awe than of envy; because he was one who had succeeded. He was still a comparatively young man, rather a handsome man of two or three and thirty, with strong features, which were rather too coarse, a crop of curly, brown hair, a clear complexion, and bright eyes. He was dressed with more display than quiet men generally like, but his rings and chains seemed to suit his confident, braggart air. He spoke loudly, asserted himself, and in all companies pushed himself at once to the front. He was that phoenix among City men, the man who has made everything out of nothing, the successful man. He has a little to do with this story, and we will presently tell how he rose to greatness. His friends addressed him familiarly as Jack; everybody spoke of him behind his back as Jack Baker; on his cards was the name Mr. J. Bunter Baker. "Not plain Baker," he would say; "we are of the Bunter Bakers, formerly of Shropshire. The arms of the two families are, however, different."

The other men were sitting over whisky-and-water, with pipes. Jack Baker, half sitting, half leaning on the top rail of the back of his chair, was smoking a cigar, and had called for a pint of champagne. It was rumored among his admirers that he drank no other wine except champagne.

Alderney Codd, who was still attired in the magnificent fur-lined coat, was laying down the law.

"Capitalists tell me," he was saying, as if he

was on intimate terms with a great many capitalists, "that if you have got a good thing—you will bear me out, Jack—you can't do better than bring it out. Nonsense about general depression; there is plenty of money in the world that longs to change hands."

"Quite right," said Mr. Bunter Baker. "Plenty of money."

"And plenty of confidence," said Alderney. "Now I've got in my pocket—here—at this actual table—a thing good enough to make the fortune of a dozen companies."

Every project advanced at that table possessed the merit of a great and certain success—on paper.

He produced a small parcel wrapped in brown paper. All bent their heads eagerly while he toyed with the string, willing to prolong the suspense.

There is a certain public-house in Drury Lane where you will find, on any Sunday evening that you like, an assemblage of professional conjurers. They go there chiefly to try new tricks on each other, and they judge from the first exhibition before their skilled brethren of the effect which they will produce on an uncritical public. So with Alderney. He was about to propound a new scheme to a critical circle, and he naturally hesitated. Then he turned to Mr. Bunter Baker before opening the parcel.

"I ask you, Jack, what is the first rule for him who wants to make money? Nobody ought to know better than yourself—come."

"Find out where to make it," said Jack.

"No, not at all; make it by means of the millions. Go to the millions. Never mind the upper ten thousand. Satisfy the wants of the millions. One of those wants, one of the commonest, is appealed to by the contents of this parcel. We seek to catch the *mutabilis aura*, the changeable breath of popular favor. The invention which I hold in my hand is so simple that the patent can not be infringed—*flecti, non frangi*; it will be as eagerly adopted by those who drink tea, the boon of those who, as Horace says, love the *Persicos apparatus*, or Chinese tea-tray, as by those who drink toddy; it will be used as freely at the bar—I do not here allude to the Inns of Court—as at the family breakfast-table."

"You need not quote your own prospectus," said Mr. Baker. "Get to the point, man. Let us into your secret."

No one was really in a hurry to learn it, for, like true artists, they were criticising the manner of putting the case.

"There's nothing like a good prospectus," said a keen and hungry-eyed man, who was listening attentively.

"And a well-placed advertisement in the 'Times,'" observed a little man, whose only known belief was in the form of such an advertisement. When he had one, of his own composition, it was a red-letter day; when he had a long one, it seemed like a fortune made: once he was so happy as to make the acquaintance of a man who reported for the "Times." He lent that man money in perfect confidence; and, though his advances were never repaid, his admiration for the paper remained unbounded.

"Cheap things for the people," said another, with a sigh. "See what a run my sixpenny printing-press had, though I was dished out of the profits."

A curious point about these men was, that they were always dished out of the profits whenever anything came off.

"But what is it?" asked another, taking out a note-book.

He was, among other things, connected with a certain "practical" weekly, and was supposed to give "publicity" to the schemes whenever he was allowed. I fear the circulation of the paper was greatly exaggerated with the view of catching advertisers.

"It is," said Alderney, untying the parcel, "nothing less than the substitution of glass for silver spoons. Honest glass! not pretended silver, not worthless plate. You drop one, it breaks; very good. A penny buys another."

All eyes turned on Mr. Baker. He took one of the glass spoons; he dropped it; it was broken.

"Very true indeed," he said. "It is broken."

"There are," Alderney continued, "seven million households in England; each household will require an average of fifty-five spoons: three hundred and eighty-five million spoons; original demand, three hundred and eighty-five million pence, a million and a half sterling. Not bad that, I think, for a company newly starting. Nobody can reckon the breakages—we may estimate them roughly at twelve million a year. Think how maids bang spoons about!"

The newspaper correspondent made further notes in his pocket-book. A great hush of envy fell upon the audience. One of them seemed in for a good thing. Their eyes turned to Mr. Baker. He too was making a note.

"I have in my pocket," said another, a man with a face so hard and practical-looking that one wondered how he had failed in making an immense fortune—"I have in my pocket a little scheme which seems to promise well."

Everybody listened. Mr. Baker looked up from his note-book with curiosity. This emboldened the speaker.

"You all know," he said, "that the highways

of England are studded with iron pumps, set up by beneficent governments to provide for wagon- and cart-horses in the old days. I have made a calculation that there are about a hundred thousand of them; they pump no water, and they are no longer wanted. I propose to buy up these pumps—they can be had for a mere song—and sell them for scrap-iron, eh? There is money in that, I think."

Nobody replied. Mr. Baker, to whom all eyes turned, finished his champagne and went away, with a nod to Alderney.

"I must say," said one of them angrily, "that when we do get a capitalist here it is a pity to drive him away with a cock-and-a-bull scheme for rooting up old pumps."

"None of the dignity of legitimate financing about it," said Alderney grandly; "we do not meet here to discuss trade; we do not stoop to traffic in scrap-iron."

Then they all proceeded to sit upon the unfortunate practical man who had driven away the capitalist.

CHAPTER XII.

HOW STEPHEN DECLARED HIS INTENTIONS.

AFTER sowing the seeds of suspicion in the mind of the private town-crier, Alderney Codd, Stephen remained quiet for a time. Alderney the talker would unconsciously help him. This, indeed, happened; in less than a fortnight the Hamblin enemies were, with one accord, whispering to each other that no one knew where and when Anthony had been married, or, as the elder ladies added significantly, *if at all*. But for the moment none of these whispers reached the ears of Alison.

Meantime, Stephen was busy all day among the diaries and letters. He read and re-read; he examined them all, not once or twice, but ten times over, in constant fear of lighting on some clew which might lead to the reversal of his own opinion. But he found nothing.

One day, in the middle of March, about a fortnight after his dinner with Alderney Codd, he met his cousin, Augustus Hamblin, in the City. Since the appointment of Stephen as guardian it had been tacitly understood that there was to be a show of friendliness on both sides. The past was to be forgotten.

"I am glad to meet you," said Stephen, shaking hands with a show of great respect for the senior partner of the house. "Are you so busy that you can not give me a few minutes?"

"Surely," replied Augustus, "I can give you as many as you please."

He noticed, as they walked side by side in the direction of Great St. Simon Apostle, that Stephen's face looked thoughtful, and his eyes rested on the ground. In fact, he was mentally revolving how to state the case most effectively. At present he only intended to follow up the slight uneasiness produced by Alderney's artless prattle.

"I have been intending to consult you for some time," he began, when they were in the office, "but things prevented."

"Yes; pray sit down; what is it? Alison continues quite well, I hope?"

"Quite well, poor girl, thank you. I wanted to confer with you on the subject of my brother's marriage."

Stephen looked straight in his cousin's face—a disconcerting thing to do if your friend wishes to dissemble his thoughts. Augustus changed color. Alderney therefore had, as he expected, aroused a feeling of uneasiness.

"My brother's marriage," he repeated. "Can you tell me when and where it took place?"

"I know nothing about it," said Augustus; no more than you know yourself. We none of us know anything about it."

"Do you," continued Stephen solemnly, as if this was a very great point, "do you remember any time, from twenty to five-and-twenty years ago, when Anthony went away, say on a suspicious holiday, or behaved like a man with a secret, or departed in any way from his usual open way of life?"

"N—no; I can not say that I do. He had a holiday every year in the summer or autumn. Sometimes he went away in the spring. Of course, he must have managed his marriage in one of those excursions."

"Yes; that is not what I mean. I know the history of all those holidays. I want to find a time, if possible, when no one knew where he went. It must have been out of the usual holiday-time."

"I remember no such time," said Augustus. "But, of course, one did not watch over Anthony's movements. He might have been married as often as Bluebeard without our suspecting a word of it."

"No," said Stephen, shaking his head. All this time he was observing the greatest solemnity. "I should have suspected it. You forget the intimacy between us. Anthony had no secrets from me, poor fellow! nor I any from Anthony." (This was a sentimental invention which pleased Stephen and did not impose upon Augustus, who knew that Stephen's life had many secrets.) "Had Anthony hidden anything from me, his manner would have led to my suspecting. Again, I have read through his private journal,

and there is nothing, not one word, about any marriage—no hint about any love-affair at all; nothing is altered or erased; he tells his own life hour by hour. This is very mysterious.”

“Better let the mystery sleep,” said Augustus quietly. “No one will disturb it if you do not.”

“What!” said Stephen, with a show of virtuous indignation, “when the legitimacy of Alison is at stake? Do you not perceive how extremely awkward it would be if the judge, when we come to ask for letters of administration, were to ask a few simple questions?”

“The judge is not likely to ask anything of the kind,” said Augustus.

“But he might,” Stephen persisted. “He might say that although the deceased brought up this young lady as his daughter—a relationship proved besides by her great resemblance to him and other branches of the family—he left nothing behind him to prove that she is, in the eyes of the law, his daughter. What should we say then?”

“I think we can afford to wait till the difficulty arrives,” replied Augustus quietly.

“Nay, there I differ from you. It is not often, Cousin Augustus, that a man like myself can venture to differ from one of your business experience and clear common sense; but in this case I do differ. None of us question Alison’s legitimacy, but we would like to see it established. Let me, for Alison’s own sake, clear this mystery. Besides,” he smiled winningly, “I own that I am anxious to know something about this wife of Anthony’s, kept so cunningly in the background.”

“For Alison’s sake,” Augustus continued, “I think you had better let it alone. You do not know what manner of unpleasantness you may rake up.”

“Why,” replied Stephen quickly, “you would not surely insinuate that Alison—”

“I insinuate nothing. All I say is that Anthony had probably very good reasons of his own for saying nothing of his marriage. He probably married beneath him; he may have wished to keep his daughter from her mother’s relations; the marriage may have been unhappy; the memory of his wife’s death may have weighed upon him. There are many possible reasons. Let us respect your brother’s memory by inquiring no further into them.”

“If that were all,” Stephen sighed, “I should agree with you. I wish I could agree with you; but, in the interests of Alison, I fear I must pursue my researches. Why, what harm if we do unearth a nest of vulgar relations? We can always keep them away from Alison. I will let you know the result of my researches, Augustus. And now good-by.”

Augustus waited till the steps of this good guardian were heard at the foot of the stairs. Then he sought William the silent, and repeated the conversation.

William shook his head.

“Do you see the cloven foot, William? What a mistake we made in letting the man into the house! Why did we leave him the diaries? Why did we let it be possible to raise the question? After all these years we should have known our cousin better. What can we do?”

“Wait,” said William.

“Do you know who would be the heir if—”

“I know,” said William.

In Alison’s own interests. That was the way to look at this question. Stephen felt that he had now completely cleared the ground for action. Everybody was awakened to the fact that Anthony’s marriage was still an unsolved mystery. Everybody would very shortly learn that Stephen the benevolent, in his ward’s interest, was at work upon the problem. No one but the partners and the family lawyer would be likely to guess what issues might spring of these researches.

He began by questioning Mrs. Cridland. He invited her into the study one morning, placed her in a chair, frightened her by saying that he had some questions of the greatest importance to ask her, and then, standing over her, pocket-book in hand, with knitted brows and judicial forefinger, he began his queries.

Mrs. Cridland knew nothing. Anthony, when he brought Alison home, wanted a lady to take charge of her. Mrs. Duncombe, he explained, her previous guardian, was trustworthy, and thoughtful as regards the little girl’s material welfare, but she lacked refinement. What was very well for a child of three or four, would no longer be sufficient for a great schoolgirl. So Anthony looked round, and chose—a cousin. Mrs. Cridland was a Hamblin by birth; her husband was dead; she had no money, and was at the moment actually living on an allowance made her by the most generous of cousins. She was delighted to accept the post of governess, duenna, and companion to this girl, with a home for herself and her white-haired boy, and a reasonable salary.

“Ah!” said Stephen at this point. “Yes, a reasonable salary. What, may I ask, Flora, did my brother consider reasonable? He was not always himself a reasonable lender.”

This was unkind of Stephen.

“We agreed,” replied Mrs. Cridland, with a little flutter of anxiety, “that the honorarium should be fixed at three hundred pounds a year.”

“Three hundred a year!” Stephen lifted his

eyes, and whistled. "And board and lodging, of course. My poor brother was very, very easily cajoled. Even washing too, I dare say."

"If you mean that I cajoled him," cried the lady, in great wrath, "you are quite wrong! It was he who offered the sum. Cajoled, indeed!"

"Three hundred a year for ten years means, I should say, three thousand put by. You must have made a nice little pile by now, Flora. However—to return. Then Anthony told you nothing about the girl's mother?"

"Yes; he told me that she was long dead, and that he wished no questions to be asked at all."

"And did you allude then, or at any other time, to the surprise felt by all his friends at such a discovery?"

"Of course at the time I told him how amazed we were to learn that he whom we regarded as a confirmed bachelor should actually turn out to be a widower. He said, with a laugh, that people very often were mistaken, and that now, at any rate, they would understand why he had not married."

"He used those words? He said, 'People will understand now why I have not married'? Take care, Flora; your words may be very important."

"Good gracious, Stephen, don't frighten me! Of course he used those words. I remember them perfectly, though it is ten years ago."

Stephen made a careful note of the words, repeating under his breath, "why he had not married." Then he looked as if he were grappling with a great problem.

"Thank you, Flora," he said at length, coldly. "I believe you have done your best to confess the whole truth in this extremely difficult matter."

"What difficult matter? and what do you mean by 'confessing'?"

"Is it possible, Flora, for a sensible woman like yourself to be blind to the probability that Anthony was never married at all?"

"Stephen," she cried in sudden indignation, "it is impossible!"

"It is difficult, Flora, not impossible; I am endeavoring to prove that Anthony *was* married. But as yet I have failed. When did he marry? Where did he marry? Whom did he marry? Find out that if you can, Flora."

"But then—there is no will either—and Alison would not be the heiress even."

"Not of a single penny."

"And who would have all this money?"

"I myself, Flora; now you see why I am trying to prove the marriage. It is in Alison's interests, not my own, that I take all this trouble."

"You, Stephen, you?" All her instinctive

dislike was roused. She stared at him in horror and astonishment. "You? Then God help us all!"

"Thank you, Flora," he returned coldly, playing with a paper-knife; "that was kindly and thoughtfully said. I shall remember that."

"Remember it on my account as much as you please, only do not visit my words on that poor child."

"I do not intend to do so. Had it not been for the resolute way in which all my cousins have continued to misunderstand me, I might have expected some small credit for the pains I have taken for these months in clearing up this mystery."

"Oh!" she cried, firing up, like the honest little woman that she was, "I understand it all now—why you came here, why you tried to coax and flatter the poor girl, why you sat all day searching in papers—you wanted to test your own abominable suspicions—you wanted to persuade yourself that there are no proofs of Anthony's marriage—you wanted to rob your niece and get your brother's fortune into your own hands. And again I say, God help us all! But there are your cousins, and there is Mr. Billiter, to stand by her."

"Thank you, Flora. To such a speech there is but one reply: I give you a day's notice to go. You shall be paid your salary up to date, and you shall leave the house at once."

Here a sudden difficulty occurred. His account at the bank was reduced to a few shillings—how was he to pay this salary?

"I refuse to accept this notice. I will not go unless I am told to go by Mr. Billiter or by Mr. Augustus Hamblin. You are a bad and a dangerous man, Stephen Hamblin. We have done right to suspect you. O my poor Alison!"

"Very well, madam—very well, indeed. We shall see. Now go away, and tell Alison I want to say a few words to her."

He looked blacker and more dangerous than she had ever seen him, and he held the paper-knife as if it had been a dagger.

"Stephen, you are not going to tell Alison what you suspect? You are not going to be so cruel as that?"

"I have a good mind to tell her, if it were only to punish you for your confounded impudence. But you always were a chattering magpie. Anthony was quite right when he used to say that for downright idiotic gabble Flora Cridland's conversation was the best specimen he knew. Go, and send Alison to me."

Anthony had never said anything of the sort. But it was the way of this genial and warm-hearted person to set people against each other

by the simple process of repeating what had *not* been said.

Mrs. Cridland knew in her heart that Anthony could not have said words so unkind, but the thing pained and wounded her all the same, and she retired with trembling hands and lips. She had reason to tremble at the prospect. To begin with, she had lost, or would probably lose, her comfortable post and salary; she would have to fall back upon her little savings, and live in poverty and pinching; and then there was Alison and the terrible calamity which seemed hanging over her.

It was not Stephen's present intention to tell Alison of his suspicions. As yet he would only alarm her and make her anxious.

He received her with the same grave and judicial solemnity which he had observed toward Mrs. Cridland. He was seated now, and had before him a bundle of papers which he looked at from time to time as he spoke. Alison remained standing.

"Pray excuse me, Alison," he began. "In my capacity as administrator of these estates I have to trouble you from time to time with matters of business. Tell me, please—I asked you this once before—all you know about your—your mother."

"I know nothing."

"At least her name."

He began to make notes of her answers. This irritated Alison.

"Not even her name. Papa once told me—it was the only occasion on which he seemed to speak harshly—that I was never to ask him any questions about her."

He took this down in writing.

"But—the lady with whom you lived before you came here—Mrs. Duncombe. Did she never speak to you about your mother?"

"She knew nothing about her. I was brought to her a year-old child by papa. That is all she knew."

"And the trinkets—nothing to connect you with your mother?"

"Nothing except a little coral necklace, which was found in a box of baby-clothes which came with me."

"A coral necklace is nothing," said Stephen, making a careful note of it. "And that was all?"

"That was all, indeed. Why do you ask? Is there anything depending on my mother's name?"

"There may be, Alison. A great deal may depend upon it. Be assured that I shall do my best to find out the truth. Of course I mean in your interests."

Alison retired, confused and anxious. In

the breakfast-room she found Mrs. Cridland in tears.

"Oh! what has he said to you, Alison?" she cried, clasping her hands together. "What has the horrid, wicked man been saying?"

"Uncle Stephen?" asked Alison in surprise. "Why is he horrid and wicked, auntie? He has said nothing. He only asked me for the second time what I knew of my poor dear mother, whom I never saw. To be sure, he wrote down my replies. But then, as I know nothing about her, there was not much to be said. And he had an odd way with him too. What is the matter?"

Mrs. Cridland breathed more freely on Alison's account. Here was at any rate a respite for her. She did not know, as yet, the miserable thing that was waiting for her, to be revealed at the man's good pleasure. So she replied with reference to her own troubles.

"My dear," she said, wiping her eyes, "we are to leave the house, Nicolas and I. Stephen has ordered us to go. We are to leave as soon as the money which is due to me has been paid. He says I must have cajoled your poor father—"

"But what does he mean? What excuse has he?"

"None that I know, except that I said a thing which angered him. And then there is the expense of keeping Nicolas and me. To be sure, the poor boy *has* got a large appetite."

"Wait," said Alison. "I will know the reason of this." She had no notion of a guardian's duties extending to the dismissal of her friends and companions.

"O Alison!" Mrs. Cridland sprang forward and caught her by the arm. "Don't go near him. He is dangerous. You will only make matters worse."

Alison tore herself away.

"Alison, dear Alison, do not, for Heaven's sake, do not anger him!"

But Alison was already in the study.

"Uncle Stephen," she cried, with an angry spot on either cheek, "will you be kind enough to tell me why you have ordered Aunt Flora out of the house?"

Stephen was already far advanced in one of his most brilliant and uncontrollable attacks of evil temper.

"I shall certainly not tell you, Alison," he replied curtly.

"Not tell me? But you *shall* tell me!"

Stephen remarked, while he felt that he was about to measure swords with an antagonist worthy of himself, that Alison had never before so strongly reminded him of his mother, especially at those moments while the Señora allowed herself to be overcome with wrath. These mo-

ments, thanks to her son, were neither few nor far between.

"I *shall* tell you, shall I?" he replied. "You order me to tell you, do you? Come, this is rather good. Be assured, young lady, that I have my reasons that Flora Cridland and her little devil of a boy shall turn out of this, without any delay, and that, as to my reasons, they are my own business."

"No," replied Alison; "they are my business. You are my guardian, I know; but in a twelve-month you will be guardian no longer. Let us understand one another, Uncle Stephen. You have certain powers for a limited time. Remember, however, that it is but a very limited time."

"Oh!" said Stephen, looking dark and angry, "you are going to lecture me on my duties as guardian, are you?"

"No, I am not; but I am ready to tell you that, if Aunt Flora leaves this house, I shall go with her. I do not understand your duties to extend to depriving me of my companion and protector."

"She is an heiress, this girl," said Stephen. He had left the chair and his papers, and was standing upon the hearth-rug in one of his old and familiar rages—one of those with which he would confront his mother in the old times. His bald temples were flushed and his black eyes glittered. "She thinks she is an heiress. She is a *grande dame*. Very good. She tries to Hector *me*. Very good, indeed. She shall learn a lesson. Listen, Alison. You may threaten anything you like. At one word from me, at one single word, all this wealth of yours vanishes. Learn, that if I choose, say, when I choose, you will step out of this house a penniless beggar."

"What do you mean?"

"Remember every one of my words. They mean exactly what they say. You depend at this moment on my forbearance; and, by Heaven! that has come very nearly to the end of the rope."

"You think that I am in your power. Is that it?"

"That is exactly what I think."

"Then, Uncle Stephen"—Alison stepped up to him and looked him full in the face. Like her uncle, she was flushed with excitement and indignant surprise, but her eyes expanded while his contracted under their emotions—"do not think that by anything you can say, or by any facts of which I know nothing, that I *can* be brought into your power. I used to wonder how two brothers could be so unlike each other as you and my dear father. Henceforth I shall be more and more thankful for the want of resemblance. Meantime you will find that I shall not want protectors."

She left him, and shut the door.

"Have I been precipitate?" Stephen thought, when he had had time to calm down. "Perhaps a little. Yet, after all, what matters? Sooner or later the blow must have fallen."

He rang the bell again.

"Give my compliments to Miss Hamblin," he said; "ask her if she will favor me with one minute more."

Alison returned. "You are going to explain what you said."

"I am," he said, "if your abominable temper will allow you to be calm for five minutes. Listen: Since your father's death I have been diligently hunting in your interests for any record of his marriage. *There is none*. Do you understand what that means?"

"No."

"If no proof can be found, Anthony had no children—"

"No children? But I am his daughter."

"He said so. Prove your—your descent by proving your father's marriage. The law does not recognize likeness as proof of descent."

Still Alison did not comprehend.

"You will find out what all this means in the course of time. For the moment, the only things you need understand are that your father was never married—he never had a wife; he therefore never had a child, in the eyes of the law. He made no will; you can not therefore inherit one penny. The sole heir to all his property—this house and all that is in it"—he swept round his arm with an air of comprehensive proprietorship—"is myself."

"You?"

"Myself; no other. In your interests, I have been doing what I could to find proofs of the marriage. There are none. Everybody has always suspected this; I have always known it. In your interests, and out of consideration to your own feelings, I have been silent all this time."

"In my interests!" she repeated.

She had indeed the spirit of his mother, her quick perceptions, and her fearlessness. With all his assumed exterior calm, Stephen felt that the girl was stronger than himself, as she faced him this time with every outward sign of outraged honor—flashing eyes, flushed cheeks, and panting breast.

"In my interests!" There were scorn and passion in her tones beyond the power of an Englishwoman.

Mrs. Cridland, who had stolen timidly after the girl, fearful that this impious slanderer of his dead mother might insult her, stood within the door, trembling yet admiring. Behind her, the pink-faced boy, with the heavy white eyebrows,

who had just come home from school, gazed with curiosity, wonder, and delight. Uncle Stephen was catching it. This was better than pie. Alison—she really was a splendid fellow, he said to himself—was letting him have it. "No one, after all," thought young Nick, "when it comes to real slanging, can pitch in like a girl in a wax."

"In *my* interests!" she pointed her finger at his scowling face and downcast eyes. "He pretends that my father was a deceiver of women: he pretends that my father threw away his honor, and my mother her virtue: he pretends that I am a cheat and an impostor: he pretends that everybody has always suspected it: he pretends that I have no right to the very name I bear. This man alone, of all the world, has been base enough to *think* such a thing of my father, he alone has dared to say it. In my interests he searches private papers for a secret which would not be there, and rejoices not to find it. In my interests he seeks to prove that he is himself my father's heir!"

She paused a moment.

(*To be continued.*)

"Alison!" whispered Mrs. Cridland, "it is enough. Do not drive him to desperation."

"He shall be no guardian of mine," the girl went on. "Henceforth, he shall be no uncle of mine. O father—father—" she burst into sobs and crying, "my poor dead father! Is there no one to call this man a liar, and give you back your honor?"

Stephen answered never a word.

Mrs. Cridland drew the girl passively away.

But young Nick rushed to the front. His eyes were lit with the light of enthusiastic partisanship. His white eyebrows stood out like the fur of a cat in a rage. He brandished his youthful fists in Stephen's face.

"I will, Alison," he cried.—"You hear—you! You are a liar and a coward!" Here he dodged behind a chair. "Wait till I get older, Uncle Stephen. You've caught it to-day from Alison, and you'll remember it. But that's pancakes—mind—to what you are going to catch when I grow up. Only you wait. Pancakes, it is, and parliament, and baked potatoes!"

A CORNISH SAUNTER.

HAVING just a week at my disposal before the period of my sojourn in England must end, I determined to have a glimpse of Cornish scenery, the kindness of Weymouth friends enabling me to join a small party of excursionists who were about to proceed from Weymouth as far as Boscastle. It is not my purpose to inflict upon the reader a description of Weymouth, with its fine promenade and bay; or of our rambles through Dorset, and that other county, Devon, which, it seems to me, has an immeasurably higher claim to be called "The Garden of England" than Kent; I will merely say of Devon that its gracious climate, beautiful scenery and flowers, superb mansions, hedge-embowered roads, and exquisite Torquay, impressed me as a piece of earth more Italian than English. My wish is merely to sketch at random a few of the scenes which interested me in Cornwall—scenes which, from their remoteness, are yet comparatively unfamiliar even to English tourists, and which, from their singular wildness and grandeur, or poetical and historical associations, are well worthy of, at least, passing remark.

Imagine, then, that we have left the lawns and orchards of Devon behind and crossed the river Tamar between Pentillie and Cothele. This

we did one afternoon; and drove along deep valleys, shut in by great rounded hills well clothed with forest-trees, the glens crossing and recrossing, intersecting each other at various angles, and each with its own little gushing stream buried in moss and fern. And such moss and fern! the former so green and soft and luxuriant, and the latter with its great spreading leaves bending gracefully over the chattering stream underneath. There are few spots left in England at once so beautiful and retired as this stretch of broken, confused country on the Cornish side of the river Tamar. One afternoon we came to a hamlet placed just at the head of one of these valleys. Its whitewashed walls, red roofs, and chimneys surmounted by light curling smoke, stood out against the mountain-side as some point emerges from the midst of Turner's canvas—almost smothered in color. A little to the left of the hamlet, on a well-rounded hill fringed with larch and spruce-fir, stood the church—a gray old tower covered with green and orange lichens which grow everywhere in this moist climate, and surrounded by a little knot of fir-trees whose heavy green foliage struck vividly across the hazy outline of the adjacent hill. Nowhere else in England had I beheld such cloud-

splendor, either, or detected that peculiar azure in the sky which constantly hangs over Naples, and is always associated with sea and mountains and sunshine. The blending of repose, color, and antiquity was absolutely perfect. As we followed the road which winds up the hill, we could look back over the retreating valleys through which we had passed, and at last, when we got to the top, we had a glorious view over Dartmoor—its distant hills bounding the horizon with a bold, undulating outline. Passing on, we had a view of a strange-looking, dilapidated church on the Tor—the “Brent Tor,” described so graphically by Kingsley in his “Westward Ho!”—where a congregation still assembles every Sunday afternoon for public worship. Presently we turned a sharp corner, and the whole view was changed. Below us flowed the river, making a grand sweep under Pentillie Castle, and opposite the bleak Devonshire sides of the Tamar, which were sprinkled here and there with tall mine-chimneys, and crowned with a desolate-looking slate-roofed village. Close on our right there stood a great, solid-looking, square tower, surrounded by a low wall and a fosse. The whole building was grown over with ivy, and buried in thick brushwood and large trees, some of which started out of the wall. A flight of some half-dozen broken-down steps brought us to the wall of this tower. In the wall there is a little window, about a foot square, with a granite mullion. Looking through this window you see a stone figure on the opposite wall, sitting down on a stone chair, and dressed in the long, flowing wig and quaint costume of the last century. That is Sir James Tillie, of Pentillie! Who was he? He was a *bon vivant* in his lifetime, who laughed at the possibility of any future state of rewards and punishments. So opposed was he apparently to all religion that he ordered this tower to be built in order that he might be buried in it, not in a recumbent position, however, like an ordinary mortal, but in a sitting posture. It was, as far as can be ascertained, his own intention that he should be put in a chair in this tower with a table in front of him, on which were to be placed bottles and glasses, pipes and tobacco, as emblems of a sensual life. This was not done, however. Some years ago, the father of the present owner of Pentillie Castle opened the vault, and found there the remains of his ancestor, in a sitting posture, indeed, but inclosed in a coffin. There his bones rest still! There stands the old, ivy-mantled tower—the monument of a man who dared to scorn the mysteries of death and futurity.

It was on a cloudless day that we left the grand and wild cliffs of Bude, to spend a few hours at Tintagel, the reputed birthplace of (to quote from Caxton) “the most renowned crysten

kyng. . . . Kyng Arthur, whyche ought moost to be remembered emonge us Englysshe men tofore al other crysten kynges.” It is to this romantic ruin that Tennyson, too, alludes in his “Idylls of the King”:

“After tempest, when the long wave broke
All down the thundering shores of Bude and Boss,
There came a day as still as heaven, and then
They found a naked child upon the sands
Of wild Dundagil by the Cornish sea;
And that was Arthur!”

The road was most picturesque, giving us occasional glimpses of the deep-blue sea on our right hand, and a wide expanse of Cornish scenery on our left, with many a church-tower in sight, round which a village clustered, and in the far distance, the craggy peaks of Rowtor and Brownwilly, two of Cornwall’s finest mountains. Lizards were sunning themselves on every mossy bank, the hedges were full of wild flowers, and the *Osmunda regalis* grew tall and luxuriant in the sedge ditches by the roadside.

The apparently interminable descent into the town of Boscastle gave us the sensation of driving into an abyss. The grandeur of the scenery is indescribable. From the little bridge at the bottom of the town, we gazed upward awe-struck at the threatening craggy hills that inclosed us on every side. A Lilliputian at the bottom of a Tyrolese peasant’s inverted hat might be supposed to look upward with much the same feelings as we were then experiencing. The dark-gray rock burst here and there through its turfy mantle, and the houses of the town of Boscastle, built one above another up a precipitous hill, gave the idea that if the topmost house received a push, the whole village would fall over like a pack of cards.

As some of our party were unequal to the walk of three miles that lay between Boscastle and Tintagel, and our own mules were too tired to proceed farther, we made inquiries about a conveyance, and being unable to meet with one at the hotel, we proceeded to *climb* the village street, on the strength of a report that a mule-trap could be obtained at the top of the town. We little knew what we were attempting when we set out, or the most delicate among us would have preferred the three-mile walk to Tintagel, over headland and down, to the fatiguing ascent of the village, and the subsequent drive that was in store for them. We had no need to be told that we were “rambling beyond railways.” The Old World (but not less interesting) appearance of the town, and the pursuit under difficulties of this fabulous mule-trap—of which some whom we questioned had heard, and others had not—bore sufficient testimony to the fact, which was

further demonstrated by our discovering the identical "trap" drawn up in front of the last house in the village.

Let not the reader suppose that a Boscastle mule-trap is one of those dainty, morocco-cushioned equipages driven by a smart youth in a jaunty cap, which may be seen at fashionable watering-places during the summer months. The mule-trap we at length secured was neither more nor less than a tax-cart without springs, drawn by a bony animal of the size of a small horse, with a head ornamented with a gigantic pair of donkey's ears. A good-natured woman, with a loud voice and broad Cornish accent, consented to drive three of the party from "Boskittle" to Tintagel, and three ladies were assisted into the cart; two seated on the bare wooden board that constituted the front seat, and one perched behind on a high stool, placed for the occasion, which performed pleasing little peregrinations as the vehicle jolted forward. We only waited to see the driver mounted on her own seat, which consisted of the wooden ridge that formed the front of the cart, with a moderate allowance of the lap of the lady immediately behind her; and when she had, by dint of sawing away at the reins with her whole strength, and noisily belaboring the bony back of the poor mule with a large stick, succeeded in making him crawl forward in a zigzag direction, we retraced our own steps down the precipice, bestowing many a sympathizing thought upon those of our party who were jolting along the high-road at a snail's pace, and whose comical faces of woful despair, as they cast a parting look at us, still lingered in our imaginations.

From Boscastle we walked first to the harbor, which is half a mile from the town. It is a curious and romantic little inlet, winding between high rocks, and not a stone's-throw in breadth. The sea is in constant agitation, so that the cove itself offers no protection to ships; but at its extremity there is a space large enough to hold two or three vessels at a time, and this is guarded by a small pier. The water, owing to the proximity of high, dark rocks, is black and dreary-looking, and one could fancy many kinds of death less fearful than that of being drowned in the gloomy waters of Boscastle Harbor. We sat for some time on a seat at the foot of the headland of Willapark, and watched the curious and somewhat rare phenomenon of the blowing-hole, which is caused by the water being drawn up into a fissure in a rock outside the harbor, and ejected again with a volley of spray resembling a jet of steam. A passer-by made our blood run cold with the information that some years before a young lady bathing in the harbor was sucked into the blowing-hole, and never afterward heard

of. He informed us also that at low tide, when the sea happens to be unusually agitated, a column of water is violently projected across the harbor, by means of a passage underground, communicating with the open sea, and that this action is accompanied by a terrific report. There is something melancholy and depressing in this iron-bound coast, where even an ordinary fishing-boat can not be launched with any feelings of security, and where stories of terror abound, from the awful tales of Cornish wreckers raising false lights in this immediate neighborhood to lure vessels to destruction, down to innumerable cases of death by drowning, either from the bathers having been sucked out by the irresistible sand-wave, or drawn off by one of the many strong currents that invest these shores.

On leaving the harbor, we came within sight of the "silent tower of Bottreaux," to which is attached one of the most poetical of the many wild Cornish legends. It is said that a jealousy existed between Bottreaux and Tintagel, because the church of the latter village possessed a beautiful peal of bells, while the former possessed none; and on summer evenings the musical chime of Tintagel bells would be wafted up the coast, to meet with no response from the sister-tower. The inhabitants of Bottreaux raised a sum of money to purchase a peal of bells for their church, and, after long and anxious waiting, the day at length arrived when a vessel hove in sight containing the longed-for and precious freight. As the vessel drew near the shore, the sweet peal of the Tintagel chimes came over the water. The pilot, who was a Tintagel man, uncovered his head with feelings of rapture and thankfulness. "Thank God!" he exclaimed, "that I hear those bells once more! With his blessing we shall set foot on shore this evening." "Thank God upon land, you fool!" exclaimed the captain, in brutal tones; "on sea thank the seaman's skill, the good ship, and the prosperous wind."

No sooner were the scoffing words uttered than the wind began to blow high, the fearful waves of that terrible coast grew stronger and fiercer; the captain's cheek grew pale, and the noble ship, with its stalwart crew, sank, never to be seen more, one man alone being rescued from a watery grave—the pilot who had "given God the glory."

So Bottreaux lost her peal within sight of her own gray and lichened walls, and, according to the "Echoes from Old Cornwall"—

"Still when the storm of Bottreaux' waves
Is raging in his weedy caves,
Those bells, that sullen surges hide,
Peal their deep tones beneath the tide!

'Come to thy God in time!'
 Thus saith the *ocean*-chime.
 'Storm, billow, whirlwind past,
 Come to thy God at last.'

In the deep caverns which undermine this coast, numbers of seals are taken during the summer by the Bosccastle fishermen. A little farther on we reached the headland of Willapark, and gazed into the dreary chasm known by the name of "The Black Pit," in which the rock is so dark as to be easily mistaken for coal. We were informed by our guide that we were that moment standing upon a spot interesting to geologists, where two great formations meet—the carbonaceous and graywacke groups—which are respectively characteristic of Devonshire and Cornwall. Immediately to our west we observed a slate-quarry, worked in the face of the graywacke cliff. Our guide again informed us that the guide-chains, by which the stone was raised, were fastened to the bottom of the sea, an almost incredible fact on such a wild and impracticable shore.

Proceeding onward, we presently descended into a picturesque valley, at the bottom of which flowed a clear stream. Had we had time to follow its windings upward, through bush and brake, we heard that we should have found ourselves in a romantic spot called "St. Knighton's Keeve," where a waterfall dashes from a considerable height into a natural basin or *keeve* below. This place, like others, has its legend, namely, that two forlorn maidens took refuge here, and lived for a considerable time in such strict retirement that even the curiosity of the neighbors failed to discover their names. Their only means of subsistence was said to be snails, which are unusually plentiful; and in this lonely spot it was their tragic fate "to live forgotten and die forlorn."

The picturesque water-mill in this little valley, named Trevillet, has been already made familiar to us by the pencil of Creswick in his picture "The Valley Mill." Once more mounting the cliffs, we caught sight of the hamlet of Bossiney, which, consisting as it does of a few mean cottages, yet boasts of having sent to Parliament such members as Sir Francis Drake and Sir Francis Cottington. This village, or hamlet, is in the parish of Tintagel, and its *status*, before it was disfranchised by the Reform Bill, was a curious and interesting illustration of English representation of even a recent time. A select number of freeholders of Tintagel, who assumed the name of burgesses, claimed the right of electing two members of Parliament. Oldfield, in his "Representative History of Great Britain and Ireland," styles them "a self-created corporation," and prints the names of nine persons (eight of whom were of one family), forming,

when he published his work, "the whole constituent body of the borough of Bossiney, *alias* Tintagel!" The same magical number of electors appears to have constituted the corporation some thirty years before, when eight of them were disqualified from voting by reason of their being revenue officers belonging to the custom-house at Padstow; and thus it was left to *one solitary individual*—Arthur Wade—to exercise the important function of choosing two members of Parliament! The patrons of the borough were the Earl of Mount Edgecombe and J. A. Stuart-Wortley, Esq. It is rather difficult to point out how the little body of nine self-appointed electors was acted upon by the patrons or their nominees; but, as eight of them belonged to one family, it may be easily conceived how they kept the secret!

The precept for the election used to be published by the Mayor from the summit of a green tumulus or barrow, opposite the Wortley Arms; and many a joke is still afloat in the neighborhood connected with the jovial festivities which marked the elections. On one occasion the returning officer, who was the Mayor, was no man of letters, and proceeded to give the accustomed notice from memory, aided by the prompting of some more learned clerk, who stood at his worship's elbow. It was humbly suggested by a bystander that the precept was held upside down, upon which the Mayor turned to him with a look of withering scorn:

"And pray, sir, may not the Mayor of Bossiney read it upside down if he chooses?"

On the summit of a towering precipice, which starts out in bold sublimity amid the waters of this northern coast, stand the venerable ruins of Tintagel Castle, "the rude remains of high antiquity." The mossed and moldering strength of its shattered towers strikes with appalling distinctness against the sky as one gazes at them from a little distance, and from the sea-level. Turret upon turret is massed almost all round what seemed to us a small circular bay at a fearful height, the walls rising up straight from the precipitous sides of the bay. It is as if the bay had once been one huge rocky formation which some convulsion had thrown up in wild, perpendicular blocks on the inmost precipice, a heap of ruins vast and hoar. Its surly grandeur is simply indescribable, and no one painting could convey an adequate idea of the Titanic, chaotic dimensions of the whole mass. As we looked, the sea—notwithstanding the fine weather—was seething and raving against the rocks on all hands with tremendous force; and just at the head of the bay, and firmly pinnacled on a spike of shelving rock, a wreck of considerable size, dismantled and water-logged, was receiving the full

brunt of the waters, while thousands of screaming sea-birds were wheeling up and down, and through every fissure in the battlements. The scene was inconceivably wild, and I thought, as I stood there entranced, that the same view in a stormy sunset would fill any man's ideal of the utterly awful and solemn.

The history of this fortress, like that of other Cornish castles, is wrapped in impenetrable obscurity; and the nature of its masonry appears to be the only principle from which we are to trace its origin. Dr. Borlase is of opinion that the ancient Britons had here a place of defense before the invasion of the Romans. But the present remains are now pretty clearly ascertained to be of Roman workmanship. Norden, who surveyed these buildings when in a less ruinous state, observes that "it was some time a statelie, impregnable seat, now rent and ragged by force of time and tempestes; her ruins testify her pristine worth, the view whereof, and due observation of her situation, shape, and condition in all partes, may move commiseration that such a statelie pile should perish for want of honourable presence. Nature has fortified, and art dyd once beautifie it, in such sort as it leaveth unto this age wonder and imitation, for the mortar and cement, wherewith the stones of this castle were layde, excelleth in fastness and obduritye the stones themselves; and neither time nor force of hands can easelye sever the one from the other."

The whole of these buildings were formed of slate, and the cement consisted principally of hot lime. They occupied a considerable space partly on the mainland, and partly on what is called the island—the sea having worn away a cavern quite across the promontory, and the cavern being so narrow at one end as to give a spectator at a little distance the impression of its being a circuitous bay. Above this passage, on the eastern side, is a considerable gap, supposed to have been purposely cut for the security of the inhabitants in time of danger, and over it was formerly thrown a drawbridge, which was destroyed in the reign of Henry VIII. and its place supplied with elm-trees. The only passage now to the island is by a narrow path over dangerous cliffs on the western side, where the least slip of the foot would send the passenger at once into the sea. At the end of this path we entered the island through a wicket-gate, the arch of which is still to be seen. We climbed the rude and dizzy staircase that had been cut in the rock, and presently we found ourselves standing on the very rock where once had stood the "spotless King" and his fair but faithless Guinevere.

The cool Atlantic breeze was exquisitely grateful and refreshing after our mid-day walk,

and the boundless expanse of deep-blue sea, the picturesque line of coast on the left, with the pleasant break of waves upon the opposite shore from the cavern, and the soothing ripple of the receding water, allured us to a long rest upon the short, dry turf that crowns the summit of the headland. At the water's edge, on this side, the sea was of the most brilliant emerald-green tint we ever remember to have observed, and of such pellucid clearness that every stone and weed was visible for a considerable distance.

On the right of the wicket-gate by which we entered we were shown two rooms of a good height, one above the other, the chimneys of each being visible. We presumed them to have been occupied by the guard or porter. The buildings within the area seem to have been numerous, and walls are to be traced in every direction to the very edge of the cliff. On the highest part, toward the north, are the remains of a building fifty-six by fifty-eight feet, with an entrance to the southwest. A little farther to the south we were shown the remains of the chapel, said to have been dedicated to St. Uliane, and measuring fifty-four feet long by twelve feet wide.

At the northwest corner of the island, which is the most exposed, are the remains of a small building eight feet square, with two openings to the right of the entrance, which had apparently been windows once. The walls are about six feet high. In the center of the room is a sculptured moor-stone four feet four inches by two and a half, the top covered with letters or characters no longer legible. It is undoubtedly a sepulchral monument, and—as we were informed—thought by some to mark the tomb of John Northampton, Lord Mayor of London, who for abuse of his office was committed to this castle a prisoner for life, by order of King Richard II. It appears not improbable that in this melancholy cell the unhappy captive—whoever he may have been—lingered out his days, to rest at last beneath a monument of his own carving. On this northern side, too, there is an excellent spring of water, and about twenty fathoms thence is a subterraneous cavern or passage cut through the solid rock for the space of twenty feet, but now so choked with earth that it is no longer penetrable. Some have described it as a hermit's cave, but to us it seemed most likely that it was the unsuccessful expedient of some prisoner to escape.

Owing to some peculiarity in the stone, the constant wear of wind and weather has worn it into innumerable pools and basins, which are called by the villagers "King Arthur's Cups and Saucers." Our guide exhibited, in entire good faith, the gigantic impression of a foot, which is

said to be King Arthur's footprint, left when he strode across the chasm that separates the peninsula from the mainland. It did not appear to have occurred to him that, from the position of the footprint, the King must have stepped backward across the yawning gulf. No doubt the idea owes its origin to the tradition of his extraordinary stature which has descended to us. We made our way into a rude rock-seat, called "King Arthur's Chair," and tried, as in duty bound, to recall the days so long gone by. But the records of King Uther Pendragon were too slender and various, and even the birth of his son too much shrouded in mystery, to enable us to conjure up any distinct imagery of the past. That the latter was born and bred at Tintagel does not seem to have been discredited many centuries ago, as appears from the verses of Joseph Iscanus (a priest of the Cathedral of Exeter), who accompanied Richard I. to the Holy Land:

"From this blest place immortal Arthur sprung,
Whose wondrous deeds shall be for ever sung—
Sweet music to the ear, sweet honey to the
tongue,
The only Prince that hears the just applause—
Greatest that e'er shall be, and best that ever
was."

Lord Bacon says of King Arthur, that his story "contains truth enough to make him famous, besides what is fabulous." Milton, in his verses to his friend Mausius, hints that he had once designed to celebrate King Arthur, but the British hero was reserved for another destiny, to be victimized in an epic poem of twelve books, which is now forgotten, by the muse of Sir Richard Blackmore. Bishop Heber, too, left us a fragment of a poem upon the "Morte d'Arthur." But, of course, of all existing Arthurian romances, none can boast of such refinement and purity as the sweet fancies of the author of the "Idylls," who has invested the pure King and his court with a beauty and interest they never before possessed. Warton, in his "Grave of King Arthur," alludes so pleasingly to the traditional belief in his eventual return to govern his people, that we are fain to transcribe the passage:

"When he fell, an elfin queen,
All in secret and unseen,
O'er the fainting hero threw
Her mantle of ambrosial blue;
And bade her spirits bear him far,
In Merlin's agate-axled car,
To her green isle's enameled steep,
Far in the bosom of the deep.
O'er his wounds she sprinkled dew
From flowers that in Arabia grew—
On a rich enchanted bed
She pillowed his majestic head—

O'er his brow, with whispers bland,
Twice she waved an opiate wand,
And to soft music's airy sound
Her magic curtains closed around.
There, renewed the vital spring,
Again he reigns a mighty king,
And many a fair and fragrant clime
Blooming in immortal prime,
By gales of Eden ever fanned,
Owns the monarch's high command:
Thence to Britain shall return
(If right prophetic rôles I learn),
Borne on Victory's spreading plume
His ancient scepter to resume;
Once more, in old heroic pride,
His barbed courser to bestride,
His knightly table to restore,
And have the tournament of yore."

After the Norman Conquest, Tintagel Castle became the occasional residence of several of the English princes; and here Richard, Earl of Cornwall—otherwise known as King of the Romans—entertained his nephew David, Prince of Wales, when in rebellion against the King in 1245. In Domesday-Book Tintagel is mentioned as "Dunchine," or "Chain Castle." It was kept in good repair, and occasionally used as a prison until the reign of Elizabeth, when it was allowed to fall into ruins, which are now the property of the duchy—the Duke of Cornwall being the Prince of Wales.

We were fortunate enough to find a specimen of *Trifolium stellatum* in our descent, and more samphire than we cared to gather. In the pretty rivulet that runs through the valley from Trevalga were growing luxuriant plants of mimulus, a mass of golden blossom; and, although it was the end of July, we discovered a full-blown primrose in a shady corner, which we carried off as a memorial of Tintagel. The parish church of Tintagel stands on an elevated spot west of the castle, and many curious epitaphs we found in the churchyard, and, did our space permit, we should have liked to amuse the reader with a few of them. Tintagel, indeed, is a study in more respects than one. To the geologist its charms are substantial, for its quarries afford quartz, rock-crystals of great transparency and beauty, calcareous spar, chlorite, and in some instances adularia. The slate bears a near resemblance to that of Snowdon, and, like it, presents the impression of bivalve shells.

Few spots in any country more deserve a visit than this remarkable ruin, standing as it does in the midst of the wildest and most romantic scenery. The whole coast and neighborhood abound in picturesque spots and legendary lore, and for ourselves we had to regret that we had not time to carry our investigations further.

D. C. MACDONALD.

WANDERING THOUGHTS ABOUT GERMANY.

WE complain that the Continent is used up, and that one finds the same people and the same dishes and the same prices on the other side the Channel as we are familiar with on this side. Quite true, if we stick to the Rhine and the Oberland, or to Baden and Paris; but, if we will go a little out of the beaten track, there are districts, even within a day's journey of Charing Cross, which are as simple and unspoiled as they were when the flood of tourists first began to spread its fertilizing but corrupting waves over the Continent, and where a man with twenty days, twelve pounds, a pair of serviceable legs, and a conversational knowledge of German at his command, may enjoy, not of course Alpine scenery and Alpine perils, but much quiet beauty and much simplicity of life and habits. Such districts are to be found in the Vosges, the Black Forest, the Odenwald, the Taunus, and the volcanic district between the Rhine, the Moselle, and the Ahr, called the Eifel. To the geologist this latter region, with its extinct volcanoes and its lava-streams, is of the highest interest and importance; but even to the ordinary traveler it presents, not indeed grand, but very striking scenery: a high plateau, some twelve hundred feet above the Rhine, broken by conical hills with flattened tops; lovely deep-blue circular lakes, wooded to the water's edge, filling up the centers of ancient volcanoes; wide sweeps of landscape, stretching beyond the Rhine and away toward Lorraine; and clean country inns, where the *Fräulein* wishes you "*Guten Appetit*" as she serves your supper of fresh trout and veal-cutlets.

It is probably because the idea of a walking tour is altogether foreign to a Frenchman's habits and tastes, whereas with Germans of all classes it is the established way of spending a holiday, that the country inns in France are so inferior to those in Germany. In both North and South Germany, in every village of any size, you may reckon upon finding at least one inn where clean and comfortable, if humble, accommodation may be found; but he would require to have "*robur et æs triplex circum pectus*," and indeed round all parts of his body, who should intrust himself to a village *auberge* in any part of France, from Picardy to Provence. Even in the larger provincial towns, to which the ecclesiastical traveler may be attracted by the beauty of their churches, notably in Auxerre, Sens, Chartres, and the like, the hotels, though often more pretentious, are usually much inferior to those of far less important towns in Germany. The fact is, that the French, as a rule, do not explore their own coun-

try; provincials go to Paris, and Parisians go to their *campagne*, or to the seaside, or to visit a friend in the country, and certain classes of Frenchmen travel on business; but it needs only to compare any French guide-book with the works of the great *Bädeler* to perceive how entirely absent from the French mind is that love of wandering, whether on a larger or smaller scale, which in the German is so prominent.

I had not been in Germany, except in passing rapidly through, since the Franco-German war; and, though I did not notice that deterioration in the German character which is sometimes said to have been the consequence of the war, I did observe one very significant symptom of its results. It has always been the practice at the entrance of a town or village, usually on the first house, to write up the name of the place with the *Kreis* and *Regierungs-Bezirk*, the larger and smaller civil district, the county and union as we might say, to which it belonged. Now, however, the name of the place is followed by the regiment and the battalion in which its fighting males are enrolled, the civil division following in humble inferiority to the military. Whether this is the case throughout Germany, I know not; I can only speak for a large district of Rhine-Prussia; but, in any case, it is a striking symptom of the development of militarism—an evil word newly come into use to denote an evil thing—which lies like an incubus upon Germany. No doubt Germany has a difficult position to maintain: until France has thoroughly mastered the lesson which she has got to learn—the lesson of abstinence from aggressive warfare and of sedulous devotion to the arts of peace—Germany can not place her army on a peace footing; and, on the other side, the condition of Austria obliges her to be vigilant. Yet none the less it is a calamity for Europe that the nation which, for the first three quarters of the century, has been in the van of the intellectual movement, should now have been forced, or should have forced herself, into the position of the great military power of Europe. It can hardly be doubted, unless the stream of tendency is to flow back again, that the reign of brute force is destined, slowly perhaps, but surely, to come to an end, and that the day will come when royal personages will no longer of necessity array themselves in military costume on all solemn occasions, as the only raiment befitting their dignity.* Already wars of wanton aggression are

* Since this was written, France has done herself honor by taking for her chief ruler "*Un Président en habit noir*."

branded by the public opinion of civilized Europe; even the Napoleons, uncle and nephew, felt obliged to put forward some colorable pretext for their attacks on their neighbors. But a still further elevation of international morality is seriously postponed by the military spirit which at present seems to pervade the ruling classes in Germany. And if this spirit is a hindrance to the progress of Europe, still more is it an element of danger to Germany herself. Nowhere else, probably, in Europe are the mediæval and the modern spirit, the spirit of authority and militarism, and the spirit of liberty and industry, to be found ranged against each other in such force. Nowhere else is an aristocracy, feudal in ideas if not in power, confronted so directly by a proletariat leavened with the ideas and aspirations which the late Pope summed up under the term "the Revolution." And therefore those who are fostering the military spirit and painting up the regiment and the battalion before the civil organization are, in fact, sitting on the safety-valve, purchasing present force and movement at the cost of an imminent explosion. The desire of all who believe in the future progress of the race should be that, without any great convulsion or cataclysm, modern ideas may, as men are able to bear them, supersede those of barbarism and feudalism; that the age of armies and privileged classes may pass—as it must pass—peacefully and gradually into the age of free industrial development and equal rights and "la carrière ouverte aux talents." In France, indeed, the accumulated evils of many generations had so wrought themselves into the very life and system of the nation, that they could not be driven out without a terrible paroxysm of revolution; but in Germany, the mother of inquirers and thinkers, it might be hoped that the change should be a peaceful and a natural process. If however, the present apparent predominance of the military spirit is more than a mere passing symptom, if Germany is to continue to be, in the happy phrase of M. Rénan, "crushed beneath the weight of her own armor"—if, instead of fostering industry and commerce, the ruling classes are bent upon developing the present system of bloated armaments and of unproductive expenditure of the people's earnings upon guns and drums and villainous saltpetre—then it can hardly be doubted that a terrible day of reckoning will come at last, and that the force of the ultimate explosion will be in proportion to the weight of repression.

In truth, the present policy of Europe seems calculated to force on the question whether, after all, smaller states are not better suited for the growth and maintenance of liberty than these vast and sometimes heterogeneous empires which it

has been the work of modern Europe to pile up with much labor and to cement with much blood. Setting aside Great Britain, as having her boundaries fixed for her by nature, and Austria as an altogether abnormal and portentous growth, it may fairly be questioned whether, for instance, the unification of Germany will have been a benefit or an injury to Europe, if it causes her, by maintaining a vast military establishment, to crush her restless masses into despair, and to keep her neighbors' armaments at their present overgrown scale. It is at least among the possibilities of the distant future, that a federation of small republics, united closely for purposes of defense and of commerce and intercourse, but otherwise independent, may take the place of the enormous monarchies which now overshadow Europe.

At present, however, Germany is great, and will remain great so long as her rulers can hold her together. But it is amusing to notice how neither the infinitely great nor the infinitely little is beyond the notice of the Government. At the little town of Altenahr, I was surprised to notice the figures 23 legibly painted on the lintel of the church door. Apparently, an edict had gone forth from the Home Office that every house in every town should be numbered consecutively, and accordingly, the church being the twenty-third house in Altenahr, it was numbered 23. Fancy if Westminster Abbey were known to the official mind only as No. 57 Parliament Street! But the home government of Germany is conducted on a policy of "peddling and meddling" (to paraphrase a celebrated epigrammatic saying), which a born German accepts as his natural heritage, but which to any other nation would be intolerable. Not long ago—very likely they are there still—there were to be read in the carriages of a German railway the following regulations: "Only one window of this compartment may be open at one time, and that only on the side from which the wind does not blow, and that only with the expressed consent of all the travelers in the compartment." So that if on the hottest day the travelers are unanimous in wishing to put down both windows, or the window on the windward side, a paternal government interposes its veto, and says: "Not so, my children. I know what is best for you. You will get cricks in your necks and rheumatic pains in your shoulders, and will be unable to fight for the Fatherland. One window only, and that on the leeward side." The maxim of English lawyers, "*De minimis non curat lex*," might be exactly adapted to German usage by the omission of the negative. Any one who may have chanced to take lodgings in a German city some five-and-twenty years ago—it may be so now very likely—will remember with awe the form which on the very first day of his entry

was brought to him from the Polizei to be filled up; how he had to inform the Government not only of his own Christian name and age, but of the Christian names and ages of each of his revered parents, of his religious profession, of his means of living, of his reasons for coming there, whether he had ever been there before, how long he proposed staying there, with sundry other particulars, dear to the mind of a German official, but hateful to the independence of a freeborn Briton. The way in which a German carries about with him under all circumstances, and probably keeps under his pillow at night, his "Legitimations-Schein," and all those precious documents attesting his identity, without which he would consider that he had lost his right to exist, is a standing marvel to those who believe that formalities were made for man, and not man for formalities. It must, however, be admitted that there are occasions when this bondage to formalities has its compensating advantages. This present writer set out one hot summer day to walk to the colossal statue of Bavaria, outside Munich. The road led round the outermost boundaries of a meadow; but as the said road was hot and dusty and the meadow was soft and cool, he naturally took the shorter cut across the grass. He was accosted on the farther side by an official, red with anger, who informed him that the way across the meadow was "am strengen verboten," and that he was liable to a fine of three gulden, which would assuredly have been inflicted, but unfortunately the official whose duty it was to enforce it was gone to his dinner, and therefore the majesty of the law could not for the moment be vindicated.

It is obvious that a nation which has been accustomed to accept as part of the natural order of things a pedantic and minute system of interference in the small details of life, is exposed to a great danger. When the work of government is in the hands of a bureaucracy, men who under a more popular government would find a healthy outlet for their activity in political and municipal action will be thrown back upon themselves, and will brood over theories while they leave others to do the practical work. And in this way a dangerous separation is produced between theoretical and practical politicians, and the Government has to reckon, not with a party in opposition, who, if they should succeed to their places, would carry on the administration of affairs pretty much on the same lines, though with more of reforming energy or more of conservative caution, but with an irreconcilable faction, whose object is to blow up the existing building in order to clear the ground for an entirely new departure. The present spread of socialism in Germany, which has evidently alarmed the ruling classes, and

which is a distinct danger for society in Europe, may probably be attributed partly to the excessive development of militarism, and partly to the perilously wide division of classes. Whether Germany, which has for so long been the prolific mother of new ideas in theology, in history, in metaphysics, in philology, is in the coming age to be the source of a new political propaganda, is a question which time only can decide. It is at least certain that antagonistic forces of unknown power are at work in the heart of German society; that their antagonism, instead of being mitigated, is becoming intensified, and that the materials for an explosion, though differently compounded, are almost as plentiful in Germany now as they were in France a century ago.

How far the religious element contributes to the danger it is impossible for one merely looking on the surface to pronounce an opinion. That the Falk laws must have produced great irritation in the Catholic part of Germany, and must have created considerable disaffection against the Imperial Government, can not be doubted. It is, of course, a very difficult thing for a Protestant Government to deal with an empire of which some of the constituent parts, formerly independent, are strongly Catholic; but in such a case it would at least have been safer to err on the side of laxity, and to bear in mind that, while repression irritates, liberty often disarms opposition. It is not without some grounds that German Catholics have raised a cry of persecution; and to persecute an adversary is to give him an unfair advantage. The penal laws in Ireland might have served for a salutary warning to Germany. It seems likely that the Catholics and Protestants would have found it possible to be Germans first and Catholics or Protestants afterward, if the state had abstained from "rattling up sleeping lions"; but, unhappily, it is the fact that on the Continent rulers, whether professing liberal or conservative principles, have not yet attained to the statesmanlike wisdom of Gallio,* of whom it is recorded, to his infinite credit, that he "cared for none of those things." Not only in conservative Prussia, but also in democratic and radical Geneva, the Church of Rome has been treated with exceptional harshness. At Geneva, indeed, by a misapplication of the principle of universal suffrage, a large and costly church recently built by the Catholics has been handed over to a very small body of "Old Catholics," while the very people who built the church are driven to worship where they can; and the prohibition to appear in public in any ecclesiastical costume,

* When will our preachers learn that Gallio, instead of an awful example of a careless Christian, is, in fact, an admirable instance of a magistrate "indifferently ministering justice"?

intended to annoy the Roman ecclesiastics, by the grotesque literalness of a gendarme, led to the arrest of a Protestant pastor one Sunday morning on his way from his house to the church.

In Geneva, indeed, it is certain that this rough handling of the Catholics is the work, not of Protestants, but of persons hostile to Christianity altogether. In Germany, however, the recent effusive confession of faith on the part of the Chancellor, and the well-known religious sentiments of the Emperor, forbid us to interpret so. Yet it might have been supposed that the present state of religion in Germany would have been a sufficient reason against attempting to depress or persecute any form of Christian belief. Indeed, so far as outward indications go, Catholicism is the only form of religion that has any real hold upon the people. In the Rhineland and in South Germany the churches are still crowded with devout worshippers, whereas in Protestant Prussia* the very profession of Christianity has well-nigh died out. And this appears to constitute a far more serious and more threatening religious difficulty than the supposed intrigues of the Jesuits or the claim of universal allegiance on the part of the Roman Pontiff. For when a great nation is divided into two sections, the one without any religion or wish for religion, the other holding to the most rigidly dogmatic and authoritative form of Christianity, and when these two sections are not closely connected with each other by a thousand ties of daily intercourse, of neighborhood, of business, of kindred, as, for instance, the various religious denominations of Englishmen are connected, but are separated by almost as sharp a line as were formerly the slave-owning and the free States of America, it needs no political foresight to perceive that a time may come when religious questions will bring an intolerable strain upon German unity. And, further than this, it is a very grave and difficult problem, what is likely to be the effect on the national character of that absence of religion which is so striking a feature in the cultured classes of Germany. For a time the restraints of a public opinion formed under the influence of Christianity, and the sense of responsibility in the first generation of those who have abandoned dogmatic beliefs, may probably serve to maintain the standard of morality; but it is a thing hardly to be hoped for that in a second generation an equally high standard should be preserved, either by the abstract idea of virtue or the positive law of the state. Assuredly the motives to right conduct

which Christianity has to offer—hope for the individual, hope for the race, a great act of self-sacrifice requiring self-sacrifice in return, self-reverence springing from a sense of a high and divine calling, the consciousness of the divine Fatherhood resulting in a claim of universal brotherhood, an unswerving faith in the final and complete victory of good over evil, and, above all, love to God and to our fellow-men as the main-spring of life—these motives are considerably superior to any mere “honesty is the best policy” principle. Nor are indications wanting among the upper class in Germany of that sense of hopelessness and vacancy in life which comes of mere negation. “Ach, ich bin lebensmüde” was the exclamation of a young man of apparently good social position, who in England might probably have been doing good service to his fellow-men in some of those positions which with us are open to men who have time and money to bestow on public objects, but who seemed utterly without an object or a motive in life. “Positivism” has at least this recommendation, that if it denies Christianity it asserts the religion of humanity; whereas the mere blank negation of all religion which seems to be the present mental attitude of the cultivated classes in Germany can result in no high or noble activity, no moral heroism, nothing but the old story, “Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.” And among the working classes, it is certain that no system has yet been discovered capable of raising the tone of society, of promoting temperance, self-respect, domestic purity, thrift, and unselfishness, except Christianity. It may be very well admitted by the most earnest apologists of the Christian faith, that it has been weighted with much adventitious matter that does not belong to its essence; that Catholics and Protestants have been too apt to “make the word of God of none effect through their traditions”; that religion has been made too much a matter of the intellect and of the imagination, too little of the heart and the life; that people have been too much in the habit of inquiring about a man’s religious “persuasion” rather than about his religious life; and it is possible that the decay of Christian profession in Germany and in France, and in a far less degree in England, has been owing to the form under which the advocates of religion have insisted on presenting it. But, if so, it would be well if all religious teachers would imitate the courageous wisdom of an English bishop, who is reported lately to have said, “If you can not join us with the miracles, join us without the miracles”; for if they insist on an acceptance of the supernatural as a condition of adopting Christianity as a rule of life, assuredly a return of the mass of the people in Germany to religious profession is a

* “Who that knows modern Germany will call it a Christian land, either in the sense Rome gives to the term, or in the meaning Luther attached to it?”—(“Letters on the State of Religion in Germany,” reprinted from the “Times,” 1870.)

thing not to be hoped for. To accept the supernatural, indeed, in the highest sense, is an essential condition of any religious faith, for Christian morality is, in the strictest sense of the word, supernatural; but it is probable that the Founder of Christianity would not have rejected any who were weary and heavy-laden, and were willing to learn duty and conduct of him.

Unhappily, however, there is much reason to fear that, although this estrangement from Christianity may have originated in a recoil from over-dogmatism, there is now a strong element of revolt against its ethical requirements. And if this is so, if either avowedly or unconsciously large masses of men reject the Christian code as setting before them an ideal which they can not bring themselves to aim at, then it remains for the Christian Church to put forth a new power, to develop some resource which shall be to the

nineteenth century what the prophets and the Baptist were to the Jews, and the preaching friars to the middle ages. Evils sooner or later bring about their own remedy; and if the future is for Christianity, under whatever change of form, it is certain that sooner or later her beneficent influence will go forth with renewed force, conquering and to conquer. Meanwhile, for Germany and for every other civilized land, the main thing is to aim at the highest; that all men should ask *as though* Christianity were true, and should resolutely and perseveringly cultivate "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report," in the firm faith that right thinking must come of right doing, and that to him that orders his conversation aright will ultimately be shown the highest truth.

R. E. B., in *Fraser's Magazine*.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

CAPTAIN ABIJAH BAKER had been to sea ever since his fourteenth year. He was born on the Cape; there he found his wife; there his children were born; there stood the house he had built, to which he always returned for a few days at the end of each voyage; and thither he had come at last after forty years of wandering on the ocean to pass the remainder of his days, on a moderate but snug competence wrenched from the mad sea-waves, until he should once more launch his bark on the voyage from which no traveler returns. His boy had also taken early to the water, and was now skipper of the fishing schooner *Gentle Annie*. He was engaged to Lucy May, the lady who taught the district school, and after one or two more successful trips to the Banks the wedding was to come off.

Captain Baker was a noble specimen of the mariners they used to turn out on Cape Cod. Nearly six feet tall, broad-chested and broad-shouldered, he still walked erect as in his youth; and the keen, honest, fearless look of his blue eyes from under their roofing of shaggy gray eyebrows was as undimmed as when he first trod the quarter-deck. But if sometimes their glance was stern and uncompromising, there lurked in them also unfathomed possibilities of good-natured mirth, and not rarely an expression which showed that under a bluff exterior he carried a warm, true heart.

Mrs. Baker still survived, after twenty-six

years of wedded life, to have her "old man" with her, and with him to share the remaining years of life. When they were first married she made several voyages with her husband, but the invariable sea-sickness which persecuted her on shipboard, and the growing demands of her children, obliged her to remain at home to worry for him on stormy nights, and realize the truth of the French proverb, "*Femme de marin, femme de chagrin.*"

Her daughter Mary, now a girl of twenty, had tended to assuage her solitude while husband and son were battling with winds and waves thousands of miles away. Mrs. Baker was one of those women of tact and character who, while not at all lacking in independence and spirit, had the penetration to perceive that in the family as on the quarter-deck, there can be only one captain, even when the mate knows more than the captain about navigation, and that even for her own comfort merely, and to retain her influence over him, it was better to yield to and cooperate in the life-plans of her husband than to thwart them by direct opposition. A thoroughly practical New England woman, generally undemonstrative but faithful in her affections, portly and warm-hearted, Mrs. Baker accepted with serene content the prospect of having Abijah with her as never before during all their married years, with their son and daughter-in-law settled near them, and possibly divers grandchildren toddling

in the spring sunshine before the grandparental door.

But Fate seemed to have otherwise determined, or at least awhile longer deferred good Mrs. Baker's entrance into possession of these castles in Spain. It is a hard thing for a man still in active possession of his powers suddenly to abdicate the throne and retire into peaceful inaction. When he is oppressed by the storms of life he looks longingly forward to a tranquil rest under his own vine and fig-tree. But the strongest muscles condemned to inaction become flabby and weak, the keenest blade hanging unused on a wall is eaten with rust, and the brain, ceasing its wonted habits of action, softens and decays, and senility comes on apace. Many men, instinctively conscious of this tendency after they have tried rest for a time, chafe once more for a field whereon to exercise their powers, and spring back to the arena to begin life anew, but so heavily handicapped by age or the more recent habits of lethargy, that they learn when it is too late the mistake they made in so soon quitting their life-pursuits.

It was not long before Captain Baker began to realize the truth of these observations. To spend the remainder of his days hoeing potato-hills and turning his melons and squashes to the sun on the sere soil of the Cape, or oscillating between his house and the village store, with an occasional trip to Boston, was rather too placid and monotonous a change for a man who had listened all his days to the creaking of tackle-blocks and the thunderous and frantic flapping of topsails in Atlantic squalls—a man, too, in whose veins still leaped a manly vigor, in whose heart still throbbed an honest ambition. The growing uneasiness of her husband, the restlessness and annoyed discontent so unusual in his frank and generous nature, were not unperceived by Mrs. Baker; she foresaw the inevitable result, but kept her own counsels. But when he returned one day from Boston with a sober but brisk and determined air, she was prepared to hear him say: "Well, mother"—he always called her mother—"I don't s'pose you'll like it very well, and it comes kind of hard for me to tell ye, but I'm going on a v'yge to Smyrny; I sail next week."

"I mistrusted somethin' of the sort when you went to Boston; I knew 'twan't for nothin' you were going up there so often. But what on airth possesses ye to go to sea again, Abijah? Here you are, everything just as cozy as can be, and I ain't seen much of ye since we stood up afore the minister twenty-seven years ago come next October; and here's Johnnie going to be married maybe next Thanksgiving."

"Well, you see it's just here: I hate to go

and leave ye, but then what's a man to do here if he hain't got no trade ashore to keep him busy? And I feel just as spry as when I first took command of the Wild Rover. I don't mean to go to sea again for good, but let me just go one more v'yge, and I'll get over this hankering for it. Anyway, I didn't really mean to go again, but when I went into Clark & Allen's office t'other day they said to me: 'Captain, you are just the man for us. Captain Tressle has just fallen and broken a leg and two ribs; 'tain't no kind of use for him to try to go this v'yge, and the Jennie Lane will be ready to go to sea next week. You are part owner, and now you've had a long vacation on shore, here's a good chance for you to get your sea-legs on again.' It did seem kind o' providential like, and, after turning the matter over, I told them that I would go."

"I am afraid you are making a mistake, Abijah. I won't say nothing for myself," and the poor woman put the corner of her apron to her eye—it was only a momentary weakness—"but I mistrust things won't go all right."

"So you've said before when I've been a-goin' to sail, but nothin' ever came of it. So, cheer up, mother; and, if you've got a good cup of that last tea I brought, 'twon't come amiss."

"The Lord knows! We don't always know our own minds, or what's good for us. But if you must go, Abijah—and now you've given your word, it can't be helped—I must look over your things, and, if there's anything you need, I'll send for Mehitabel Wheeler to come right over and help me do the sewing."

The Captain, relieved that he had got over the difficulty of breaking unpleasant news to his wife so easily, and that she took it so kindly, had to give her a kiss, while she, between smiles and tears, said: "Oh, yes; that's just the way; you are always ready enough with your kiss if I'll only let you have your own way," but she was proud enough of the old sea-captain for all that.

And so the matter was settled. In a fortnight Captain Baker was once more crossing the Atlantic, the topsails of the Jennie Lane swelling with the exuberant force of a westerly gale which rapidly bore him away from his quiet home and disconsolate wife. In ten days they sighted Fayal, and, after a splendid run of thirty-six days, the Jennie Lane had passed from the New World into the Old World, from the nineteenth century into the past ages, from the orthodox tones of the bell of Park Street Church to the theistic chant of the muezzin of Islam, and discharged the rum of Medford and the prints of Manchester upon the wharves of Smyrna.

In another month she was ready to turn her bowsprit again toward Long Wharf and the land of the setting sun. Her hold was packed with

bales of wool and rags. The hatches were battened down, the topsails were hoisted and sheeted home and back to the mast; the crew, with a long song, had got the anchor a-trip; the passengers, a missionary with his wife and four children, were busy arranging their quarters in the small cabin; the Greek pilot was on board; and the setting sun was tingeing the mountain-crags of Anatolia with roseate hues, and gilding the red roofs, crescent-tipped minarets, and crumbling Roman ramparts of Smyrna, when Captain Baker and the consignee came off to the ship, having paid their last visit to the consul and the health officers of the port.

"Mr. Partridge, you can make sail on her and cast off; let me know when all is ready," said the Captain to the mate as he went below for the last consultation with the consignee. As the breeze was light, the top-gallant sails and royals were sheeted home, and when she was adrift Mr. Partridge called the Captain.

As the bark fell off gracefully on the star-board tack, the two brass pieces were fired; Captain Baker was a strict disciplinarian; he kept his vessel trim as a yacht, and in entering or leaving port aimed at a man-of-war style as far as is possible in a merchant-ship.

"Good-by, Captain Baker," said the consignee, as he stepped into his boat; "a pleasant and quick voyage to you! When shall we look for you again?"

"Oh, this is my last v'ge! I ain't goin' to sea any more; I promised Mrs. Baker to stay at home after this v'ge."

"So you said the last time you were here. We'll see you back again before long."

"No, I say good-by to Smyrna now, for good and all. But I expect to see you in Boston some time."

Everything looked propitious for a prosperous voyage home; but, being the summer season, the occasional gales and squalls they encountered were alternated by light, baffling winds and long calms, always more or less irritating to the ruling mind which paces the quarter-deck, but affording a good opportunity for scraping the masts, setting up and slushing the rigging, and painting the ship from truck to water-line. In this way the Jennie Lane was made to look as if she were "intended to be put under a glass case," while Captain Baker talked theology with the missionary, and kept an eye on the barometer or the offing for a breeze. On the 4th of July the bark was suddenly surrounded by field-ice and bergs of enormous size; the air, from almost tropical heat, became wintry cold, and the gleam of the sun and the moon on the glittering masses, while it displayed their splendor also revealed the extent of the perils by which they were sur-

rounded. Most fortunately, the weather continued clear, and they had a leading wind, and thus escaped the ice unharmed. And now, ho for the Grand Banks and for home! Captain Baker had been impatient all the voyage to reach the Banks, hoping to see his son there; the Gentle Annie was generally on fishing-grounds about that time, and the Captain was especially anxious for clear weather, so that he might not only see his boy's schooner, but might also thus avoid the danger of running her down in the fog, a peril of the Banks which neither fog-horns nor whistles nor the utmost vigilance can altogether dispel. It was a great relief, therefore, when on a fine, clear morning, with a good offing, Captain Baker saw a fleet of fishermen at anchor ahead or dodging about after fish. With eagerness he scanned them all, recognizing one and another in turn; but it was with ill-concealed disappointment that he failed to see the Gentle Annie anywhere in sight. Hailing one of the schooners which was from the Cape, he inquired for her whereabouts, and was informed that she had started for home some days previous, having got a full fare of fish.

"Well," said Captain Baker, "I'm right glad to hear John's got a full fare so early in the season; he'll be coming out again afore long, and, if he gets another good catch, then there'll be a wedding, and you can count me in as one of those present. I don't know anybody who deserves a good wife more than our John, and that's just what he's a-going to have."

After the Grand Banks are passed, going to the westward, it always seems as if one could almost see the ridge-pole of the old homestead and the well-sweep rising by it, especially if a driving northeaster makes the lads in the fore-castle sing, "The girls at home have got hold of the tow-rope." And that was just the wind which now swept the Jennie Lane along like a mad race-horse, scudding over the foaming crests on a bee-line for Boston Light. Captain Baker always carried sail hard, and he could do this safely because he never lost his head, and could take in canvas in a squall with perfect coolness. The bark now staggered under a press of sail rarely seen in such weather except on Yankee ships, and when commanded by such men as Captain Abijah Baker. When the canvas blew away, all hands were sent aloft to bend and set on another sail on the yard.

"By George! but if this isn't glorious!" exclaimed the hale old sea-dog. "If Johnnie don't look out, we'll get into Boston Bay before he sights the Highland Light!"

But the nearer they came to the coast the thicker the weather became—not exactly a fog, but a dripping Scotch mist and rain that effectually

ally shut everything out of sight a ship's length ahead, requiring a constant, careful lookout, with frequent blowing of the fog-horn. But they kept driving the bark on her course, although she rolled heavily in the immense seas heaving under the quarter; and the rattling and crashing of tin pans and crockery below, and the faint gleams of lightning in the southwest, indicated the growing severity of the storm. But Captain Baker, judging from the barometer and certain signs significant to the experienced eye, inferred that there would be a shift of the wind ahead before morning, and was anxious to make all the longitude possible before the change.

It had just struck eight bells. There is something peculiarly solemn in the toll of a ship's bell on a dark, stormy night, when the wind is chanting a shrill, weird wail in the rigging, and the melancholy swash of the waves seems to shut out the lonely vessel and the isolated beings on her deck from all the rest of creation.

"Mr. Partridge," said the Captain to the mate, whose watch it was on deck—"Mr. Partridge, you'll keep a good lookout, and, if there's any sign of a change of weather, give me a call. If the wind hasn't shifted when they change the watch, we'll heave to, as we don't want to run in too close while it continues thick like this."

Captain Baker then turned to go below, and had just reached the companion-way, when the lookout on the fore-castle sang out:

"Vessel dead ahead, close aboard of us!"

"Port! hard-a-port!" rang out the thunder-tones of Captain Baker's voice, and like an echo of his own voice came back the cry from the unknown ship, "Port!" and the bark, suddenly arrested in her course, swung to windward, reeling over on her side, and her foretopmast snapping off even with the cap as she broached too. But it was too late. At the same instant she rose on a sea and rushed down with a tremendous crash into the vessel ahead; and as she swung back, stunned by the shock, and then surged on again, a schooner loomed up out of the gloom, ranged alongside, and went down with a last smothered cry of agony rising from her deck blending with the howling of the gale. Hencoops, spars, and life-preservers were thrown over from the bark, if haply some poor soul might lay hold of one; but, obviously, the first duty was to see whether the Jennie Lane had suffered such damage as would place her own existence in danger. The pumps were sounded, and a slight increase of water was found, indicating that she had started some of her forward timbers; but, most fortunately, the water did not rush in so fast as to be an object of immediate concern, proving under control of the pumps. But some of her upper works had been carried

away, including her jib-boom and foretopmast and top-gallant mast, so that she seemed to be in quite a forlorn condition. While the investigation as to the damage done was going on forward, a voice was heard in the fore-chains, and it was found that one of the schooner's crew was clinging there, who had managed to get a hold, but, spraining his ankle, was unable to climb farther. He was at once rescued and brought aft in a half-drowned condition.

"What schooner was that?" inquired Captain Baker.

"She was the Gentle Annie, of—"

"What! the Gentle Annie, John Baker skipper?" exclaimed the Captain, shaking like a leaf.

"Yes, sir."

"My God! O my God!" groaned the poor Captain, leaning against the rail for support in the extremity of his emotion. "O my boy! my poor boy!"

But when the first paroxysm of sudden grief and despair was over, Captain Baker, like all men of action of his stamp, nerved himself to his duty, and, controlling the outward expression of his feelings, went about the ship to see that all was made snug and secure. To put a boat over in that sea and mist, in search of the schooner's crew, was a hopeless task, and would only needlessly risk other lives. He therefore gave orders to keep the bark as near as possible to the position of the catastrophe until daybreak; and, having assured himself that his vessel was in no present danger from the collision, he went below to pass the saddest night of his life.

A long and earnest search on the following morning brought no relief to the hopeless father. The wind had shifted and "scoffed" the fog away, but nothing was to be seen except here and there a distant sail. About mid-day a pilot was taken on board, and in twenty-four hours, with the aid of a tug, the Jennie Lane was alongside of Long Wharf.

The news of the collision, being in the nature of bad tidings, and involving the fate of three men at Captain Baker's home—the rest of the lost men were from other places—it reached the place without delay one evening after candle-light. As usual, when the mail arrived, there was a knot of loafers collected inside of the store; with such more reputable and industrious villagers as expected letters. The postmaster's paper was seized by one of those most greedy for news, and if any item of interest occurred he read it aloud. The audience being largely composed of seafaring people, the column of ship-news was naturally the first to receive attention. On this occasion Jerry Fuller, a lank-limbed specimen of the Cape Cod race, had the newspaper, and, with his slouched hat on the back of his head and his

feet on the rung of the old chair which was tilted against a barrel of potatoes, was leisurely going over the items, when, with a start, he vehemently exclaimed:

"My good gracious, if this don't beat all!"

"Why, what is it now, Jerry?"

"Just look a-here—just listen to this, boys! The Gentle Annie's been run down and sunk in a gale of wind by the bark Jennie Lane."

Every one in the store immediately crowded around Jerry while he read aloud the account of the calamity, which, although briefly and simply told, came home to them all with terrible emphasis.

"There was the Widow Fisher's boy and Tommy Sloane and Johnnie Baker, all from this place, all as likely fellows as ever grasped a marlinspike, and they've all gone to 'Davy Jones,'" said Bill Tucker, heaving a sigh and moistening the fireless stove with tobacco-juice.

"I'm thinkin' it's mighty hard lines for the old man," said Joey Greene.

"A drowning of his own boy! It's blamed hard luck now, I tell you," muttered Jerry.

"Derned if I don't think so," echoed Bill Tucker.

"Well, it's the Lord's doing," solemnly ejaculated Mr. Plympton, the minister, who with sallow, hatchet face was standing on the edge of the crowd.

"Maybe 'tis, maybe 'tain't," growled one who never went to meeting, and was reputed to believe in neither God nor devil.

"Anyway, it's mighty rough on him, you bet," answered old Captain Si Jones.

But the minister, realizing the fearful import of the fatal tidings when it should reach Mrs. Baker, and touched with anxious sympathy, hastened home to inform his wife, who immediately put on her hood and stepped over to the Captain's house to break the news to the afflicted wife and mother.

It is not for us to intrude upon that stricken household, or to reveal the sorrowful meeting of the parents of the lost Johnnie, or the despair of his betrothed, Lucy May, to whom it now seemed as if the light had gone out of the world.

But if it was hard for Captain Baker to remain at home before this tragedy had overtaken him, it was still harder now. Everything reminded him of his lost son, and of the blasted hopes which had centered around him. Although ten years seemed to have been added to his age, and a slight uncertainty seemed to some to have altered the firm tread of his massive frame, yet to the outside world he preserved a steady, almost cheerful demeanor. But the sea drew him again with a strange, irresistible influence, with the glamour of a witch.

"I can't live this way, mother; I must take another v'yge, even ef I don't never come back here again."

Not only did Mrs. Baker not hinder his going, but she decided to go with him; whatever be the fate before him, she would share it, and, great as was her sorrow, she knew that his was in some sort increased by the shadow of self-accusing remorse, a self-blame not wholly unnatural for a calamity which it was out of his power to prevent. Leaving their daughter and Lucy May in their house with a maiden aunt who had been invited to make her home there during their absence, the faithful pair, at an age when most people are laying aside the burdens of life, sailed out once more on the rough, treacherous ocean which so emphatically symbolizes the troublous life of man. The gossips of the Cape, with a knowing shake of the head and pursed-up lips, acknowledged to a presentiment that he would never return, that this was destined too truly to be his last voyage, notwithstanding that he asserted with a grim smile that he was heading for the Cape of Good Hope this time, which was true enough; for, as if to renew the days of early manhood, Captain Baker now took command of the *Dhulep Singh* for Calcutta, the port to which his first voyages were made.

The voyage out was unattended by any unusual incidents. The ship reached the Hooghly in safety, and, having discharged her cargo and reloaded, she started for home. If the outward voyage had often seemed monotonously melancholy to the old sailor and his wife, oppressed by the weight of their loss and the blasting of their hopes, the homeward voyage was more hopeless, for they felt, if they did not shape their thoughts in words, that the blank dreariness of their home on their return to it would tend to reopen the heart-wounds but partially healed. Gradually the *Dhulep Singh* plowed her way across the Indian Ocean toward the Cape of Good Hope. She had escaped the violent gales which accompany the change of the monsoons, and was running before a very fresh but favorable and seemingly steady breeze on the quarter, and it was hoped that she would weather the Cape and take the southeast trades without meeting any heavy gales. But it was otherwise ordained. Having taken his afternoon nap, Captain Baker got up and took a look at the barometer. The result was so unsatisfactory that he rubbed his eyes and gave another glance at the mercury, which only confirmed his first observation. He went on deck without delay. A great change was impending. A terrific gloom was overspreading the heavens, reaching up from the horizon across the zenith in ragged, livid streaks like the arms

of demons stretching out to clutch their victims. The sea under this pall rolled black and ominous, boding no good, while ever and anon the dark curtain of mist which was rapidly approaching from the southwest was rent by appalling flashes of lightning, now white bolts riving the skies in twain, now in vivid sheets which circled the whole offing and rimmed the sea with a ring of fire. The distant but ceaseless roll of thunder, every moment growing louder, was of a character to impress the stoutest heart with awe and apprehension.

The officer of the deck had already begun to take precautions to meet the storm, and most of the watch were aloft furling the light sails; but Captain Baker, who was better acquainted with the weather of those seas than the mate, saw that not a moment was to be lost while the ship still had whole topsails and courses set.

"Come down from there!" he roared to the men aloft; "don't wait to furl the top-gallant sails!" then, turning to the mate, he bade him call the watch below. The words were scarcely out of his mouth when the ship was taken aback by a fierce squall right in her teeth. The tremendous pressure on the topsails made it useless to let go the halyards or start the sheets, and, driven stern foremost, the ship began to bury her taffrail under the combers; the water boiled over like a sluice, rushing forward into the cabin and the waist; she was apparently entirely beyond human control, and in another minute would have gone down, as lightning, thunder, darkness, wind, and rain burst with a sublime, confused, and irresistible roar and fury over the devoted ship. But at that supreme moment the crew, by almost superhuman effort, succeeded in lowering the spanker and bracing the foreyard. The noble ship, writhing and wrestling for life, fell off in the trough of the sea, lying over almost on her beam-ends, while the sails were blown out of the bolt-ropes and flew off to leeward like scraps of vapor. For the time she was saved, but how long could she live in that position was the question, especially if the storm settled down into a continuous hurricane. By skillful management they finally got the ship paying off before the wind, scudding with a rag of canvas in the fore-rigging. By the next morning the Dhulep Singh had run out of the vortex of the cyclone, and they were able to heave to, although a sea absolutely mountainous rolled up from the south pole in a manner that sometimes threatened to engulf the ship.

The sun set that day in a clear offing, festooned with the pageantry of crimson and golden clouds, and the wind having shifted and greatly moderated, they were able to make sail. Two days after the Cape of Good Hope was sighted, like a gray cloud against the pale green of the horizon

sky. The weather was fine, the ship jogging along under royals, and the crew engaged in repairing such damages as had occurred to the rigging in the late storm. Two of the men, squatted on the deck in the gangway, were mending a topsail; Mrs. Baker was seated by the companion-way sewing and chatting with the Captain, who, spy-glass in hand, scanned the offing from time to time. Neptune, their white Newfoundland dog, was standing on the taffrail snuffing the land, and gazing at the sea with an expression truly human. It sometimes does seem as if, with their other gifts, some dogs may be permitted to claim a certain dim, far-off sense of the poetic feeling. It was, in a word, one of those average days between the repose of a calm and the excitement of a storm such as come in the life of a ship as in the life of man.

"To-day is our John's birthday. Had you thought of it, Abijah? He would have been twenty-eight years old," said Mrs. Baker.

"Yes, mother, it was the first thing I thought of when I woke up."

"Well, one thing is sure—he's where he'll have no more hurricanes to fight." Although she had been heroically calm throughout the late storm, it had naturally made a lasting impression upon her, and, being the least bit superstitious, like most people, or call it belief in Providence if you prefer, she sincerely believed it was for some purpose she had been "spared," when others were overwhelmed by the winds and waves never more to see their homes.

"I suppose that's so; we don't know much about it; still, I'd be glad to see him back again, and I don't believe but what, to please his old parents and his poor girl mourning for him on the Cape, he'd be willing to come back for a while."

"You know the Bible says, 'He shall come back no more to me, but I shall go to him,'" repeated the good lady in a low tone.

"I wish I had your faith, mother, not because believing a thing makes it any more true, but then one feels better and takes life easier."

Thus the pair gossiped to themselves in the commonplaces characteristic of those whose life-work is action rather than speech. After a while one of the men aloft reported a sail in sight.

"Where away?"

"On the lee-beam; looks like a wreck, sir."

Everybody immediately sprang to his feet and scanned the offing, but, as the strange sail was not visible from the deck, Captain Baker went aloft with his glass, and discovered it to be a ship apparently in a sinking condition, her fore- and main-masts gone by the board, and a flag of distress in the mizzen-rigging; she had evidently been dismantled by the late hurricane.

"Square the main-yard!" was the order that now rang through the ship, and she was then kept away for the wreck, which very soon became visible from the deck. As they drew nearer they could see that she was settling fast, and that the crew (her boats having been carried away) were rapidly constructing a raft alongside. The Dhulep Singh was hove-to a short distance from the wreck, which proved to be the Rothsay, tea-clipper of London, and a boat was lowered and sent off to her. The Rothsay was almost down to her scuppers, wallowing helplessly in the sea, and her end was fast approaching. Help had come to her crew just as she was about to go from under them and leave them adrift on the waste of ocean; nor was it safe for the boat to linger alongside, lest it should be sucked down by the whirling vortex caused by the death-throes of the foundering ship, liable to occur at any moment. A number of the Rothsay's crew had been washed off in the hurricane, and one, who had been maimed by falling spars, was already lying on the raft, and was gently transferred to the boat, which then shoved off. When it was midway between the two ships the Rothsay, lurching convulsively, buried her bow in a sea, and the waves closed over her as she went down, locked in their embrace till the sea gave up her dead. There is no more solemn or impressive sight in this world than the sinking of a ship at sea. When a man dies the body continues for a while to give the semblance of reality, and only by degrees wastes away to nothingness. When a house burns down, it is only gradually, and the ashes remain. When an earthquake fells a city, the fragments are still there. But when one moment we see the strong and mighty fabric of a ship actually before us, and the next can discern absolutely not a vestige or sign or semblance or shadow of it existing, we come very near to forming a conception of what annihilation is, if there be any such thing.

The Rothsay having disappeared, the attention of all on board the Dhulep Singh was directed to the returning boat, and the haggard faces of those who had been so opportunely rescued from a watery grave were eagerly scanned. But when it arrived alongside, and the features of the wounded man became distinctly visible, Mrs. Baker, shuddering as if with cold, pale as death, and with tongue almost paralyzed with overpowering emotion, clutched her husband's arm: "Abijah, don't he look like our Johnnie?"

"Elizabeth, what—you don't mean to say—My God, it can't be!—and yet—if only the dead could come to life, I should say it was our John!"

Thus gasping and staggering, rather than walking, Captain Baker took two or three steps

forward, and gazed earnestly into the eyes of the maimed seaman, who at the instant looked up. As he caught the gaze of the Captain, a change came over his sunken features; reaching forward his arms and exclaiming, "Father!" he fell back apparently dead; it was this circumstance which aided to prevent the parents from yielding to the emotions caused by the violence of the shock received from this most extraordinary event. Descending into the boat, the Captain found that his son was only in a syncope, resulting from excitement from physical exhaustion. With the greatest tenderness and sympathy, in which every one of the crew joined—and it may, be said to their credit that more than one of them drew his rough fist across his eyes—John Baker was hoisted out of the boat and carried into the cabin, where the usual remedies applied in such cases soon restored him to consciousness.

John Baker's story is soon told; hair-breadth as was his escape, it is at any rate no more remarkable than the adventures which are encountered by most seafaring men some time in the course of their adventurous lives. On the night of the collision he was on deck; the schooner was lying-to, and, as she was directly in the track of inward-bound vessels, anxiety was felt, and a sharp lookout maintained. He discovered the bark at the same instant that the schooner was perceived. Conscious at a glance that a collision was unavoidable, he at once took thought for his personal safety. As is common on our fishing schooners, there was a nest of dories amidships. He made a dive at this and lifted the upper one out of its bed just as the two vessels came together, and held fast to it by the painter. By great good luck it floated when the schooner went down, and he contrived to get into it. It glided over the seas before the wind, its very lightness giving it buoyancy, and helping to keep it clear of the combers. But it was only by the greatest management—may not one also add, by the aid of Providence?—that dory and crew of one man lived till morning. He was then sighted by a ship outward bound; she altered her course, and flung a rope to him as she swept by: he caught it and was saved. The vessel was bound to China, and the Captain was loath to put back to land him, but promised to transfer him to some homeward-bound vessel if convenient. No such opportunity seemed to occur: either the sea was too high to launch a boat when they met such a ship, or they did not care to lose a fair wind; something always prevented. In the mean time John was given a berth in the fore-castle, and worked his passage. At Shanghai he secured the place of second mate in the Rothsay, and started for home *via* England. The Rothsay was overtaken by the hurricane de-

scribed above, and hove on her beam-ends; her captain was washed overboard with several of the crew; it was then found necessary to cut away the masts to right her, and John had his leg broken in two places by a falling spar. After the ship righted it was discovered that she had started a butt, caused perhaps by the pounding of a mast-head before the wrecked stuff was cleared away, and the water gained rapidly on the pumps.

John had suffered greatly from the severe accident which had befallen him, which had been aggravated by exposure and lack of surgical aid. And, although the tender care of his mother and the glad face of his father did much to relieve his pain, it was decided to put into Cape Town to procure the medical advice he so much needed. At the Cape of Good Hope they remained several days, and then under propitious auspices hoisted the topsails once more for home. Past St. Helena's rocky isle, across the line, and the Gulf Stream, the *Dhulep Singh* sped as if impelled by a consciousness of the glad tidings she bore to the forlorn heart on the Cape, gazing with despair along the far-off verge of ocean for the sail of one who would never return to cheer her life again.

It was a glad moment for all on board when the bare, yellow sand-hills of Cape Cod and the Highland Lighthouse hove in sight. "My country!" exclaimed Captain Baker with exultation, as he proudly gazed on the rising shores of his native land, while Neptune, wagging his bushy tail with becoming dignity, evidently regarded the scene with similar sentiments, and hailed every passing vessel with a sonorous, good-natured bark.

A question which often arises in life is whether

the happiness that succeeds adversity and sorrow is dearly purchased at that rate. Probably, if we had the choosing of our destiny, we should shrink from such a valuation of good fortune. But Providence, which lays down the laws for man, has otherwise ordained, and decrees that as in art so in life the strangest effects of light shall be gained by a deep, contrasting shade; that repose shall come as a relief from toil and pain; that rapture shall be rapture because it is the revulsion from overpowering anguish of soul. Hard is the law, terrible the price we pay for what happiness we have in life, but there is only one philosophy that is of any practical value here below, and that is to accept the inevitable.

This train of thought received a practical exemplification when Captain Baker, with his good wife and son, arrived at home on a certain evening some years ago. The wedding which followed before many weeks needs little comment; it was one of unusual solemnity and happiness; and the chubby, blue-eyed, dimple-cheeked little girl, who appeared in due season thereafter, was regarded with peculiar feelings. It was a warm welcome indeed which she received from Grandmother Baker, who at one time had given up all prospect of ever seeing this little granddaughter.

"Ah, little one, you little know how near you came to never having a father!" said Captain Baker, as for the first time he gazed entranced on his first grandchild.

"One may truly say that she was brought to us out of the depths," said Mr. Plympton, the minister; "out of the depths of the sea, out of the depths of despair, she comes to us, bearing consolation and the smile of God reflected on her brow."

S. G. W. BENJAMIN.

REMINISCENCES.*

PATRICK BRANWELL BRONTË.

SOON after I came to Halifax I made the acquaintance of a genius of the highest order, Patrick Branwell Brontë, who was at least as talented as any member of that wonderful family. Much my senior, Brontë took an unusual fancy to me, and I continued, perhaps, his most confidential friend through good and ill until his death. Poor, brilliant, gay, moody, moping,

wildly excitable, miserable Brontë! No history records your many struggles after the good—your wit, brilliance, attractiveness, eagerness for excitement—all the qualities which made you such "good company," and dragged you down to an untimely grave. But you have had a most unnecessary scandal heaped upon you by the author of your sister's "Biography," which that scandal does its best to spoil.

This generous gentleman in all his ideas, this madman in many of his acts, died at twenty-eight of grief for a woman. But at twenty-two, what a splendid specimen of brain-power run-

* From "Pictures of the Past: Memoirs of Men I have met and Places I have seen," by Francis H. Grundy, C. E. London, 1879.

ning wild he was! what glorious talent he had still to waste! That Rector of Haworth little knew how to bring up and bring out his clever family, and the boy least of all. He was a hard, matter-of-fact man. So the girls worked their own way to fame and death, the boy to death only! I knew them all. The father—upright, handsome, distantly courteous, white-haired, tall; knowing me as his son's friend, he would treat me in the Grandisonian fashion, coming himself down to the little inn to invite me, a boy, up to his house, where I would be coldly uncomfortable until I could escape with Patrick Branwell to the moors. The daughters—distant and distraught, large of nose, small of figure, red of hair, prominent of spectacles; showing great intellectual development, but with eyes constantly cast down, very silent, painfully retiring. This was about the time of their first literary adventures, I suppose—say 1843 or 1844. Branwell was very like them, almost insignificantly small—one of his life's trials. He had a mass of red hair, which he wore brushed high off his forehead—to help his height, I fancy—a great, bumpy, intellectual forehead, nearly half the size of the whole facial contour; small, ferrety eyes, deep sunk, and still further hidden by the never-removed spectacles; prominent nose, but weak lower features. He had a downcast look, which never varied, save for a rapid, momentary glance at long intervals. Small and thin of person, he was the reverse of attractive at first sight.

This plain specimen of humanity, who died unhonored, might have made the world of literature and art ring with the name of which he was so proud. When I first met him, he was station-master at a small roadside place on the Manchester and Leeds Railway, Luddendenfoot by name. The line was only just opened. This station was a rude wooden hut, and there was no village near at hand. Had a position been chosen for this strange creature for the express purpose of driving him several steps to the bad, this must have been it. Alone in the wilds of Yorkshire, with few books, little to do, no prospects, and wretched pay, with no society congenial to his better tastes, but plenty of wild, rollicking, hard-headed, half-educated manufacturers, who would welcome him to their houses, and drink with him as often as he chose to come—what was this morbid man, who couldn't bear to be alone, to do?

I always have liked scamps with brains. Here was one, as great a scamp as could be desired, and with an unexpected stock of brains, indeed. He took to me amazingly—I suppose from my difference to his then enforced companions, for I was very young, and had the ideas and habits of a gentleman. Nay, I could meet

him, sometimes with quotation for quotation, even in the languages, other than English, which he most affected. On his side, he had a fund of information, experience, and anecdote, which he poured forth freely for my benefit, not at first showing me anything of the rough side of his nature.

Now, this Luddendenfoot was but three or four miles from my place by rail, of which I was free and he, too, so that we saw one another frequently enough. This man of the world of twenty-two had already played parts. He had been usher in a school, which he left in disgust; the lads, I think, ridiculed his downcast smallness. He had been private tutor also, and, when that failed (such was this man's versatility), he had established himself in Bradford, at nineteen or twenty years of age, as a portrait-painter self-taught, and had achieved considerable success, till eccentricity or desire of change removed him. Then came a short time of which I never heard an explanation; but I fancy that he "gave it best," as colonials say, for a time, and then probably moped, and gave trouble at home. I am sure, indeed, that he must have done so; for he had at that time been studying De Quincey, and, with the obstinate determination of doing himself whatever any one else had done, he positively began the practice of opium-eating. He did this until it became a habit, and when it had seized upon his nervous system he underwent the torture of the damned, or of De Quincey at least.

Then Brontë came to Luddendenfoot. I think I did him so much good that he recovered himself of his habits there after my advent. But he was ever in extremes, gloriously great or as ingloriously small. He would discourse with wondrous knowledge upon subjects, moral, intellectual, philosophical, for hours, and afterward accompany his audience to the nearest public-house, and recruit his exhausted powers by copious libations. He was proud of his name, his strength, and his abilities. In his fits of passion I have seen him drive his doubled fist through the panel of a door: it seemed to soothe him; it certainly bruised his knuckles. At times we would drive over in a gig to Haworth (twelve miles), and visit his people. He was then at his best, and would be eloquent and amusing, although sometimes he would burst into tears when returning, and swear that he meant to amend. I believe, however, that he was half mad, and could not control himself. On one occasion he thought I was disposed to treat him distantly at a party, and he retired in great dudgeon. When I arrived at my lodgings the same evening I found the following, necessarily an impromptu:

"The man who will not know another,
Whose heart can never sympathize,
Who loves not comrade, friend, or brother,
Unhonored lives—unnoticed dies.
His frozen eye, his bloodless heart,
Nature, repugnant, bids depart.

"O Grundy! born for nobler aim,
Be thine the task to shun such shame;
And henceforth never think that he
Who gives his hand in courtesy
To one who kindly feels to him,
His gentle birth or name can dim.

"However mean a man may be,
Know man *is* man as well as thee;
However high thy gentle line,
Know he who writes can rank with thine
And though his frame be worn and dead,
Some light still glitters round his head.

"Yes! though his tottering limbs seem old,
His heart and blood are not yet cold.
Ah, Grundy! shun his evil ways,
His restless nights, his troubled days;
But never slight his mind, which flies,
Instinct with noble sympathies,
Afar from spleen and treachery,
To thought, to kindness, and to thee.

"P. B. BRONTË."

One of Brontë's peculiarities was a habit of making use of the word "sir" when addressing even his most intimate friends and acquaintances; and if he made a quotation in Greek, Latin, or French, he always translated it: "'Fiat justitia, ruat cælum'; that means, 'Justice must be done though the heavens fall.' I beg your pardon, sir, but I have been so much among the barbarians of the hills that I forgot," etc., etc. He one day sketched a likeness of me, which my mother kept until her death, and which is perhaps treasured in a more moderate manner among my sisterhood now. He wrote a poem called "Brontë," illustrative of the life of Nelson, which, at his special request, I submitted for criticism to Leigh Hunt, Miss Martineau, and others. All spoke in high terms of it. He gave it to me only about two or three weeks before his death, and Frank Fowler, a literary aspirant, got possession of it for his Sydney magazine known as "The Month." He did not publish it, but when he left for England he kept the manuscript. Brontë drew a finished elevation of one portion of Westminster Abbey from memory, having been but once in London some years before. It was no mean achievement, for the sketch was correct in every particular. He once wrote an epitaph upon me, with a drawing of a marble mausoleum at its head. My mother kept *that* too, and I remember nothing of it except that I wrote one in reply to it.

One very important statement which he made to me throws some light upon a question which I observe has long vexed the critics; that is, the authorship of "Wuthering Heights." It is well-nigh incredible that a book so marvelous in its strength, and in its dissection of the most morbid passions of diseased minds, could have been written by a young girl like Emily Brontë, who never saw much of the world or knew much of mankind, and whose studies of life and character, if they are entirely her own, must have been chiefly evolved from her own imagination. Patrick Brontë declared to me, and what his sister said bore out the assertion, that he wrote a great portion of "Wuthering Heights" himself. Indeed, it is impossible for me to read that story without meeting with many passages which I feel certain *must* have come from his pen. The weird fancies of diseased genius with which he used to entertain me in our long talks at Luddendenfoot, reappear in the pages of the novel, and I am inclined to believe that the very plot was his invention rather than his sister's.

There was an old fortune-teller at Haworth, ninety-five years of age, and Branwell and the "three curates" used often to go and consult her. She was a wonderful old soul, and, I think, believed thoroughly in her arts. At any rate, she was visited, either in jest or earnest, by the "carriage-people" of two counties; and we often took our day's spree on horseback or in "trap" thitherward. Nay, she entirely altered the life of a friend of mine, a draughtsman, who was so impressed by her wonderful knowledge of him and his doings, that he went home from an interview with her and carried out all she had told him, even to marrying a girl toward whom he had not previously been attracted.

To return to "Brontë." How could it be otherwise? It was never the special forte of a genius to manage sixpences. He left the railway; and my work in that part of Yorkshire also came to a close for a time. I went to Manchester, Rugby, London, Rochester, Warwick, Maidstone, as my profession demanded, and we lost sight of each other. After three years, however, fate sent me once again into Yorkshire, and I found myself within seven miles of Haworth. The first letter which I received was from Brontë. He was ill and unhappy. I offer no apology for giving extracts from some of the letters of this life-wrecked brother of great sisters, both because he was one of a house of noble intellect in the world of England's history; because there may be yet, here and there, one who believes in his memory; and chiefly because those letters show the struggles of a man very different, at worst, from the social demon of Mrs. Gaskell's creation.

Although the earlier of these letters was written at a period antecedent to that at which my history is now arrived, I have, for the sake of convenience, placed them here consecutively.

HAWORTH, *June 9, 1842.*

DEAR SIR: Any feeling of disappointment which the perusal of your letter might otherwise have caused, was allayed by its kindly and considerate tone; but I should have been a fool, under present circumstances, to entertain any sanguine hopes respecting situations, etc. You ask me why I do not turn my attention elsewhere; and so I would have done, but that most of my relatives and more immediate connections are clergymen, or by a private life somewhat removed from this busy world. As for the Church—I have not one mental qualification, save, perhaps, hypocrisy, which would make me cut a figure in its pulpits. Mr. James Montgomery and another literary gentleman, who have lately seen something of my “head-work,” wish me to turn my attention to literature, and, along with that advice, they give me plenty of puff and praise. All very well, but I have little conceit of myself, and great desire for activity. You say that you write with feelings similar to those with which you last left me; keep them no longer. I trust I am somewhat changed, or should not be worth a thought; and though nothing could ever give me your buoyant spirits and an outward man corresponding therewith, I may, in dress and appearance, emulate something like ordinary decency. And now, wherever coming years may lead—Greenland’s snows or sands of Africa—I trust, etc.

October 25, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR: There is no misunderstanding. I have had a long attendance at the death-bed of the Rev. Mr. Weightman, one of my dearest friends, and now I am attending at the death-bed of my aunt, who has been for twenty years as my mother. I expect her to die in a few hours.

As my sisters are far from home, I have had much on my mind, and these things must serve as an apology for what was never intended as neglect of your friendship to us.

I had meant not only to have written to you, but to the Rev. James Martineau, gratefully and sincerely acknowledging the receipt of his most kindly and truthful criticism—at least in advice, though too generous far in praise—but one sad ceremony must, I fear, be gone through first. Give my most sincere respects to Mr. Stephenson, and excuse this scrawl; my eyes are too dim with sorrow to see well. Believe me, your not very happy but obliged friend and servant,

P. B. BRONTË.

October 29, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR: As I don’t want to lose a *real* friend, I write in deprecation of the tone of your letter. Death only has made me neglectful of your kindness, and I have lately had so much experience with him, that your sister would *not now* blame me

for indulging in gloomy visions either of this world or another. I am incoherent, I fear, but I have been waking two nights witnessing such agonizing suffering as I would not wish my worst enemy to endure; and I have now lost the pride and director of all the happy days connected with my childhood. I have suffered such sorrow since I last saw you at Haworth, that I do not now care if I were fighting in India or —, since, when the mind is depressed, danger is the most effectual cure. But you don’t like croaking, I know well; only I request you to understand from my two notes that I have not forgotten you, but *myself*. Yours, etc.

The gap here of two and a half years is that previously mentioned when I had left Yorkshire.

HAWORTH, NEAR BRADFORD, *May 22, 1845.*

DEAR SIR: I can not avoid the temptation to cheer my spirits by scribbling a few lines to you while I sit here alone—all the household being at church—the sole occupant of an ancient parsonage among lonely hills, which probably will never hear the whistle of an engine till I am in my grave.

After experiencing, since my return home, extreme pain and illness, with mental depression worse than either, I have at length acquired health and strength and soundness of mind, far superior, I trust, to anything shown by that miserable wreck you used to know under my name. I can now speak cheerfully, and enjoy the company of another without the stimulus of six glasses of whisky; I can write, think, and act with some apparent approach to resolution, and I only want a motive for exertion to be happier than I have been for years. But I feel my recovery from *almost insanity* to be retarded by having nothing to listen to except the wind moaning among old chimneys and older ash-trees—nothing to look at except heathery hills, walked over when life had all to hope for and nothing to regret with me—no one to speak to except crabbed old Greeks and Romans who have been dust the last five thousand years. And yet this quiet life, from its contrast, makes the year passed at Luddendenfoot appear like a nightmare, for I would rather give my hand than undergo again the groveling carelessness, the malignant yet cold debauchery, the determination to find how far mind could carry body without both being chucked into hell, which too often marked my conduct when there, lost as I was to all I really liked, and seeking relief in the indulgence of feelings which form the black spot on my character.

Yet I have something still left in me which may do me service. But I ought not to remain too long in solitude, for the world soon forgets those who have bidden it “Good-by.” Quiet is an excellent cure, but no medicine should be continued after a patient’s recovery; so I am about, though ashamed of the business, to dun you for answers to— (Here follow inquiries as to obtaining some appointment.)

Excuse the trouble I am giving to one on whose kindness I have no claim, and for whose services I am offering no return except gratitude and thankful-

ness, which are already due to you. Give my sincere regards to Mr. Stephenson. A word or two, to show that you have not altogether forgotten me, will greatly please yours, etc., P. B. BRONTË.

But Brontë got no situation with us. Indeed, it was altogether improbable, for the cause of his leaving his appointment had been too notoriously glaring. His absence, carousing with congenial drinkers (anything rather than "congenial spirits" were those rough, coarse, half-educated men), had been of days' continuance. He had a porter at the insignificant station where he was to whom he left all the work, and the result was that very serious defalcations were discovered, and the inquiry which succeeded brought out everything. Brontë was not suspected of the theft himself, but was convicted of constant and culpable carelessness, so that it was almost hopeless to seek for work with us again. He remained a year longer at home, and then came the beginning of the end. I had one or two desponding letters during 1845 and 1846, and then he wrote to tell me that he was appointed tutor to —. This information was followed by a silence upon any subject of interest to the public of some two years, during which time fate was weaving her web and enshrouding him in its meshes. The next letter, and the others which followed quickly, are all without dates, but must have been written within a few months of January, 1848:

I fear you will burn my present letter on recognizing the handwriting; but, if you will read it through, you will perhaps rather pity than spurn the distress of mind which could prompt my communication after a silence of nearly three (to me) eventful years. While very ill and confined to my room, I wrote to you two months ago, hearing that you were resident engineer of the Skipton Railway, to the inn at Skipton. I never received any reply; and, as my letter asked only for one day of your society, to ease a very weary mind in the company of a friend who *always* had what I always wanted, but most want now, *cheerfulness*, I am sure you never received my letter, or your heart would have prompted an answer.

Since I last shook hands with you in Halifax, two summers ago, my life till lately has been one of apparent happiness and indulgence. You will ask, "Why does he complain, then?" I can only reply by showing the undercurrent of distress which bore my bark to a whirlpool, despite the surface-waves of life that seemed floating me to peace. In a letter begun in the spring of 1848, and never finished, owing to incessant attacks of illness, I tried to tell you that I was tutor to the son of —, a wealthy gentleman whose wife is sister to the wife of —, M. P. for the county of —, and the cousin of Lord —. This lady (though her husband detested me) showed me a degree of kindness which, when I was deeply grieved one day at her husband's conduct, ri-

pened into declarations of more than ordinary feeling. My admiration of her mental and personal attractions, my knowledge of her unselfish sincerity, her sweet temper, and unwearied care for others, with but unrequited return where most should have been given, . . . although she is seventeen years my senior, all combined to an attachment on my part, and led to reciprocations which I had little looked for. During nearly three years I had daily "troubled pleasure, soon chastised by fear." Three months since I received a furious letter from my employer, threatening to shoot me if I returned from my vacation, which I was passing at home; and letters from her lady's-maid and physician informed me of the outbreak, only checked by her firm courage and resolution that, whatever harm came to her, none should come to me. . . . I have lain during nine long weeks utterly shattered in body and broken down in mind. The probability of her becoming free to give me herself and estate never rose to drive away the prospect of her decline under her present grief. I dreaded, too, the wreck of my mind and body, which, God knows, during a short life have been severely tried. Eleven continuous nights of sleepless horror reduced me to almost blindness, and, being taken into Wales to recover, the sweet scenery, the sea, the sound of music, caused me fits of unspeakable distress. You will say, "What a fool!" but, if you knew the many causes I have for sorrow which I can not even hint at here, you would perhaps pity as well as blame. At the kind request of Mr. Macaulay and Mr. Baines, I have striven to arouse my mind by writing something worthy of being read, but I really can not do so. Of course, you will despise the writer of all this. I can only answer that the writer does the same, and would not wish to live if he did not hope that work and change may yet restore him.

Apologizing sincerely for what seems like whining egotism, and hardly daring to hint about days when in your company I could sometimes sink the thoughts which "remind me of departed days," I fear departed never to return, I remain, etc.

HAWORTH, BRADFORD, YORK.

DEAR SIR: I must again trouble you with— [Here comes another prayer for employment, with, at the same time, a confession that his health alone renders the wish all but hopeless]. Subsequently he says: The gentleman with whom I have been is dead. His property is left in trust for the family, provided I do not see the widow; and, if I do, it reverts to the executing trustees, with ruin to her. She is now distracted with sorrows and agonies; and the statement of her case, as given by her coachman, who has come to see me at Haworth, fills me with inexpressible grief. Her mind is distracted to the verge of insanity, and mine is so wearied that I wish I were in my grave. Yours very sincerely, P. B. BRONTË.

Soon there is another letter, wearying for work, although illness of body and mind have

brought on sleeplessness and disordered action of the heart :

Since I saw Mr. George Gooch I have suffered much from the accounts of the declining health of her whom I must love most in this world, and who, for my fault, suffers sorrows which surely were never her due. My father, too, is now quite blind, and from such causes literary pursuits have become matters I have no heart to wield. If I could see you it would be a sincere pleasure, but . . . Perhaps your memory of me may be dimmed, for you have known little in me worth remembering ; but I still think often with pleasure of yourself, though so different from me in head and mind.

I invited him to come to me at the Devonshire Hotel, Skipton, a distance of some seventeen miles, and in reply received the last letter he ever wrote :

If I have strength enough for the journey, and the weather be tolerable, I shall feel happy in visiting you at the Devonshire on Friday, the 31st of this month. The sight of a face I have been accustomed to see and like when I was happier and stronger, now proves my best medicine.

As he never came to see me, I shortly made up my mind to visit him at Haworth, and was shocked at the wrecked and wretched appearance he presented. Yet he still craved for an appointment of any kind, in order that he might try the excitement of change—of course uselessly. I now heard his painful history from his own lips—his happiness, his misery, and the sad story which was the end. He was miserable. At home the sternness of his father had never relaxed, and he was unfitted for outside social companionship. He was lost now, for he had taken again to opium.

Very soon I went to Haworth again to see him, for the last time. From the little inn I sent for him to the great, square, cold-looking Rectory. I had ordered a dinner for two, and the room looked cozy and warm, the bright glass and silver pleasantly reflecting the sparkling fire-light, deeply toned by the red curtains. While I waited his appearance, his father was shown in. Much of the Rector's old stiffness of manner was gone. He spoke of Branwell with more affection than I had ever heretofore heard him express, but he also spoke almost hopelessly. He said that when my message came Branwell was in bed, and had been almost too weak for the last few days to leave it ; nevertheless, he had insisted upon coming, and would be there immediately. We parted, and I never saw him again.

Presently the door opened cautiously, and a head appeared. It was a mass of red, unkempt,

uncut hair, wildly floating round a great, gaunt forehead ; the cheeks yellow and hollow, the mouth fallen, the thin white lips not trembling but shaking, the sunken eyes, once small, now glaring with the light of madness—all told the sad tale but too surely. I hastened to my friend, greeted him in my gayest manner, as I knew he best liked, drew him quickly into the room, and forced upon him a stiff glass of hot brandy. Under its influence, and that of the bright, cheerful surroundings, he looked frightened—frightened of himself. He glanced at me a moment, and muttered something of leaving a warm bed to come out into the cold night. Another glass of brandy, and returning warmth gradually brought him back to something like the Brontë of old. He even ate some dinner, a thing which he said he had not done for long ; so our last interview was pleasant, though grave. I never knew his intellect clearer. He described himself as waiting anxiously for death—indeed, longing for it, and happy, in these his sane moments, to think that it was so near. He once again declared that that death would be due to the story I knew, and to nothing else.

When at last I was compelled to leave, he quietly drew from his coat-sleeve a carving-knife, placed it on the table, and, holding me by both hands, said that, having given up all thoughts of ever seeing me again, he imagined when my message came that it was a call from Satan. Dressing himself, he took the knife, which he had long had secreted, and came to the inn, with a full determination to rush into the room and stab the occupant. In the excited state of his mind he did not recognize me when he opened the door, but my voice and manner conquered him, and "brought him home to himself," as he expressed it. I left him standing bareheaded in the road, with bowed form and dropping tears. A few days afterward he died.

Poor fellow ! this short story by a weak hand is all the biography his memory will know. His age was twenty-eight. I have always been of opinion that it remained for me to clear his name from the weight of accusation heaped upon it. I knew him, and indeed, I believe, all the family, better than Mrs. Gaskell did. He was a dear old friend, who from the rich storehouse of his knowledge taught me much. I make my humble effort to do my duty to his memory. His letters to me revealed more of his soul's struggles than probably was known to any other. Patrick Branwell Brontë was no domestic demon—he was just a man moving in a mist, who lost his way. More sinned against, mayhap, than sinning, *at least* he proved the reality of his sorrows. They killed him, and it needed not that his memory should have been tarnished, much, as I think, to

the detriment of the "Biography" of his sister. I am desirous to be anything rather than a hostile critic of the memoir. Mrs. Gaskell was an intimate friend of my family, and her husband at one time my father's colleague in the ministry. I admire "Mary Barton" and her other novels greatly. Toward her memory I have the kindest feeling; but *Fiat justitia!* and I must say what I can in favor of my old friend.

LEIGH HUNT AND HIS FAMILY.

I MADE many valuable, or *invaluable*, acquaintances in the world of art and letters. Leigh Hunt, most of his family, and many of his friends and relatives, were among these: a remarkable family they were indeed. Leigh Hunt, the gentle poet and stern reformer, he who passed imprisoned a year of triumph—nominally on account of his political writings, really because he had dubbed the "first gentleman in Europe" a "fat Adonis of fifty"—was now sixty-six years old. It was at the time of his portrait being taken—that one with the long white hair and tall white collars, the frontispiece which adorns his later works, "Kensington" and "Beaumont and Fletcher." Slim, and perfectly upright; his handsome, pale, oval face almost without a wrinkle; his long white locks falling to his shoulders, over those immense shirt-collars, which, had they been but starched, would have ended his days long before by cutting his throat. He was a perfect picture of sensitive refinement. I see him striding backward and forward up and down his "old Court suburb" study, his dressing-gown, although 'tis evening, flying out behind him, dictating his flowing periods (it was "Beaumont and Fletcher" then) to his too willing factotum, amanuensis, friend, son, and servant, Vincent.

Poor Vincent! you doated upon your father, and surely you gave your life for him. But Leigh Hunt saw not the weary air, the haggard look, heard not the deadly cough, so absorbed was he in his occupation. And Vincent met his look brightly always, showing more eagerness to go on than his father. Yes! Leigh Hunt did sometimes say, "But you'll be getting tired, my boy," only to be met by a ready, "Oh no, pa! let's go on." And on they went. How do I know so much? I have seen and heard it often, for I had access at all times to the house where lived Leigh Hunt, his wife, and the two youngest children, all four dead long ago.

At other times, on other evenings, Leigh Hunt would be more sociable, although he always accepted and gave familiar companionship in a semi-royal sort of way. He liked, on these occasions, to sit in a large and very easy chair he

had, wrapped in his dressing-gown, surrounded by attentive young ladies who adored him; one or more of them—I have seen two—gently smoothing his long locks in most irritating fashion to others sometimes, while all hung upon his flowing periods, sparkling with that graceful wit and airiness for which he was so famous. Often would he relate his memories of Williams, Shelley—never but once did I hear him mention Lord Byron, and that was to me only—Charles Lamb, and others, with pleasant voice and impressive manner.

But he was curiously eccentric even when in his best moods. He would take his exact number of constitutional strides backward and forward at exactly the same hour daily: so many made a mile, and not one more or less would he take or give; another turn would have been destruction. Yet in the throes of composition he forgot all about this, and paced back and forward sometimes unceasingly.

People who lead sedentary lives are no doubt often eccentric, especially at the age of sixty-six, but few are so remarkable in better things as to attract so much attention to their weaknesses. His most remarkable piece of oddity was in his eating, especially his suppers. He would "take a fancy," and indulged freely night after night in a thoroughly indigestible supper of anything which accident or circumstance might have suggested, from corned beef to Welsh rarebit or Scotch porridge, recommending it eagerly as the most wholesome of eatable things; then after a week or so of indulgence, he would have brought on a fit of indigestion, upon which he would abuse the innocent, if indigestible, cause of his illness, "up hill and down dale." When better he would adopt something else, with similar "praise, blame, and result."

The following interviews are given as nearly verbatim as I can remember them after this lapse of time. Call the time Wednesday evening at nine P. M. Scene, the drawing-room at Kensington: Leigh Hunt seated by himself at table; on table, white cloth and tray; on the tray, three eggs boiled hard, salt butter, pepper, and bread. To him enter myself. Leigh Hunt *log.*: "Ha, how are you? I am eating my supper, you see. Do you eat supper? If you do, take my advice, and have regularly every night, at nine o'clock precisely, three eggs boiled hard, with bread and butter. I have had them now every evening for five nights, and there is not, I assure you, anything more wholesome for supper. One sleeps so soundly, too," etc.

Next scene, Friday, time and circumstances as before, save that the condiment under present consideration is a Welsh rarebit, with mustard, etc. I enter. Hunt to me; "Ha, how are you?

Have you seen Vincent? I am just getting supper, you see. Do you ever eat supper? If you do, I pray you, *never* take boiled eggs; they are, without any exception, the most indigestible, nightmare-producing, etc. They have nearly killed me. No; the lightest and most palatable supper I have ever taken is a Welsh rarebit with some Scotch ale. This is the second day I have taken it, and I do assure you," etc. On Monday next it would be liver and bacon, or what you will. His longest love in my time was his old love, dried fruit, bread, and water—his Italian memory.

Leigh Hunt's inability to appreciate the comparative value of moneys was well known. It was real, not affected. I have seen it myself more than once. For that, his conversation, and his brilliant touch on the piano, was he best known socially.

I am a stanch admirer of Dickens, but I can not waver in my belief that Leigh Hunt was the model of "Horace Skimpole," at least until that lightsome individual began to exhibit his darker shades. The similarity is too marked in more things than can be mentioned here. I know that Dickens denied this, and that there is nothing more to be said; but the very first time I read the very first number of "Bleak House," which describes Skimpole, I said, "There is Leigh Hunt!" Who does not know of the money uselessness, the splendid touch on the piano, especially in little sparkling things, as, "Come unto these yellow sands," a great favorite of his—the hot-house peaches on the table, and the bailiffs outside?

As to the money, I think it is Mr. G. H. Lewes who told the story of Leigh Hunt being unable to pay a debt of three shillings and sixpence because he had but half-crowns and shillings in his possession. But I have a better story than that, at least as good a one, happening partly in my own hearing, and I can therefore vouch for its truth. During the greater part of Vincent's last illness he was staying with me, a little way out of town down the river, and his father came from time to time to see him.

One afternoon Leigh Hunt drove up to the door in a hansom. I met him at the door, where he was beaming benevolently at the cabman, who was beaming too. Says Leigh Hunt after the usual salutations, "Fine fellow that!" I ask how, for neither man, cab, horse, nor harness seemed particularly "fine." "Well," says Leigh Hunt, "I found him returning from Hammersmith, and he said as an empty he would take me for half fare" (the whole fare was about three shillings), "so I told him to drive on. He drove nicely and steadily, and now when I asked him his fare, he left it to my honor. You know

nothing could be fairer than that, so I said I was sorry to say that I had only two half-sovereigns in my pocket, would one of them do? I could give him that, and if not enough he could call at so-and-so, or I could borrow it from you. Oh, that would do, he said; he would not trouble you. He took it, thanked me, and was getting on to his cab when I stopped him to say that I was pleased with him, and that I should be returning about nine to-night, when, if he liked, he might come for me and receive the same fare back. He said he would, but now he has driven away so suddenly as you opened the door that I hardly know what to think."

Mrs. Leigh Hunt kept her room almost entirely in those her latter days. She had become very stout, and disliked any exertion. Banting would have helped her had she known of the system. Thornton Leigh Hunt, the eldest son, to whom, when four years old, Leigh Hunt wrote a sonnet, was, when I knew him, editing or sub-editing the "Spectator," and agitating for the establishment of the "Leader." He then lived at Hammersmith, at the large house in the Square. It had till lately been a ladies' boarding-school, and had in the basement a very large room, the dining- or school-room of old days. Here Thornton kept open house every Sunday evening, with unlimited bread-and-cheese and beer. Here he weekly collected much and varied talent. How time has altered it all! Thornton was small, thin, blackavised, wild-looking, with *retroussé* nose, decidedly ugly—decidedly insinuating, too, receiving more attention from the fair than was at all good for him. He had a wife and family of pretty children. Thornton was an advanced politician, a Chartist and an Owenite in opinion, a safe anchor for banished refugees, a very hard worker, and much beloved by his children. But the main peculiarity of this man, descended from such a father, with such brothers, and surrounded by an atmosphere of brilliancy, was that he had no touch of wit or humor in his composition. The only two jokes I ever heard him attempt were the two dreariest that I ever have heard. Here they are—choose the worst: "Eh? you want to succeed? Go and buy some and suck it, then," "Why am I like that cab? Because we are both on the earth."

Leigh Hunt's eldest daughter had just died of consumption when I knew them first. She had the reputation of having been a beauty, and was the wife of Mr. John Gliddon, whose sister was Thornton's wife.

I was much grieved to hear of the death of Mrs. Thornton Hunt recently. Mild, kind, gentle, good, let me say so much to her memory. My especial remembrance, among many of the dear lady, is of the ludicrous, however. I had

been hastily summoned from my chambers to take Mrs. Thornton Hunt and another to the theatre, where G. H. Lewes had placed a box at their disposal to see a new piece of his. When we came out, the night was wild, though fine; half a gale was blowing. The Hammersmith omnibus was full. I was not allowed to take a cab—the ladies would walk! We walked and walked. The wind was very hard upon us, and our progress, at the close of an hour, but little; and now we could not get a cab. From fun of fighting with the gale, our mirth had long changed into a silent struggle. Wearied at last, Mrs. Thornton Hunt suddenly exclaimed, "Oh dear, let us turn round and walk backward," by which she meant beating a retreat to some of her friends' hospitalities; but the absurdity of the idea, coupled with exhaustion and growing despair, so excited our risible sensibilities, that we stood there laughing long ere we could turn and walk anywhere. A return cab relieved us then.

Then there was a son twice married, who appeared rarely at his father's or brother's homes. I saw him but seldom. Henry Leigh Hunt came next—handsome, careless, witty, good-natured Henry! Henry had a splendid tenor voice, the qualities of which he exhibited but seldom. Not so reserved was his fascinating little sister Julia, of whom presently; and the best of them all, poor Vincent!

I wonder if Vincent ever said no? His heart for his father's work never failed him; but he grew sick and ill, and, when his cold attacked his chest obstinately, he came to stay with me at Peckham. Then inflammation set in, and he went patiently through the weary round of hot applications, poultices, etc. He got better and returned home. I saw him into an omnibus. The night was chilly, but he had no overcoat and would not take mine. There was a drizzling rain, and he rushed headlong to his fate to oblige an omnibus cad. He traveled those three or four miles outside, giving up his place to a washer-woman, stronger than the horses that drew them very likely. He arrived at home coughing and shivering. It was long before he had an opportunity of obliging any one again out of doors; and when, months later, he ventured out again, his doom had gone forth. Yet through all that last summer-time he worked with his father at "Beaumont and Fletcher," without a word of complaint. Nor was that all, for he resigned himself when work was over to the wayward moods of his pretty sister Julia, and allowed himself to be carried off to this party or that theatre when bed only was his fitting place. This was while the summer lasted; toward autumn he came to stay with me again, and then he went home to die.

Poor fellow! if ever there was a simple, pure-hearted soul, he was one!

Julia, with her sparkling black eyes and glorious soprano, must be mentioned now. She knew how to modulate that voice into such passion, tenderness, grief, or anger, as it is rarely in the power of even a consummate actress to do. Little in stature, her every action was easy and graceful. What a prima donna she would have made! She and Henry would sometimes, out of very wildness, dress like street singers, and, going to the fashionable quarters of London, sing favorite opera-songs. Seldom had they long commenced before windows would be opened and loungers would listen to them. They would often be asked to come in, and were sometimes recognized. Julia had a good temper and an easy, rapid flow of wit. Altogether, she was one of the most dangerous coquettes of her day. But her day is done, and night come. The extraordinary variety of character in the Leigh Hunt family was a common subject of wonder to their friends. In mind and appearance they were singularly dissimilar.

Among the distinguished visitors who frequented Thornton Hunt's house on his Sunday evenings was George H. Lewes, actor, editor, and author. A sort of untamed lion he was in my day, sturdy, well set up, with a mop of curly, brown-colored hair, worn long. He had a lion-like trick of shaking his mane—head, I mean—when the hair would fall round his face, over his collar and shoulders. Then he would throw his head well back with a vigorous jerk, and show a row of strong white teeth in a well-formed mouth, a broad forehead, and well-developed intellectual organs. I can see him now, standing just so at the piano, rolling out some jolly song, with powerful voice and good enunciation. Then would come a love-song, Julia accompanying him the while with easy grace, her eyes flashing from one to another of her brother's guests, especially transfixing the bewildered foreigners, whom she slaughtered wholesale. For myself, I liked George H. Lewes best as a *raconteur*. His stories were always amusing. He certainly accompanied them with boisterous laughter; but, if that be a fault, the laughter was deserved, and came at the right time and place. Among his choicest anecdotes were many of Charles Mathews, then in the heyday of fame and embarrassment. Lewes wrote several of Mathews's best pieces, among them the best, as I think, namely, "The Game of Speculation," and a startling novelty of eight acts, which, however, did not "go" well, being too long, although there was a real fountain, and a real man tossed into it during a grand stage quarrel. Lewes would tell how, having "cornered" Mathews, and insisted upon having at

least some of his money owing to him for this or that comedy, the actor would keep him so amused that, after half an hour of convulsion, he would leave him oblivious of money, and with promises of an early dinner to concert some new subject. Lewes undertook higher work than this, too, into which it is not my present intention to inquire. In his lighter writings he always cleaves, I think, to his old haven, the stage.

And he is gone, too (February, 1879). My last night in a London theatre was passed with him and Albert Smith, the latter met accidentally. They both looked strong and healthy men, and both applauded heartily—as, indeed, I have often noticed, to their honor, all men or women connected with any branch of “the profession” do. But Albert Smith died early, and Lewes all too soon.

WORDSWORTH.

I REMEMBER hearing Lord Macaulay say, after Wordsworth's death, when subscriptions were being collected to found a memorial of him, that ten years earlier more money could have been raised in Cambridge alone to do honor to Wordsworth than was now raised all through the country. Lord Macaulay had, as we know, his own heightened and telling way of putting things, and we must always make allowance for it. But probably it is true that Wordsworth has never, either before or since, been so accepted and popular, so established in possession of the minds of all who profess to care for poetry, as he was between the years 1830 and 1840, and at Cambridge. From the very first, no doubt, he had his believers and witnesses. But I have myself heard him say that, for he knew not how many years, his poetry had never brought him in enough to buy his shoe-strings. The poetry-reading public was very slow to recognize him, and was very easily drawn away from him. Scott effaced him with this public, Byron effaced him.

The death of Byron seemed, however, to make an opening for Wordsworth. Scott, who had for some time ceased to produce poetry himself, and stood before the public as a great novelist; Scott, too genuine himself not to feel the profound genuineness of Wordsworth, and with an instinctive recognition of his firm hold on nature and of his local truth, always admired him sincerely, and praised him generously. The influence of Coleridge upon young men of ability was then powerful, and was still gathering strength; this influence told entirely in favor of Wordsworth's poetry. Cambridge was a place where Coleridge's influence had great action, and where Wordsworth's poetry, therefore, flourished especially. But even among the general public its sale grew large, the eminence of its author was widely recognized, and Rydal Mount became an object of pilgrimage. I remember Wordsworth relating how one of the pilgrims, a

clergyman, asked him if he had ever written anything besides the “Guide to the Lakes.” Yes, he answered modestly, he had written verses. Not every pilgrim was a reader, but the vogue was established, and the stream of pilgrims came.

Mr. Tennyson's decisive appearance dates from 1842. One can not say that he effaced Wordsworth as Scott and Byron had effaced him. The poetry of Wordsworth had been so long before the public, the suffrage of good judges was so steady and so strong in its favor, that by 1842 the verdict of posterity, one may almost say, had been already pronounced, and Wordsworth's English fame was secure. But the vogue, the ear and applause of the great body of poetry-readers, never quite thoroughly perhaps his, he gradually lost more and more, and Mr. Tennyson gained them. Mr. Tennyson drew to himself, and away from Wordsworth, the poetry-reading public and the new generations. Even in 1852, when Wordsworth died, this diminution of popularity was visible, and occasioned the remark of Lord Macaulay which I quoted at starting.

The diminution has continued. The influence of Coleridge has waned; Wordsworth's poetry can no longer draw succor from this ally. The poetry has not, however, wanted eulogists; and it may be said to have brought its eulogists luck, for almost every one who has praised Wordsworth's poetry has praised it well. But the public has remained cold, or at least undetermined. The abundance of Mr. Palgrave's fine and skillfully chosen specimens of Wordsworth, in “The Golden Treasury,” surprised many readers, and even gave offense to some. To tenth-rate critics and compilers, for whom any violent shock to the public taste would be a temerity not to be risked, it is still quite permissible to speak of Wordsworth's poetry, not only with ignorance, but with impertinence. On the Continent he is almost unknown.

I can not think, then, that Wordsworth has

up to this time at all obtained his deserts. "Glory," said M. Rénan the other day—"glory, after all, is the thing which has the best chance of not being altogether vanity." And when M. Rénan presents himself to the French Academy—the only authentic dispensers, he says, of glory, of "this grand light"—he presents himself supported by M. Victor Hugo, his "dear and illustrious master," a poet irradiated with it—a poet "whose genius has throughout our century struck the hour for us, has given body to every one of our dreams, wings to every one of our thoughts." Yet probably not twenty people in that magnificent assemblage, all coruscating with the beams of the "grand light," had ever even heard of Wordsworth's name.

Wordsworth was a homely man, and would certainly never have thought of talking of glory as that which, after all, has the best chance of not being altogether vanity. And it is quite impossible for us to esteem recognition by the French Academy, or by the French nation, or by any single institution or nation, as so decisive a title to glory as M. Rénan supposes it. Yet we may well allow to him, after these reserves, that few things are less vain than *real* glory. Let us conceive of the whole group of civilized nations as being, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great confederation, bound to a joint action and working toward a common result; a confederation whose members have a due knowledge both of the past, out of which they all proceed, and of one another. This was the ideal of Goethe, and it is an ideal which will impose itself upon the thoughts of our modern societies more and more. Then to be recognized by the verdict of such a confederation as a master, or even as seriously and eminently worthy, in one's own line of intellectual or spiritual activity, is indeed glory—a glory which it would be difficult to rate too highly. For what could be more beneficent, more salutary? The world is forwarded by having its attention fixed on the best things; and here is a tribunal, free from all suspicion of national and provincial partiality, putting a stamp on the best things, and recommending them for general honor and acceptance. A nation, again, is furthered by recognition of its real gifts and successes; it is encouraged to develop them further. And here is an honest verdict, telling us which of our supposed successes are really, in the judgment of the great impartial world, and not in our own private judgment only, successes, and which are not.

It is so easy to feel pride and satisfaction in one's own things, so hard to make sure that one is right in feeling it! We have a great empire. But so had Nebuchadnezzar. We extol the "unrivalled happiness" of our national civiliza-

tion. But then comes a candid friend, and remarks that our upper class is materialized, our middle class vulgarized, and our lower class brutalized. We are proud of our painting, our music. But we find that in the judgment of other people our painting is questionable, and our music non-existent. We are proud of our men of science. And here it turns out that the world is with us; we find that in the judgment of other people, too, Newton among the dead, and Mr. Darwin among the living, hold as high a place as they hold in our national opinion.

Finally, we are proud of our poets and poetry. Now, poetry is nothing less than the most perfect speech of man, that in which he comes nearest to being able to utter the truth. It is no small thing, therefore, to succeed eminently in poetry. And so much is required for duly estimating success here, that about poetry it is perhaps hardest to arrive at a sure general verdict, and takes longest. Meanwhile, our own conviction of the superiority of our national poets is not decisive, is almost certain to be mingled, as we see constantly in the English eulogy of Shakespeare, with much of provincial infatuation. And we know what was the opinion current among our neighbors the French, people of taste, acuteness, and quick literary tact, not a hundred years ago, about our great poets. The old "Biographie Universelle" notices the pretension of the English to a place for their poets among the chief poets of the world, and says that this is a pretension which to no one but an Englishman can ever seem admissible. And the scornful, disparaging things said by foreigners about Shakespeare and Milton, and about our national over-estimate of them, have been often quoted, and will be in every one's remembrance.

A great change has taken place, and Shakespeare is now generally recognized, even in France, as one of the greatest of poets. Yes, some anti-Gallican cynic will say, the French rank him with Corneille and Victor Hugo! But let me have the pleasure of quoting a sentence about Shakespeare, which I met with by accident not long ago in the "Correspondant," a French review which not a dozen people, I suppose, look at. The writer is praising Shakespeare's prose. With Shakespeare, he says, "prose comes in whenever the subject, being more familiar, is unsuited to the majestic English iambic." And he goes on: "Shakespeare is the king of poetic rhythm and style, as well as the king of the realm of thought. Along with his dazzling prose, Shakespeare has succeeded in giving us the most varied, the most harmonious verse, which has ever sounded upon the human ear since the verse of the Greeks." M. Henry Cochin, the writer of this sentence, deserves our gratitude for it; it would not be

easy to praise Shakespeare in one short sentence more felicitously. And when a foreigner and a Frenchman writes thus of Shakespeare, and when Goethe says of Milton, in whom there was so much to repel Goethe rather than to attract him, that "nothing has been ever done so entirely in the sense of the Greeks as 'Samson Agonistes,'" and that "Milton is in very truth a poet whom we must treat with all respect," then we understand what constitutes a European recognition of poets and poetry as contradistinguished from a merely national recognition, and that in favor both of Milton and of Shakespeare the judgment of the high court of appeal has finally gone.

Or, again, judgment may go the other way. Byron has had an immense reputation, not in England only, but on the Continent. M. Taine, in his history of English literature, takes Byron as seriously as he takes Shakespeare. Byron is the supreme and incomparable expression of the English genius after eight centuries of preparation; he is the one single contemporary author who has *atteint à la cime*, "reached the summit"; "Manfred" is the twin brother of "Faust." But then M. Scherer strikes in with his words of truth and soberness. Remarking that "Byron is one of our French superstitions," he points out how Byron's talent is oratorical rather than poetical; he points out how to high and serious art, art impersonal and disinterested, Byron never could rise; and how the man in Byron, finally, is even less sincere than the poet. And by this we may perceive that we have not in Byron what we have in Milton and Shakespeare—a poetical reputation which time and the authentic judgment of mankind will certainly accept and consecrate.

So excellent a writer and critic as M. Rénan sees in M. Victor Hugo a "beloved and illustrious master, whose voice has throughout our century struck the hour for us." Of these "striking of the hour" by the voice of M. Victor Hugo, none certainly was more resonant, none was hailed with more passionate applause by his friends than "Hernani." It is called for again, made to strike over again; we have the privilege of hearing it strike in London. And still there is no lack of applause to this work of a talent "combining," says Théophile Gautier, "the qualities of Corneille and of Shakespeare." But I open by chance a little volume, the conversations of Goethe with the Chancellor von Müller. There I come upon this short sentence: "Goethe said, 'Hernani' was an absurd composition." *Hernani set eine absurde Composition*. So speaks this great foreign witness; a German, certainly, but a German favorable to French literature, and to France, "to which," said he, "I owe so much of my culture"! So speaks Goethe, the critic who, above all others, may count as European, and whose

judgment on the value of a work of modern poetry is the judgment which will, we may be almost sure, at last prevail generally.

I come back to M. Rénan's praise of glory from which I started. Yes, real glory is a most serious thing, glory authenticated by the Amphictyonic Court of final appeal, definitive glory. And even for poets and poetry, long and difficult as may be the process of arriving at the right award, the right award comes at last, the definitive glory rests where it is deserved. Every establishment of such a real glory is good and wholesome for mankind at large, good and wholesome for the nation which produced the poet crowned with it. To the poet himself it can seldom do harm; for he, poor man, is in his grave, probably, long before his glory crowns him.

Wordsworth has been in his grave for some thirty years, and certainly his lovers and admirers can not flatter themselves that this great and steady light of glory as yet shines over him. He is not fully recognized at home; he is not recognized at all abroad. Yet I firmly believe that the poetical performance of Wordsworth is, after that of Shakespeare and Milton, of which all the world now recognizes the worth, undoubtedly the most considerable in our language from the Elizabethan age to the present time. Chaucer is anterior; and on other grounds, too, he can not well be brought into the comparison. But taking the roll of our chief poetical names, besides Shakespeare and Milton, from the age of Elizabeth downward, and going through it—Spenser, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Goldsmith, Cowper, Burns, Coleridge, Campbell, Moore, Byron, Shelley, Keats (I mention those only who are dead)—I think it certain that Wordsworth's name deserves to stand, and will finally stand above them all. Several of the poets named have gifts and excellences which Wordsworth has not. But, taking the performance of each as a whole, I say that Wordsworth seems to me to have left a body of poetical work superior in power, in interest, in the qualities which give enduring freshness, to that which any one of the others has left.

But this is not enough to say. I think it certain, further, that if we take the chief poetical names of the Continent since the death of Molière, and, omitting Goethe, confront the remaining names with that of Wordsworth, the result is the same. Let us take Klopstock, Lessing, Schiller, Uhland, Rückert, and Heine for Germany; Filicaia, Alfieri, Manzoni, and Leopardi for Italy; Voltaire, André Chenier, Béranger, Lamartine, Musset, M. Victor Hugo (he has been so long celebrated that although he still lives I may be permitted to name him) for France. Several of these, again, have evidently gifts and

excellences to which Wordsworth can make no pretension. But in real poetical achievement it seems to me indubitable that to Wordsworth, here again, belongs the palm. It seems to me that Wordsworth has left behind him a body of poetical work which wears, and will wear, better on the whole than the performance of any one of these personages, so far more brilliant and celebrated, most of them, than the homely poet of Rydal. Wordsworth's performance in poetry is on the whole, in power, in interest, in the qualities which give enduring freshness, superior to theirs.

This is a high claim to make for Wordsworth; but if it is a just claim, if Wordsworth's place, among the poets who have appeared in the last two or three centuries, is after Shakespeare, Molière, Milton, Goethe, indeed, but before all the rest, then in time Wordsworth will have his due. We shall recognize him in his place, as we recognize Shakespeare and Milton; and not only we ourselves shall recognize him, but he will be recognized by Europe also. Meanwhile, those who recognize him already may do well, perhaps, to ask themselves whether there are not in the case of Wordsworth certain special obstacles which hinder or delay his due recognition by others, and whether these obstacles are not in some measure removable.

"The Excursion" and "The Prelude," his poems of greatest bulk, are by no means Wordsworth's best work. His best work is in his shorter pieces, and many indeed are there of these which are of first-rate excellence. But in his seven volumes the pieces of high merit are mingled with a mass of pieces very inferior to them—so inferior to them that it seems wonderful how the same poet should have produced both. Shakespeare frequently has lines and passages in a strain quite false, and which are entirely unworthy of him. But one can imagine his smiling if one could meet him in the Elysian Fields and tell him so—smiling and replying that he knew it perfectly well himself, and what did it matter? But with Wordsworth the case is different. Work altogether inferior, work quite uninspired, flat and dull, is produced by him with evident unconsciousness of its defects, and he presents it to us with the same faith and seriousness as his best work. Now, a drama or an epic fills the mind, and one does not look beyond it; but, in a collection of short pieces, the impression made by one piece requires to be continued and sustained by the piece following. In reading Wordsworth, the impression made by one of his fine pieces is constantly dulled and spoiled by a very inferior piece coming after it.

Wordsworth composed verses during a space of some sixty years; and it is not much of an

exaggeration to say that, within one single decade of those years, between 1798 and 1808, almost all his really first-rate work was produced. A mass of inferior work remains—work done before and after this golden prime, imbedding the first-rate work and clogging it, obstructing our approach to it, chilling the high-wrought mood with which we leave it. To be recognized far and wide as a great poet, to be possible and receivable as a classic, Wordsworth needs to be relieved of a great deal of the poetical baggage which now encumbers him. To administer this relief is indispensable, unless he is to continue to be a poet for the few only—a poet valued far below his real worth by the world.

There is another thing. Wordsworth classified his poems not according to any commonly received plan of arrangement, but according to a scheme of mental physiology. He has poems of the fancy, poems of the imagination, poems of sentiment and reflection, and so on. His categories are ingenious but far-fetched, and the result of his employment of them is unsatisfactory. Poems are separated one from another which possess a kinship of subject or of treatment far more vital and deep than the supposed unity of mental origin which was Wordsworth's reason for joining them with others.

The tact of the Greeks in matters of this kind was infallible. We may rely upon it that we shall not improve upon the classification adopted by the Greeks for kinds of poetry; that their categories of epic, dramatic, lyric, and so forth, have a natural propriety, and should be adhered to. It may sometimes seem doubtful to which of two categories a poem belongs—whether this or that poem is to be called, for instance, narrative or lyric, lyric or elegiac. But there is to be found in every good poem a strain, a predominant note, which determines the poem as belonging to one of these kinds rather than the other; and here is the best proof of the value of the classification and of the advantage of adhering to it. Wordsworth's poems will never produce their due effect until they are freed from their present artificial arrangement and grouped more naturally.

Naturally grouped and disengaged, moreover, from the quantity of inferior work which now obscures them, the best poems of Wordsworth, I hear many people say, would indeed stand out in great beauty, but they would prove to be very few in number, scarcely more than half a dozen. I maintain, on the other hand, that what strikes me with admiration, what establishes, in my opinion, Wordsworth's superiority, is the great and ample body of powerful work which remains of him after all his inferior work has been cleared away. He gives us so much to rest upon, so

much which communicates his spirit and engages ours!

This is of very great importance. If it were a comparison of single pieces, or of three or four pieces, by each poet, I do not say that Wordsworth would stand decisively above Gray, or Burns, or Keats, or Manzoni, or Heine. It is in his ampler body of powerful work that I find his superiority. His good work, his work which counts, is not all of it, of course, of equal value. Some kinds of poetry are in themselves lower kinds than others. The ballad kind is a lower kind; the didactic kind, still more, is a lower kind. Poetry of this latter sort counts, too, sometimes by its biographical interest partly, not by its poetical interest, pure and simple; but then this can only be when the poet producing it has the power and importance of Wordsworth—a power and importance which he assuredly did not establish by such didactic poetry alone. Altogether it is, I say, by the great body of powerful and significant work which remains to him, after every reduction and deduction has been made, that Wordsworth's superiority is proved.

To exhibit this body of Wordsworth's best work, to clear away obstructions from around it, and to let it speak for itself, is what every lover of Wordsworth should desire. Until this has been done, Wordsworth, whom we, to whom he is dear, all of us know and feel to be so great a poet, has not had a fair chance before the world. When once it has been done, he will make his way best not by our advocacy of him, but by his own worth and power. We may safely leave him to make his way thus, we who believe that superior worth and power in poetry find in mankind a sense responsive to it and disposed at last to recognize it. Yet at the outset, before he has been duly known and recognized, we may do Wordsworth a service, perhaps, by indicating in what his superior power and worth will be found to consist, and in what they will not.

Long ago, in speaking of Homer, I said that the noble and profound application of ideas to life is the most essential part of poetic greatness. I said that a great poet receives his distinctive character of superiority from his application, under the conditions immutably fixed by the laws of poetic beauty and poetic truth, from his application, I say, to his subject, whatever it may be, of the ideas

"On man, on nature, and on human life,"

which he has acquired for himself. The line quoted is Wordsworth's own; and his superiority arises from his powerful use, in his best pieces, his powerful application to his subject, of ideas "on man, on nature, and on human life."

Voltaire, with his signal acuteness, most truly

remarked that "no nation has treated in poetry moral ideas with more energy and depth than the English nation." And he adds, "There, it seems to me, is the great merit of the English poets." Voltaire does not mean, by "treating in poetry moral ideas," the composing moral and didactic poems—that brings us but a very little way in poetry. He means just the same thing as was meant when I spoke above of "the noble and profound application of ideas to life"; and he means the application of these ideas under the conditions fixed for us by the laws of poetic beauty and poetic truth. If it is said that to call these ideas *moral* ideas is to introduce a strong and injurious limitation, I answer that it is to do nothing of the kind, because moral ideas are really so main a part of human life. The question, *how to live*, is itself a moral idea; and it is the question which most interests every man, and with which, in some way or other, he is perpetually occupied. A large sense is of course to be given to the term *moral*. Whatever bears upon the question, "how to live," comes under it.

"Nor love thy life, nor hate; but, what thou liv'st,
Live well; how long or short, permit to Heaven."

In those fine lines, Milton utters, as every one at once perceives, a moral idea. Yes, but so too, when Keats consoles the forward-bending lover on the Grecian Urn, the lover arrested and presented in immortal relief by the sculptor's hand before he can kiss, with the line—

"For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair"—

he utters a moral idea. When Shakspeare says that "we are such stuff as dreams are made of, and our little life is rounded with a sleep," he utters a moral idea.

Voltaire was right in thinking that the energetic and profound treatment of moral ideas, in this large sense, is what distinguishes the English poetry. He sincerely meant praise, not dispraise or hint of limitation; and they err who suppose that poetic limitation is a necessary consequence of the fact, the fact being granted as Voltaire states it. If what distinguishes the greatest poets is their powerful and profound application of ideas to life, which surely no good critic will deny, then to prefix to the word ideas here the term moral makes hardly any difference, because human life itself is in so preponderating a degree moral.

It is important, therefore, to hold fast to this: that poetry is at bottom a criticism of life; that the greatness of a poet lies in his powerful and beautiful application of ideas to life—to the question, *How to live*. Morals are often treated in a narrow and false fashion, they are bound up with

systems of thought and belief which have had their day, they are fallen into the hands of pedants and professional dealers, they grow tiresome to some of us. We find attraction, at times, even in a poetry of revolt against them; in a poetry which might take for its motto Omar Kheyam's words, "Let us make up in the tavern for the time which we have wasted in the mosque." Or we find attractions in a poetry indifferent to them, in a poetry where the contents may be what they will, but where the form is studied and exquisite. We delude ourselves in either case; and the best cure for our delusion is to let our minds rest upon that great and inexhaustible word *life*, until we learn to enter into its meaning. A poetry of revolt against moral ideas is a poetry of revolt against *life*; a poetry of indifference toward moral ideas is a poetry of indifference toward *life*.

Epictetus had a happy figure for things like the play of the senses, or literary form and finish, or argumentative ingenuity, in comparison with "the best and master thing" for us, as he called it, the concern how to live. Some people were afraid of them, he said, or they disliked and undervalued them. Such people were wrong; they were unthankful or cowardly. But the things might also be over-prized, and treated as final when they are not. They bear to life the relation which inns bear to home. "As if a man, journeying home, and finding a nice inn on the road, and liking it, were to stay for ever at the inn! Man, thou hast forgotten thine object; thy journey was not *to* this, but *through* this. 'But this inn is taking.' And how many other inns, too, are taking, and how many fields and meadows! but as places of passage merely. You have an object, which is this: to get home, to do your duty to your family, friends, and fellow countrymen, to attain inward freedom, serenity, happiness, contentment. Style takes your fancy, arguing takes your fancy, and you forget your home and want to make your abode with them and to stay with them, on the plea that they are taking. Who denies that they are taking? but as places of passage, as inns. And when I say this, you suppose me to be attacking the care for style, the care for argument. I am not; I attack the resting in them, the not looking to the end which is beyond them."

Now, when we come across a poet like Théophile Gautier, we have a poet who has taken up his abode at an inn, and never got further. There may be inducements to this or that one of us, at this or that moment, to find delight in him, to cleave to him; but, after all, we do not change the truth about him—we only stay ourselves in his inn along with him. And when we come across a poet like Wordsworth, who sings—

"Of truth, of grandeur, beauty, love, and hope,
And melancholy fear subdued by faith,
Of blessed consolations in distress,
Of moral strength and intellectual power,
Of joy in widest commonalty spread,"

then we have a poet intent on "the best and master thing," and who prosecutes his journey home. We say, for brevity's sake, that he deals with *life*, because he deals with that in which life really consists. This is what Voltaire means to praise in the English poets—this dealing with what is really life. But always it is the mark of the greatest poets that they deal with it; and to say that the English poets are remarkable for dealing with it is only another way of saying, what is true, that in poetry the English genius has especially shown its power.

Wordsworth deals with it, and his greatness lies in his dealing with it so powerfully. I have named a number of celebrated poets above all of whom he, in my opinion, deserves to be placed. He is to be placed above poets like Voltaire, Dryden, Pope, Lessing, Schiller, because these famous personages, with a thousand gifts and merits, never, or scarcely ever, attain the distinctive accent and utterance of the high and genuine poets—

"Quique pii vates et Phœbo digna locuti,"

at all. Burns, Keats, Heine, not to speak of others in our list, have this accent—who can doubt it? And at the same time they have treasures of humor, felicity, passion, for which in Wordsworth we shall look in vain. Where, then, is Wordsworth's superiority? It is here: he deals with more of *life* than they do; he deals with *life*, as a whole, more powerfully.

No Wordsworthian will doubt this. Nay, the fervent Wordsworthian will add, as Mr. Leslie Stephen does, that Wordsworth's poetry is precious because his philosophy is sound; that his "ethical system is as distinctive and capable of exposition as Bishop Butler's"; that his poetry is informed by ideas which "fall spontaneously into a scientific system of thought." But we must be on our guard against the Wordsworthians, if we want to secure for Wordsworth his due rank as a poet. The Wordsworthians are apt to praise him for the wrong things, and to lay far too much stress upon what they call his philosophy. His poetry is the reality, his philosophy the illusion. Perhaps we shall one day learn to make this proposition more general, and to say, Poetry is the reality, philosophy the illusion. But in Wordsworth's case, at any rate, we can not do him justice until we dismiss his philosophy.

"The Excursion" abounds with philosophy,

and therefore "The Excursion" is to the Wordsworthian what it never can be to the disinterested lover of poetry—a satisfactory work. "Duty exists," says Wordsworth, in "The Excursion"; and then he proceeds thus:

" . . . immutably survive,
For our support, the measures and the forms,
Which an abstract Intelligence supplies,
Whose kingdom is, where time and space are not."

And the Wordsworthian is delighted, and thinks that here is a sweet union of philosophy and poetry. But the disinterested lover of poetry will feel that the lines carry us really not a step further than the proposition which they would interpret; that they are a tissue of elevated but abstract verbiage, alien to the very nature of poetry.

Or let us come direct to the center of the philosophy, as "an ethical system as distinctive and capable of systematical exposition as Bishop Butler's":

" . . . One adequate support
For the calamities of mortal life
Exists, one only; an assured belief
That the procession of our fate, how'er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power;
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good."

That is doctrine such as we hear in church, too, religious and philosophic doctrine; and the Wordsworthian loves passages of such doctrine, and brings them forward in proof of his poet's excellence. But, however true the doctrine may be, it has, as here presented, none of the characters of *poetic* truth, the kind of truth which we require from a poet, and in which Wordsworth is really strong.

Even the "intimations" of the famous Ode, those corner-stones of the supposed philosophic system of Wordsworth—the idea of the high instincts and affections coming out in childhood, testifying of a divine home recently left, and fading away as our life proceeds—this idea, of undeniable beauty as a play of fancy, has itself not the character of poetic truth of the best kind; it has no real solidity. The instinct of delight in Nature and her beauty had no doubt extraordinary strength in Wordsworth himself as a child. But to say that universally this instinct is mighty in childhood, and tends to die away afterward, is to say what is extremely doubtful. In many people, perhaps with the majority of educated persons, the love of nature is nearly imperceptible at ten years old, but strong and operative at thirty. In general we may say of these high instincts of early childhood, the base of the al-

leged systematic philosophy of Wordsworth, what Thucydides says of the early achievements of the Greek race: "It is impossible to speak with certainty of what is so remote; but, from all that we can really investigate, I should say that they were no very great things."

Finally, the "scientific system of thought" in Wordsworth gives us at last such poetry as this, which the devout Wordsworthian accepts:

"O for the coming of that glorious time
When, prizing knowledge as her noblest wealth
And best protection, this imperial realm,
While she exacts allegiance, shall admit
An obligation, on her part, to *teach*
Them who are born to serve her and obey;
Binding herself by statute to secure
For all the children whom her soil maintains
The rudiments of letters, and inform
The mind with moral and religious truth!"

Wordsworth calls Voltaire dull, and surely the production of these un-Voltairean lines must have been imposed on him as a judgment! One can hear them being quoted at a Social Science Congress; one can call up the whole scene. A great room in one of our dismal provincial towns; dusty air and jaded afternoon daylight; benches full of men with bald heads and women in spectacles; an orator lifting up his face from a manuscript written within and without, to declaim these lines of Wordsworth; and, in the soul of any poor child of nature who may have wandered in thither, an unutterable sense of lamentation, and mourning, and woe!

"But turn we," as Wordsworth says, "from these bold, bad men," the haunters of Social Science Congresses. And let us be on our guard, too, against the exhibitors and extollers of a "scientific system of thought" in Wordsworth's poetry. The poetry will never be seen aright while they thus exhibit it. The cause of its greatness is simple and may be told quite simply. It is great because of the extraordinary power with which Wordsworth feels the joy offered to us in nature, the joy offered to us in the simple elementary affections and duties; and because of the extraordinary power with which, in case after case, he shows us this joy, and renders it so as to make us share it.

The source of joy from which he thus draws is the truest and most unfailing source of joy accessible to man. It is also accessible universally. Wordsworth brings us word, therefore, according to his own strong and characteristic line, he brings us word

"Of joy in widest commonalty spread."

Here is an immense advantage for a poet. Wordsworth tells of what all seek, and tells of

it at its truest and best source, and yet a source where all may go and draw for it.

Nevertheless we are not to suppose that everything is precious which Wordsworth, standing even at this perennial and beautiful source, may give us. Wordsworthians are apt to talk as if it must be. They will speak with the same reverence of "The Sailor's Mother," for example, as of "Lucy Gray." They do their master harm by such lack of discrimination. "Lucy Gray" is a beautiful success; "The Sailor's Mother" is a failure. To give aright what he wishes to give, to interpret and render successfully, is not always within Wordsworth's own command. It is within no poet's command; here is the part of the Muse, the inspiration, the God, the "not ourselves." In Wordsworth's case, the accident, for so it may almost be called, of inspiration, is of peculiar importance. No poet, perhaps, is so evidently filled with a new and sacred energy when the inspiration is upon him; no poet, when it fails him, is so left "weak as is a breaking wave." I remember hearing him say that "Goethe's poetry was not inevitable enough." The remark is striking and true; no line in Goethe, as Goethe said himself, but its maker knew well how it came there. Wordsworth is right, Goethe's poetry is not inevitable; not inevitable enough. But Wordsworth's poetry, when he is at his best, is inevitable, as inevitable as Nature herself. It might seem that Nature not only gave him the matter for his poem, but wrote his poem for him. He has no style. He was too conversant with Milton not to catch at times his master's manner, and he has fine Miltonic lines; but he has no assured poetic style of his own, like Milton. When he seeks to have a style he falls into ponderosity and pomposity. In "The Excursion" we have his style, as an artistic product of his own creation; and, although Jeffrey completely failed to recognize Wordsworth's real greatness, he was yet not wrong in saying of "The Excursion," as a work of poetic style, "This will never do." And yet, magical as is that power, which Wordsworth has not, of assured and possessed poetic style, he has something which is an equivalent for it.

Every one who has any sense for these things feels the subtle turn, the heightening, which is given to a poet's verse by his genius for style. We can feel it in the

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well"—

of Shakespeare; in the

"... though fall'n on evil days,
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues"—

of Milton. It is the incomparable charm of Milton's power of poetic style which gives such

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worth to "Paradise Regained," and makes a great poem of a work in which Milton's imagination does not soar high. Wordsworth has in constant possession, and at command, no style of this kind; but he had too poetic a nature, and had read the great poets too well, not to catch, as I have already remarked, something of it occasionally. We find it not only in his Miltonic lines; we find it in such a phrase as this, where the manner is his own, not Milton's—

"... the fierce confederate storm
Of sorrow barricadoed evermore
Within the walls of cities"—

although even here, perhaps, the power of style, which is undeniable, is more properly that of eloquent prose than the subtle heightening and change wrought by genuine poetic style. It is style, again, and the elevation given by style, which chiefly makes the effectiveness of "Laodameia." Still the right sort of verse to choose from Wordsworth, if we are to seize his true and most characteristic form of expression, is a line like this:

"And never lifted up a single stone."

There is nothing subtle in it, no heightening, no study of poetic style, strictly so called, at all; yet it is expression of the highest and most truly expressive kind.

Wordsworth owed much to Burns, and a style of perfect plainness, relying for effect solely on the weight and force of that which with entire fidelity it utters, Burns could show him:

"The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow
And softer flame;
But thoughtless follies laid him low
And stained his name."

Every one will be conscious of a likeness here to Wordsworth; and, if Wordsworth did great things with this nobly plain manner, we must remember, what indeed he himself would always have been forward to acknowledge, that Burns used it before him.

Still Wordsworth's use of it has something unique and unmatched. Nature herself seems, I say, to take the pen out of his hand, and to write for him with her own bare, sheer, penetrating power. This arises from two causes: from the profound sincerity with which Wordsworth feels his subject, and also from the profoundly sincere and natural character of his subject itself. He can and will treat such a subject with nothing but the most plain, first-hand, almost austere naturalness. His expression may often be called bald, as, for instance, in the poem of

"Resolution and Independence"; but it is bald as the bare mountain-tops are bald, with a baldness which is full of grandeur.

Wherever we meet with the successful balance, in Wordsworth, of profound truth of subject with profound truth of execution, he is unique. His best poems are those which most perfectly exhibit this balance. I have a warm admiration for "Laodameia" and for the great "Ode"; but, if I am to tell the very truth, I find "Laodameia" not wholly free from something artificial, and the great "Ode" not wholly free from something declamatory. If I had to pick out the kind of poems which most perfectly show Wordsworth's unique power, I should rather choose poems such as "Michael," "The Fountain," "The Highland Reaper." And poems with the peculiar and unique beauty which distinguishes these he produced in considerable number; besides very many other poems of which the worth, although not so rare as the worth of these, is still exceedingly high.

On the whole, then, as I said at the beginning, not only is Wordsworth eminent because of the goodness of his best work, but he is eminent, also, because of the great body of good work which he has left to us. With the ancients I will not compare him. In many respects the ancients are far above us, and yet there is something that we demand which they can never give. Leaving the ancients, let us come to the poets and poetry of Christendom. Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, even Goethe, are altogether larger and more splendid luminaries in the poetical heaven

than Wordsworth. But I know not where else, among the moderns, we are to find his superiors.

I have spoken lightly of Wordsworthians; and, if we are to get Wordsworth recognized by the public and by the world, we must recommend him not in the spirit of a clique, but in the spirit of disinterested lovers of poetry. But I am a Wordsworthian myself. I can read with pleasure "Peter Bell," and the whole series of "Ecclesiastical Sonnets," and the address to Mr. Wilkinson's spade, and even the "Thanksgiving Ode"—everything of Wordsworth, I think, except "Vaudracour and Julia." It is not for nothing that one has been brought up in the veneration of a man so truly worthy of it; that one has seen him and heard him, lived in his neighborhood and been familiar with his country. No Wordsworthian has a tenderer affection for this pure and sage master than I, or is less really offended by his defects. But Wordsworth is something more than the pure and sage master of a small band of devoted followers, and we ought not to rest satisfied until he is seen to be what he is. He is one of the very chief glories of English poetry; and by nothing is England so glorious as by her poetry. Let us lay aside every weight which hinders our getting him recognized as this, and let our one study be to bring to pass, as widely as possible and as truly as possible, his own word concerning his poems: "They will coöperate with the benign tendencies in human nature and society, and will, in their degree, be efficacious in making men wiser, better, and happier."

MATTHEW ARNOLD, in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

THE COMÉDIE-FRANÇAISE.

THE origins of the national theatre of France are remote and manifold. It was not made in a day, nor was it the work of a single man. To say nothing of the fact that a new literature had to be created to make its foundation desirable, its institution was the result of several distinct processes of combination and assimilation, extending over a long period of years and dealing with a vast quantity of wide-scattered and heterogeneous material; and the privileges of monopoly and state protection were necessary to its well-being from the time of its establishment in its present likeness. The project has been often mooted of endowing England with a national stage; it is not impossible but the idea may take shape of some sort after all. And, with

thus much in view, it may be neither uninteresting nor unprofitable to trace the story of what would be our pattern institution, from its beginnings downward to those later and not less honorable developments that are near and familiar to ourselves.

I.

The Théâtre-Français, as we know it, is the foundation of Louis XIV. Into his work he put whatever was worth preserving of the three chief theatres that kept Paris in amusement during the first eighty years of the seventeenth century. These three theatres were that of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, that of the Marais, and that one established by Molière, at the Hôtel du Petit-Bourbon first of all and afterward within the Palais

Royal, and transferred at his death, by his friend and comrade La Grange, to the Hôtel Guénégaud.

Of these three, the oldest and in some ways the most important, was the theatre of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, situate in the Rue Mauconseil, and owing its existence to the histrionic initiative of the Brotherhood of the Passion. At what moment this initiative began is not precisely determined, documentary evidence in the matter going back no further than 1398, when the Provost of Paris forbade the Brotherhood's performances within his limits. In 1402, however, the Brothers got a charter from Charles VI., authorizing their association and establishment as actors in Paris. Their first stage was erected in the great hall of the Hospital of the Trinity, where they began by playing mysteries, and went on presently to play farces as well. They filled it for one hundred and thirty-seven years, and had its privileges confirmed by letters patent from Francis I. in 1513. In 1538 they shifted their scene to the Hôtel de Flandre; and in 1548, in the dismantlement by royal order of that refuge, they purchased a large slice of the site of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, unoccupied since the death of Charles the Bold, and gone entirely to ruin. In the same year they got a confirmation of their privilege from the Parliament, and were granted a monopoly of Parisian theatricals. The only condition imposed was to the effect that the subjects of their plays should be no longer taken from the Scriptures; so that, though this condition seems to have been interpreted with great freedom, 1548 may be regarded as the birth-year, not only of the French stage, but also of the French secular drama. Letters patent from Henri II. (1554 and 1559) and from Charles IX. (1569) established the Brothers yet more firmly in their place; and from him of the Saint Bartholomew, like all the Valois an artist to his finger-ends, they received material encouragement of some value. Their influence about this time was none the less upon the wane. The spirit of change was abroad. The Renaissance had made men literary and intolerant of ignorance; the good Brothers were unlettered and conservative, and their simple art, disdained of the studious and serious enthusiasts into opposition with whom it had survived, had outlived its means and its function, and was found no more acceptable. Their farces and moralities were treated as mere horse-play and foolery—*badineries et folies*; and at the various colleges about them Ronsard and his following were putting before the very public which had applauded them pieces antique in interest and novel and ambitious in form, and were doing their utmost to shatter into nothingness the respectable tradition they had worked so hard and so long to establish.

Naturally the Brothers took to standing on their rights and defending their position. Backed by the Parliament, they shut up a theatre of farce, opened in 1571; they drove over the Alps in 1576 the famous Italian company called the Gelosi, though it had letters patent from Henri III., and had been summoned by him to amuse into inaction the States-General of Blois, and was composed of artists of the stamp of Flaminio Scala and of Gabriel of Bologna, creator of the type of Francatrippa; they expelled the capital in 1584 a provincial company that had ventured to quarter itself at the Hôtel de Cluny. But these moves availed them nothing. The Italian actors came back on their hands again and yet again; they could get no encouragement from the poets, and the public had grown tired of them; the students and the strollers were better liked than they. They ended by being wise and provident; in 1585 they let their stage to a company of actors better qualified to adorn it than themselves, and these, after arguments and petitions and devices innumerable, succeeded (1676) in disposing of their theatre.

At the date of its cession the play-house appears to have been in no sort of good repute. It was thoroughly out of repair; it had earned the qualification of a "*cloaque et maison de Sathan*"; its audiences, 'tis said, were wont to assemble some two hours or so before the curtain rose, and to spend the interval in dicing, immodest talk, gluttony, drunkenness, and other pleasing pastimes. The new tenants do not seem to have sweetened its fame, and they soon got into trouble of another sort. After caricaturing Mayenne and the League, they were on the point of seeing their occupation gone and their room filled with a Jesuits' college. Henri IV., however, got the upper hand of the League, and, as he loved to laugh and amuse himself, the actors went on playing in safety. In safety, if not in peace. Impudent strollers insisted on opening playhouses at the fairs; a whole cloud of theatres, including that of the Marais, came into being and action about them; and though, by persecuting these relentlessly, and by rigidly enforcing the terms of their monopoly, they succeeded in keeping themselves at the head of things, and in making their rivals a source of income, they did not succeed in keeping the ground to themselves. For the moment this was of little consequence to them. They were successful, and that was enough. Enriched with a royal grant of twelve thousand livres a year, in 1629 they called themselves the "*Comédiens de l'élite royale*," and they were presently known as the Troupe Royale—the Royal Company: a title to which they had every right, and out of their pride in which there proceeded not a little of the suspicion and contempt

they were afterward to bestow on the pretensions of Molière.

They began by playing farce. On their stage at one time or another figured the accomplished buffoons known to fame as Turlupin, Bruscambille, Gros-Guillaume, Galinette la Galine, Gaultier-Garguille, Dame Gigogne, and Guillot-Gorju: singers to a man of questionable songs, and artists of questionable modesty. But gradually they rose to higher things; their specialty got to be the arts of tragedy and tragi-comedy. Herein they were unrivaled. Bellerose, the player whom Richelieu, a passionate lover of the theatre, did not disdain to provide with apparel, was their manager from 1629 to 1643. Montfleury, of the mountain-belly, an ancestor of the illustrious Dangeville; Bellemore, the Miles Gloriosus of his epoch; Beauchâteau, a butt of Molière; Hauteroche and De Villiers, the author-actors; Raymond Poisson, poet and player, the original Crispin, whose naturalness was envied and admired by the maker and creator of Sganarelle himself; Alizon, the Hubert of the company, famous in old women, and in nurses and servants; Brécourt, the Dutchman, desperado and ruffian, dicer and drinker, adventurer and artist; the illustrious Josias de Soulas, Sieur de Primefosse, called Floridor, the most accomplished tragedian of his decade; Marie Desmares, better known as Mademoiselle de Champmeslé; Mademoiselle Beaupré, one of the first women to appear upon the boards, and aunt of the Marotte Beaupré who fought a duel with Catherine des Urli—all these artists figured, early or late, on the stage of the Hôtel de Bourgogne. That stage, moreover, was actually the stage of "Cinna," of "Horace," of "Polyeucte," and was presently to be that of "Mithridate," and of "Phèdre," and as the nursery, if not actually the birth-place, of French tragedy, it was a stage with a tradition and a reputation. It is, indeed, the parent stem of the Théâtre-Français. Its company was an association formed for the acting of plays, sharing its profits and expenses day by day and year by year, selling its vacancies at high prices for the common weal, presenting the heirs of such of its associates as died in harness with a sufficiency of pistoles to indemnify them for their loss, playing but thrice a week, setting the example in theatrical procedure, and exercising indisputable authority in stage questions and in all matters connected with the art of tragedy. Racine, befriended liberally and sincerely by Molière, took over to the Hôtel de Bourgogne his second play, although it was already cast, mounted, and rehearsed by the company of the Palais-Royal. The best poets were proud to write for it. The elocutionary system of Mademoiselle de Champmeslé, who became one of the original as-

sociates of the Théâtre-Français, was a tradition of histrionic art till Adrienne Lecouvreur replaced it with her own; and the name of Michel Baron, who left La Grange in 1673 to join the Royal Company, is greatest in the early history of the French stage.

The Marais Theatre was of infinitely less authority, though 'twas actually from its boards that the classic comedy, the classic tragedy, and what is now called the spectacular drama, were introduced to France and such of the world as has been exemplified by her. Opened somewhere in the latter years of the sixteenth century, and affected from time to time by actors in revolt against the tyranny of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, it acquired no real importance until 1629. The quarter, abominably paved and lighted and situate afar from the modish parts of Paris, was a quarter in ill repute; it was infested with cut-purses and cloak-snatchers, with blackguard sworders and disreputable women; and only in its unused tennis-courts—the refuge in those days of strollers seeking a local habitation—could room be found for such actors as stooped to its use. In 1629, however, "Mélite," the first play of the illustrious Corneille, was produced in the Rue Mauconseil, apparently through the influence of the celebrated Montdory. This notable man, a great actor and an able manager, was chief of a company of strollers, knew Corneille at Rouen, and was the means of introducing him to fame. He took "Mélite" from the Royal Company and played it for himself in the Marais. In 1632 he and his followers were established in the Fountain Tennis Court; and in 1633, protected by Richelieu, who esteemed him greatly, he was able to snap his fingers at a Parliamentary mandate ordering him to discontinue his performances, which had disgusted the inhabitants of the street by reason of the noise and crowding attendant on them. In the same year Louis XIII.—possibly to annoy Richelieu—drafted six of his best actors into the Royal Company. But Montdory, who was a troop in himself, and who had still the services of Floridor, Bellemore, and De Villiers, established himself in a tennis-court in the Rue Vieille-du-Temple. The public loved and admired him greatly; he was very notably protected; he produced good pieces, and mounted his productions with exceptional tact and skill; and he succeeded splendidly. Scarron, Mairat, Tristan l'Hermite, and Scudéry were among his authors. Corneille, after giving him "La Galerie du Palais," and "L'illusion Comique," a play revived in our own time, for M. Got to create anew and with extraordinary humor and art the original part of Bellemore, gave him "The Cid" (1636), and the year afterward the success of this famous play was almost eclipsed

by that of Tristan's "Mariamne." The effect produced by Montdory's "Herod" seems to have been akin to that produced on contemporary audiences by Salvini's "Conrad." Unhappily the part was so tremendous in its quality as to cost Paris her greatest actor. Montdory was struck down with apoplexy after a performance of it, and rose a paralytic. As he was a favorite with Richelieu, the courtiers were liberal to him in the matter of pensions; he retired worth ten thousand livres a year. With him the theatre lost its vogue. Tragedy and comedy ceased to be proper to its artists; and though Corneille returned to it (1646) with "Le Menteur," it gradually declined to the uses of spectacle and farce. Of the former of these, in Molière's day, it had come to make a specialty. On its stage was produced, in 1661, the "Toison d'Or" of Pierre Corneille, with elaborate engines and contrivances, the invention of the crack-brained, the litigious, the mechanical Marquis de Sourdéac, who was afterward to be a thorn in the flesh of La Grange and the young Théâtre-Français. And in 1669, Rozimont the author-actor, believing that a so famous subject could hardly fail of success if taken in connection with "*ces superbes ornemens de théâtre qu'on voit d'ordinaire chez nous*," wrote for it a version of the legend of Don Juan that may be read with interest even after those of Molière and Tirso de Molina.

II.

When the manager of the Illustre Théâtre, itself, through Madeleine Béjart, an offshoot of the Marais, returned to Paris in 1658, he found these two chief play-houses in full working order. There was, besides, a company of Spanish actors, playing chiefly for the amusement of their countrywoman, the Queen. There was a company of Italians in receipt of a royal grant of fifteen thousand livres a year, and ruled by Tiberio Fiorelli, known for the greatest of all the Scaramouches. At the fairs of Saint Laurent and Saint Germain there were booths of strollers always. The Jesuits were fast acquiring an indomitable habit of college theatricals. The beginnings of the opera were a fact. At the court, which was even more choregraphically bent than that of our own Elizabeth, they danced in interminable ballets, contrived by M. de Benserade and others, with a gravity and a determination unparalleled in history. It was a time, indeed, when play-acting and play-making were popular professions, and, for a man who had ideas on the subject of both, there was room in it and to spare. Rotrou, the valiant artist, had been eight years in his grave, and the world had got from Corneille the best he was ever to give; Racine was a lad of nineteen, studying the Greek poets with Claude Lance-

lot, and learning "Theagenes and Chariclea" by heart. The comedy of the epoch was either caricature or extravagance. The "Visionnaires" of Desmarests, the "Don Japhet" of Scarron, the "Pédant Joué" of Cyrano, were stock pieces; and audiences had not much to content them but the rodomontades and stramazouns of the captain, the pedantic brutalities of the doctor, the knavish nastiness of the valet. Among these well-worn types the men and women of Molière had not much to do to make a place for themselves; besides the stale, exaggerated fun of the hack authors, his humor—fresh, spontaneous, abundant, human—had but to be heard to be recognized and acclaimed. The hour had come, and the man was there to keep tryst with it.

As for the way in which his works and those of his great associates were produced, it differed strangely from the ways of to-day. The French have lost, it may be, the knack of masterpieces, but their knowledge and practice of the art of scenic decoration have mightily increased. In the beginning the theatres opened their doors but thrice a week—on Sundays, Tuesdays, and Fridays: all Mondays being days of departure, all Wednesdays and Saturdays market-days, and all Thursdays walking and visiting days: and the play-goer, studying the red bill of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, whether it was couched in plain prose or in trivial verse—read on it but the names of piece and author, and saw no mention whatever of actors. Under Louis XIII. the curtain rose at two of the afternoon; under Louis XIV., who loved to dine and kept his courtiers waiting while he dined, it got to rise as late as five. Usually the house was lighted with tallow; but when the King was of the audience, he sat superbly among wax-candles supplied by his officers. You could get into the pit—where cooling drinks and sweetmeats were sold in summer, and comforting and strengthening cordials and cough-mixtures could be got in winter—for fifteen sous on ordinary occasions; but, on extraordinary, you had to pay thirty sous for your standing-room. After the crush there was to see "The Cid" at Montdory's theatre, the sides of the stage, once the refuge of the poor author, became the fashionable part of the auditorium; there you could see and be seen, you could get in the actor's way, you could bring in a performing dog with you, and show off his tricks between the alexandrines of Polyeucte and Pauline; you could interrupt the play with all possible ease and security; and the cost of it all was but a single half-louis, or five livres ten sous. Money was, in those days, about four times as dear as now it is, and it was the habit of a certain class of spectators to try and see the play for nothing, and so put themselves on the footing of the officers and soldiers of the household brigade.

Naturally this was one of the burning questions of the period, and a subject for royal ordinances. Of pages, lackeys, and broken soldiers there was always a sufficiency; a playhouse porter's best qualification was his swordsmanship; and La Grange notes more than once the payment of surgical expenses for doorkeepers wounded in the discharge of their duty. For riots were frequent: Molière and Du Croisy took part in one that was fatal to some of the rioters; and in M. Campardon's last publication* are documents relating to a disturbance that took place as late as 1691. As a rule, the scenery and decorations were simple almost to absurdity. For "The Cid" they had but "a room with four doors—an arm-chair for the King"; for "Hérculius," "une salle de palais à volonté" and "three papers"; for "Bajazet," a "saloon à la Turque" and "two daggers"; for "Pourceaugnac," which by comparison was richly equipped, the necessities were "two houses in front and a town behind; three chairs or stools; two musketoons," and seven or eight specimens, "en fer blanc," of an implement which those who have had the good luck to see M. Got as the excellent gentleman from the Limousin know for a fear-inspiring implement indeed. Disdaining the employment of supernumeraries, they seem, ere now, to have improvised a battle by letting down a painted cloth figured over with warring legions. The musical arrangements were of a kindred type: Molière began with three fiddles at the wings, or in a box in the front of the house, and, as Chappuzeau benevolently explains, if these fiddles did not know their cues, it was necessary to shout at them from the stage. Add to all this the fact that you could, while listening to the high-pitched, stately, rhythmic chant of the Champmeslé as Camille, or admiring Poisson in the typical boots of Crispin, provide yourself quite easily with occasion for a duel or two, and it is not difficult to conclude that a theatrical performance must, at that time, have had for one of its main attractions a lively tendency toward the unforeseen and unexpected.

It was after a stroll some twelve years long in the provinces of the west and south that Jean Baptiste Poquelin came back to Paris to settle and become world-famous as Molière. He had put forth the "Etourdi" at Lyons, in 1655, and the "Dépit Amoureux" at Béziers, in 1656, and in these and lesser works had approved himself an intelligent and able student of the Italian drama; he had played tragedy until he had come to believe himself a tragedian; he had made of the poor little Illustre Théâtre, of which, since 1645, he had been manager, a company that was

to found a comic tradition and to be a chief element in the composition of a national stage; above all, he had in him stuff that would presently take shape as "Tartufe," "The Misanthrope," "Scapin," "Pourceaugnac," the "Médécin," "George Dandin," the "Festin de Pierre." After winning the regard of Louis XIV. and his brother Philippe, called Monsieur, at a performance in the Louvre, he and his fellows were taken into Monsieur's service, and were settled in the theatre contrived in the great hall of the Hôtel de Petit-Bourbon. They shared it with Tiberio Fiorelli and his Italians, who had for some time the Sundays, Tuesdays, and Fridays for their own, and received from Molière the sum of fifteen hundred livres for the use of their theatre on the four off days of the week, when audiences could but be thin and receipts not very satisfying. The production at the Petit-Bourbon of the "Précieuses" and the "Cocu Imaginaire" (1659-'60) approved their author a competitor of no mean force; the Hôtel de Bourgogne took fire at the discovery; and in the latter of the two years, by an intrigue that reminds you strangely of the machinations in Balzac's novels, he and his following were turned neck and crop out of their holding and left without a stage. Fortunately, Monsieur was at their elbow to demonstrate the shameful injustice of the proceeding; fortunately, they had succeeded in pleasing the King; and three weeks after their expulsion they started afresh on the stage within the Palais-Royal. The theatre was a good one; it had been built and furnished by Richelieu for his own "Mirame," and for the five-handed plays he used to have of the staff of poets he kept at piece-work. It was out of repair; but it had a pit nine fathoms wide by eleven deep; there were two gilded galleries running round the three sides of it; it would hold on a pinch between two and three thousand people; it was a royal property, and as long as it liked his Majesty the actors were safe from any kind of interruption. In 1665, after the production of the two "Ecoles," the "Impromptu," and the "Mariage," the company was taken into the King's service, and received, with an annual grant of six thousand livres (increased to seven thousand in 1670), the official title of the King's Company. That there was a good deal of ill-feeling between the two troupes, the Royal and the King's, is sufficiently proved by the two "Impromptus"—of Versailles and of the Hôtel de Condé—the "Critique," the "Portrait du Peintre," and the "Vengeance des Marquis," with the journalism attached to them. But Molière was in good odor at court. Louis made less of him than his enthusiasts will confess; but he amused: he was ingenious as a maker of ballets and diversions; while he lived he was almost as important a person as Lulli and

* "Les Comédiens du Roi," Paris, 1879.

Benserade, and stood on what was, perhaps, a higher plane of royal favor than Scaramouch-Fiurelli himself; and, after expelling him the Petit-Bourbon, the Hôtel de Bourgogne could for the moment prevail against him no more. Things changed briskly enough in 1673. Molière dead, Baron, La Thorilière, and the two Beauvals were tempted over to the opposition at once; and so little account was made of the remainder of his company, that, though it yet included Mademoiselles Molière and de Brie, the epoch's most accomplished actresses of comedy, with Hubert, the original Pernelle, and Madame Jourdain, and La Grange, the creator of all Molière's "young firsts" from Don Juan downward, an attempt at association was contemptuously stayed, and the artists of Molière were left to their own devices without a chance of appeal.

Fortunately for the French stage, La Grange, Molière's orator and acting-manager, was at the head of affairs, and La Grange was an able and an indefatigable man. His business capacity was at least equal to his powers as an actor, and his devices were eminently wise and eminently profitable. Thrust out from the Palais-Royal at the instances of Lulli, who wanted the theatre for his own enterprise, and got the occupants evicted at a moment's notice, the King's Company, deprived of its pension and its stage, remained homeless for several months. Then the Marquis de Sourdéac—of "Toison d'Or" and stage-engineering renown—sold La Grange a playhouse built by him for the performance of opera, but thrown on his hands by the action of Lulli, the all-powerful. It was situate at the Bottle Tennis Court, in the Rue Mazarine, and is known historically as the Théâtre-Guénégaud. Here in 1673 did La Grange and his following set up their rest. A royal order had abolished the playhouse in the Marais and drafted certain of its artists into the broken ranks of the King's Company; the best of them all, poor Claude Roze, called Rozimont, had been engaged by La Grange before the break-up to replace Molière in Molière's own parts. In the society, thus enlarged, there were nineteen members; it had Joseph Béjart, one of the original associates of the Illustre Théâtre, for a pensioner; its estate was one of seventeen and a half shares, two of which were the property of Sourdéac and his partner, while the rest were divided, in various proportions, among the nineteen associates. La Grange, not uninfluenced in all probability by the companionship of the sometime actors of the Marais, turned for profit to the spectacular drama. As the greater part of the Molièresque repertory was as much the property of the Hôtel de Bourgogne as of the Hôtel Guénégaud, he purchased the services and interest of De Visé, the journalist and hack, and of Thomas Corneille, and started

on his career as a purveyor of spectacle, with great intelligence and varying fortune. Gaining largely by the production of "Circé," a piece whose mounting cost the sum, unprecedented thitherto, of ten thousand eight hundred and forty-two livres seventeen sous, he appears in 1676 to have been so pinched for means as to have been unable to pay his bill-sticker. He none the less went on with his enterprise, manipulating into verse and inoffensiveness the audacious prose of the "Festin de Pierre," and achieving in 1679 a quite extraordinary success with the "Devineresse" of Corneille and De Visé, a scandalous melodrama pieced together out of the story of the notorious Madame Voisin. The popularity of the "Devineresse" was certainly gall and wormwood to those of the Hôtel de Bourgogne; but its bitterness could have been as nothing to that of the cup that was brewing for them. La Grange's next stroke of policy was, indeed, a masterstroke. The Sieur de Champmeslé, an actor-author of some parts, and Mademoiselle, his wife, long the *amie intime* of Jean Racine, and the original exponent of all the heroines of his second period, from the plaintive Andromaque to the passionate and terrible Phèdre, were persuaded to abandon the Hôtel de Bourgogne for the Hôtel Guénégaud. As this move of the Sieur de La Grange put him in possession of the whole repertory of both the great French tragics, and made his company as well qualified to excel in tragedy as it had always excelled in comedy, and as about the same time there occurred the death of the deserter La Thorilière, an actor trained in Molière's school and actually an exponent of Molière's tradition, it is to be assumed that the Hôtel de Bourgogne was in poorer case at this moment than at any other of its history, and that there was no way for it out of its difficulties but the way it was forced to take.

That way was the work of Louis XIV. He lived to centralize, as he had lived to dance and to dine, and had determined on the centralization of the dramatic art with the others. On August 18, 1680, an order for the fusion of the two companies, the Royal and the King's, was sent from him at Charleville by the Duc de Créqui. It was accompanied by a list of the artists to be retained in the royal service, and was instantly obeyed, the united company playing eight days afterward at the Hôtel de Guénégaud for the first time. The pieces, I should add, that were chosen for this solemn occasion were "Phèdre and "Les Carrosses d'Orléans"; of the latter I confess to knowing absolutely nothing. On October 21st a *lettre de cachet*, dated from Versailles, and signed "Louis" and "Colbert," and a final list of artists appended to it, gave the new society a monopoly of the French theatre in Paris, and ordered the

Lieutenant-General of Police forthwith to see to the enforcement of its provisions. The institution thus established was the Théâtre-Français.

III.

The artists chosen to represent the histrionic ability of France were twenty-seven, fifteen of them men and twelve women. Among them were the two La Granges, the two Raisins, the two Barons, the two Beauvals, the two Guérins (Guérin, it should be remembered, married Molière's widow), and the two Champmeslés; with Mademoiselles de Brie, Dupin, and Dennebaut, and Raymond Poisson, Hauteroche, Hubert, Villiers, and Rozimont. The estate affected to them was divided into twenty-one and three-quarters shares, a half-share of which was retained by the King. The twenty-one and a quarter shares remaining were distributed among the associates. A contract between the members of the society (1681) provided for the payment of future pensions and the due recognition, in case of necessity, of heirship in an associate's next of kin. In the same year the King bestowed his half-share on Le Comte, a diligent and useful actor, and a coadjutor of La Grange's till that father of the Français died; in 1682 he ordered the reception of Brécourt, also a half-share holder, and so changed the composition of the estate to one of twenty-two and a quarter shares; and some months afterward he assured to the associates a yearly grant of twelve thousand livres. For a couple of years more the company appear to have been as much their own masters as in the free and easy times of old; but in 1684 they were placed under the control of the First Gentleman of the Chamber. And in 1685 the number of shares was fixed definitely at twenty-three, and at twenty-three their number remained until the Revolution.

A time was at hand, however, when the very being of the institution was in peril. The Louis of Maintenon was not the Louis of Montespan. The devotee in him had mastered the man of pleasure; the devil had turned hermit. Since seventeen years his dancing days were done; his fondness for the theatre had declined; his dietary itself had become (comparatively speaking) austere. In the formal practice of piety, he forgot alike to live and to let live. Thus, when in 1687 the dignitaries of the Sorbonne had scruples about opening their new College of the Four Nations within a furlong of such a villainous haunt as was the Théâtre-Français, they found in the reformed monarch an intelligent, a repentant, and a sympathetic listener. The actors were ordered out of the Hôtel Guénégaud at three months' notice. Argument and expostulation availed them nothing; Maintenon and the Sorbonne had or-

dained, and there was naught for it but to obey. La Grange and Le Comte had need of all their courage and their conduct. The associates agreed to buy land and build a theatre of their own, but clerical influences were paramount at Versailles, and the actors were hunted from parish to parish as though their trade were unmentionable, and they themselves fit inmates for For-l'Evêque and the Salpêtrière. Half a dozen sites in succession were chosen and bargained for by La Grange, and were declared improper and impossible by the Court. At last, however, he was permitted to conclude a purchase; and in the Rue Neuve-des-Fossés-Saint-Germain-des-Prés, on the site of the Star Tennis Court, a theatre designed by François d'Aubry was run up, and opened, with "Phèdre" and the "Médecin," to a house of eighteen hundred and seventy livres, in the April of 1689. The price of the ground alone was sixty thousand livres; and in the end the actors found that, in good hard cash, the prudery of the Sorbonne had cost them close on two hundred thousand livres, and was to keep them in debt for many years. The theatre served its turn, of course, and was not abandoned till 1770, when decay had made it unsafe, and it could be used no more.

In 1699 the "Droit des Pauvres" was instituted, and the theatre was ordered to pay a seventh of its gross receipts to the General Hospital. In 1716 a further percentage was demanded of it, ostensibly for the Hôtel-Dieu, but really to provide an official person with cash, which brought the impost up to one of a fourth of its earnings. In evading the payment of this charge, and in doing battle with the lawless petty theatres about them, the associates appear to have shown a great deal of ingenuity, and not less of determination. They cooked their accounts quite faithfully, and they showed no mercy; these were their chief aims of life. The theatre was ordered by the First Gentlemen of the Chamber, with the Duc de Richelieu at their head; and, bad as was the rule of these noble creatures, whose interference, at once vexatious and stupid and immoral, was felt in all its concerns, it was, aesthetically speaking, quite admirably efficient. Among its actors were Grandval, Lekain, Prévillo, and Molé; among its actresses were Lecouvreur, Dangeville, Gaussin, Dumesnil, Clairon, Dugazon, and Vestris; and its staff of poets included Voltaire, Regnard, Lesage, Marivaux, Piron, Gresset, Marmontel, Diderot, Vadé, Beaumarchais, and Ducis (with an adaptation of "Hamlet"). Financially, however, its position was abominable; Louis XV. had, in the end, to double the royal grant, and to pay the theatre's debts, which amounted to upward of two hundred and forty thousand livres. At Vigarani's playhouse in the Louvre, whither

the associates removed in 1770, they added to their number Dazincourt and Mademoiselles Raucourt and Contat, and produced (1775) the "Barbier" of Beaumarchais, determining by their nig-gardly treatment of that restless and indomitable adventurer the foundation (1777) of the Société des Auteurs Dramatiques. And in 1782 they shifted their scene to the Odéon, and there, in the "Mariage de Figaro," they put forth, amid squabbles of all sorts (1784), the last of the classic comedies. They played it intelligently enough as artists, for Molé was the Almoviva, and Dazincourt, a very king of Crispins, was the Figaro. But, as politicians, they learned its lesson not at all; they neither heard nor did they understand. Almoviva, befooled and jested and shamed, with his *droit de seigneur*, a mere conventionality to be mocked at and despised, was, if they could but have known it, a type of themselves. Like him, they had outlived their day; like him, they had forgotten nothing and learned nothing. All about them the Figaros of art were brawling and watching and scheming; their privilege, though never so sound in theory, was in practice dead and decayed; their lordship of things theatrical was on its last legs, they were part of an opposition that was beaten ere it came to a division. The Opéra Comique had been founded in spite of them; Nicolet and Audinot, the famous showmen, had fought and won the battle of theatrical liberty; playhouses suppressed by them were reopened elsewhere and under other names almost ere the ink had dried on their papers; and five years after the production of the "Mariage" the Revolution had split their society itself into two camps, and the old order of circumstances was at an end for them. Headed by Talma, the democrats among them went to play patriotic tragedy—a poor and dull thing it seems from this distance of time—in the Palais-Royal, at what was then the Variétés-Amusantes, and at what is now the Comédie-Française. The Loyalists, under the captaincy of Dazincourt, staid on at the Odéon, and got presently into hot water; they were denounced by Robespierre in civic terms of considerable force, they were arrested in a body, and they were sent to durance. Collot d'Herbois, with all the bad actor's ferocious jealousy of his chief, wanted very much to cut off Dazincourt's head; but Dazincourt succeeded in keeping it on his shoulders, and lived to use it as a professor at the Conservatoire, and as Napoleon's Directeur des Spectacles. Talma received the rebels when the term of their prison-life was past; and at what was called in turn the Theatre of Liberty and Equality, the Theatre of the Nation, and the Theatre of the Republic, the association was for a brief space held together. Then came quarrels, partings, new attempts at a common under-

standing; and, in 1799, the company, with its debts paid and a state pension in hand, started once more at the Odéon. It was burned out of that theatre in the same year, and for some time there was no Comédie-Française.

Bonaparte, however, was fond of plays and acting—almost as fond of them as Richelieu himself; and, though he did suppress the chair in the Institute set apart by a liberal Convention for the better honoring of histrionic art, he took the fortunes of the broken Comédie into that strong, resolute hand of his, and in 1803 the old Variétés-Amusantes received the associates once more, strong this time in the master's protection, and rich in an annual grant of one hundred thousand francs. Nine years after, he found time, in the stress of his Russian campaign, to think out and dispatch the famous Moscow decree, which is supposed to be the Theatre's Great Charter, and the authority for its present constitution. It divided the estate into twenty-four shares, and allotted twenty-two of them to the society; established a complete system of pensions, retirements, and *débuts*; settled finally the vexed question of the possession of parts; determined a connection between the theatre and the Conservatoire; and, providing, in fine, for every contingency of every kind, set the association on a broader, firmer, and less disputable basis than till then it had occupied. It contains one hundred and one clauses, and, if I do not analyze its provisions at greater length, it is that I am informed that the house is ruled in great measure according to tradition, use, custom, and that the associates consider themselves and their conventionalities to be, in a manner, of superior mold, and so beyond the influence of ordonnance and law.

The Restoration replaced the Comédie, it need hardly be said, under the rule of the Gentlemen of the Chamber; but, after the flight of Charles X., the Moscow decree came into force again, and the associates, nominally under official control, became their own masters. They made but a poor use of their liberty. The literary revolution of 1830 was as unintelligible to them as the political of 1789. They continued faithfully to represent the classic principle in art, and they paid dearly for their fidelity. The multitude flocked to hear Hugo and Dumas, and to see Frédérick Lemaître and Dorval at the Odéon and the Porte-Saint-Martin; and on one occasion in 1831 the Comédie-Française had the honor of playing "Tartufe" and "Le Legs"—Molière at his strongest, and Marivaux at his brightest—to a house of sixty-seven francs. The associates owed a matter of six hundred thousand francs, and though Louis Philippe increased their pension from two hundred thousand francs to two

hundred and forty thousand francs, and lent them some three hundred thousand francs besides, they could not make ends meet for some time. In 1850, after various attempts at self-government under tutelage, the association was given into the charge of the Minister of the Interior and of an Administrator-General in his nomination; and six years afterward its grant was fixed at two hundred and forty thousand francs. There, for the moment, ends its story. Among its administrators have been MM. Arsène Houssaye and Edouard Thierry; and it is on record that the higher officials of the Second Empire were used to abuse its function as that function had been abused under Louis XV., to the profit of ladies not distinguished for the possession of either talent or reputation. Of late, however, under the guidance of M. Emile Perrin, the theatre has succeeded both artistically and financially. The receipts of the last few years have been largely in excess of the million (of francs, of course), and are steadily increasing. And putting tragic art aside—in which, such accidents as the “temperament” called Sarah Bernhardt notwithstanding, the *Comédie-Française* is not now eminently distinguished—and taking as representative artistic figures so complete and finished as MM. Got, Delaunay, and Coquelin, and Mademoiselles Brohan and Favart, it is lawful to conclude that the theatre's present is such as may challenge comparison with the most brilliant epochs of its past.

As we see it, indeed, the *Comédie-Française* is almost the ideal theatre. Not only has it a library, a museum, a vast collection of archives, a

peculiar literature; not only is its connection with the *Société des Auteurs Dramatiques* quite special and extraordinary; it has also a style, a tradition, a standard, a position, an authority of its own. Fed yearly from the *Conservatoire*—which is better able to deal with its scholars than it was when Alexandre Dumas, who knew well enough what he was talking about, could cry out (1849) that he could more easily make an actor of a National Guard or a retired shopkeeper than of a pupil of the *Conservatoire*—it takes to itself the best of the youngsters sent forth to be tested on its stage, schools and trains them into intelligence and capacity, assigns to each of them his proper walk in art, and by precept, example, practice, encouragement, constraint, makes artists of them at last, and fits them to do for their juniors what it has done for them. A part of its function is the discovery and encouragement of young authors; a play has only to be sent in to its committee to be publicly read and discussed, and accepted or rejected, as the case may be, officially. It has authority to call into its pale any artist of promise or of parts without it, and is thus enabled incessantly to renew its strength and fill up the breaches in its ranks. As its associateship is the Garter or the Golden Fleece of the stage, and entitles its possessor not only to a fitting salary and a share in the profits of the year, but to a pension and consideration in after-times, its staff is always as complete as the quality of the epoch will permit, and it is able of its every performance to make a lesson, authoritative and practical, in histrionic art.

Cornhill Magazine.

THE MIRABEAUS.*

ANOTHER book out of the apparently inexhaustible stores of French memoirs and materials for history lies before us, and one of the best that has appeared for a good while. The anonymous preface which precedes the work—the author himself having been recently snatched away by an untimely death—informs us that it was the result of twenty years' research and study on the part of the lamented M. de Loménie. It is not always that such protracted effort is rewarded by corresponding excellence in the result. Not only has a writer oftentimes to spoil good work in such long elaboration, but such tardi-

ness is apt to imply a certain want of grasp and vigor of mind, a disposition to dwell on trifles, an industry wasted in small things which are by nature incompatible with the higher achievements of authorship. Such an inference would be most erroneous in the present case. M. de Loménie's work is not more distinguished by painstaking industry and accuracy than by the attractive gifts and graces which go to form a really able writer. In the biographical portion of his work M. de Loménie shows himself a master of narrative, telling his story not only with spirit and effect, but with much insight into character and fine moral discrimination. In the speculative portion, he discusses economical and political questions with insight and real weight; while all through the book are diffused an impression of candor, a

* *Les Mirabeau. Nouvelles Etudes sur la Société Française au 18me Siècle. Par Louis de Loménie. Paris: Dentu.*

warm zeal for truth, a conscientious and sober spirit which shrink from one-sided statements and hasty conclusions. It is impossible in reading the book not to feel a confidence in and regard for the writer. When he delivers a judgment, we may feel satisfied that he has good reasons to support it, and the calm and measured tone in which his opinions are expressed renders them all the more acceptable to thoughtful readers. But it would be a mistake to suppose that this wise moderation is purchased at any cost of animation and directness of remark. M. de Loménie is far removed from *viewiness*. His chaste and well-bred style is such as one might expect (though one does not always get it) from a member of the French Academy. The book is a credit to the author and his country; and its exceptional merit increases the regret that its assured fame will never gladden the heart of the sincere student who toiled over it so long.

The two volumes now published are only a portion of the work planned by M. de Loménie. We are promised two more volumes, which will be devoted exclusively to the life of Gabriel Honoré Mirabeau, the famous orator and leader of the popular party at the commencement of the Revolution. The volumes now before us deal with his ancestors and family generally—with the “Riquetti kindred,” about whom Mr. Carlyle discoursed with such humoristic force and gusto more than forty years ago. Mr. Carlyle’s striking article was avowedly founded on the “Memoirs” published by M. Lucas de Montigny, the well-known “ *fils adoptif*.” One of the objects of M. de Loménie’s book is to supplement and correct the numerous deficiencies and even inaccuracies of those “Memoirs,” into which the filial zeal of their author had perhaps excusably led him. For instance, the high antiquity and nobility of the Mirabeau family, on which so much stress has been laid, turn out to be an illusion assisted by no little fabrication. The great demagogue of the Revolution was not only proud of his pedigree, but careless of truth when he spoke of its purity and distinction: “There has never been but one *mésalliance* in our family, and that was with the Medicis.” This stalwart piece of boasting the orator ascribes to his father; but there is reason to suppose it is all his own. The fact really is, that the Mirabeaus emerge visibly in history for the first time with any clearness only toward the end of the sixteenth century, and then not as ancient nobles but as merchants of Marseilles. The pretended Italian extraction also of the Riquettis, originally Arrighetti of Florence, “cast out of it in some Guelph-Ghibelline quarrel such as were common then and there in the year 1267” (Carlyle), is now as good as proved to be a not very creditable myth, con-

structed by the Mirabeaus and their pedigree-makers in the seventeenth century. The very name of Riquetti is comparatively modern. As late as the year 1570, when they bought the castle and estate of Mirabeau, they figure in official documents as *Riquet*, a name of vulgar prevalence in Provence, and a familiar diminutive of Henry. The question is unimportant enough. Such a remarkable family as the Mirabeaus can easily dispense with the adventitious ornament of exalted lineage, even if it were genuine, as in this case it is not. But M. de Loménie was quite justified in devoting so much time and trouble to the destruction of a baseless legend, which has given occasion to much weak moralizing on the ancestry of great men.

In these volumes we have portraits more or less complete of six persons, either Mirabeaus or connected with the Mirabeaus by marriage, four men and two women: (1) Jean Antoine, the famous *col d'argent*, his three sons; (2) the Marquis of Mirabeau, the Friend of Man; (3) the Bailli; (4) Louis Alexandre; (5) Françoise de Castellane, the mother of the Marquis; (6) Marie-Geneviève de Vassan, mother of the Orator, all in their way noteworthy people, and two at least of striking originality. In the ample materials at his command (he had the whole of the rich collection of Mirabeau papers in the possession of the late M. Lucas de Montigny confided to him), M. de Loménie has found abundant means to give us a gallery of full-length portraits evidently lifelike and veracious. In such degree and form as our space allows, we shall attempt to reproduce an outline of some of these family pictures.

It seems to be generally assumed that the interest attaching to the Mirabeau family is derived from the famous tribune, who terminated his short and rather scandalous career in a dazzling blaze of glory and public lamentation in 1791. In him the “wild blood” of the Riquettis is supposed to have culminated in a final explosion of originality and genius. He is emphatically *the* Mirabeau. His ancestors collateral and direct are only interesting as they lead up to him. Unless I am much mistaken, this current opinion will be considerably reversed by these volumes. The world is doubtless already prepared to concede a high place to the old Marquis, the “crabbed Friend of Man,” whose “nodosity” and “unwedgeableness” have been sung by Mr. Carlyle in characteristic fashion. But his brother the Bailli, and his father Jean Antoine, are even more striking and fascinating figures, with a fund of modified force and self-contained nobility of nature, to which the more popular and famous members of the family can lay no pretension. M. de Loménie is clearly right in claiming for the

Bailli the preëminence over all his kindred, as "the finest moral product that ever came out of that impetuous race." A finer nature than that of the Bailli, lofty, disinterested, strong, and simple, yet full of native flavor, would not easily be found in biography; a really good man who only lacked opportunity to be a great one; as we shall show presently. But his and the Marquis's father, Jean Antoine, is hardly inferior, though in a somewhat different order of gifts. Mr. Carlyle with his quick eye for character has already marked him: "Haughtier, juster, more choleric man need not be sought for." He has hitherto been known by a life of him, supposed to be written by his famous grandson, the orator, which M. de Loménie now discovers to be a diluted and emasculated transcript of a much fuller and richer original by his son the Marquis. Those who prefer the picturesque and nervous prose of the elder Mirabeau to the smooth and clear but comparatively tame style of his son will regret that M. de Loménie has not seen fit to publish this interesting piece *in extenso*.

As regards the subject of the memoir, the famous *Silverstock* himself, it is difficult to feel that he is quite an historical character. There is a suspicious flavor of legend in the accounts we have of him. He is killed, or as good as killed, at the battle of Cassano; he receives twenty-seven wounds in one hour; he has his jugular vein cut in two, and yet he gets quite well again. He treats everybody, from the King downward, with a rough independence of speech which, under Louis XIV., is a moral phenomenon nearly as marvelous as his surviving mortal wounds is a physical one. It now appears that his biographer, the Marquis, knew little of his father personally, that he left home as a child, and only returned to it twice on short visits; and that his narrative was chiefly founded on the reports and anecdotes current in the army and the provincial society in which his father had moved. Still there is such dramatic propriety about the character, though odd and eccentric it is so conceivable and lifelike, that we can not doubt that there was a large basis of fact on which the narrative rested. It is a pity that we have not more authentic records of such a fearless, upright, noble-hearted man, who in many ways presents a finer type of character than any of the Mirabeaus, his son the Bailli alone excepted. All his high-handed ways and choleric speeches, for instance, appear of little moment compared to his magnanimous conduct on the collapse of Law's Mississippi Scheme. An *ordonnance* of monstrous iniquity had been issued, making the worthless paper of the bankrupt scheme legal tender for the payment of debts. The brave *Silverstock* sternly refused to avail himself of such a means

of saving the large sum of a hundred thousand crowns which his brother-in-law had invested for him without his authority in Mississippi stock. He would not part with his now valueless coupons. "Somebody at last," he said, "will have to pay in hard cash, and I should be the original cause of his loss." He was getting old, he had a rising family, and it was all his savings which thus disappeared. M. de Loménie is disposed to doubt, as it seems to us with good reason, the rude and ungracious speech he is said to have made to Louis XIV. when introduced by the Duc de Vendôme with words of strong eulogy on his services. "Yes, Sire," replied Mirabeau, according to the story, "and, if, leaving active service, I had come up to court and bribed some *catin*, I might have had my promotion and fewer wounds to-day." "I ought to have known you better," said Vendôme afterward. "For the future I will present you to the enemy, and never to the King." M. de Loménie questions this anecdote on the ground that the Marquis says that his father always had a great veneration for Louis XIV., and that such a speech does not seem compatible even with common respect, which is very true. But we think that a stronger argument against its authenticity may be found in the fact that the reign of *catins* at Versailles had long been over when *Silverstock* Mirabeau was presented there covered with wounds. It was over even before he entered the army in 1684. Under the semi-monastic rule of the austere Maintenon and the converted Louis, such expressions would not only have been insolent, but absurdly out of place. There is less reason to doubt the characteristic story of his behavior to one of Louvois's army-inspectors, who insisted on reporting him *absent* from a review, when he was only a little late on the ground. The major of the regiment urged extenuating circumstances for his junior, but the inspector was inflexible. "Monsieur," said Mirabeau, "I am then truly absent in your opinion?" "Yes, monsieur." "In that case, this no doubt passes in my absence"; and immediately rains a shower of cuts with his riding-whip on the inspector, leaving him in some difficulty of reconciling fact and theory.

M. de Loménie quotes several details from the Marquis's account of his father, which are omitted in the weaker version made by his son the orator. This rather touching narrative of the last days of the old soldier is omitted by his grandson:

My furlough [says the Marquis] was on the point of expiring, and, though I could have obtained further leave, he insisted on my departure, and I was thus prevented from doing my duty by him up to the last. But I did not think he was nearly so ill as he was. He soon began to refuse nourishment, and re-

plied always to all entreaties to that effect: "All my life long, when I have said No, it has meant no." In other respects his latter end was passed in great calm and serenity, chatting and even laughing with his confessor, a devout and gentle priest, whom he loved much.

Referring to an early stage of his decline, the Marquis says:

A certain select company assembled pretty regularly in his house to pass the evenings with him, and these parties were really a high school of honor, eloquence, dignity, and historical reminiscences. He was not gifted with the happy genius that excels in calling forth the qualities of others, which is as precious as it is rare. His taste would have inclined to a noble and well-seasoned humor, but, as that sort of wit easily becomes bitter, an excess to which his family was prone, his principles kept him from it. For the rest, his health was latterly so precarious that he could not trust himself in a facetious vein, and he preferred discourse which was grave and noble, in which no grace of diction or warmth of eloquence was wanting. Moreover, excepting his sight, which was so diminished that he could scarce find his way about, although no defect appeared in his eyes, he lived up to the end complete in all his faculties; his visage was not changed; his apparel, which on another would have seemed common, was sumptuous on him. No man ever had a finer presence, or affected it less. He was so nice in the matter of cleanliness that, even in the country and alone on coming in from a walk, he always changed his wig before entering the apartment. Why attempt to paint a man, except with the object of giving a life-like picture? The smallest traits are important in a fine subject.

It is like passing from the twilight of legend to the broad daylight of historical fact, to turn from Mirabeau of the silver collar to the Bailli, his second son. From the abundant letters of his which are still preserved (something like two thousand in number, out of which M. de Loménie makes copious extracts) it is possible to obtain a direct glimpse of a truly human face, as comely and tender as it is strong and honest. The Bailli had talents and knowledge, especially the great talent of ruling men and winning their love at the same time, and extraordinary knowledge, considering the hard and roving sea-life he led during his best years. But his distinction lies in the union of these masculine qualities with a more than womanly sweetness and gentleness of nature, a lofty probity which seems never to give a thought to self-interest, and a delicacy of moral sense quite admirable. M. de Loménie compares him to Molière's *Misanthrope*, and says he was an *Alceste* of real life, which seems to us to be hardly doing him justice. He was a chivalrous, heroic, modest man, of sterling worth

and warmest affections, free from greedy appetite of every kind, free of vanity, of ambition (a little too free of the last), and regardless of everything but his duty and his own austere sense of rectitude. He was besides a most voluminous writer, though he published nothing. M. de Loménie fills more than half a page with the mere titles of the memoirs and observations which he addressed to official persons on all kinds of subjects relating to public affairs, especially those which concerned his own branch of them, the naval service. More characteristic still is his private correspondence with his brother, the Marquis, who shares with him the honor that it reflects on both.

Among the four thousand letters they exchanged [says M. de Loménie] there are hardly ten in which, in spite very often of the most urgent personal matters, we do not meet with long discussions of general questions fitted to interest superior minds. Every moment the two correspondents drop their private affairs, to enlarge on religion, politics, the government, the finances, history, the problem of good and evil, progress, liberty, aristocracy, democracy, the state of society, the dangers which threaten it, the reforms which might save it, the question whether it can be saved, the future in store. Then dissertations, often warm and eloquent, frequently fill ten or twelve folio pages.—(Vol. i., p. 188.)

M. de Loménie remarks, and his quotations abundantly prove the assertion, that the Bailli had, equally with his brother, the odd, picturesque, yet powerful style which excited Mr. Carlyle's admiration; but he thinks that the Bailli, who never wrote with a view to publication, has the advantage—he is less stilted and pedantic. In any case it must be confessed that we have here a very interesting and rare type of man, a man whose width of culture even a Goethe might envy. First, the hard training of a sea-life, then the governorship of Guadaloupe, later the command of the Coast Guard during the Seven Years' war; and through all this active career, a literary taste which had familiarized him with the best French and Latin authors, and a speculative turn which leads him to discuss and shows him to have had settled and well-grounded opinions on all sorts of topics—political, financial, historical—often not at all connected with his profession. Here was a man leading a life similar to that of our Hawkes and Boscauens, and possibly as a professional sea-king he was not their equal, though even this is by no means certain, as he was never intrusted with the command of a great fleet in which he might have shown his capacity as an admiral; but, for culture and humanity, they can not suffer a comparison with him. A man of highest courtesy and noblest presence, a scholar and a gentleman in the full-

est sense of the words, and a brave mariner of the true sea-breed withal, the Bailli Mirabeau is a fine specimen of the rich endowment of that old French race which had done so much to mar, but far more to make, our modern civilization.

The Bailli's career as a sea-captain was laborious, but not distinguished. The fault was none of his. We know what interest was capable of in the old times in the way of bringing a man forward, and of giving him a chance of showing his quality, even in the English navy. And the English navy was justice itself compared to the French, in all matters of promotion and readiness to give "the tools to him who could handle them." The brave Bailli never was intrusted with more than with the command of sorry little frigates; poor peddling work, such as made Nelson stamp and rage in the early days of his career. Very interesting is it to see him out of health and without a ship, promptly volunteering to take part in the expedition against Minorca, or to post off to Toulon, eager for service in any form, but only to be refused after all. By dint of opportunity, however, he succeeded at the last moment in getting a post, as second in command, on board the *Orpheus*, a ship of sixty-four guns. It was one of the vessels most hotly engaged in the battle of Port Mahon, and a letter of the Bailli to his brother, the Marquis, is of especial interest to us, not only as giving a good picture of a zealous officer, but as showing that, in the candid opinion of a perfectly impartial and competent witness, the unfortunate Admiral Byng was not quite up to the mark of sea-valor, and that the indignation against him in England was not wholly unjustified:

ON BOARD THE *ORPHEUS*, May 21, 1756.

We had yesterday, dear brother, an engagement of two hours and a half duration, which would have lasted longer if it had pleased the English. Thanks to the Lord, I have come out of it safe and sound. I am the more thankful, inasmuch as during half an hour there was a prodigious storm of grape and canister. All the officers have escaped like myself, but the men have suffered a good deal. The enemy has suffered even more. They had the advantage of the wind, and it only lay with the English to make it much hotter for us, as our admiral gave them every encouragement. Our vanguard, to which this ship belongs, was the most engaged. But it may with truth be said that the English have very feebly supported before our men-of-war the pride and insolence they have shown before our merchantmen. On the whole it was an even game, and as they had the wind they could have made the affair more serious. I say even, as they had only one line-of-battle-ship more than ourselves.—(Vol. i., p. 225.)

The old salt comes out in full flavor in this letter. The good Bailli, for all his culture, takes

his profession in all seriousness, and is no wise inclined to mince matters with the English. He detests them most cordially, and although he does not reciprocate the crudity of Nelson's maxim, that one "should hate a Frenchman as one does the devil," he quietly says, "I have accustomed myself to regard the English as the enemies of the human race, and especially of France." Yet he has a sort of grudging admiration for us in some respects, and especially approves the constitution of our Admiralty, in which old sailors who knew their business directed naval matters. He was for a short time prisoner in England, in 1747, but was not so much impressed as, with his aristocratic tastes, might have been expected. The nobles, he thinks, are too much dependent on the common people. Military virtue is not sufficiently esteemed, and money too much so, and he shrewdly opines, as early as 1754, that the American colonies will be lost to the mother-country in a few years, which was seeing a good twenty years ahead.

But it is during his government of Guadeloupe that the higher nature of the man comes out in its full luster, his firmness, justice, and mercy, his tenderness for others, his severity to himself, his almost Quixotic scorn for gain and even legitimate self-interest. The vice and corruption of colonial society, poisoned as it was by the deadly sin of negro slavery, offered an ample but not a pleasant field for the display of the Bailli's austere virtue. Like all worthy to command, he receives the responsibility of ruling men with inward anxiety and humble heart-searching. When he made his official entry into the island, and a great crowd assembled to see and scrutinize the Governor, and escort him to the church, where the Apostolic Prefect harangued him on his duties, he was dismayed. "My prayer to God was to preserve me from injustice, and to give me the firmness to repress it. I prayed fervently, and hope I was heard." In another letter he says: "I am becoming devout, which must seem to you an odd notion. But do not understand the word in its ordinary sense. I have no taste nor talent for mysticism more than usual, but I feel I never prayed to God with fervor before. I do so out of fear of doing harm, and that fear is so strong that I hope sincerely to be preserved from it."

The first thing that strikes and shocks him is the frightful moral degradation of the white population, arising from the influence of slavery. Labor being held in contempt as a badge of servitude, the vilest white man thinks more of himself than a peer of France. Idleness and debauchery fill up the time of the colonists. "To make sugar, to flog niggers, to beget bas-

tards, and to get drunk—these are the occupations of the creoles.” Their depravity was such that it blinded them to their own interest, and even French ships refused to come to the island on account of the roguery and bad faith of the inhabitants. Murder was of daily occurrence, and a black man’s life was valued no higher than a dog’s. Here was an opportunity for a supreme ruler to show his mettle. And the Bailli seems to have laid about him with a zeal and sternness which would rejoice Mr. Carlyle. “The rogues, and there are plenty here,” he says, “tremble, and honest folks rejoice; the poor know that justice will be done them without distinction of persons. The door of their Governor, they say, is open to them at all hours, and all the colony is aware that not one of my servants would dare to prevent the least and poorest negro from coming to me and telling his story.”

It was an addition to the Governor’s difficulties that he was known to be poor, and that his salary was small. He consequently could keep little or no state, and could not contribute to the festivities of the place. But he would receive no presents, and refused not only all illicit gain, but such perquisites as were considered quite honorable. “No monk of La Trappe ever led a harder life than I do. Dispensing justice from morning to night, writing, signing, working—such is my existence.” He says he knows he will be considered a fool for his pains, and owns that *that* hurts his vanity a little, but reflection will help him to bear it.

Slavery he emphatically condemns, not only on the ground of humanity, about which of course there is no question, but as economically injurious. Thirty-five thousand whites do not produce in fertile Guadeloupe what two thousand would do without slavery. He adds, with prophetic regret, that he deplores the introduction of negroes into Louisiana, and anticipates no good result from the measure. In fact, though the question of emancipation of the slaves never seems to have occurred to him, he has all the sentiments of a thoroughgoing abolitionist, including the customary over-estimate of the qualities of the negro. “I look upon those people as in every respect like ourselves, excepting in color. And I even doubt whether slavery does not make us worse than they are.” The justice of the last remark can not be denied. Legree is many degrees inferior to Uncle Tom, but the brain of the white man is superior to that of the negro nevertheless.

It might be supposed that the Bailli had enough on his hands in restraining his white subjects from robbery and murder, and protecting the black population from too gross ill-treatment. But he manages to find time for reading

all kinds of books, which he is always beseeching his brother to supply him with, and also to plan a complete code of colonial law, illustrated with notes of his own. He reckons that in six years’ time, if health and sight endure, he will know more about the naval policy of France than any one who has yet directed it. This was, however, looking a little too far ahead. For the good Bailli had crotchets which made a man ill-fitted for official life in those days. One of his crotchets was not to suffer dishonesty in any one if he could help it, not even in a superior. As might be supposed, the rogues whom he had made to tremble were not without friends in the world, and before long he began to receive hints from his brother that in influential circles at Versailles it was considered that he had “too much zeal.” Too much zeal here being interpreted meant too great antipathy to rogues. It was taken especially ill at headquarters that he showed no disposition to be on civil terms with a nameless official of high rank, to whom he was partly subordinate, and who wished much to enjoy his (the Bailli’s) friendship. The latter replies that he strongly suspects the nameless official of being a rogue; he has yet no proof positive of misconduct, but, if he ever meets with any, he declares he will unmask it. The Marquis, for all his “nodosity,” feels that one must not quarrel with one’s bread-and-butter at this rate, and sends off an appealing letter to implore his brother to be a little more reasonable, a little more politic. “I beseech you, dear brother, grease your axles a little, or we shall certainly be upset. In God’s name don’t be so fierce; you will always have *morgue* enough not to be a time-server.” This is quite enough, as M. de Loménie says, to kindle Alcèste into a white heat of scornful indignation. “Do I want to be told that ministers can ruin a man whatever his merit? I do not think so much of my abilities as they do, perhaps, and regard the loss of my fortune and promotion as the easiest thing in the world, and indifferent to the state; but luckily it is indifferent to me also, and I shall return to the position of younger son in Provence without the slightest repining, rather than submit to anything which would cause me inward humiliation.” And he was as good as his word; he made a determined enemy of the peculator, as he afterward proved, and found advancement in the service barred by his influence.

“The frank true love of these two brothers is the fairest feature in Mirabeaudom,” says Mr. Carlyle, and he had very imperfect materials on which to found this correct judgment, compared with what we have now. Through fifty years of most varied fortunes, through acute differences of opinion, and family quarrels of the most vio-

lent nature, these two brothers with their hot tempers and sharp tongues remained linked to each other by a passionate affection which knows no break, coldness, or distrust. They may disagree, they may disapprove each other's conduct, and then each stands to his guns with a valor becoming the sons of old *col d'argent*. But never a trace of bitterness, alienation, or offense, can be spied. Soft, hushed, loving words conclude every remonstrance, every altercation. With a sob of affection, they fall on each other's breast with peaceful confidence that their love can never fail. Truly, a love passing the love of woman, and, between two such stalwart, self-reliant men, very beautiful and touching. They had found indeed the true secret of lasting affection, in complete and utter unselfishness in all their mutual dealings, or rather in the settled practice of each, to think of the other always in preference to himself. The affectionate *tutoiement* can not be rendered, but even in the cold second person plural some of their warmth will no doubt appear. "If I had not been your brother," says the Bailli, "and had only known you by chance, I should have been your friend. I have more confidence in you than in myself, which is not to say that I am always of your opinion." "I declare to you," says the Marquis, "as solemnly as if on the point of death, that since a certain day, somewhat distant now, for then I was stronger than you" (the Bailli was much the larger and more powerful man), "when I gave you a good thrashing, not without some good cuffs in return, from that day and all others ever since, I have never had a matter of which I have concealed from you the smallest particle." And to such words the deeds correspond. Questions of money, the most vulgar and common source of quarrel between relatives, between this singular pair give constant occasion for mutual self-sacrifice and endearment. The Bailli never would allow his elder brother to pay him his *légitime*, or portion of fifty thousand francs, to which he was entitled under his father's will; it would be a wrong to the family, he says. The younger brother, who certainly has the advantage in this contest of generosity and self-abnegation, pushes his deference to his senior to a degree which would be affected and suspicious in a man of less transparent candor and sincerity. He leaves it entirely to the Marquis to decide whether he shall get married or not. "If you judge that it is for the good of the family that I should leave offspring, you will know what to do in reference to a certain young lady." But the good Bailli, it must be confessed, had one fault with all his virtues; he was a confirmed misogynist. So perhaps, if his elder forbade marriage, he was in no great danger of sacrificing a tender passion

on the altar of fraternal devotion. But then it seems he would readily have got married if his brother had wished it. It is no use, in fact, trying to find spots in the purity of his disinterestedness. After he had commanded ships, and had been governor of a West Indian island, on his return to France he writes to his brother like a lad in his teens: "If you consider that I ought to come to Paris, let me know, and supply me with enough to live upon. If you think it best, I am ready to stay here at Brest, and to live very quietly as regards expense." The Marquis can not bear this, and replies: "As regards what you say about staying down there, tears came to my eyes in thinking of the greatness, simplicity, and goodness of your heart. When you seriously propose to go and hide yourself in a hole in Brittany, I should be sorry not to put on record that I owe you fifteen thousand livres. You must come here as soon as you can, and I only wait for you to clear myself out, and you will find all you need."

Among other things, the younger Mirabeau was a Knight of Malta, where he rose to the grade of bailli, the title by which he is generally known. The Order of the Knights of Malta, degenerate successors of the Knights of Rhodes, and of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, had become in the eighteenth century a ridiculous and somewhat scandalous anachronism. Recruited among the younger sons of nobles' families in all Europe, it had decayed into a collection of extravagant and licentious revelers, who joined it partly from vanity, but more still in expectation of obtaining one or more of the rich benefices, priories, commanderies, etc., which the Order had to give. It was not a company to suit the grave and thoughtful Bailli, and for twenty-four years he never went near the place, having seen enough of it and its ways in his youth. He liked hard useful work, and was never anxious about the pay it might bring him. But his brother, who has him in charge with his own consent, as we have seen, has resolved that this Knighthood of Malta shall produce something of tangible value to the family; that the Bailli by taking the proper steps shall obtain a rich commandery worth many thousand livres a year, that will be a great help to the common finances, which are far from prosperous, and threatening to become worse. The proper steps are serious and involve an enormous outlay in ready money, and the return is uncertain in date if not altogether. They consist in this, that the Bailli shall go to Malta and accept the post of General of the Galleys, to which his age and rank entitle him, hold the office the usual time of two years, and then put in his claim, which can hardly be refused to an ex-general, for one of the superior commanderies. The Marquis's plan

is cut and dried; for him the whole scheme lies in a nutshell. He will find the money, the Bailli must go and make his fortune, and there is an end of it. "This is all very fine," the Bailli answers; "but supposing I die before getting the commandery, you will lose your money, and the family will be half ruined through me." He implores his brother to think twice before embarking in so venturesome a scheme. He is quite content to live quietly, without regret or impatience, waiting for a commandery which will come in time to him by mere seniority; he does not care much what happens. As a consummate master of *Entsagen*, detachment, indifference to outward goods of every description, the Bailli has not his equal. For he differs from the religious quietist, who cares for no sublunary thing, by his zeal as an officer, his ardor for reform, his patriotism, his ceaseless energy. However, the Marquis will listen to no objections, and the Bailli goes to Malta, where for two years he will have to spend money like water. As Malta produces nothing, all commodities have to be sent from France. The Marquis looks after everything, and dispatches the means and materials of a two years' feasting before his brother gets there. "Linen, furniture, clothes, liveries covered with gold, glass, porcelain, wine, liqueurs, not forgetting the cuffs of Valenciennes lace indispensable to a General of Gallies, and six silver buckets to cool the bottles, all accompanied with enormous provisions for the table," costing in round number something like one hundred and fifty thousand francs, all to disappear in idle pomp and riotous living, very harmful to everybody concerned.

To such a character as the Bailli's, simple, frugal, and detesting show, these two years of reveling at Malta must have been as unpleasant and distasteful as any he ever experienced. To the man of naturally sober and moderate tastes, wasteful extravagance and profusion are perhaps more offensive than parsimony and stinting are to the self-indulgent and luxurious. To be compelled to live with, and constantly entertain, frivolous gormandizers and toppers, must have been, one would think, a trial too heavy to be borne. The Bailli bears it with the quiet stoicism he brings to all things. He does not seem to have been wearied to death, as unconsciously he must have been. He expresses no nausea and disgust at the company he has to keep, at the time he has to waste. At his brother's persuasion he has made a venture, and he waits for the result. He is indeed at times terribly anxious lest the money should be spent in vain. But in the mean while he spends his money for a given object, just as a naval officer would spend ammunition to carry a fort. He gives the roisterers more and

better wine than they ever had before, and says to them, "As it was only got for you, you shall have it while it lasts." "We do not deserve to have such a general," one of them appreciatingly said. In a word, by his sumptuosities and punctual payments, the Bailli acquitted himself in his odd position with his usual exactness to universal satisfaction. Only on one point did he risk nearly complete failure, but it was a point on which he would brook no expostulation. His hatred of rogues nearly wrecked him in Malta as it had done in Guadaloupe. The Grand Master Pinto, who was his friend, was also in extreme old age, and his probable, almost certain, successor was the Bailli de Tencin (a near relative of D'Alembert's mother), a man without probity or courage, and altogether offensive to the moral sense. His relations with such a man as the Bailli de Mirabeau might safely be predicted, and they soon became openly hostile. But here was a threatening prospect. If old Pinto died, as in the course of nature he soon must, and Tencin succeeded him, what hope was there for the rich commandery in view of which all this lavish expense had been incurred? None whatever. Still nothing shall make the brave Bailli bend the knee to Baal. "If Providence," he says, "puts me like Job on a dunghill, and ruins my family, nothing shall induce me to give my vote to a man whom I consider unworthy."

Though we may be certain that he would have stood the test, he happily was never put to it. Instead of Pinto, Tencin died, and at once liberated several of the richest commanderies of the Order. After a little delay one of them was given to the good Bailli, who thus secured an income for life of some fifty thousand francs a year.

It was just in time. The Marquis de Mirabeau, with his abortive speculations and ruinous lawsuits, from easy circumstances had fallen into a condition akin to poverty. Whether the Bailli, with his now well-filled purse, was ready to help him need not be said. But it presently strikes him that he (the Bailli) may die first, and then what will become of his brother? He soon hits upon an expedient, viz., to make an arrangement with the authorities at Malta, by which, on consideration that he during his life drew only a moiety of his emoluments, the other moiety should devolve on his brother after his own death. An offer so advantageous to the Order would certainly have been accepted, but the Marquis promptly interposes his *veto*. "As regards mutilating yourself for me, my answer is that I want you to be rich; and, by my faith, if I ever lose you, I shall not need anything fifteen days after!"

Space fails to say more of this interesting work at present. I have dwelt chiefly on one

individual, because he is at once very interesting and little known. But several other characters, whose fortunes are recounted in these pages, are well fitted to attract attention. A third brother, Louis Alexandre, whose career was short and not always creditable, was evidently no commonplace man, and full of the Mirabeau fire and originality. The three women who appear in the book, the two Marquises de Mirabeau, and Madame de Pailly, are interesting figures in very op-

posite ways, especially the last. Most interesting and original of all, the old Marquis, "the crabbed Friend of Man," is well worthy of the elaborate study which M. de Loménie has devoted to him. Not only is his life, but his works and their connection with some of the most important lines of speculation in the eighteenth century are discussed with a quiet fullness and mastery which render this book a very valuable addition to the higher literature on that period.

JAS. COTTER MORISON, in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

SCHOPENHAUER ON MEN, BOOKS, AND MUSIC.

MANY readers who have neither leisure nor inclination to master Schopenhauer's scheme of metaphysics, nor German enough to read his non-philosophical works with ease, may yet like to know what the great pessimist thought on men considered as social and intellectual beings, on books and authors, lastly on music and art generally; topics on which he mused perpetually, and had much to say. The metaphysician was ever the keen observer to whom nothing human was alien. He could not be said to live in the world, but he knew it as few practical men have done, and not only its outer but its inner life, its æsthetic as well as its material side.

Insight led him further than experience leads the majority, and, theoretic pessimist *par excellence* though he was, as a moral teacher he has nevertheless some valuable lessons to give us, and cheerful lessons, too. What, indeed, will many readers ask with pardonable incredulity, can this cynic of cynics, this uncompromising misanthrope and unparalleled misogynist, teach the rest of mankind? A little patience, good reader, and the question shall be satisfactorily answered. It must first be borne in mind that Schopenhauer does not profess to instruct the great, unthinking, unlettered multitude, the "common herd," for whom he can not conceal his contempt. He says, somewhere, "Nature is intensely aristocratic with regard to the distribution of intellect. The demarkations she has laid down are far greater than those of birth, rank, wealth, or caste in any country, and in Nature's aristocracy, as in any other, we find a thousand plebeians to one noble, many millions to one prince, the far greater proportion consisting of mere *Pöbel*, *canaille*, *mob*." For the latter class—from his point of view the preponderating bulk

of mankind—it may be excellent citizens and heads of families, but without pretense either to originality, thought, or learning, and dominated by the commonplace, he entertains a positive aversion. It was less the incapacity of ordinary mortals that irritated him than their love of talking about what they do not understand, and that worst of all conceits, the conceit of knowledge without the reality. Stupidity was Schopenhauer's bugbear; mental obtuseness, in his eyes, the cardinal sin, the curse of Adam, the plague-spot in the intellectual world; and whenever opportunity arose he fell to the attack with Quixotic fury and impatience. "Conversation between a man of genius and a nonentity," he says somewhere, "is like the casual meeting of two travelers going the same way, the first mounted on a spirited steed, the other on foot. Both will soon get heartily tired of each other, and be glad to part company."

Equally good is the following psychological reflection:

The seal of commonness, the stamp of vulgarity written upon the greater number of physiognomies we meet with, is chiefly accounted for in the fact of the entire subjection of the intellect to the will; consequently, the impossibility of grasping things except in their relation to the individual self. It is quite the contrary with the expression of men of genius or richly endowed natures, and herein consists the family likeness of the latter throughout the world. We see written on their faces the emancipation of the intellect from the will, the supremacy of mind over volition; hence the lofty brow, the clear, contemplative glance, the occasional look of supernatural joyousness we find there in perfect keeping with the pensiveness of the other features, notably the mouth. This relation is finely indicated in the saying of Giordano Bruno: "In tristitia, hilaris; in hilaritate, tristis."

Here he brings his sledge-hammer upon the dunderheads without mercy:

Brainless pates are the rule, fairly furnished ones the exception, the brilliantly endowed very rare, genius a *portentum*. How otherwise could we account for the fact that out of upward of eight hundred millions of existing human beings, and after the chronicled experiences of six thousand years, so much should still remain to discover, to think out and to be said?

True enough, it required a Pascal to invent a wheelbarrow, and doubtless we must wait for another before discovering the cure for a smoking chimney and other every-day nuisances. But Schopenhauer does not content himself with scourging stupidity; he goes to the bottom of the matter, and, at the risk of touching metaphysical ground, we extract the following elucidation of an every-day mystery. Who has not gazed with puzzlement on the initial letters, names, and even mottoes cut upon ancient public monuments in all countries, from the pyramids of Egypt to the monoliths of Carnac, from the crumbling walls of the Dionysiac theatre at Athens to the tombs in the Campagna? Nothing is too solemn or too sacred for these incorrigible scratchers or scribblers, who seem, indeed, to have made the journey to the uttermost ends of the world for the sake of carving John Smith or Tom Brown on some conspicuous relic of former ages. As far as we know, Schopenhauer is the first to explain this mischievous and absurd habit of the tourists whose name is Legion:

By far the greater part of humanity [he says] are wholly inaccessible to purely intellectual enjoyments. They are quite incapable of the delight that exists in ideas as such; everything standing in a certain relation to their own individual will—in other words, to themselves and their own affairs—in order to interest them, it is necessary that their wills should be acted upon, no matter in how remote a degree. A *naïve* illustration of this can be seen in every-day trifles; witness the habit of carving names in celebrated places. This is done in order that the individual may in the faintest possible manner influence or act upon the place, since he is by it not influenced or acted upon at all.

To understand Schopenhauer's classification of mankind we should master his metaphysical scheme; but, for our present purpose, the following explanation will suffice: The world of dunderheads—the stupid, the ignorant, and the self-sufficient—are, according to his theory, to be distinguished from the intellectual, the gifted, the high-souled, and the noble-minded, in the *subjectivity* of their intellect—in other words, the subjection of intellect to will; while with the choice spirits, the flower and *élite* of mankind,

the reverse is the case; and this *objectivity*, or emancipation from the will, enables them to live outside the restricted little world of self; and, instead of being interested in things only as they immediately affect their own wills—i. e., interests, feelings, and passions—they are interested in the larger, wider life of thought and humanity. "Every man of genius," he says somewhere, "regards the world with purely objective interest—indeed, as a foreign country"; and in another passage, following out the same line of thought, he gives an apt simile by way of illustrating his theories:

The average individual (*Normal Mensch*) is engrossed in the vortex and turmoil of existence, to which he is bound hand and foot by his will. The objects and circumstances of daily life are ever present to him, but of such taken objectively he has not the faintest conception. He is like the merchants on the Bourse at Amsterdam, who take in every word of what their interlocutor says, but are wholly insensible to the surging noise of the multitude around them.

Cynical although this may sound, no one can write more genially than Schopenhauer when on his favorite theme of genius. If he castigates his arch-enemy—the *Normal Mensch*, nonentity, dunderhead, fool, as the case may be—he glows with poetic ardor and descants with appropriate warmth on the *Genialer*: which word we may take to mean the man of genius as well as the gifted, the intellectually genial, the uncommon as compared with the commonplace in humanity. It was not only that Schopenhauer realized the worth and value of genius and rare mental endowments to the world at large, but he comprehended what those precious gifts are to the individual himself. He understood that inscrutable felicity, that happiness past finding out, neither to be bestowed nor acquired, which is based on intellectual supremacy, a high spirit, a noble, unworldly nature. Characters of the loftiest type had inexhaustible fascinations for him; it was the wine with which he loved to intoxicate himself; the ambrosia on which he fed like an epicure. He never wearied of descanting upon the nature of that true joy which, to use the words of Seneca, is a serious thing, "The joy born of thought and intellectual beauty." Would that space permitted a translation of his entire chapter entitled "Von Dem, was Einer ist," "Parerga," vol. i.; for this, if nothing else, would put Schopenhauer before us in the light of a moral teacher, inculcating the superiority of spiritual, moral, and intellectual truth over material good and worldly well-being. "Happiness depends on what we are—on our individuality. For only that which a man has in himself, which he carries with him into solitude,

which none can give or take away, is intrinsically his"; and elsewhere he says:

As an animal remains perforce shut up in the narrow circle to which nature has condemned it, our endeavors to make our domestic pets happy being limited by their capacities, so is it with human beings. The character or individuality of each is the measure of his possible happiness, meted out to him beforehand, natural capacities having for once and for all set bounds to his intellectual enjoyments: are these capacities narrow, then no endeavors or influences from without, nothing that men or joys can do for him, suffice to lead an individual beyond the measure of the commonplace, and he is thrown back upon mere material enjoyments, domestic life, sad or cheerful as the case may be, mean companionship and vulgar pastime, culture being able to do little in widening the circle. For the highest, the most varied, the most lasting enjoyments are those of the intellect, no matter how greatly in youth we may deceive ourselves as to the fact. Hence it becomes clear how much our happiness depends on what we are, while for the most part fate or chance bring into computation only what we have, or what we appear to be.

Not in this passage only, but in a dozen others, Schopenhauer has contrasted the existence of the worldling, the devotee of business or pleasure, the materialist, or the empty-pated, living, intellectually speaking, from hand to mouth, with that of the thinker, the student, the man of wide culture and many-sided knowledge and aspiration. "There is no felicity on earth like that which a beautiful and fruitful mind finds at its happiest moments in itself," he writes; and this consideration leads him to some rather uncharitable remarks upon society, so called, and its unsatisfactoriness in so far as the *Genialer*, intellectual or genial-minded, are concerned:

The more a man has in himself, the less he needs of others, and the less they can teach him. This supremacy of intelligence leads to unsociableness. Ay; could the quality of society be compensated by quantity, it might be worth while to live in the world! Unfortunately, we find, on the contrary, a hundred fools in the crowd to one man of understanding! The brainless, on the other hand, will seek companionship and pastime at any price. For in solitude, when all of us are thrown upon our own resources, what he has in himself will be made manifest. Then sighs the empty-pated, in his purple and fine linen, under the burden of his wretched Ego, while the man rich in mental endowments fills and animates the dreariest solitude with his own thoughts. Accordingly we find that every one is sociable and craves society in proportion as he is intellectually poor and ordinary. For we have hardly a choice in the social world between solitude and commonplaceness.

So much for Schopenhauer's classification of

mankind, since in substance it amounts to this: Wise men and fools, thinkers and empty-pates, illuminating spirits and bores—he is never tired of drawing the distinction between them, and ringing the changes on their respective merits and demerits. Bitter, cynical, sarcastic as he is, his strictures are for the most part true, and if boredom or stupidity, like other human infirmities, admit of alleviation, Schopenhauer shows the way. All that he has to say on education, the cultivation of good habits in youth, the proper subjection of the passions to reason, is admirable. He, as usual, goes to the root of the matter, and begins with trying to hammer into the understandings of his countrypeople those elementary notions of hygiene and physical training we find so wanting among them:

As we ought above all things to cultivate the habit of cheerfulness, and as nothing less affects it than wealth, and nothing more so than bodily health, we should strive after the highest possible degree of health, by means of temperance and moderation, physical as well as mental; two hours' brisk movement in the open air daily [Heavens! what do German professors say to *that*? and the next prescription also must alarm them still more], and the free use of cold water, also dietary rules.

All who are familiar with German domestic life know how, even in the best educated classes, such things are still neglected, to the great detriment of health, sedentary habits especially being carried to a pitch which appears to ourselves incredible. When Schopenhauer reprimands his countrymen severely upon their want of common sense in these matters, we feel the strictures to be deserved, and must remember that he wrote thirty years ago; his voice being among the first, if not the very first, raised in Germany on behalf of soap-and-water, and exercise. In a sentence he happily enunciates the primary principles of education, not considered as merely a system of instruction, but in the comprehensive sense of the word:

Above all things, children should learn to know life in its various relations, from the original, not a copy. Instead of making haste to put books in their hands, we should teach them by degrees the nature of things and the relation in which human beings stand to each other.

From education we pass to the subject of culture, so called; in other words, that self-education which men and women pursue for themselves throughout the various stages of their existence. We find such a process going on in all classes. Some people have one way of instructing themselves, some another; but we may fairly take it for granted that books are or profess to be the principal instructors of adult humanity.

Seeing the enormous numbers of worthless books published, and the vast amount of time squandered upon their perusal, we can not honestly deny the following assertions :

It is the case with literature as with life : wherever we turn, we come upon the incorrigible mob of human-kind, whose name is Legion, swarming everywhere, damaging everything, as flies in summer. Hence the multiplicity of bad books, those exuberant weeds of literature which choke the true corn. Such books rob the public of time, money, and attention, which ought properly to belong to good literature and noble aims, and they are written with the view merely to make money or occupation. They are therefore not merely useless, but injurious. Nine tenths of our current literature has no other end but to inveigle a thaler or two out of the public pocket, for which purpose author, publisher, and printer are leagued together. A more pernicious, subtler, and bolder piece of trickery is that by which penny-a-liners (*Brod-schreiber*) and scribblers succeed in destroying good taste and real culture. . . . Hence the paramount importance of acquiring the art *not* to read ; in other words, of not reading such books as occupy the public mind, or even those which make a noise in the world, and reach several editions in their first and last years of existence. We should recollect that he who writes for fools finds an enormous audience, and we should devote the ever-scant leisure of our circumscribed existence to the master spirits of all ages and nations, those who tower over humanity, and whom the voice of Fame proclaims : only such writers cultivate and instruct us. Of bad books we can never read too little ; of the good, never too much. The bad are intellectual poison, and undermine the understanding. Because people insist on reading not the best books written for all time, but the newest contemporary literature, writers of the day remain in the narrow circle of the same perpetually revolving ideas, and the age continues to wallow in its own mire.

This is severe, but who, in these days of book-making and inordinate reading of the emptiest kind, will affirm that the philosopher's strictures are unmerited ? Schopenhauer knew what literature is, and had nurtured his intellect on the choicest, not only of his own country but of others ; and he could not brook the craving for bad books and the indifference to works of genius that he saw around him. It was not, however, the smatterer, but the book-worm and the pedant he had in his mind when penning the sentence :

Mere acquired knowledge belongs to us only like a wooden leg and a wax nose. Knowledge attained by means of thinking resembles our natural limbs, and is the only kind that really belongs to us. Hence the difference between the thinker and the pedant. The intellectual possession of the independent thinker is like a beautiful picture, which stands before us, a living thing, with fitting light and shadow, sustained tones, perfect harmony of color. That of the merely

learned man may be compared to a palette covered with bright colors, perhaps even arranged with some system, but wanting in harmony, coherence, and meaning.

Feelingly and beautifully he writes elsewhere about books :

We find in the greater number of works, leaving out the very bad, that their authors have thought, not seen—written from reflection, not intuition. And this is why books are so uniformly mediocre and wearisome. For, what an author has thought, the reader can think for himself ; but, when his thought is based on intuition, it is as if he takes us into a land we have not ourselves visited. All is fresh and new. . . . We discover the quality of a writer's thinking powers after reading a few pages. Before learning what he thinks, we see how he thinks—namely, the texture of his thoughts ; and this remains the same, no matter the subject in hand. The style is the stamp of individual intellect, as language is the stamp of race. We throw away a book when we find ourselves in a darker mental region than the one we have just quitted. Only those writers profit us whose understanding is quicker, more lucid than our own, by whose brain we indeed think for a time, who quicken our thoughts, and lead us whither alone we could not find our way.

In the same strain is the following extract from his great work, "*Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*" :

It is dangerous to read of a subject before first thinking about it. Thereby arises the want of originality in so many reading people ; for they only dwell on a topic so long as the book treating of it remains in their hands—in other words, they think by means of other people's brains instead of their own. The book laid aside, they take up any other matters with just the same lively interest, such as personal affairs, cards, gossip, the play, etc. To those who read for the attainment of knowledge, books and study are mere steps of a ladder leading to the summit of knowledge—as soon as they have lifted their feet from one step, they quit it, mounting higher. The masses, on the contrary, who read or study in order to occupy their time and thoughts, do not use the ladder to get up by, but burden themselves with it, rejoicing over the weight of the load. They carry what should carry them.

Upon books in the abstract, Schopenhauer has much that is suggestive to tell us, and here also we must perforce content ourselves with a few golden grains from the garnered stores before us.

He was a stupendous reader ; and he read not only the masterpieces of his own age and country, but of most others. Oriental literature, the classics of Greece and Rome, the great English, Spanish, Italian, and French authors, were equally familiar to him. We can not recall a

literary masterpiece he had not studied; and, the more he read, the more eclectic he became. As a critic, he is as original as he is suggestive, whether one can always agree or not. Take the following:

To my thinking, there is not a single noble character to be found throughout Homer, though many worthy and estimable. In Shakespeare is to be found one pair of noble characters—yet not so in a supreme degree—Cordelia and Coriolanus, hardly any more; the rest are made of the same stuff as Homer's folk. Put all Goethe's works together, and you can not find a single instance of the magnanimity portrayed in Schiller's "Marquis Posa."

And these remarks on history:

He who has read Herodotus will have read quite enough history for all practical purposes. Everything is here of which the world's after-history is composed—the striving, doing, suffering, and fate of humanity, as brought about by the attributes and physical conditions Herodotus describes.

But he would not discourage the student of history:

What understanding is to the individual, history is to the human race. Every gap in history is like a gap in the memory of a human being. In this sense, it is to be regarded as the understanding and conscious reason of mankind, and represents the direct self-consciousness of the whole human race. Only thus can humanity be taken as a whole, and herein consists the true work of this study and its general overpowering interest. It is a personal matter of all mankind.

His running commentaries on some of the literary *chefs-d'œuvre* of various epochs are acute and ardently sympathetic pieces of criticism. He was, as is well known, a great, if somewhat theoretical, admirer of England and anything English, and had a positive passion for some of our writers—Byron, for one. The reader may find abundant criticism, with frequent citations from many authors, in "Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung," and these may be enjoyed without plunging ourselves into the gulf of metaphysics.

We must add that he writes always in a lucid manner. Schopenhauer was indeed a German who knew what style meant, and this might have formed his epitaph had he permitted any: "I will have nothing written on my tomb," he said, "except the name of Arthur Schopenhauer. The world will soon find out who *he* was"—a prediction which indeed came true. Doubtless the limpid, clear-flowing style of his prose has no little contributed to the popularization of his works. However weighed down with metaphysics, his writings are generally so transparent in expression, and so clear in conception, as to

form delightful reading—the maliciousness adding piquancy here and there.

But it is on the subject of nature and art generally, above all, his darling theme of music, that we find him at his best and happiest.

The sneer has now vanished from his lips, and instead of gall and wormwood we have honeyed utterances only. While none could more pungently satirize the things he hated, none could more poetically extol the things he loved—witness his chapters on music, art, and nature. Of course, only scientific musicians, and perhaps also musicians wedded to the music of the future, can fully appreciate his theories; but all who care for music at all, and understand what it means in the faintest degree, will read with delight such passages as these:

How significant and full of meaning is the language of music! Take the *Da Capo*, for instance, which would be intolerable in literary and other compositions, yet here is judicious and welcome, since in order to grasp the melody we must hear it twice.

The unspeakable fervor or inwardness (*innige*) of all music, by virtue of which it brings before us so near and yet so remote a paradise, arises from the quickening of our innermost nature that it produces, always without its reality or tumult.

Music, indeed, is bound up with Schopenhauer's metaphysical theories; and, rather than miss one of the most exquisite passages on this subject in his *opus magnum*, we for once graze lightly on metaphysical ground. The following requires to be carefully thought over:

The nature of man is so constituted that his will is perpetually striving and perpetually being satisfied—striving anew, and so on, *ad infinitum*, his only happiness consisting in the transition from wish to fulfillment and from fulfillment to wish; all else is mere *ennui*.

Corresponding to this is the nature of melody, which is a constant swerving and wandering from the key-note, not only by means of perfect harmonies, such as the third and dominant, but in a thousand ways and by every possible combination, always perforce returning to the key-note at last. Herein, melody expresses the multiform striving of the will, its fulfillment by various harmonies, and, finally, its perfect satisfaction in the key-note. The invention of melody—in other words, the unveiling thereby of the deepest secrets of human will and emotion—is the achievement of genius farthest removed from all reflective and conscious design. I will carry my analogy farther. As the rapid transition of wish to fulfillment and from fulfillment to wish is happiness and contentment, so quick melodies without great deviations from the key-note are joyous, while slow melodies, only reaching the key-note after painful dissonances and frequent changes of time, are sad.

The rapid, lightly grasped phrases of dance-music seem to speak of easily reached, every-day happiness: the *allegro maestoso*, on the contrary, with its slow periods, long movements and wide deviations, bespeaks a noble, magnanimous striving after a far-off goal, the fulfillment of which is eternal. The *adagio* proclaims the suffering of lofty endeavors, holding petty or common joys in contempt. How wonderful is the effect of minor and major! how astounding that the alteration of a semitone and the exchange from a major to a minor third should immediately and invariably awaken a pensive, wistful mood from which the major at once releases us! The *adagio* in a minor key expresses the deepest sadness, losing itself in a pathetic lament.

Such brief citations suffice to show us in what light Schopenhauer regarded music, but all who wish to master his theories on the subject must turn to his works themselves, wherein they will find, as our French neighbors say, *à quoi boire et à quoi manger*: in other words, intellectual sustenance, equally light, palatable, and nourishing, to be returned to again and again with unflagging appetite. The world of art, like the world of thought and philosophy, was more real and vital to him than that of daily life and common circumstances; and how he regarded a musical composition, a picture, a book, or any true work of art, the following happy similes will testify:

The creations of poets, sculptors, and artists generally contain treasures of deepest recognizable wisdom, since in these is proclaimed the innermost nature of things, whose interpreters and illustrators they are. Every one who reads a poem or looks at a work of art must seek for such wisdom, and each naturally grasps it in proportion to his intelligence and culture, as a skipper drops his plummet-line just as far as the length of his rope allows. We should stand before a picture as before a sovereign, waiting to see if it has something to tell us and what it may be, and no more speak to the one than to the other, else we only express ourselves.

This last sentence shows Schopenhauer's intensity of artistic feeling, nor must it be for a moment supposed that he was insensible to nature. In his last lonely years at Frankfort, and indeed throughout his life, long country rambles were his daily recreations, the wholesome rule of "two hours' brisk movement in the open air," which he laid down for his countrypeople, not being neglected by himself. Many of us know Frankfort pretty well, and can picture to ourselves exactly the kind of suburban spot which might have suggested this thought to the great pessimist:

How æsthetic is Nature! Every corner of the world, no matter how insignificant, adorns itself in the tastefullest manner when left alone, proclaiming

by natural grace and harmonious grouping of leaves, flowers, and garlands that Nature, and not the great egotist man, has here had her way. Neglected spots straightway become beautiful.

And then he goes on to compare the English and French garden, with a compliment to the former, which unfortunately it has ceased to deserve. The straggling, old-fashioned English garden Schopenhauer admired so much is now a rarity—the formal parterres, geometrical flowerbeds, and close-cropped alleys he equally detested, having superseded the easy, natural graces of former days. He adored animals no less than nature, and amid the intricate problems of his great work and the weighty questions therein evolved concerning the nature and destiny of human will and intellect, he makes occasion to put in a plea for the dumb things so dear to him. His pet dog, Atma, meaning in Sanskrit the Soul of the Universe, was the constant companion of his walks, and when he died his master was inconsolable. The cynic, the misanthrope, the woman-hater, was all tenderness here.

Was Schopenhauer happy or not? Who can answer that question for another? He was alone in the world, having never made for himself a home or domestic ties; he hated society—except, as we have seen, that infinitesimal portion of it suited to his intellectual aspirations, his favorite recreations being long country walks and the drama. It also amused him to dine at a *table d'hôte*, which he did constantly in the latter part of his lifetime. But that he understood what inner happiness was we have seen, and the secret of it he had discovered also. If joy of the intenser kind is born of thought and spiritual or intellectual beauty, no less true it is that every-day enjoyment depends on cheerfulness, and with the following golden maxims, suited alike for the "Normal Mensch" and the "Genialer," commonplace humanity and the choicer intellects among whom Schopenhauer found his kindred, may aptly close this little paper:

What most directly and above everything else makes us happy, is cheerfulness of mind, for this excellent gift is its own reward. He who is naturally joyous has every reason to be so, for the simple reason that he is as he is. Nothing can compensate like cheerfulness for the lack of other possessions, while in itself it makes up for all others. A man may be young, well-favored, rich, honored, happy, but, if we would ascertain whether or no he be happy, we must first put the question, Is he cheerful? If he is cheerful, then it matters not whether he be young or old, straight or crooked, rich or poor; he is happy. Let us throw open wide the doors to Cheerfulness whenever she makes her appearance, for it can never be unpropitious; instead of which, we too often bar her way, asking ourselves, Have we

indeed, or have we not, good reasons for being content? Cheerfulness is the current coin of happiness, and not like other possession, merely its letter of credit.

We will close this paper with a few quotations culled here and there from the four volumes before us. It is alternately the sage, the artist, the satirist who is speaking to us:

Poverty is the scourge of the people, *ennui* of the better ranks. The boredom of Sabbatarianism is to the middle classes what week-day penury is to the needy.

Thinkers, and especially men of true genius, without any exception, find noise insupportable. This is no question of habit. The truly stoical indifference of ordinary minds to noise is extraordinary; it creates no disturbance in their thoughts, either when occupied in reading or writing, whereas, on the contrary, the intellectually endowed are thereby rendered incapable of doing anything. I have ever been of opinion that the amount of noise a man can support with equanimity is in inverse proportion to his mental powers, and may be taken therefore as a measure of intellect generally. If I hear a dog barking for hours on the threshold of a house, I know well enough what kind of brains I may expect from its inhabitants. He who habitually slams the door instead of closing it is not only an ill-bred, but a coarse-grained, feebly-endowed creature.

It is truly incredible how negative and insignificant, seen from without, and how dull and meaningless, regarded from within, is the life of by far the greater bulk of human beings!

The life of every individual, when regarded in detail, wears a comic, when regarded as a whole, a tragic aspect. For the misadventures of the hour, the toiling and moiling of the day, the fretting of the week, are turned by freak of destiny into comedy. But the never-fulfilled desires, the vain strivings, the hopes so pitilessly shattered, the unspeakable blun-

ders of life as a whole, with its final suffering and death, ever make up a tragedy.

Mere clever men always appear exactly at the right time: they are called forth by the spirit of their age, to fulfill its needs, being capable of nothing else. They influence the progressive culture of their fellows and demands of special enlightenment; thereby their praise and its reward. Genius flashes like a comet amid the orbits of the age, its erratic course being a mystery to the steadfastly moving planets around.

Genius produces no works of practical value. Music is composed, poetry conceived, pictures painted; but a work of genius is never a thing to use. Uselessness indeed is its title of honor. All other human achievements contribute toward the support or alleviation of our existence; works of genius alone exist for their own sake, or may be considered as the very flower and bloom of destiny. This is why the enjoyment of art so uplifts our hearts. In the natural world also we rarely see beauty allied to usefulness. Lofty trees of magnificent aspect bear no fruit, productive trees for the most part being ugly little cripples. So, also, the most beautiful buildings are not useful. A temple is never a dwelling-place. A man of rare mental endowments, compelled by circumstances to follow a humdrum career fitted for the most commonplace, is like a costly vase, covered with exquisite designs, used as a cooking utensil. To compare useful people with geniuses is to compare building stones with diamonds.

Could we prevent all villains from becoming fathers of families, shut up the dunderheads in monasteries, permit a harem to the nobly gifted, and provide every girl of spirit and intellect with a husband worthy of her, we might look for an age surpassing that of Pericles.

Virtue, no more than genius, is to be taught. We might just as well expect our systems of morals and ethics generally to produce virtuous, noble-minded, and saintly individuals, as æsthetics to create poets, sculptors, and musicians.

Fraser's Magazine.

MOOSE-HUNTING IN CANADA.

MOOSE-HUNTING, if it has no other advantages, at least leads a man to solitude and the woods, and life in the woods tends to develop many excellent qualities which are not invariably produced by what we are pleased to call our civilization. It makes a man patient and able to bear constant disappointments; it enables him to endure hardship with indifference, and it produces a feeling of self-reliance which is both pleasant and serviceable. True luxury, to my mind, is only to be found in such a life. No man who has not experienced it knows what an

exhilarating feeling it is to be entirely independent of weather, comparatively indifferent to hunger, thirst, cold, and heat, and to feel himself capable not only of supporting but of enjoying life thoroughly, and that by the mere exercise of his own faculties. Happiness consists in having few wants and being able to satisfy them, and there is more real comfort to be found in a birch-bark camp than in the most luxuriously furnished and carefully appointed dwelling.

Such a home I have often helped to make. It does not belong to any recognized order of

architecture, although it may fairly claim an ancient origin. To erect it requires no great exercise of skill, and calls for no training in art schools. I will briefly describe it.

A birch-bark camp is made in many ways. The best plan is to build it in the form of a square, varying in size according to the number of inhabitants that you propose to accommodate. Having selected a suitable level spot and cleared away the shrubs and rubbish, you proceed to make four low walls composed of two or three small suitable-sized pine logs laid one on the other, and on these little low walls so constructed you raise the framework of the camp. This consists of light thin poles, the lower ends being stuck into the upper surface of the pine-trees which form the walls, and the upper ends leaning against and supporting each other. The next operation is to strip large sheets of bark off the birch-trees, and thatch these poles with them to within a foot or two of the top, leaving a sufficient aperture for the smoke to escape. Other poles are then laid upon the sheets of birch-bark to keep them in their places. A small doorway is left in one side, and a door is constructed out of slabs of wood or out of the skin of some animal. The uppermost log is hewed through with an axe, so that the wall shall not be inconveniently high to step over, and the hut is finished. Such a camp is perfectly impervious to wind or weather, or rather can be made so by filling up the joints and cracks between the sheets of birch-bark and the interstices between the pine logs with moss and dry leaves. You next level off the ground inside, and on three sides of the square strew it thickly with the small tops of the *sapin* or Canada balsam-fir for a breadth of about four feet; then take some long, pliant ash saplings or withy rods, and peg them down along the edge of the pine tops to keep your bed or carpet in its place, leaving a bare space in the center of the hut, where you make your fire. Two or three rough slabs of pine to act as shelves must then be fixed into the wall, a couple of portage-straps or tump-lines stretched across, on which to hang your clothes, and the habitation is complete.

I ought perhaps to explain what a "portage-strap" and a "portage" are. Many French and Spanish words have become incorporated with the English language in America. The Western cattle-man or farmer speaks of his farm or house as his "ranche," calls the inclosure into which he drives his stock a "corral," fastens his horse with a "lariat," digs an "acequia" to irrigate his land, gets lost in the "chaparral" instead of the bush, and uses commonly many other Spanish words and expressions. No hunter or trapper talks of hiding anything; he "caches" it, and he calls the place where he has stowed away a little store

of powder, flour, or some of the other necessities of life, a "cache." The French word "prairie," as everybody knows, has become part and parcel of the English language. Indians and half-breeds, who never heard French spoken in their lives, greet each other at meeting and parting with the salutation "bo jour" and "adieu." And so the word "portage" has come to be generally used to denote the piece of dry land separating two rivers or lakes over which it is necessary to carry canoes and baggage when traveling through the country in summer. Sometimes it is literally translated and called a "carry." Another French word, "traverse," is frequently used in canoeing, to signify a large, unsheltered piece of water which it is necessary to cross. A deeply-laden birch-bark canoe will not stand a great deal of sea, and quite a heavy sea gets up very rapidly on large, fresh-water lakes, so that a long "traverse" is a somewhat formidable matter. You may want to cross a lake say five or six miles in width, but of such a size that it would take you a couple of days to coast all round. That open stretch of five or six miles would be called a "traverse."

The number and length of the portages on any canoe route, and the kind of trail that leads over them, are important matters to consider in canoe-traveling. A man in giving information about any journey will enter into most minute particulars about them. He will say, "You go up such and such a river," and he will tell you all about it—where there are strong rapids; where it is very shallow; where there are deep, still reaches in which the paddle can be used, and where you must pole, and so forth. Then he will tell you how you come to some violent rapid or fall that necessitates a "portage," and explain exactly how to strike into the eddy, and shove your canoe into the bank at a certain place, and take her out there, and how long the "portage" is; whether there is a good trail, or a bad trail, or no trail at all; and so on with every "portage" on the route. Carrying canoes and baggage across the "portage" is arduous work. A birch-bark canoe must be treated delicately, for it is a very fragile creature. You allow it to ground very carefully; step out into the water, take out all the bales, boxes, pots, pans, bedding, rifles, etc.; lift up the canoe bodily, and turn her upside down for a few minutes to drain the water out. The Indian then turns her over, grasps the middle thwart with both hands, and with a sudden twist of the wrists heaves her up in the air, and deposits her upside down on his shoulders, and walks off with his burden. An ordinary-sized Mic-Mac or Melicite canoe, such as one man can easily carry, weighs about seventy or eighty pounds, and will take two men and about six or seven hundred pounds.

The *impedimenta* are carried in this manner: A blanket, doubled to a suitable size, is laid upon the ground; you take your portage-strap, or tump-line as it is sometimes called, which is composed of strips of webbing or some such material, and is about twelve feet long, a length of about two feet in the center being made of a piece of broad, soft leather; you lay your line on the blanket so that the leather part projects, and fold the edges of the blanket over either portion of the strap. You then pile up the articles to be carried in the center, double the blanket over them, and by hauling upon the two parts of the strap bring the blanket together at either side, so that nothing can fall out. You then cut a skewer of wood, stick it through the blanket in the center, securely knot the strap at either end, and your pack is made. You have a compact bundle with the leather portion of the portage-strap projecting like a loop, which is passed over the head and shoulders, and the pack is carried on the back by means of the loop which passes across the chest. If the pack is very heavy, and the distance long, it is usual to make an additional band out of a handkerchief or something of that kind, to attach it to the bundle, and pass it across the forehead, so as to take some of the pressure off the chest. The regular weight of a Hudson's Bay Company's package is eighty pounds; but any Indian or half-breed will carry double this weight for a considerable distance without distress. A tump-line, therefore, forms an essential part of the *voyageur's* outfit when traveling, and it comes in handy also in camp as a clothes-line on which to hang one's socks and moccasins to dry.

A camp such as that I have attempted to describe is the best that can be built. An ordinary camp is constructed in the same way, but with this difference, that instead of being in the form of a square it is in the shape of a circle, and the poles on which the bark is laid are stuck into the ground instead of into low walls. There is not half so much room in such a camp as in the former, although the amount of material employed is in both cases the same. It may be objected that the sleeping arrangements can not be very luxurious in camp. A good bed is certainly an excellent thing, but it is very hard to find a better bed than Nature has provided in the wilderness. It would appear as if Providence had specially designed the Canada-balsam fir for the purpose of making a soft couch for tired hunters. It is the only one, so far as I am aware, of the coniferous trees of North America in which the leaves or *spicula* lie perfectly flat. The consequence of that excellent arrangement is, that a bed made of the short, tender tips of the Canada balsam, spread evenly to the depth of about a

foot, is one of the softest, most elastic, and most pleasant couches that can be imagined; and, as the scent of the sap of the Canada balsam is absolutely delicious, it is always sweet and refreshing—which is more than can be said for many beds of civilization.

Hunger is a good sauce. A man coming in tired and hungry will find more enjoyment in a piece of moose-meat and a cup of tea than in the most luxurious of banquets. Moreover, it must be remembered that some of the wild meats of North America can not be excelled in flavor and delicacy; nothing, for instance, can be better than moose or caribou, mountain sheep or antelope. The "moufle," or nose of the moose, and his marrow-bones, are dainties which would be highly appreciated by the most accomplished epicures. The meat is good, and no better method of cooking it has yet been discovered than the simple one of roasting it before a wood-fire on a pointed stick. Simplicity is a great source of comfort, and makes up for many luxuries; and nothing can be more simple, and at the same time more comfortable, than life in such a birch-bark camp as I have attempted to describe. In summer-time and in the fall, until the weather begins to get a little cold, a tent affords all the shelter that the sportsman or the tourist can require. But when the leaves are all fallen, when the lakes begin to freeze up, and snow covers the earth, or may be looked for at any moment, the nights become too cold to render dwelling in tents any longer desirable. A tent can be used in winter, and I have dwelt in one in extreme cold, when the thermometer went down as low as thirty-two degrees below zero. It was rendered habitable by a little stove, which made it at the same time exceedingly disagreeable. A stove sufficiently small to be portable only contained wood enough to burn for an hour and a half or so. Consequently some one had to sit up all night to replenish it. Now, nobody could keep awake, and the result was that we had to pass through the unpleasant ordeal of alternately freezing and roasting during the whole night. The stove was of necessity composed of very thin sheet-iron, as lightness was an important object, and consequently, when it was filled with good birch-wood and well under way, it became red-hot, and rendered the atmosphere in the tent insupportable. In about half an hour or so it would cool down a little, and one would drop off to sleep, only to wake in about an hour's time shivering, to find everything frozen solid in the tent, and the fire nearly out. Such a method of passing the night is little calculated to insure sound sleep. In the depth of winter it is quite impossible to warm a tent from the outside, however large the fire may be. It must be built at

such a distance that the canvas can not possibly catch fire, and hence all heat is dispersed long before it can reach and warm the interior of the tent. It is far better to make a "lean-to" of the canvas, build a large fire, and sleep out in the open. A "lean-to" is easily made and scarcely needs description. The name explains itself. You strike two poles, having a fork at the upper end, into the ground, slanting back slightly; lay another fir pole horizontally between the two, and resting in the crotch; then place numerous poles and branches leaning against the horizontal pole, and thus form a framework which you cover in as well as you can with birch-bark, pine-boughs, pieces of canvas, skins, or whatever material is most handy. You build an enormous fire in the front, and the camp is complete. A "lean-to" must always be constructed with reference to the direction of the wind; it serves to keep off the wind and a certain amount of snow and rain. In other respects it is, as the Irishman said of the sedan-chair with the bottom out, more for the honor and glory of the thing than anything else. For all practical purposes you are decidedly out of doors.

Although the scenery of the greater part of Canada can not justly be described as grand or magnificent, yet there are a weird, melancholy, desolate beauty about her barrens, a soft loveliness in her lakes and forest glades in summer, a gorgeousness of color in her autumn woods, and a stern, sad stateliness when winter has draped them all with snow, that can not be surpassed in any land. I remember, as distinctly as if I had left it but yesterday, the beauty of the camp from which I made my first successful expedition after moose last calling season. I had been out several times unsuccessfully, sometimes getting no answer at all; at others, calling a bull close up, but failing to induce him to show himself; sometimes failing on account of a breeze springing up, or of the night becoming too much overcast and cloudy to enable me to see him. My companions had been equally unfortunate. We had spent the best fortnight of the season in this way, and had shifted our ground and tried everything in vain. At last we decided on one more attempt, broke camp, loaded our canoes, and started. We made a journey of two days, traversing many lovely lakes, carrying over several portages, and arrived at our destination about three o'clock in the afternoon. We drew up our canoes at one of the prettiest spots for a camp I have ever seen. It lay beside a little sheltered, secluded bay at the head of a lovely lake some three or four miles in length. The shores near us were covered with "hard-wood" trees—birch, maple, and beech, in their glorious autumn colors; while the more distant coasts were clothed with a somber, dark mass

of firs and spruce. Above the ordinary level of the forest rose at intervals the ragged, gaunt form of some ancient and gigantic pine that had escaped the notice of the lumberman or had proved unworthy of his axe. In front of us and to the right, acting as a breakwater to our harbor, lay a small island covered with hemlock and tamarack trees, the latter leaning over in various and most graceful angles, overhanging the water to such an extent as sometimes to be almost horizontal with it. Slightly to the left was a shallow spot in the lake marked by a growth of rushes, vividly green at the top, while the lower halves were of a most brilliant scarlet, affording the precise amount of warmth and bright coloring that the picture required. It is extraordinary how everything seems to turn to brilliant colors in the autumn in these northern latitudes. The evening was perfectly still; the surface of the lake, unbroken by the smallest ripple, shone like a mirror and reflected the coast line and trees so accurately that it was impossible to tell where water ended and land began.

The love of money and the love of sport are the passions that lead men into such scenes as these. The lumberman, the salmon-fisher, and the hunter in pursuit of large game, monopolize the beauties of nature in these Canadian wilds. The moose (*Cervus Alces*) and caribou (*Cervus rangifer*) are the principal large game to be found in Canada. The moose is by far the biggest of all existing deer. He attains to a height of quite eighteen hands, and weighs about twelve hundred pounds or more. The moose of America is almost if not quite identical with the elk of Europe, but it attains a greater size. The horns especially are much finer than those to be found on the elk in Russia, Prussia, or the Scandinavian countries.

The moose has many advantages over other deer, but it suffers also from some terrible disadvantages, which make it an easy prey to its great and principal destroyer, man. Whereas among most, if not all, the members of the deer tribe the female has but one fawn at a birth, the cow moose generally drops two calves—which is much in favor of the race. The moose is blessed with an intensely acute sense of smell, with an almost equally acute sense of hearing, and it is exceedingly wary and difficult of approach. On the other hand, it is but little fitted to move in deep snow, owing to its great weight. Unlike the caribou, which has hoofs specially adapted for deep snow, the moose's feet are small compared with the great bulk of the animal. If, therefore, it is once found and started when the snow lies deep upon the ground, its destruction is a matter of certainty; it breaks through the snow to solid earth at every step, becomes speedily exhausted, and falls an easy prey to men and dogs. Again,

a large tract of land is necessary to supply food for even one moose. In summer it feeds a good deal upon the stems and roots of water-lilies, but its staple food consists of the tender shoots of the moose-wood, ground-maple, alder, birch, poplar, and other deciduous trees. It is fond of ground-hemlock, and will also occasionally browse upon the *sapin* or Canada balsam, and even upon spruce, though that is very rare, and I have known them when hard pressed to gnaw bark off the trees. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are nearly "settled up." More and more land is cleared and brought under cultivation every day; more and more forest cut down year by year; and the moose-supporting portion of the country is becoming very limited in extent. On the other hand, the moose is an animal which could easily be preserved if only reasonable laws could be enforced. It adapts itself wonderfully to civilization. A young moose will become as tame as a domestic cow in a short time. Moose become accustomed to the ordinary noises of a settled country with such facility that they may sometimes be found feeding within a few hundred yards of a road. A railway does not appear to disturb them at all. I have shot moose within sound of the barking of dogs and the cackling of geese of a farmhouse, in places where the animals must have been constantly hearing men shouting, dogs barking, and all the noises of a settlement. Their sense of hearing is developed in a wonderful degree, and they appear to be possessed of some marvelous power of discriminating between innocent sounds and noises which indicate danger. On a windy day, when the forest is full of noises—trees cracking, branches snapping, and twigs breaking—the moose will take no notice of all these natural sounds; but if a man breaks a twig, or, treading on a dry stick, snaps it on the ground, the moose will distinguish that sound from the hundred voices of the storm, and be off in a second.

Why it is that the moose has developed no peculiarity with regard to his feet, adapting him especially to the country in which he dwells, while the caribou that shares the woods and barrens with him has done so in a remarkable degree, I will leave philosophers to decide. In the caribou the hoofs are very broad and round, and split up very high, so that when the animal treads upon the soft surface of the snow the hoofs spreading out form a natural kind of snow-shoe, and prevent its sinking deep. The frog becomes absorbed toward winter, so that the whole weight of the animal rests upon the hoof, the edges of which are as sharp as a knife, and give the animals so secure a foothold that they can run without fear or danger on the slippery surface of smooth glare ice. Now, the moose, on the con-

trary, is about as awkward on the ice as a shod horse, and will not venture out on the frozen surface of a lake if he can help it. His feet are rather small and pointed, and allow him to sink and flounder helplessly in the deep snows of mid-winter and early spring.

There are several ways in which the moose is hunted; some legitimate and some decidedly illegitimate. First of all there is moose-calling, which to my mind is the most interesting of all woodland sports. It commences about the beginning of September, and lasts for about six weeks, and consists in imitating the cry of the female moose, and thereby calling up the male. This may sound easy enough to do, especially as the bull at this season of the year loses all his caution, or the greater part of it. But the pastime is surrounded by so many difficulties that it is really the most precarious of all the methods of pursuing or endeavoring to outwit the moose; and it is at the same time the most exciting. I will endeavor to describe the method by giving a slight sketch of the death of a moose in New Brunswick woods last year.

It was early in October. We had pitched our tents—for at that season of the year the hunter dwells in tents—upon a beautiful hard-wood ridge, bright with the painted foliage of birch and maple. The weather had been bad for calling, and no one had gone out, though we knew there were moose in the neighborhood. We had cut a great store of firewood, gathered bushels of cranberries, dug a well in the swamp close by, and attended to the thousand and one little comforts that experience teaches one to provide in the woods, and had absolutely nothing to do. The day was intensely hot and sultry, and if any one had approached the camp about noon he would have deemed it deserted. All hands had hung their blankets over the tents by way of protection from the sun, and had gone to sleep. About one o'clock I awoke, and sauntered out of the tent to stretch my limbs, and take a look at the sky. I was particularly anxious about the weather, for I was tired of idleness, and had determined to go out if the evening offered a tolerably fair promise of a fine night. To get a better view of the heavens I climbed to my accustomed lookout in a comfortable fork near the summit of a neighboring pine, and noted with disgust certain little black shreds of clouds rising slowly above the horizon. To aid my indecision I consulted my dear old friend John Williams, the Indian, who after the manner of his kind stoutly refused to give any definite opinion on the subject. All that I could get out of him was: "Well, dunno; mebbe fine, mebbe wind get up; guess pretty calm, perhaps, in morning. Suppose we go and try, or p'raps mebbe wait till

to-morrow." Finally I decided to go out; for, although if there is the slightest wind it is impossible to call, yet any wise and prudent man, unless there are unmistakable signs of a storm brewing, will take the chance; for the calling season is short and soon over.

I have said that an absolutely calm night is required for calling, and for this reason: the moose is so wary that in coming up to the call he will invariably make a circle down-wind in order to get scent of the animal which is calling him. Therefore, if there is a breath of wind astir, the moose will get scent of the man before the man has a chance of seeing the moose. A calm night is the first thing necessary. Secondly, you must have a moonlight night. No moose will come up in the daytime. You can begin to call about an hour before sunset, and moose will answer up to say two hours after sunrise. There is very little time, therefore, unless there is bright moonlight. In the third place I need scarcely observe that to call moose successfully you must find a place near camp where there are moose to call, and where there are not only moose, but bull-moose; not only bull-moose, but bulls that have not already provided themselves with consorts; for, if a real cow begins calling, the rough imitation in the shape of a man has a very poor chance of success, and may as well give it up as a bad job. Fourthly, you must find a spot that is convenient for calling—that is to say, a piece of dry ground, for no human being can lie out all night in the wet, particularly in the month of October, when it freezes hard toward morning. You must have dry ground well sheltered with trees or shrubs of some kind, and a tolerably open space around it for some distance—open enough for you to see the bull coming up when he is yet at a little distance, but not a large extent of open ground, for no moose will venture out far on an entirely bare, exposed plain. He is disinclined to leave the friendly shelter of the trees. A perfect spot, therefore, is not easily found. Such are some of the difficulties which attend moose-calling, and render it a most precarious pastime. Four conditions are necessary, and all four must be combined at one and the same time.

Having once determined to go out, preparations do not take long. You have only to roll up a blanket and overcoat, take some tea, sugar, salt, and biscuit, a kettle, two tin pannikins, and a small axe, with, I need scarcely say, rifle and ammunition. The outfit is simple; but the hunter should look to everything himself, for an Indian would leave his head behind if it were loose. A good thick blanket is very necessary, for moose-calling involves more hardship and more suffering from cold than any other branch of the noble sci-

ence of hunting with which I am acquainted. It is true that the weather is not especially cold at that time of year, but there are sharp frosts occasionally at night, and the moose-caller can not make a fire by which to warm himself, for the smell of smoke is carried a long way by the slightest current of air. Neither dare he run about to warm his feet, or flap his hands against his sides, or keep up the circulation by taking exercise of any kind, for fear of making a noise. He is sure to have got wet through with perspiration on his way to the calling-place, which of course makes him more sensitive to cold.

So I and the Indian shouldered our packs, and started for the barren, following an old logging road. Perhaps I ought to explain a little what is meant by a "logging road" and a "barren." A logging road is a path cut through the forest in winter, when the snow is on the ground and the lakes are frozen, along which the trunks of trees or logs are hauled by horses or oxen to the water. A logging road is a most pernicious thing. Never follow one if you are lost in the woods, for one end is sure to lead to a lake or a river, which is decidedly inconvenient until the ice has formed; and in the other direction it will seduce you deep into the inner recesses of the forest, and then come to a sudden termination at some moss-covered, decayed pine-stump, which is discouraging. A "barren," as the term indicates, is a piece of waste land; but, as all hunting-grounds are waste, that definition would scarcely be sufficient to describe what a "barren" is. It means in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick an open marshy space in the forest, sometimes so soft as to be almost impassable, at other times composed of good solid hard peat. The surface is occasionally rough and tussocky, like a great deal of country in Scotland.

In Newfoundland there are barrens of many miles in extent, high, and, comparatively speaking, dry plateaus; but the barrens in the provinces I am speaking of vary from a little open space of a few acres to a plain of five or six miles in length or breadth. There has been a good deal of discussion as to the origin of these "barrens." It appears to me that they must have been originally lakes which have become dry by the gradual elevation of the land, and through the natural processes by which shallow waters become choked up and filled with vegetable *débris*. They have all the appearance of dry lakes. They are about the size of the numerous sheets of water that are so frequent in the country. The forest surrounds them completely, precisely in the same way as it does a lake, following all the lines and curvatures of the bays and indentations of its shores; and every elevated spot of dry solid ground is covered with trees exactly

as are the little islands that so thickly stud the surfaces of the Nova Scotian lakes. Most of the lakes in the country are shallow, and in many of them the process by which they become filled up can be seen at work. The ground rises considerably in the center of these barrens, which is, I believe, the case with all bogs and peat-mosses. I have never measured any of their areas, neither have I attempted to estimate the extent of the curvature of the surface; but on a barren where I hunted last year, of about two miles across, the ground rose so much in the center that when standing at one edge we could see the upper half of the pine-trees which grew at the other. The rise appeared to be quite gradual, and the effect was as if one stood on an exceedingly small globe, the natural curvature of which hid the opposite trees.

To return to our calling. We got out upon the barren, or rather upon a deep bay or indentation of a large barren, about four o'clock in the afternoon, and made our way to a little wooded island which afforded us shelter and dry ground, and which was within easy shot of one side of the bay, and so situated with regard to the other that a moose coming from that direction would not hesitate to approach it. The first thing to be done is to make a lair for one's self—a little bed. You pick out a nice, sheltered, soft spot, chop down a few sapin-branches with your knife, gather a quantity of dry grass or bracken, and make as comfortable a bed as the circumstances of the case will permit.

Having made these little preparations, I sat down and smoked my pipe while the Indian climbed up a neighboring pine-tree to "call." The only object of ascending a tree is that the sound may be carried farther into the recesses of a forest. The instrument wherewith the caller endeavors to imitate the cry of a cow consists of a cone-shaped tube made out of a sheet of birch-bark rolled up. This horn is about eighteen inches in length and three or four in diameter at the broadest end, the narrow end being just large enough to fit the mouth. The "caller" uses it like a speaking-trumpet, groaning and roaring through it, imitating as well as he can the cry of the cow moose. Few white men can call really well, but some Indians by long practice can imitate the animal with wonderful success. Fortunately, however, no two moose appear to have precisely the same voice, but make all kinds of strange and diabolical noises, so that even a novice in the art may not despair of himself calling up a bull. The real difficulty—the time when you require a perfect mastery of the art—is when the bull is close by, suspicious and listening with every fiber of its intensely accurate ear to detect any sound that may reveal the true nature of the

animal he is approaching. The smallest hoarseness, the slightest wrong vibration, the least unnatural sound, will then prove fatal. The Indian will kneel on the ground, putting the broad end of the horn close to the earth so as to deaden the sound, and, with an agonized expression of countenance, will imitate with such marvelous fidelity the wailing, anxious, supplicating cry of the cow, that the bull, unable to resist, rushes out from the friendly cover of the trees, and exposes himself to death. Or it may be that the most accomplished caller fails to induce the suspicious animal to show himself; the more ignoble passion of jealousy must then be aroused. The Indian will grunt like an enraged bull, break dead branches from the trees, thrash his birch-bark horn against the bushes, thus making a noise exactly like a moose fighting the bushes with his antlers. The bull can not bear the idea of a rival, and, casting his prudence to the winds, not unfrequently falls a victim to jealousy and rage.

The hunter calls through his horn, first gently, in case there should be a bull very near. He then waits a quarter of an hour or so, and, if he gets no answer, calls again a little louder, waiting at least a quarter of an hour—or half an hour, some Indians say, is best—after each attempt.

The cry of the cow is a long-drawn-out melancholy sound, impossible to describe by words. The answer of the bull-moose, on the contrary, is a rather short, guttural grunt, and resembles at a great distance the sound made by an axe chopping wood, or that which a man makes when pulling hard at a refractory clay pipe. You continue calling at intervals until you hear an answer, when your tactics depend upon the way in which the animal acts. Great acuteness of the sense of hearing is necessary, because the bull will occasionally come up without answering at all; and the first indication of his presence consists of the slight noise he makes in advancing. Sometimes a bull will come up with the most extreme caution; at others he will come tearing up through the woods, as hard as he can go, making a noise like a steam-engine, and rushing through the forest apparently without the slightest fear.

On the particular occasion which I am recalling, it was a most lovely evening. It wanted but about half an hour to sundown, and all was perfectly still. There was not the slightest sound of anything moving in the forest except that of the unfrequent flight of a moose-bird close by. And so I sat watching that most glorious transformation scene—the change of day into night; saw the great sun sink slowly down behind the pine-trees; saw the few clouds that hovered motionless above me blaze into the color of bright, burnished gold; saw the whole atmosphere be-

come glorious with a soft, yellow light, gradually dying out as the night crept on, till only in the western sky there lingered a faint glow fading into a pale, cold apple-green, against which the pines stood out as black as midnight, and as sharply defined as though cut out of steel. As the darkness deepened, a young crescent moon shone out pale and clear, with a glittering star a little below the lower horn, and above her another star of lesser magnitude. It looked as though a supernatural jewel—a heavenly pendant, two great diamond solitaires, and a diamond crescent—were hanging in the western sky. After a while, the moon too sank behind the trees, and darkness fell upon the earth.

I know of nothing more enchanting than a perfectly calm and silent autumnal sunset in the woods, unless it be the sunrise, which to my mind is more lovely still. Sunset is beautiful, but sad; sunrise is equally beautiful, and full of life, happiness, and hope. I love to watch the stars begin to fade, to see the first faint white light clear up the darkness of the eastern sky, and gradually deepen into the glorious coloring that heralds the approaching sun. I love to see Nature awake shuddering, as she always does, and arouse herself into active, busy life; to note the insects, birds, and beasts shake off slumber and set about their daily tasks.

Still, the sunset is inexpressibly lovely, and I do not envy the condition and frame of mind of a man who can not be as nearly happy as man can be when he is lying comfortably on a luxurious and soft couch, gazing in perfect peace on the glorious scene around him, rejoicing all his senses, and saturating himself with the wonderful beauties of a northern sunset.

So I sat quietly below, while the Indian called from the tree-top. Not a sound answered to the three or four long-drawn-out notes with which he hoped to lure the bull; after a long interval he called again, but the same perfect, utter silence reigned in the woods—a silence broken only by the melancholy hooting of an owl, or the imaginary noises that filled my head. It is extraordinary how small noises become magnified when the ear is kept at a great tension for any length of time, and how the head becomes filled with all kinds of fictitious sounds; and it is very remarkable also how utterly impossible it is to distinguish between a loud noise uttered at a distance and a scarcely audible sound close by. After listening very intently amid the profound silence of a quiet night in the forest for an hour or so, the head becomes so surcharged with blood, owing, I presume, to all the faculties being concentrated on a single sense, that one seems to hear distant voices, the ringing of bells, and all kinds of strange and impossible noises.

A man becomes so nervously alive to the slightest disturbance of the almost awful silence of a still night in the woods, that the faintest sound—the cracking of a minute twig, or the fall of a leaf, even at a great distance—will make him almost jump out of his skin. He is also apt to make the most ludicrous mistakes. Toward morning, about daybreak, I have frequently mistaken the first faint buzz of some minute fly, within a foot or so of my ear, for the call of moose two or three miles off.

About ten o'clock the Indian gave it up in despair and came down the tree; we rolled ourselves up in our rugs, pulled the hoods of our blanket coats over our heads, and went to sleep. I awoke literally shaking with cold. It was still the dead of night; and the stars were shining with intense brilliancy, to my great disappointment, for I was in hopes of seeing the first streaks of dawn. It was freezing very hard, far too hard for me to think of going to sleep again. So I roused the Indian and suggested that he should try another call or two.

Accordingly we stole down to the edge of the little point of wood in which we had ensconced ourselves, and in a few minutes the forest was reëchoing the plaintive notes of the moose. Not an answer, not a sound—utter silence, as if all the world were dead! broken suddenly and horribly by a yell that made the blood curdle in one's veins. It was the long, quavering, human, but unearthly scream of a loon on the distant lake. After what seemed to me many hours, but what was in reality but a short time, the first indications of dawn revealed themselves in the rising of the morning star, and the slightest possible paling of the eastern sky. The cold grew almost unbearable. That curious shiver that runs through nature—the first icy current of air that precedes the day—chilled us to the bones. I rolled myself up in my blanket and lighted a pipe, trying to retain what little caloric remained in my body, while the Indian again ascended the tree. By the time he had called twice it was gray dawn. Birds were beginning to move about, and busy squirrels to look out for their breakfast of pine-buds. I sat listening intently, and watching the blank, emotionless face of the Indian as he gazed around him, when suddenly I saw his countenance blaze up with vivid excitement. His eyes seemed to start from his head, his muscles twitched, his face glowed, he seemed transformed in a moment into a different being. At the same time he began with the utmost celerity, but with extreme caution, to descend to the ground. He motioned to me not to make any noise, and whispered that a moose was coming across the barren and must be close by. Grasping my rifle, we crawled carefully through the

grass, crisp and noisy with frost, down to the edge of our island of woods, and there, after peering cautiously around some stunted juniper-bushes, I saw standing, about sixty yards off, a bull moose. He looked gigantic in the thin morning mist which was beginning to drift up from the surface of the barren. Great volumes of steam issued from his nostrils, and his whole aspect, looming in the fog, was vast and almost terrific. He stood there perfectly motionless, staring at the spot from which he had heard the cry of the supposed cow, irresolute whether to come on or not. The Indian was anxious to bring him a little closer, but I did not wish to run the risk of scaring him, and so, taking aim as fairly as I could, considering I was shaking all over with cold, I fired and struck him behind the shoulder. He plunged forward on his knees, jumped up, rushed forward for about two hundred yards, and then fell dead at the edge of the heavy timber on the far side of the barren.

We went to work then and there to skin and clean him, an operation which probably took us an hour or more, and, having rested ourselves a few minutes, we started off to take a little cruise round the edge of the barren and see if there were any caribou on it. I should explain that "cruising" is in the provinces performed on land as well as at sea. A man says he has spent all summer "cruising" the woods in search of pine timber, and, if your Indian wants you to go out for a walk, he will say, "Let us take a cruise around somewhere." Accordingly, we trudged off over the soft, yielding surface of the bog, and, taking advantage of some stunted bushes, crossed to the opposite side, so as to be well down wind in case any animals should be on it. The Indian then ascended to the top of the highest pine-tree he could find, taking my glasses with him, and had a good look all over the barren. There was not a thing to be seen. We then passed through a small strip of wood, and came out upon another plain, and there, on ascending a tree to look round, the Indian espied two caribou feeding toward the timber. We had to wait some little time till they got behind an island of trees, and then, running as fast as the soft nature of the ground would permit, we contrived to get close up to them just as they entered the thick woods, and, after an exciting stalk of about half an hour, I managed to kill both.

Having performed the obsequies of the chase upon the two caribou, we returned to our calling-place. By this time it was about noon: the sun was blazing down with almost tropical heat. We had been awake the greater part of the night, and had done a hard morning's work, and felt a decided need for refreshment. In a few minutes we had lighted a little fire, put the kettle on to

boil, and set the moose kidneys, impaled on sharp sticks, to roast by the fire; and with fresh kidneys, good strong tea, plenty of sugar and salt, and some hard biscuit, I made one of the most sumptuous breakfasts it has been my lot to assist at.

Breakfast over, I told the Indian to go down to camp and bring up the other men to assist in cutting up and smoking the meat. As soon as he had departed, I laid myself out for a rest. I shifted my bed—that is to say, my heap of dried bracken and pine-tops—under the shadow of a pine, spread my blanket out, and lay down to smoke the pipe of peace in the most contented frame of mind that a man can ever hope to enjoy in this uneasy and troublesome world. I had suffered from cold and from hunger—I was now warm and well fed. I was tired after a hard day's work and long night's vigil, and was thoroughly capable of enjoying that greatest of all luxuries—sweet repose after severe exercise. The day was so warm that the shade of the trees fell cool and grateful, and I lay flat on my back, smoking my pipe, and gazing up through the branches into a perfectly clear, blue sky, with occasionally a little white cloud like a bit of swan's-down floating across it, and felt, as I had often felt before, that no luxury of civilization can at all compare with the comfort a man can obtain in the wilderness. I lay smoking till I dropped off to sleep, and slept soundly until the men coming up from camp awoke me.

Such is a pretty fair sample of a good day's sport. It was not a very exciting day, and I have alluded to it chiefly because the incidents are fresh in my mind. The great interest of moose-calling comes in when a bull answers early in the evening, and will not come up boldly, and you and the bull spend the whole night trying to outwit each other. Sometimes, just when you think you have succeeded in deceiving him, a little air of wind will spring up; he will get scent of you, and be off in a second. Sometimes a bull will answer at intervals for several hours, will come up to the edge of the open ground, and there stop and cease speaking. You wait, anxiously watching for him all night, and in the morning, when you examine the ground, you find that something had scared him, and that he had silently made off, so silently that his departure was unnoticed. It is marvelous how so great and heavy a creature can move through the woods without making the smallest sound; but he can do so, and does, to the great confusion of the hunter.

Sometimes another bull appears upon the scene, and a frightful battle ensues; or a cow will commence calling and rob you of your prey; or you may get an answer or two in the evening, and then hear nothing for several hours, and go

to sleep and awake in the morning to find that the bull had walked calmly up within ten yards of you. Very frequently you may leave camp on a perfectly clear, fine afternoon, when suddenly a change will come on, and you may have to pass a long, dreary night on some bare and naked spot of ground, exposed to the pitiless pelting of the storm. One such night I well remember last fall. It rained, and thundered, and blew the whole time from about eight o'clock, until daylight at last gave us a chance of dragging our chilled and benumbed bodies back to camp. Fortunately such exposure, though unpleasant, never does one any harm in the wilderness.

Occasionally a moose will answer, but nothing will induce him to come up, and in the morning, if there is a little wind, you can resort to the only other legitimate way of hunting the moose, namely, "creeping," or "still hunting," as it would be termed in the States, which is as nearly as possible equivalent to ordinary deer-stalking.

After the rutting-season the moose begin to "yard," as it is termed. I have seen pictures of a moose-yard in which numbers of animals are represented inside and surrounded by a barrier of snow, on the outside of which baffled packs of wolves are clamorously howling; and I have seen a moose-yard so described in print as to make it appear that a number of moose herd together and keep tramping and tramping in the snow to such an extent, that by mid-winter they find themselves in what is literally a yard—a hollow bare place, surrounded by deep snow. Of course such a definition is utterly absurd. A moose does not travel straight on when he is in search of food, but selects a particular locality, and remains there as long as the supply of provisions holds out; and that place is called a yard.

Sometimes a solitary moose "yards" alone, sometimes two or three together, occasionally as many as half a dozen may be found congregated in one place. When a man says he has found a "moose-yard," he means that he has come across a place where it is evident from the tracks crossing and recrossing and intersecting each other in all directions, and from the signs of browsing on the trees, that one or more moose have settled down to feed for the winter. Having once selected a place or "yard," the moose will remain there till the following summer if the food holds out, and they are not disturbed by man. If forced to leave their "yard," they will travel a long distance—twenty or thirty miles—before choosing another feeding-ground. After the rutting-season moose wander about in an uneasy state of mind for three weeks or so, and are not all settled down till the beginning of November.

In "creeping," therefore, or stalking moose, the first thing to be done is to find a moose-yard.

You set out early in the morning, in any direction you may think advisable, according to the way the wind blows, examining carefully all the tracks that you come across. When you hit upon a track, you follow it a little way, examining it and the ground and trees, to see if the animal is traveling or not. If you find that the moose has "yarded," that is to say, fed, and you can come across evidences of his presence not more than a couple of days or so old, you make up your mind to hunt that particular moose.

The utmost caution and skill are necessary. The moose invariably travels down wind some little distance before beginning to feed, and then works his way up, browsing about at will in various directions. He also makes a circle down wind before lying down, so that, if you hit on a fresh track and then follow it, you are perfectly certain to start the animal without seeing him. You may follow a moose-track a whole day, as I have done before now, and finally come across the place where you started him, and then discover that you had passed within fifty yards of that spot early in the morning, the animal having made a large circuit and lain down close to his tracks. The principle, therefore, that the hunter has to go upon is, to keep making small semi-circles down wind so as to constantly cut the tracks and yet keep the animal always to windward of him. Having come across a track and made up your mind whether it is pretty fresh, whether the beast is a large one worth following, and whether it is settled down and feeding quietly, you will not follow the track, but go down wind and then gradually work up wind again till you cut the tracks a second time. Then you must make out whether the tracks are fresher or older than the former, whether they are tracks of the same moose or those of another, and leave them again and work up, and cut them a third time; and so you go on gradually, always trimming down wind and edging up wind again, until, finally, you have quartered the whole ground.

Perhaps the moose is feeding upon a hardwood ridge of beech and maples of, say, two or three miles in length and a quarter of a mile in width. Every square yard you must make good in the way I have endeavored to describe, before you proceed to go up to the moose. At length, by dint of great perseverance and caution, you will have so far covered the ground that you will know the animal must be in some particular spot. Then comes the difficult moment. I may say at once that it is mere waste of time trying to creep except on a windy day, even with moccasins on; and it is of no use at any time trying to creep a moose unless you are provided with soft leather moccasins. No human being can get within shot of a moose on a still day; the best time is

when windy weather succeeds a heavy fall of rain. Then the ground is soft, the little twigs strewn about bend instead of breaking, and the noise of the wind in the trees deadens the sound of your footsteps. If the ground is dry, and there is not much wind, it is impossible to get near the game. When you have determined that the moose is somewhere handy—when you come across perfectly fresh indications of his presence—you proceed inch by inch; you must not make the smallest noise; the least crack of a dead branch or of a stick underfoot will start the animal. Especially careful must you be that nothing taps against your gun-stock, or that you do not strike the barrel against a tree, for, naturally, any such unusual sound is far worse than the cracking of a stick. If, however, you succeed in imitating the noiseless movements and footsteps of your Indian, you will probably be rewarded by seeing him presently make a "point" like a pointer dog. Every quivering fiber in his body proves his excitement. He will point out something dark to you among the trees. That dark mass is a moose, and you must fire at it without being too careful what part of the animal you are going to hit, for probably the moose has heard you and is only waiting a second before making up his mind to be off.

Generally speaking, the second man sees the moose first. The leader is too much occupied in looking at the tracks—in seeing where he is going to put his foot down. The second man has only to tread carefully in the footsteps of the man preceding him, and is able to concentrate his attention more on looking about. The moment you spy or hear the animal you should imitate the call of a moose, first to attract the attention of the animal, which, if it has not smelt you, will probably stop a second to make sure what it is that has frightened him; secondly, to let the Indian in front know that the game is on foot. Moose-creeping is an exceedingly difficult and exciting pastime. It requires all a man's patience, for, of course, you may travel day after day in this way without finding any traces of deer. To the novice it is not interesting, for, apparently, the Indian wanders aimlessly about the woods without any particular object. When you come to understand the motive for every twist and turn he makes, and appreciate the science he is displaying, it becomes one of the most fascinating pursuits in which the sportsman can indulge.

Sometimes one may be in good luck and come across a moose in some glade or "interval," the result of the labors of former generations of beavers. An "interval" is the local term for natural meadows, which are frequently found along the margins of streams. Beavers have done great and useful work in all these countries. The evi-

dences of their labors have far outlived the work of aboriginal man. They dam up little streams and form shallow lakes and ponds. Trees fall in and decay; the ponds get choked with vegetation, fill up, and are turned into natural meadows of great value to the settler. Beavers have played an important part in rendering these savage countries fit for the habitation of civilized man.

The moose may also be run down in winter-time on snow-shoes. This may be called partly a legitimate, and partly an illegitimate, mode of killing the animal. If the snow is not very deep, the moose can travel, and to come up with him requires immense endurance on the part of a man, but no skill except that involved in the art of running on snow-shoes. You simply start the animal and follow after him for a day, or sometimes two or three days, when you come up with him and walk as close as you like and shoot him.

If the snow lies very deep in early spring, moose may be slaughtered with ease. The sun thaws the surface, which freezes up again at night and forms an icy crust strong enough to support a man on snow-shoes or a dog, but not nearly strong enough to support a moose. Then they can be run down without trouble. You find your moose and start a dog after him. The unfortunate moose flounders helplessly in the snow, cutting his legs to pieces, and in a very short time becomes exhausted, and you can walk up to him, knock him on the head with an axe or stick him with a knife, as you think best. Hundreds and hundreds of moose have been slaughtered in this scandalous manner for their hides alone. The settlers also dig pits for them and snare them, both of which practices, I need hardly say, are most nefarious. There is nothing sportsmanlike about them, and they involve waste of good meat, because, unless a man looks to the snare every day (which these men never do), he runs the chance of catching a moose and finding the carcass unfit for food when he revisits the place. I shall not describe the method of snaring a moose, for fear some reader who has followed me thus far might be tempted to practice it, or lest it might be supposed for a moment that I had ever done such a wicked thing myself.

Many men prefer caribou-hunting to moose-hunting, and I am not sure that they are not right. The American caribou is, I believe, identical with the reindeer of Europe, though the American animal grows to a much larger size, and the males carry far finer horns. The does have small horns also. I believe the caribou is the only species of deer marked by that peculiarity. Caribou are very fond of getting out on the lakes as soon as the ice will bear, and feeding round the shores. They feed entirely on moss and lichens, principally on the long gray

moss locally known as "old men's beards," which hangs in graceful festoons from the branches of the pines, and on the beautiful purple and cream-colored caribou-moss that covers the barrens. They are not very shy animals, and will venture close to lumber-camps to feed on the moss which grows most luxuriantly on the tops of the pines which the axe-men have felled. Caribou can not be run down, and the settlers rarely go after them. They must be stalked on the barrens and lakes, or crept up to in the woods, precisely in the same manner as the moose.

Such is a brief outline of some Canadian sports. Life in the woods need not be devoted entirely to hunting, but can be varied to a great extent by fishing and trapping. The streams and lakes teem with trout, and the finest salmon-fishing in the world is to be found in New Brunswick and on the north shore of the gulf. In Lower Canada there is still a good deal of fur to be found. In New Brunswick and Nova Scotia beavers are almost extinct, and marten, mink, lynx, otter, and other valuable fur-bearing animals are comparatively scarce. It would be hard, I think, for a man to spend a holiday more pleasantly and beneficially than in the Canadian woods. Hunting leads him into beautiful scenery; his method of life induces a due contemplation of nature, and tends to wholesome thought. He has not much opportunity for improving his mind with literature, but he can read out of the great book of Nature, and find "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." If he has his eyes and ears open, he can not fail to take notice of many interesting circumstances and phenomena; and, if he has any knowledge of natural history, every moment of the day must be suggesting something new and interesting to him. A strange scene, for example, which came within my observation last year, completely puzzled me at the time, and has done so ever since. I was in Nova Scotia in the fall, when one day my Indian told me that in a lake close by all the rocks were moving out of the water, a circumstance which I thought not a little strange. However, I went to look at the unheard-of spectacle, and sure enough there were the rocks apparently all moving out of the water on to dry land. The lake is of considerable extent, but shallow, and full of great masses of rock. Many of these masses appear to have traveled right out of the lake, and are now high and dry, some fifteen yards above the margin of the water. They have plowed deep and regularly defined channels for themselves. You may see them of all sizes, from blocks of, say, roughly speaking, six or eight feet in diameter, down to stones which a man could lift. Moreover, you find them in various stages of

progress, some a hundred yards or more from shore, and apparently just beginning to move; others half-way to their destination, and others again, as I have said, high and dry above the water. In all cases there is a distinct groove or furrow which the rock has clearly plowed for itself. I noticed one particularly good specimen, an enormous block which lay some yards above high-water mark. The earth and stones were heaped up in front of it to a height of three or four feet. There was a deep furrow, the exact breadth of the block, leading down directly from it into the lake, and extending till it was hidden from my sight by the depth of the water. Loose stones and pebbles were piled up on each side of this groove in a regular, clearly defined line. I thought at first that from some cause or other the smaller stones, pebbles, and sand had been dragged down from *above*, and consequently had piled themselves up in *front* of all the large rocks too heavy to be moved, and had left a vacant space or furrow behind the rocks. But, if that had been the case, the drift of moving material would of course have joined together again in the space of a few yards behind the fixed rocks. On the contrary, these grooves or furrows remained the same width throughout their entire length, and have, I think, undoubtedly been caused by the rock forcing its way up through the loose shingle and stones which compose the bed of the lake. What power has set these rocks in motion it is difficult to decide. The action of ice is the only thing that might explain it; but how ice could exert itself in that special manner, and why, if ice is the cause of it, it does not manifest that tendency in every lake in every part of the world, I do not pretend to comprehend.

My attention having been once directed to this, I noticed it in various other lakes. Unfortunately, my Indian only mentioned it to me a day or two before I left the woods. I had not time, therefore, to make any investigation into the subject. Possibly some of my readers may be able to account for this, to me, extraordinary phenomenon.

Even from the point of view of a traveler who cares not for field sports, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and in fact all Canada, is a country full of interest. It is interesting for many reasons which I have not space to enter into now, but especially so as showing the development of what in future will be a great nation. For whether in connection with this country, or as independent, or as joined to the United States, or any portion of them, that vast region which is now called British North America will assuredly some day support the strongest, most powerful, and most masterful population on the continent of America.

DUNRAVEN, in *Nineteenth Century*.

POEMS BY THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

[To those who watch the ebb and flow of the currents of critical opinion it is evident that since the death of Théophile Gautier, now more than six years ago, his writings have steadily risen in the appreciation of all English and American students of French poetry. During his life, and even for a time after his death, many were prejudiced against him by the evil report of his novel, "*Mademoiselle de Maupin*"—an early indiscretion which arose up against him in later years, and effectually barred him from the chair in the French Academy, which was surely his by right of genius. This prejudice has ceased to operate, and Gautier is now receiving more of the study he deserves so abundantly.

Gautier has a fourfold claim to posthumous survival. He was romancer, traveler, critic, and poet. In the first two capacities he has been again and again before the American public in adequate translations. His novel "*Spirite*" has appeared in Appletons' "*Collection of Foreign Authors*," and his travels in Russia and to Constantinople are both accessible to the American reader in accurate translations. As a critic, either of the acted drama or of art, plastic and pictorial, his work is so voluminous that it has not as yet, even in France, been wholly gathered into volumes from the newspapers in which he scattered it with the royal liberality of lavish genius. But as a poet his work was of necessity far less—indeed, the best of it, his poetic testament to posterity, is gathered into the one book by which he wished to be judged, "*Émaux et Camées*." It is fortunately possible to give good English renderings of some of the best and most characteristic of these poems, and in so far to reveal Gautier as a poet to those who can not read him in the original. In the admirable criticism which Mr. Henry James, Jr., in his "*French Poets and Novelists*," has given us of Gautier, he says of this volume of "*Enamels and Cameos*": "Every poem is a masterpiece; it has received the author's latest and fondest care; all, as the title indicates, is goldsmith's work. In Gautier's estimation, evidently these exquisite little pieces are the finest distillation of his talent; not one of them but ought to have outweighed a dozen academic blackballs. Gautier's best verse is neither sentimental, satirical, narrative, nor even lyrical. It is always pictorial and plastic—a matter of images, 'effects,' and color. Even when the motive is an idea—of course, a slender one—the image absorbs and swallows it, and the poem becomes a piece of rhythmic imitation." Nearly all his metrical work was clearly chiseled verse, carved in fine lines, with many a curious and recondite suggestion. A supreme master of style, and worshipping with an Athenian idolatry the severe beauty of form, he reveled in the richness of his unrivaled vocabulary—unrivaled except, it may be, by Victor Hugo's, which is

not as deftly and delicately handled as was his younger friend and follower's. Obviously a poet of this sort is most difficult of translation, and a happy rendering of his work in another language is almost as much a matter of inspiration as the writing of the original poem. No one man, however gifted, could sit down to the translation into English of the whole of "*Enamels and Cameos*" with any hope, however slight, of success. But it happens—and this is but another instance of the growth of the more general appreciation referred to above—that various English poets reading Gautier have felt an impulse to bring over into English verse, as best they might, or this or that poem which at the moment struck a responsive chord in them. There are a dozen or more representative poems of Gautier's translated into English by as many different writers, with varying success, of course, but still giving a fairly adequate presentation of the French poet's work. Among the English poets who have made this attempt are Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Frederick Locker, Mr. A. C. Swinburne, and Sir Francis Hastings Doyle. Mr. Dobson, whose chaste style and clear-cut workmanship make him akin to Gautier, has given rather a paraphrase than a close translation of the final effort of Gautier's metrical skill—the beautiful poem on "*Art*." Mr. Swinburne's lyric fervor echoes the graceful severity of Gautier's song with less aptness; he, too, has given us an imitation rather than an exact rendering. It is to be remembered, as giving an added interest to this lyric, that Mr. Swinburne contributed, to the volume of poetic requiems chanted by the French choir over the grave of Gautier, poems in Greek, Latin, French, and English—surely one of the most extraordinary tributes ever paid by one poet to the memory of another. We have made also one selection from Mr. Harry Curwen's collection of "*French Love-Songs*."]

LOVE AT SEA.

We are in Love's Land to-day;
Where shall we go?
Love, shall we start or stay,
Or sail or row?
There's many a wind and way,
And never a May but May;
We are in Love's Land to-day—
Where shall we go?

Our land-wind is the breath
Of sorrows kissed to death
And joys that were;
Our ballast is a rose,
Our way lies where God knows
And love knows where—
We are in Love's Land to-day.

Our seamen are fledged loves,
 Our masts are bills of doves,
 Our decks fine gold;
 Our ropes are dead maid's hair,
 Our stores are love-shafts fair
 And manifold—
 We are in Love's Land to-day.

Where shall we land you, sweet?
 On fields of strange men's feet,
 Or fields near home?
 Or where the fire-flowers blow,
 Or where the flowers of snow
 Or flowers of foam?—
 We are in Love's Land to-day.

Land me, she says, where love
 Shows but one shaft, one dove,
 One heart, one hand.
 —A shore like that, my dear,
 Lies where no man will steer—
 No maiden land.
 A. C. SWINBURNE.

THE SPECTER OF THE ROSE.

*"Soulève ta paupière close,
 Qu'effleure un songe virginal!"*

I.

Those slumbering lids unclose,
 Where pure dreams hover so light!
 A specter am I—the Rose
 That you wore at the ball last night.
 You took me, watered so late
 My leaves yet glistened with dew;
 And amid the starry fête
 You bore me the evening through.

II.

O lady, for whom I died,
 You can not drive me away!
 My specter at your bedside
 Shall dance till the dawning of day.
 Yet fear not, nor make lament,
 Nor breathe sad psalms for my rest!
 For my soul is this tender scent,
 And I come from the bowers of the Blest.

III.

How many for deaths so divine
 Would have given their lives away!
 Was never such fate as mine—
 For in death on your neck I lay!
 To my alabaster bier
 A poet came with a kiss:
 And he wrote, "A rose lies here,
 But kings might envy its bliss."

FRANCIS DAVID MORICE.

ARS, VICTRIX.

*"Oui, l'œuvre sort plus belle
 Qu'une forme au travail
 Rebelle,
 Vers, marbre, onyx, émail."*

Yes; where the ways oppose—
 When the hard means rebel,
 Fairer the work outgrows—
 More potent far the spell.

O Poet! then forbear
 The loosely sandaled verse,
 Choose rather thou to wear
 The buskin—strait and terse.

See that thy form demand
 The labor of the file;
 Leave to the tyro's hand
 The limp pedestrian style.

Sculptor, do thou discard
 The yielding clay—consign
 To Parian pure and hard
 The beauty of thy line—

Model thy Satyr's face
 In bronze of Syracuse;
 In the veined agate trace
 The profile of thy Muse.

Painter, that still must mix
 But transient tints anew,
 Thou in the furnace fix
 The firm enamel's hue.

Let the smooth tile receive
 Thy dove-drawn Erycine;
 Thy sirens blue as eve
 Coiled in a wash of wine.

All passes. Art alone
 Enduring stays to us;
 The Bust outlasts the throne—
 The coin Tiberius.

Even the gods must go,
 Only the lofty Rhyme,
 Not countless years o'erthrown—
 Not long array of time.

Paint, chisel then, or write,
 But that the work surpass,
 With the hard fashion fight
 With the resisting mass.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

THE HUT.

Under the thick trees, about it swaying,
 A hump-backed hovel crouches low;
 The roof-tree bends—the walls are fraying,
 And on the threshold mosses grow.

Each window-pane is masked by shutters,
Still, as around the mouth in frost
The warm breath rises up and flutters,
Life lingers here—not wholly lost.

One curl of silver smoke is twining
Its pale threads with the silent air,
To tell God that there yet is shining
A soul-spark in that ruined lair.

FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

A WINTER PHANTASY.

Your veil is thick, and none would know
The pretty face it quite obscures ;
But if you foot it through the snow,
Distrust those little boots of yours.

The telltale snow, a sparkling mold,
Says where they go and whence they came,
Lightly they touch its carpet cold,
And where they touch they sign your name.

Who runs may read ! On twinkling feet
You trip where all may soon detect you ;
And where, still rosy-cold, you meet
The nested Loves—they quite expect you !

FREDERICK LOCKER.

SECRET AFFINITIES.*

A PANTHEISTIC PHANTASY.

Deep in the vanished time, two statues white,
On an old temple's front, against blue gleams
Of an Athenian sky, instinct with light,
Blended their marble dreams.

In the same shell imbedded (crystal tears
Of the sad sea mourning her Venus flown),
Two pearls of loneliest ocean, through long years,
Kept whispering words unknown.

In the fresh pleasaunce, by Granada's river,
Close to the low-voiced fountain's silver
showers,
Two roses, from Boabdil's garden, ever
Mingled their murmuring flowers.

Upon the domes of Venice, in a nest
Where Love from age to age has had his
day,
Two white doves, with their feet of pink, found
rest
Through the soft month of May.

* This translation appeared several years ago in the "Journal," but its singular beauty and fitness for our present purpose are our excuse for repeating it.

Dove, rose, pearl, marble, into ruin dim
Alike dissolve themselves, alike decay ;
Pearls melt, flowers wither, marble shapes dis-
limn,
And bright birds float away.

Each element, once free, flies back to feed
The unfathomable Life-dust, yearning dumb,
Whence God's all-shaping hands in silence
knead

Each form that is to come.

By slow, slow change, to white and tender flesh
The marble softens down its flawless grain ;
The rose in lips as sweet and red and fresh,
Refigured, blooms again.

The doves once more murmur and coo beneath
The hearts of two young lovers when they
meet ;

The pearls renew themselves, and flash as teeth
Through smiles divinely sweet.

Hence sympathetic emanations flow,
And with soft tyranny the heart control ;
Touched by them, kindred spirits learn to know
Their sisterhood of soul.

Obedient to the hint some fragrance sends,
Some color, or some ray with mystic power,
Atom to atom never swerving tends,
As the bee seeks her flower.

Of moonlight visions round the temple shed,
Of lives linked in the sea, a memory wakes,
Of flower-talk flushing through the petals red
Where the bright fountain breaks.

Kisses, and wings that shivered to the kiss,
On golden domes afar, come back to rain
Sweet influence ; faithful to remembered bliss,
The old love stirs again.

Forgotten presences shine forth, the past
Is for the visionary eye unsealed ;
The breathing flower, in crimson lips recast,
Lives, to herself revealed.

Where the laugh plays a glittering mouth within
The pearl reclaims her luster softly bright ;
The marble throbs, fused in a maiden skin
As fresh, and pure, and white.

Under some low and gentle voice the dove
Has found an echo of her tender moan ;
Resistance grows impossible, and love
Springs up from the unknown.

O thou whom burning, trembling, I adore !
What shrine, what sea, what dome, what
rose-tree bower,
Saw us, as mingling marble, joined of yore,
As pearl, or bird, or flower ?

FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

TO THE BUTTERFLIES.

O gay butterflies, color of snow !
 Flitting merrily over the hollow,
 If you lend me your wings I will go
 By the blue airy pathway you follow.

Sweet, where all joys and all beauties dwell,
 If the gay butterflies would but try me,
 Can not your wonderful deep eyes tell
 As to whither away I would hie me ?

Without taking one kiss from the rose,
 Over valleys and forests that lie there,
 I would go to your lips that half close,
 O flower of my soul, and would die there !

HARRY CURWEN.

THE FOUNTAIN.

A FOUNTAIN bubbles forth, hard by the lake,
 Between two stones up-sparkling ever,
 And merrily their course the waters take,
 As if to launch some famous river.

Softly she murmurs : " What delight is mine,
 It was so cold and dark below ;
 But now my banks green in the sunlight shine,
 Bright skies upon my mirror glow ;

" The blue forget-me-nots through tender sighs,
 ' Remember us,' keep ever saying ;
 On a strong wing the gem-like dragon-flies
 Ruffle me, as they sweep round playing.

" The bird drinks at my cup ; and now, who
 knows,
 After this rush through grass and flowers,
 I may become a giant stream, that flows
 Past rocks and valleys, woods and towers !

" My foam may lie, a lace-like fringe, upon
 Bridges of stone, and granite quays,
 And bear the smoking steamship on, and on,
 To earth-embracing seas."

Thus the young rivulet prattled as it went,
 With countless hopes and fancies fraught ;
 Like boiling water in a vessel pent,
 Throbbled through its bed the imprisoned
 thought.

But close upon the cradle frowns the tomb ;
 A babe the future Titan dies,
 For in the near lake's gulf of azure gloom
 The scarce-born fountain buried lies.

F. H. DOYLE.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

PATRIOTS ABROAD.

AMERICAN gentlemen abroad sometimes give public utterance of their notions of our people and the Federal Government. There is no harm in this, of course, provided these gentlemen speak judiciously and with knowledge. Lecturers and after-dinner orators at home may misrepresent, without much danger of misleading ; but abroad the foreigner is apt to assume that an American speaking of Americans is one having authority, and hence accepts his *dicta* as the law and the fact. It is desirable, therefore, that Americans who in foreign lands elect themselves to the position of American representatives should have some knowledge of the subjects upon which they undertake to enlighten their listeners. It is not at all surprising that a sojourner abroad should know nothing about our national politics—for, if there is a person anywhere that substitutes a mass of erroneous notions for exact knowledge, it is your cultivated American when discoursing of the nature and conditions of our Government—but it is a little exasperating that he can not consent to hold his tongue until he is authorized to speak. Mr. Bronson How-

ard, for instance, is doubtless well acquainted with " international stage-rights," and hence his recent utterance on that topic before the International Literary Congress in London was entitled to consideration. Mr. Howard is a writer of plays, some of which have been successful ; and it is entirely probable that he has given the subject of stage-rights adequate attention. But Mr. Howard, when he talks about the peculiarities of the American Government, simply repeats the loose utterances he has heard in the clubs or read in the newspapers ; and, when he enters the domain of international copyright, he with equal ease makes gossip do service for knowledge. Of the National Government he speaks as follows :

Our Government is not intended to be a government by intellectual leaders. We have no confidence in the adequate wisdom of what are called " great men " for the government of a great people. We have tried to substitute for this wisdom what we consider a much better thing—the average common sense of the entire population. The effort to give expression to this common sense in our national Legislature compels us to have small fractions of the population represented there by men who actually reside among the people whose opinions they must reflect. For this purpose the entire country is di-

vided into small "Congressional districts." Each of these districts must send one of its own residents to Washington. Many districts have no men to send who can be counted among leading thinkers; but they all have men who can, and who do, express their own and their neighbors' opinions on affairs that affect the local or general interests of the country. That is all we expect from them. On the aggregate of the commonplace opinions thus gathered, and not on the concerted wisdom of a few brilliant leaders, is based the political prosperity, and, as we think, the political safety of the United States.

Now, it is quite true that the entire country is divided into Congressional districts, in which, however, there is nothing peculiar; and it is also true that each district must elect one of its own residents, which is different from the English custom. But the real peculiarity of the district system with us is that it selects leading men more effectually than European systems do, where in numerous cases the representative is simply the traditional Conservative, who is conservative because his family has been so before him; or the traditional Liberal who also is liberal because his family has been liberal. In social culture the members of the House of Commons are superior to our Representatives, but there are absolutely in proportion much fewer men of genuine parts at Westminster than at Washington. The real intellectual work in the House of Commons is done by a small group of strong men. The great body have no opinions except the party war-cries; they are not intellectual; exhibit little breadth or knowledge; and, having but few ideas and no skill in uttering those they do have, are unable to take part in the debates. They accord exactly with Mr. Howard's notion of the American representative—that is, they are men of sturdy common sense, and go to Parliament to reflect the sturdy common sense of their constituents.

The American representative, on the other hand, is usually some young lawyer with the gift of speech-making, one who has shown talent at the bar, and knows how to hold a popular assembly under a persuasive tongue. A very large proportion of our Congressmen are lawyers, all of whom first won their spurs in some local legal contest. It has often been deplored by critical observers that our rural communities, instead of selecting representatives of good solid standing, must fall victims to the showy eloquence or brilliant parts of lawyers or professional men. Intellectualism in some form or other—not always of the highest or soundest character, but nevertheless a form of intellectualism—is exactly the quality that captivates our rural and semi-rural communities. Certain men who are fluent of speech, abounding in ideas, ambitious and active-minded, constitute themselves leaders. They are the local speech-makers, the defenders and expounders of party theories and party principles; and it is commonly because they are supposed to be eloquent and wise that they finally reach Washington, where they have longed to display their powers. Some of these men are flighty and light-headed; but the selection in this way of men of parts has been the very thing that has given

to Congress its great men—its Clays, Douglasses, Bentons, Haynes, Hunters, not to speak of its Websters, or of those who now shine conspicuously in it, Conkling, Blaine, Edmunds, Stephens, Bayard, and others. No modern people are so fond of intellectualism as the American people, no representatives anywhere have been so generally drawn from the distinctly intellectual class as with us—ideas and acquirements always having in our politics more weight than property or social standing.

How is it, then, that we hear so much about our better people withholding from politics? Because it is assumed that what is true of three or four leading cities is also true of the whole country. All that we have said, for instance, is not true of the city of New York, where politics are almost exclusively in the hands of inferior men; and as the self-confident young men who lounge at clubs, who go abroad to air their patriotism in *Pall Mall* and on the *Boulevard des Italiens*, imagine their own set to be the whole world, and naturally delight in showing contempt for qualities exhibited elsewhere, there has come to be prevalent in these would-be high circles a notion that America is in the hands of ignoramuses—that popular suffrage must inevitably by the law of gravitation place in office incumbents no higher than the level of the voters. This is asserted again and again. Foreigners who come here and are introduced to our higher circles hear this uttered repeatedly as if it were the very corner-stone of democracy; and neither home critics nor foreign critics take the pains to carefully analyze the facts to see if the current indictment is true or not. Mr. Howard simply repeats this gospel of Fifth Avenue, but, like those from whom he quotes, has no knowledge nor perception of the facts as they are.

In regard to international copyright, Mr. Howard quotes current notions as glibly and as ignorantly as in the domain of politics. We append a few sentences:

American literary piracy—true patriotism does not prevent me from calling a spade a spade; I speak not to foreigners, but among my fellow citizens in the republic of letters; and I decline, furthermore, to treat our literary pirates as representative Americans by screening their crimes under a softer name—American literary piracy has developed enemies within its own lines. The Messrs. Harper Brothers have suddenly discovered that the competition of irresponsible, petty speculators, small piratical privateers so to speak, is more expensive to them than the honest payment of royalties to foreign authors would be. Other great publishers have made the same discovery. The promise now is that there will be no one in Washington hereafter to present the old arguments against international copyright. Our reformed and suddenly upright publishers will now prove to the practical American law-maker, who still knows and cares nothing about the matter, that the national profit is on the other side.

The italics are our own. Mr. Howard might easily have learned, had he so wished, that American publishers for years past have been accustomed to pay royalties to foreign authors, that every British author whose writings possess any certain mercantile

value in this country has received a share of the profits accruing from his books. Nearly the entire body of English scientific writers are here put on the same footing that American authors are, and every novelist of recognized place has received a price for early sheets of his books. Within the last year the prices paid to English novel-writers have been considerably reduced on account of cheap opposition editions; but so far the graver writers, the scientists and historians, have not suffered from this cause. Had Mr. Howard thought proper to acquaint himself with the facts before sneering about our "reformed and suddenly upright publishers," he would have discovered that the opposition to international copyright here has not arisen from any unwillingness to pay royalties to foreign authors—this being commonly done—but from the apprehension that such a law would largely transfer book-making from our own country to England. The most strenuous opposition to international copyright has come from paper-makers, printers, stereotypers, and bookbinders, and many publishers have united with these classes, not because they wished to defraud English authors, but for the reason that they did not desire to enrich English publishers. An international copyright law without qualification or conditions would soon show us all books by English writers designed for this market manufactured in England. The English author would not sell a duplicate of his manuscript here as now; it is the English publisher who would place editions of the author's writings in this market. That American publishers have not in all instances paid royalties to foreign authors is true; that, like other men, including authors, they are sometimes selfish and sometimes short-sighted, is also true; but foreign authors whose books can be reprinted with profit are tolerably sure in the competition that ensues to find publishers who will pay them. It was incumbent upon Mr. Howard as an American, if not as a man actuated by the spirit of fairness, to ascertain these facts before taking occasion to defame his countrymen. But Mr. Howard is not alone. The assumption always with his high-minded and patriotic class is, that in any given condition of things in America the wrong and not the right is inevitably chosen.

THE WISDOM OF LEADERS.

"THE concerted wisdom of a few brilliant leaders" is Mr. Howard's ideal of government. He is not alone in the notion that great men are necessary for the prosperity and safety of a community. And yet since the world began what has the concerted wisdom of brilliant leaders done for mankind? The prosperity, and even largely the safety, of nations has actually been wrested from those brilliant leaders whose wisdom, concerted or otherwise, is so radiant in many people's eyes. The simple right to enjoy in security the products of one's own labor has been acquired solely by the stubborn courage and persistent purpose of the people, in the face of monarchs, statesmen, priests, and other brilliant

leaders. The purpose of the men whom Mr. Howard admires has always from the first been to keep down the people and extend the power of the state. There are only two things that the concerted wisdom of rulers has ever been called upon to give the world, and these two things their united intellect has never been able to grasp—one being to let the people alone in their faiths and their industries, and the other to establish a police that will maintain order. The great men whose names shed so much luster on the past have disdained a simple task like this; they have preferred to restlessly intrigue for the extension of boundaries, and so have plunged the nations into disastrous wars; they have endeavored to establish or overthrow faiths, and in so doing have bestowed upon the world a heritage of wrong and oppression; they have schemed to augment their own resources by every possible device in taxation, and so impoverished the commonalty. They have done these things in the past, and are busy doing them to-day. The only countries that are peaceful and prosperous are those in which the people have bound down their brilliant leaders, and succeeded in controlling affairs by an "aggregate of commonplace opinions," while the supreme wisdom of Bismarck has filled Germany with discontent, and the administrative talents of the Czar have given to Russia a choice crop of conspiracies and assassinations. Ten thousand evils have sprung from the meddling wisdom of statesmen, but not one genuine good. The blessings that have come upon mankind have been the elevation of common life, the growth of the arts, and the spread of education, and these things the men in high places have resisted with all their power. "Of one thing we may be sure," says a writer in a recent English magazine, "that the world has been too much governed by persons whose talent has lain chiefly in taking care of themselves. There have always been too many people ready to regulate society in their own interests, whereas the welfare of the world lies in the direction of self-government. Humanity has been too much sat upon by rulers, heaven-born and devil-born—the latter class chiefly prevailing. What is wanted is increase in the general capacity of self-government. The far-seeing prayer of Robert Browning should be put up in all the churches—

' Make no more giants, God,
But elevate the race at once ! ' "

This writer's phrases are strong, if not elegant. "Humanity has been too much sat upon by rulers" is as terse and good as a proverb. But we suspect that it is not so much "an increase in the general capacity of self-government" that is wanted as an increase of opportunity to exhibit the capacity that exists. The main difficulty with the people is that they are still partially afflicted with the ruling notion in high places that government is indispensable in regulating industrial, commercial, educational, and social affairs; that the state must still exercise some degree of military mastery and paternal coddling. The supreme public concern is not to gain "bril-

liant leaders," but to suppress the class altogether; to subordinate government just so far as it can be done, to permit the great body of affairs to be self-acting, with just supervision enough to see that the full freedom of self-acting is maintained; and for this duty the steady, clear common sense of the community is wholly adequate.

THE POETRY OF DISTANCE.

MR. HAMERTON thinks that susceptibility to the poetry of distance in landscape is a faculty not possessed by minds of a common order. In his "Life of Turner" he devotes several pages to this theme, from which we quote the subjoined:

The fascination of the remote for minds which have any imaginative faculty at all is so universal and unailing that it must be due to some cause in the depths of man's spiritual nature. It may be due to a religious instinct, which makes him forget the meanness and triviality of common life in this world to look as far beyond it as he can to a mysterious infinity of glory where earth itself seems to pass easily into heaven. It may be due to a progressive instinct, which draws men to the future and the unknown, leading them ever to fix their gaze on the far horizon, like mariners looking for some visionary Atlantis across the space of the wearisome sea. Be this as it may, the enchantments of landscape distance are certainly due far more to the imagination of the beholder than to any tangible or explicable beauty of their own. It is probable that minds of a common order, which see with the bodily eyes only, and have no imaginative perception, receive no impressions of the kind which affected Turner; but the conditions of modern life have developed a great sensitiveness to such impressions in minds of a higher class. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to name any important imaginative work in literature produced during the present century in which there is not some expression of the author's sensitiveness to the poetry of distance.

Now, the fascination of landscape distance seems to us more generally felt than any other form of natural beauty. Instead of being exclusively the possession of imaginative or cultivated minds, it is with the multitude almost the very beginning and end of their sense of poetry or beauty in landscape. Traveling once with an artist in search of the picturesque, we discovered that everywhere the prevalent idea of landscape beauty was that of an extended prospect. In every flat or merely undulating district we were directed to the top of some high building for the fine view afforded therefrom, and in hilly sections there was always a rock or hill-top that was famous for the beautiful prospect it commanded. Foreground scenes never seemed to enter the minds of the people we commonly met as legitimately within the meaning of landscape beauty. With this experience in view, Mr. Hamerton's assumption that the beauty of distance is not appreciated by minds of a common order surprises us. Whatever may be the cause, one encounters everywhere—in this country at least—a sensitiveness to the fascinations so admirably described in the extract from Mr. Hamer-

ton that we have copied. The delight in poetical distance may be rather an animal exaltation than a spiritual aspiration; it may be nothing more than a thrill of the nerves that comes from a sense of space and vastness, but it is as common as human nature itself. Wherever there are mountains the tops of which are accessible, or high places that command extended views, we find throngs of people making pilgrimages to them. There is no better-known scene in America than the view from the plateau in front of the Catskill Mountain House, a prospect described by Cooper's *Leatherstocking*, before hotels were known in that region, in a passage that every reader is familiar with, and which expresses the sentiments commonly awakened by the vast panorama unfolded there. To see the sun rise or set from a mountain-top is a pleasure that every one promises himself, and one which every summer induces many people to undergo great labor and fatigue to accomplish. We can hardly assume that American people are more sensitive to this kind of beauty than the communities with which Mr. Hamerton is acquainted, but, unless this is the case, the distinguished art critic in this matter assuredly has not evinced his usual accuracy of observation.

THE OBJECTIVE NOVEL.

"I AM told," says Mr. Frederic Harrison, in his recent essay on "The Choice of Books," "that the last discovery of modern culture is that Scott's prose is commonplace; that the young men at our universities are far too critical to care for his artless sentences and flowing descriptions." In keeping with this discovery is the notion with us in America that Cooper's tales of the sea and the woods are of an inferior order of composition; that stories depicting the throes of heated passion, or the perturbations of well-bred lovers in drawing-rooms, are of a higher intellectual character than narratives of adventure and exploit. Let us admit that analysis of character is a very high and subtle phase of the novelist's art, but then it has not absolute possession of the whole field. There are not only other worthy things than the study of emotions and motives, but psychological probing is very apt when pushed too far to become a great bore, and with many writers is simply stimulative of an unhealthful and morbid passion for introspection. It is not a good thing to be always looking into our own minds or into the minds of our neighbors. The subjective novel within due limits is proper enough to read and study, but when made too large a part of our intellectual food the result is morally and mentally hurtful. In this case the breezy, out-of-door, objective novel affords an excellent counter-current of sensation, and for this reason alone it ought to be sandwiched between the highly seasoned preparations of the modern school.

The objective novel, however, is something more than a mere antidote to sentimental poison. Its place in art is not an inferior one. The reasons that make us cherish the epic poets, that lead us to ad-

mire the temples and statues of the ancients, that give to form and color so much fascination, are the elementary foundations of the objective novel. If it is a fine thing to be sensitive to the beauties of nature, it must be a fine thing to be sensitive to pictures of life that are closely related to those open aspects of the world around us; and, if architecture stands high in the æsthetic world, if color in painting is entitled to our admiration, if the lines of sculpture are worthy of our study, then romances which deal prominently with color and form are candidates for an equal appreciation. The novel of action is an epic in prose; the novel of picturesque situation is like a stirring painting on canvas; and the novel that gives us heroes and heroines of ideal grace and beauty awakens in us some of the same sensations that higher sculpture does. The arts generally deal with the objective, appealing exclusively to the senses; and it is therefore certainly not a wrong or an improper thing for the novelist to appeal to the same sensibilities that painters and sculptors do.

It is only by realizing the really high place in art that novels of description and action may occupy when the performance is equal to the plan, that one is prepared to form a just estimate of romances like Cooper's. One must put himself in some such relation to them as he would if they were ancient classics. Let us imagine, for instance, the figure of young Uncas, in "The Last of the Mohicans," coming down to us from the remote past. As he incarnates the three special qualities of the hero—youth, grace, and daring—neither Hector, nor Paris, nor Perseus has greater fascinations than that strange and almost mystic figure would have possessed for us under such circumstances. As a product of Greek

imagination he would have embodied the melancholy, the beauty, and the spirit of the woods, just as the German sprite Undine does of the waters. He would have figured in endless statues and paintings, and have fired the fancy of innumerable poets. But born close to us, being our very own, we have lacked the faculty of seeing in him the exquisite poetical conditions that three thousand years ago would have made him immortal. We think we appreciate the heroes of Greek story because we have been industriously instructed how to admire them, but we have shown an utter lack of ability to seize for ourselves upon a singularly beautiful figure of our own land and time, which as a type of a splendid young savage is unique and artistically perfect. He is filled with the very breath of poetry, and yet neither our painters, our poets, nor our sculptors have discovered him. It may some day be thought that this Adonis of the woods is as worthy of attention as diseased studies in spiritual anatomy, and we may be sure that our tastes will not be healthful, robust, strong, or sweet until this time comes about. There are other striking poetic figures in Cooper's romances which remain largely unheeded to our dull imagination. How full of poetic associations the waters that girt New York ought to be with recollections of "the lady of the sea-green mantle," at the bowsprit of the Water-Witch gliding phantom-like through them! Cooper has, in truth, peopled our waters and our woods with figures that are as full of strange beauty as those that animate the shores of the Ægean Sea, but we cherish every detail of Greek tradition and neglect every phase of our own. Our romance is not so copious as the ancient, but it has a choice flavor of its own that ought to make it dear to us.

Books of the Day.

A BOOK on the life and works of one great novelist by another almost equally eminent in the same field could hardly fail to be deeply interesting; and Mr. Anthony Trollope's monograph on Thackeray* not only possesses all the interest which naturally pertains to such a work, but the additional attractiveness which comes from the fact that he has not confined himself to the mere study of Thackeray, but has made his work the vehicle for imparting his own ideas upon men and things, upon literature and morality, and in particular upon the objects and methods of his own art. In fact, there is nearly as distinct a flavor of Trollope in the book as of Thackeray, and the reader learns nearly as much about the character, ideas, and habits of the former as of the latter. This comes, however, not from any obtrusive

egotism on the part of Mr. Trollope, but from the fact that he has used his own knowledge of life and experience as a novelist in interpreting Thackeray, and has written throughout in the first person instead of with that objectiveness and formality which is apt to accompany the impersonal "we." The whole tone of the work is eminently sincere, candid, and unpretentious—impartial in judgment and keen in criticism, but with that sympathetic feeling and cordial appreciativeness which a biographer may properly extend to one who was both a friend and a co-worker in kindred pursuits. The reader will probably agree with us that Mr. Trollope has seldom given a more favorable impression than he gives in this book of his character as a man and his power as a writer; and we think it is owing, at least in part, to the strict limitations as to space under which it was written. Had the book been twice as long it would probably have been much less than half as good, and had it been spun out to the customary

* English Men of Letters. Edited by John Morley. Thackeray. By Anthony Trollope. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 206.

length of Mr. Trollope's later novels it would doubtless have had the same tepid flavor of toast-and-tea. It is something to know that so voluble and voluminous an author can be concise and vigorous where these qualities are indispensable; and it is more satisfactory still to know that he can be concise and vigorous without losing that ease of manner and felicity of style which we have come to regard as his most striking characteristics as a writer.

Only the first chapter of the book is avowedly biographical, and even here the minute personal details of which biography usually consists are but scantily introduced. The truth is, as Mr. Trollope notifies to his readers at the outset, there is not sufficient material available for a formal biography of Thackeray: "Of Thackeray no life has been written; and though they who knew him—and possibly many who did not—are conversant with anecdotes of the man, who was one so well known in society as to have created many anecdotes, yet there has been no memoir of his life sufficient to supply the wants of even so small a work as this purports to be. For this the reason may simply be told. Thackeray, not long before his death, had had his taste offended by some fulsome biography. Paragraphs, of which the eulogy seemed to have been the produce rather of personal love than of inquiry or judgment, disgusted him, and he begged of his girls that when he should have gone there should nothing of the sort be done with his name. . . . Acting upon these instructions, his daughters—while there were two living, and since that the one surviving—have carried out the order which has appeared to them to be sacred." Such being the case, even if there were materials for it, one who like Mr. Trollope stood in the relation of a personal friend could not undertake to write what might properly be called a life of Thackeray; and all that the present work professes to do is to give such an outline or sketch of Thackeray's career and character as will enable the reader to catch the true significance of his writings. After all, however, the published works of a really great author furnish the very best materials for a biography of him, because these, when properly understood, reveal the inmost workings of his mind and heart; and in interpreting the writings of Thackeray, not by the cold light of analytical criticism but with the aid derived from personal association and the performance of similar labors, Mr. Trollope has rendered the highest possible service to both author and readers. The fuller narrative and ampler details which we may hope for in time to come will be received with their due meed of appreciation; but we think it very doubtful if any future biographer will succeed in conveying to the average reader a truer, juster, or more vivid conception of Thackeray as man and author.

Among the points to which Mr. Trollope devotes most attention—after telling briefly how Thackeray became an author, how he first worked and struggled, and then worked and prospered until he became a household word in English literature—is an explanation of the sense in which Thackeray can and can not be called a "cynic." This charge of cyni-

cism is the one most commonly brought against Thackeray's writings; and it is, of course, highly important to know clearly how far it is true and in what respect it is unjust or mistaken. Mr. Trollope recurs to the subject several times; and, in summing up what he has to say about it, points out that, in considering the charge, it is necessary to discriminate between the author and the man. A public man, he admits, should be judged from his public work. If he who is to be known as a writer writes as a cynic, it is fair that he should be so called. Upon the question whether the nature of Thackeray's writings entitle him to be called a cynic, he says:

The word is one which is always used in a bad sense. "Of a dog, currish," is the definition which we get from Johnson—quite correctly and in accordance with its etymology. . . . That Thackeray's nature was soft and kindly—gentle almost to a fault—has been shown elsewhere; but they who have called him a cynic have spoken of him merely as a writer, and as a writer he has certainly taken upon himself the special task of barking at the vices and follies of the world around him. Any satirist might in the same way be called a cynic in so far as his satire goes. Swift was a cynic, certainly. Pope was cynical when he was a satirist. Juvenal was all cynic, because he was all satirist. If that be what is meant, Thackeray was certainly a cynic. But that is not all that the word implies. It intends to go back beyond the work of the man, and to describe his heart. It says of any satirist so described that he has given himself up to satire, not because things have been evil, but because he himself has been evil. Hamlet is a satirist, whereas Thersites is a cynic. If Thackeray be judged after this fashion, the word is as inappropriate to the writer as to the man.

But it has to be confessed that Thackeray did allow his intellect to be too thoroughly saturated with the aspect of the ill side of things. We can trace the operation of his mind from his earliest days, when he commenced his parodies at school; when he brought out "The Snob" at Cambridge; when he sent "Yellowplush" out upon the world as a satirist on the doings of gentlemen generally; when he wrote his "Catherine," to show the vileness of the taste for what he would have called Newgate literature; and "The Hoggarty Diamond," to attack bubble companies; and "Barry Lyndon," to expose the pride which a rascal may take in his rascality. "Becky Sharp," "Major Pendennis," "Beatrice," both as a young and as an old woman, were written with the same purpose. There is a touch of satire in every drawing that he made. A jeer is needed for something that is ridiculous, scorn has to be thrown on something that is vile. The same feeling is to be found in every line of every ballad. . . . He was "crying his sermon," hoping, if it might be so, to do something toward lessening the evils he saw around him. We all preach our sermon, but not always with the same earnestness. He had become so urgent in the cause, so loud in his denunciations, that he did not stop often to speak of the good things around him. Now and again he paused and blessed amid the torrent of his anathemas. There are "Dobbin" and "Esmond" and "Colonel Newcome." But his anathemas are the loudest. It has been so, I think, nearly always with the eloquent preachers.—(Page 203.)

As to the accuracy with which the term "cynic" can be applied to Thackeray's personal character as a man, Mr. Trollope says:

I protest that it would be hard to find an individual further removed from the character. Over and outside his fancy, which was the gift which made him so remarkable, a certain feminine softness was the most remarkable trait about him. To give some immediate pleasure was the great delight of his life—a sovereign to a schoolboy, gloves to a girl, a dinner to a man, a compliment to a woman. His charity was overflowing, his generosity excessive. I heard once a story of woe from a man who was the dear friend of both of us. The gentleman wanted a large sum of money instantly—something under two thousand pounds—had no natural friends who could provide it, but must go utterly to the wall without it. Pondering over this sad condition of things just revealed to me, I met Thackeray between the two mounted heroes at the Horse Guards, and told him the story. "Do you mean to say that I am to find two thousand pounds?" he said angrily, with some expletives. I explained that I had not even suggested the doing of anything, only that we might discuss the matter. Then there came over his face a peculiar smile, and a wink in his eye, and he whispered his suggestion, as though half ashamed of his meanness. "I'll go half," he said, "if anybody will do the rest." And he did go half, at a day or two's notice, though the gentleman was no more than simply a friend. I am glad to be able to add that the money was quickly repaid. I could tell various stories of the same kind, only that I lack space, and that they, if simply added one to the other, would lack interest.

He was no cynic, but a satirist, and could now and then be a satirist in conversation, hitting very hard when he did hit. When he was in America, he met at dinner a literary gentleman of high character, middle-aged, and most dignified deportment. The gentleman was one whose character and acquirements stood very high—deservedly so—but who, in society, had that air of wrapping his toga around him which adds, or is supposed to add, many cubits to a man's height. But he had a broken nose. At dinner he talked much of the tender passion, and did so in a manner which stirred up Thackeray's feeling of the ridiculous. "What has the world come to," said Thackeray, out loud to the table, "when two broken-nosed old fogies like you and me sit talking about love to each other!" The gentleman was astounded, and could only sit wrapping his toga in silent dismay for the rest of the evening. Thackeray then, as at other similar times, had no idea of giving pain; but, when he saw a foible, he put his foot upon it and tried to stamp it out.—(Page 59.)

Besides the discussions on general topics there are many interesting circumstantial details concerning the origin, purpose, and methods of each of Thackeray's more important works, the composition of his ballads and burlesques, and the founding of the "Cornhill Magazine," of which Thackeray was editor, and to which Trollope was one of the earliest and most valued contributors. Intermingled with the general narrative, there are also numerous passages of a more personal interest, such as the following about Thackeray's habits of work:

I think that at no time did Thackeray doubt the sufficiency of his own mental qualification for the work he had taken in hand; but he doubted all else. He doubted the appreciation of the world; he doubted his fitness for turning his intellect to valuable account; he doubted his physical capacity—dreading his own lack of industry; he doubted his luck; he doubted the continual absence of some of

those misfortunes on which the works of literary men are shipwrecked. Though he was aware of his own power, he always, to the last, was afraid that his own deficiencies should be too strong against him. It was his nature to be idle—to put off his work—and then to be angry with himself for putting it off. Ginger was hot in the mouth with him, and all the allurements of the world were strong upon him. To find on Monday morning an excuse why he should not on Monday do Monday's work was, at the time, an inexpressible relief to him, but had become a deep regret—almost a remorse—before the Monday was over. To such a one it was not given to believe in himself with that sturdy, rock-bound foundation which we see to have belonged to some men from the earliest struggles of their career.—(Page 15.)

This suggests a comparison, or rather contrast, between Thackeray and Dickens—a comparison, not as to their literary merits, but as to their dominant characteristics as authors. Dickens, though a year younger than Thackeray, had reached almost the zenith of his reputation before the latter's name had been heard at all. Why, asks Mr. Trollope, was Dickens already a great man when Thackeray was still a literary Bohemian?

The answer is to be found not in the extent or in the nature of the genius of either man, but in the condition of mind—which indeed may be read plainly in their works by those who have eyes to see. The one was steadfast, industrious, full of purpose, never doubting of himself, always putting his best foot foremost and standing firmly on it when he got it there; with no inward trepidation, with no moments in which he was half inclined to think that this race was not for his winning, this goal not to be reached by his struggles. The sympathy of friends was good to him, but he could have done without it. The good opinion which he had of himself was never shaken by adverse criticism; and the criticism on the other side, by which it was exalted, came from the enumeration of the number of copies sold. He was a firm, reliant man, very little prone to change, who, when he had discovered the nature of his own talent, knew how to do the very best with it.

It may almost be said that Thackeray was the very opposite of this. Unsteadfast, idle, changeable of purpose, aware of his own intellect but not trusting it, no man ever failed more generally than he to put his best foot foremost. Full as his works are of pathos, full of humor, full of love and charity, tending, as they always do, to truth and honor, and manly worth and womanly modesty, excelling, as they seem to me to do, most other written precepts that I know, they always seem to lack something that might have been there. There is a touch of vagueness which indicates that his pen was not firm while he was using it. He seems to me to have been dreaming ever of some high flight, and then to have told himself, with a half-broken heart, that it was beyond his power to soar up into those bright regions. I can fancy, as the sheets went from him every day, he told himself, in regard to every sheet, that it was a failure. Dickens was quite sure of his sheets.—(Page 18.)

Perhaps as piquant as any other portions of the book are those in which Mr. Trollope takes a quotation from or an anecdote about Thackeray as a text for his own lucubrations. Here is an example which is worth reproducing on account of the importance of the subject with which it deals. Thackeray held

strong opinions as to what was due by the government to men of letters :

In 1850 he wrote a letter to "The Morning Chronicle," which has since been republished, in which he alludes to certain opinions which had been put forth in "The Examiner." "I don't see," he says, "why men of letters should not very cheerfully coincide with Mr. Examiner in accepting all the honors, places, and prizes which they can get. The amount of such as will be awarded to them will not, we may be pretty sure, impoverish the country much ; and if it is the custom of the state to reward by money, or titles of honor, or stars and garters of any sort, individuals who do the country service—and if individuals are gratified at having 'Sir' or 'My Lord' appended to their names, or stars and ribbons hooked on to their coats and waistcoats, as men most undoubtedly are, and as their wives, families, and relations are—there can be no reason why men of letters should not have the chance, as well as men of the robe or the sword ; or why, if honor and money are good for one profession, they should not be good for another. No man in other callings thinks himself degraded by receiving a reward from his Government ; nor, surely, need the literary man be more squeamish about pensions, and ribbons, and titles, than the ambassador, or general, or judge. Every European state but ours rewards its men of letters. The American Government gives them their full share of its small patronage ; and if Americans, why not Englishmen ?"

In this a great subject is discussed which would be too long for these pages ; but I think that there now exists a feeling that literature can herself, for herself, produce a rank as effective as any that a Queen's minister can bestow. Surely it would be a repainting of the lily, an adding a flavor to the rose, a gilding of refined gold to create to-morrow a Lord Viscount Tennyson, a Baron Carlyle, or a Right Honorable Sir Robert Browning. And as for pay and pension, the less the better of it for any profession, unless so far as it may be payment made for work done. Then the higher the payment the better, in literature as in all other trades. It may be doubted even whether a special rank of its own be good for literature, such as that which is achieved by the happy possessors of the forty chairs of the Academy in France. Even though they had an angel to make the choice—which they have not—that angel would do more harm to the excluded than good to the selected.—(Page 36.)

We have already spoken of the felicity and animation of Mr. Trollope's style, but it would be less than justice not to call attention in closing to the readableness of the book, apart from its interest in other respects. Though composed chiefly of literary criticism, the effort of reading it is as that involved in what the scientists have agreed to call "unconscious cerebration."

THE characteristic which is most likely to impress one in reading the "Impressions of Theophrastus Such"* is its complete dissimilarity to anything that George Eliot has previously written. A thin veil of fiction is attempted to be thrown over it by attributing the lucubrations to an imaginary

personage ; but after the first chapter, in which he is outlined for us, we catch no further glimpse of Theophrastus Such, and he simply takes his place in the gallery of character-types which the author has endeavored to portray for us. In the later essays, in particular, the standpoint is frankly and undisguisedly that of a woman and of George Eliot, and we are under no obligation to distinguish between what she herself really thinks and feels and what she imagines that a given character under certain circumstances would think and feel. The opinions and the mental attitude are those of George Eliot in *propria persona*, and for this reason the book will probably have a greater biographical value than any other of her works.

In attempting to define the character of the work we can get some help, perhaps, by borrowing a familiar analogy from another art. Our idea is, that these detached and independent essays are substantially identical with the sketches or "studies" which painters make as memoranda of passing impressions or scenic effects, with the design at some time of using them as material for a picture. In other words, we have here some neat and finished specimens of the raw material out of which George Eliot constructs her novels ; and it is difficult to avoid the feeling in contemplating them that it was either the original design to present them to us in quite another stage of elaboration and development, or that they are what the scientists would call "arrested growths"—types which were not found adapted for working into a general scheme of life, but which are worth study as isolated phenomena. They are the better worth attention, moreover, because there are unmistakable signs that the "studies" are from nature—that the sketches are really portraits, and not merely the creatures of the author's imagination. The several characters portrayed with such keenness and penetration are typical not because they are generalized from a number of individuals, but because each is representative of an entire class and represents it so accurately that to describe an individual is to describe the class.

The relation which these sketches bear to the author's more customary work is curiously exemplified, we think, in the chapter entitled "The Modern Hep! Hep! Hep!" This, the longest, most earnest, and most labored essay in the book, simply presents argumentatively the proposition which was worked out dramatically in the Jewish sections of "Daniel Deronda" ; it is the *rationale*, so to speak, of the seer, poet, and enthusiast, Mordecai. Both the essay and the novel are an attempt to discredit the hereditary and wellnigh universal antipathy to Jews ; to vindicate them on the side of history and domestic life ; and to show that they have exhibited through long ages of contumely and persecution those very qualities—patriotism, pride of race, and persistent memory of a glorious past—which distinguish all the most advanced peoples of the world. The idea of a restored Jewish nationality—a reëstablished Judea—pervades the essay as well as the novel ; and it is evident that the conception is one

* Impressions of Theophrastus Such. By George Eliot. New York : Harper & Brothers. 16mo. Pp. 234.

which was not used dramatically to give a touch of ideal completeness to the imaginary figure of a Jewish enthusiast, but has really taken vital hold upon George Eliot's own sympathies. Whether the essay or the novel was written first, the relation between the two is unmistakable; and this, we think, throws light upon the original intent or purpose of the other essays.

It is probably superfluous to say that even in these sketches George Eliot does not content herself with surface traits and resemblances, but penetrates very deeply into the innermost recesses of character, particularly when she is tracing out some elusive and chameleon-like vice or frailty. Indeed, there would be something terrible and repellent in the relentlessness of her analysis were it not for a certain largeness of vision which enables her to "see life steadily and see it whole," and thus seeing it to perceive that man, as Sir Thomas Browne said, is a bundle of contradictions, and that a man with a bad quality, however obtrusive and offensive, is not necessarily a bad man. "None all good, but good in all," may be said to be the moral and summary of the "Impressions of Theophrastus Such," and one who looks out upon the world around him with a like keenness of penetration will be apt to find ample confirmation of it.

Two books on color appear upon our table this month, and may conveniently be noticed together, though in aim and method of treatment they are quite distinct. Professor Ogden Rood's "Modern Chromatics"* is a contribution to the International Scientific Series, and attempts to present in a popular and easily intelligible but strictly scientific manner the fundamental facts connected with our perception of color. The nature of light is first carefully explained; then the different methods of its reflection and transmission; then the way in which it is broken up or subdivided in the spectrum; and, finally, the manner in which it acts upon the eye so as to produce the sensation of color. Many curious facts discovered by other observers are brought out, and a degree of exactness not previously attained has been secured by numerous and careful experiments devised and conducted by the author himself. The more important of these experiments are described in such detail and illustrated so copiously with charts and diagrams that they can easily be repeated or verified by those possessed of the necessary apparatus. But the most distinctive feature of the book is, that the author has not confined himself to the scientific aspects of his subject, but devotes a large share of his attention to its æsthetic or artistic side. For more than twenty years Professor Rood has enjoyed the privilege of familiar intercourse with artists, and during that period has devoted a good deal of leisure time to the practical study of drawing

and painting, so that he is more successful than a mere scientist would be in endeavoring to present in a simple and comprehensible manner the underlying facts upon which the artistic use of color necessarily depends. "The possession of these facts," he says, "will not enable people to become artists; but it may to some extent prevent ordinary persons, critics, and even painters, from talking and writing about color in a loose, inaccurate, and not always rational manner." It would be difficult, indeed, to say to which class the treatise will be most useful: it will be very near the truth, perhaps, to say that it contains about as much science as the art-student will find serviceable, and about as much art as will enable the student of science to appreciate the full meaning of the facts with which he deals.

One chapter of Professor Rood's work is devoted to the abnormal perception of color, or "Color-Blindness," and this forms the subject of a somewhat elaborate volume by Dr. B. Joy Jeffries, of Boston.* The subject has only very recently attained prominence, Dr. Jeffries's being the third monograph upon it yet published; but its importance may be realized when it is stated that experiments made on a large scale in three or four of the leading countries of Europe, and confirmed by the investigations of Dr. Jeffries in America, show that about *one* person in every *twenty-five* is partially or completely color-blind. The obvious and great dangers arising from the defect in railway employees, pilots, mariners, etc., where the safety of human life depends upon their correct interpretation of colored signals, are what give the matter its practical importance; and these dangers are so great as to demand the immediate attention of the community. Dr. Jeffries thinks that many railway and marine accidents, otherwise inexplicable, are to be referred to color-blindness; and as the defect, if congenital (as it usually is), is incurable, there is no adequate protection but "the elimination from the *personnel* of railways and vessels of all persons whose position requires perfect color-perception, and who fail to possess this." He urges, therefore, that, "through a law of the Legislature, orders from State railroad commissioners, or by the rules and regulations of the railroad corporations themselves, each and every employee should be carefully tested for color-blindness by an expert competent to detect it. The test and the method of application should be uniform. All deficient should be removed from their posts of danger. Every person offering himself as an employee should be tested for color-blindness and refused if he has it. Every employee who has had any severe illness, or who has been injured, should be tested again for color-blindness before he is allowed to resume his duties. Periodic examinations of the whole *personnel* should also be required."

Dr. Jeffries's treatise is detailed and exhaustive, explaining (as does Professor Rood) the nature of our color-perception, pointing out the apparent cause

* *Modern Chromatics, with Applications to Art and Industry.* By Professor Ogden N. Rood. International Scientific Series. Volume xxvi. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, pp. 329.

* *Color-Blindness: Its Dangers and its Detection.* By B. Joy Jeffries, A. M., M. D. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 12mo, pp. 312.

of color-blindness and the different forms which it takes—commonly red-blindness or green-blindness, more rarely violet-blindness—discussing the various methods which have been devised for its detection, and furnishing a series of tests which are at once simple and conclusive. A considerable portion of his book is a translation from the work of Professor Holmgren, whose theory and system he adopts; but he has summarized all the facts gathered by all previous investigators, and has added to them the results of some twelve thousand independent examinations of his own. His book, in fact, is a complete *recensus* of the existing knowledge of its subject; and, as the subject concerns wellnigh every one, so the style of treating it is such as to make the book attractive to the general reader.

THE plan upon which Mr. Russell has constructed his "Library Notes"* is very simple, and, in view of its somewhat daring simplicity, the result is surprisingly good. He is apparently an omnivorous reader, and he has had the patience to copy out or note down all the passages which for any reason struck him as being impressive. These passages, touching upon an infinite variety of subjects, he has strung together, sometimes upon a very tenuous connecting thread, and sometimes with no connecting thread at all that can be discovered by the casual reader. There is an attempt at classification, it is true; but the several heads selected—Insufficiency, Extremes, Disguises, Standards, Rewards, Limits, Incongruity, Mutations, Paradoxes, Contrasts, Types, Conduct, Religion—show that the compiler adopted them for the special purpose of avoiding the limitations of any definitive theme. The chapters on Mutations, Paradoxes, and Religion, are fairly homogeneous and systematic; but the remainder are, as we have said, little more than an aggregation of passages from various sources which the compiler considered for one or another reason noteworthy.

Such being the case, the question naturally arises, How comes it that the book is so readable? As a general thing, nothing could be more dreary than collections of "elegant extracts"; yet Mr. Russell's book, though even more heterogeneous and helter-skelter than usual, is in a remarkable degree readable and appetizing. The reason is not obvious, but it is to be found, we think, in the fact that Mr. Russell's taste is at once catholic and cultivated, that he knows just where to begin and where to end his quotations, and that he obtrudes himself upon the reader's attention no more than is absolutely necessary. We have found scarcely a single one among the thousands of excerpts in his book which is not really worth preservation, and there are a neatness and precision about them which are very exceptional in such compilations. Disraeli is so anxious to lose

nothing that is good, that he fatigues by his diffuseness; Mr. Russell is well aware that he can not include all, and so contents himself with taking the kernel.

Aside from its readableness, "Library Notes" is a very convenient book to have at hand when the delinquent memory refuses to yield up those neat quotations or illustrative anecdotes which may be introduced so happily in writing or conversation. There is scarcely a conceivable topic about which there are not one or more passages, and what there is, is certain to be pointed, apposite, and suggestive. A copious analytical index furnishes an easy key to the treasures of the volume.

PROFESSOR HAECKEL, perhaps the most eminent among living German biologists, has set himself the difficult and important task of rendering the elementary principles and facts of evolution intelligible, not merely to special students of science, but to that wider circle of educated readers who, without any special training or acquirements, yet feel an enlightened interest in the vital questions of the time. In his "Natural History of Creation," published several years ago and recently reproduced in English, he traces in broad, general outlines the development of the whole animal and vegetable kingdom. In the "Evolution of Man,"* which he describes as a second and more detailed part of the previous work, he attempts to render in a like degree intelligible the entire history of man's development, both as an individual from the parental germ, and as an animal species (or "tribe," as he calls it) from the most rudimentary form of animal life. This stupendous pedigree, Professor Haeckel claims, can now be traced out by science with a degree of probability which amounts to substantial certainty; and he attempts to make each of its successive stages intelligible to the non-scientific reader, together with the double evidence in support of it drawn from the study of man's development as an individual (anthropogeny) and as a race or "tribe" (phylogeny). The difficulty of such a task, as he admits, is very great, "because the defective natural scientific instruction in our schools, even in the present day, leaves educated men quite or nearly ignorant of the structure and arrangement of their bodies"; but there are few obstacles which attentive reading will not surmount, and of the work as a whole, Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace says, "There is probably no book in any language which gives so full, so clear, and so perfectly intelligible an account of the earlier stages of the development of animals." The present translation is from the third German edition, which has been carefully revised by the author, and provided with a preface in which he meets the objections of various critics.

* The Evolution of Man: A Popular Exposition of the Principal Points of Human Ontogeny and Phylogeny. From the German of Professor Ernst Haeckel. In Two Volumes. With Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, pp. 467, 504.

* Library Notes. By A. P. Russell. New edition, revised and enlarged. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 12mo, pp. 402.

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VIVIAN THE BEAUTY.

By MRS. EDWARDES,

AUTHOR OF "ARCHIE LOVELL," "OUGHT WE TO VISIT HER?" ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE STUDY OF EUCLID.

"HE loves me," murmurs Jeanne—"a little—not at all. He loves me."

The sun's rays, setting, transmute the dusk expanses of the Schwarzwald into gold; they turn to fire the pointed roofs and lozenged windows of Schloss Egmont; they kiss with softest bronze the head of Jeanne Dempster, as she stands, idly dreaming the dreams of seventeen, in one of the rose-shadowed, weed-grown terraces of the old Schloss garden.

A half-demolished daisy is between the little maid's fingers; a lesson-book, face downward, lies on the gravel at her feet.

"Er liebt mich." Despite her English birth, Jeanne speaks German like a true child of the Wald—sweet, incorrect, rippling German, deliciously unlike the classic Hanoverian dialect of suburban boarding-schools. "Ein wenig—nicht. Er liebt mich—"

"Deep, as usual, in Euclid!" says a man's voice, close behind her shoulder. "Neither Mamselle Ange nor Fräulein Jeanne being visible, I have brought the implements of study out of doors. But I would on no account disturb you. It were pity to break the thread of mathematical calculation so profound. Choose your own time to begin."

And, depositing three or four dingy-looking schoolbooks, a pewter inkstand, some quill pens, and a sand-box upon the balustrade of the terrace, Jeanne's master takes his place on the stone bench beside which the girl is standing, and proceeds quietly to light his meerschaum.

"I don't know a word more of Euclid than when I first began it, sir." As she makes the confession, Jeanne picks up her lesson-book, Euclid's "Elements," from the ground. "'Proposition XV. Theorem: If two straight lines cut one another, the vertical or opposite angles shall be equal.' Then why try to prove it? Why need we go on with these hideous angles and right angles? Why do you insist—yes, Mr. Wolfgang, insist—on teaching me things that have no use and no beauty?"

"For the same reason that, were I Mamselle Ange, I would insist upon your learning to ride or dance," says Wolfgang coolly; "to promote the growth of muscle—mental muscle in the case of Euclid. If all girls were taught mathematics—"

"They would turn out beings as superior as all men?" interrupts Jeanne, lifting her dark eyes to the master's face. "The thought encourages me, Mr. Wolfgang. I will try my best to see the meaning of Proposition XV., theorem and all, by next lesson."

A smile, quickly suppressed, comes round the master's lips.

"The sarcasm, Miss Dempster, is somewhat personal, considering that I am the only man of education higher than a woodcutter's who as yet has crossed your path."

"The only man higher than a woodcutter? *Du lieber*, and what kind of life do you suppose that we have led, then, Ange and I? We spend a week in Freiburg every summer, sir, and we have gone through the Kur at Autogast; and once we went to Baden-Baden and saw the Emperor start for the Oos races—four black horses he had, and outriders. And I was so near, his Majesty

took off his hat to me! And we went to hear 'Faust' in the evening, among a crowd of princes and royal dukes and Hochwohlgeborens. Mamselle Ange says I shall be taken to a ball at the Residenz next year; and we know old Baron von Katzenellenbogen, and—and the English chaplain's son at Freiburg," cries Jeanne, desperately seeking to swell the list of her male acquaintance by every available item that memory or imagination can supply.

"Emperors, royal dukes, Hochwohlgeborens, and the English chaplain's son at Freiburg!" repeats Wolfgang gravely. "I retract my observation. Your experience of life and of men has been vastly wider than I gave you credit for, especially in matters operatic." He glances with meaning at the petals that strew the terrace pavement. "You were rehearsing Marguerite's soliloquy when I interrupted you just now—satisfactorily, I hope?"

His tone is one of banter, and the quick blood springs to little Jeanne's cheek.

"I was rehearsing it, *most* satisfactorily," she answers with all the steadiness she has at command. "'Er liebt mich.'" Words that in English would scorch her lips, flow from them without constraint in the familiar homeliness of German. "'Ein wenig—nicht.' I had just got to 'Er liebt mich' for the third time—think of that, the third time, Mr. Wolfgang—when I heard your voice."

"Horrible disillusionment! To bring you still more thoroughly from pleasant dreams to distasteful reality, and, as this is the last lesson you will have for a week to come, suppose we proceed to serious work. You are not in a humor for Euclid, it seems, so I will begin by correcting your Latin exercise. 'Est finctimus oritoris poëta'"—opening the page at which, with all the conscientiousness that is in her, his pupil has been working. "'Oritoris!'" An error of the gravest nature at starting. Perhaps you will give me your attention while I try, once more, to explain the use of the dative case after the adjective."

The "serious work" proceeds upon its usual pattern. After an hour's torture over Latin and mathematics, the master produces a well-used volume from his pocket, and begins to read aloud. Is not English elocution included among the arts which he has engaged himself (at one mark seventy-five pfennigs the lesson) to teach? The book chosen to-night is Shakespeare; the play, "Twelfth Night"; and Jeanne, hopelessly obtuse in the higher sciences, is moved to sighs, tears, laughter, at the reader's will. By and by it pleases Wolfgang to hear such crude judgments as the girl can offer upon the play—"Shakespeare," as he says, "annotated by Miss

Jeanne Dempster." And then they hazard a bold review of it from the standpoint of Teutonic criticism, Mr Wolfgang's memory supplying the text of all the notablest translations into German.

"An Englishman who does not understand our language can never appreciate Shakespeare," he observes, with intentional arrogance. "Hear Heine's rendering of 'She never told her love,' and say if it be not stronger, sweeter, more musical, than the original:

'. . . Sie sagte ihre Liebe nie,
Und liess Verheimlichung, wie in der Knospe
Den Wurm, an ihrer Purpur-wange nagen.'"

"No, it is not sweeter," cries little Jeanne stoutly. "'Purpur-wange' is hideous, positively hideous, to my ears. You pronounce English better than I do, sir—except the b's and p's. But, for all that, you are German at heart. You have not the English instinct as I have."

"English instinct! Shakespeare was only first unearthed, dug up out of the mold of British indifference by Lessing. Without Wieland, Herder, Goethe, what would the world know of Shakespeare? Why, this very play, this character of Viola, were never so divinely interpreted as in our own century, by Heine."

For a minute or more Jeanne is silent; her delicate, grave face rapt in thought, her eyes fixed on the cloudlets of amethyst and gold that float, like seraph-heads, above the gradually darkening Wald.

"In real life Viola would be a poor kind of creature," she remarks with an air of conviction. "No girl with a grain of sense in her head would fall in love with a man, duke or no duke, unless he asked her to marry him first."

"Exactly the criticism I should expect to hear from you," says Wolfgang. "Girls of seventeen are simply the most prosaic, heartless, matter-of-fact section of humanity. Talk of youthful imagination, fine feeling, the age of romance! Not one woman in a hundred has a spark of romance belonging to her under thirty! Why, Mamselle Ange—laugh at me as you like, I mean what I say—Mamselle Ange would be a thousand times more alive to the pathos of Viola's character than you are."

"Remember the narrowness of my experience, sir. You told me, a minute ago, that I had never known a man better educated than a wood-cutter, save yourself."

A just perceptible shade of red crosses Wolfgang's dark cheek.

"That puts every question of romance or sentiment on one side, does it not? But your experience is soon to be widened. Paul von Egmont and his sister, I hear, after a dozen years'

absence, have decided to show their faces in the Wald again."

It is Jeanne's turn to change color. From temple to throat blushes mantle over the child's pale skin; her eyes sink beneath Wolfgang's questioning gaze.

The master has compassion enough to look away from her. "She loves me—a little—not" (picking up a flower that has fallen from Jeanne's hand and shredding it, petal from petal)—"she loves me—not!" He flings down the stalk with a certain gesture of impatience.

"What better answer could be expected from such an oracle! Do you know, Miss Dempster, that the sun is down—that, unless I wish you good-by this very instant, I shall lose my train?"

"Lose it, sir," says little Jeanne promptly. "I invite you, in Mamselle Ange's name, to drink tea with us. Give up dust and heat and engine-smoke for once, and walk to Freiburg, as everybody used to do before the railroad was made across the mountains."

"The invitation is tempting, *Fräulein* Jeanne. On an evening like this the very sight of an engine among our Black Forest valleys is an abomination. Still, I have my evening class in Freiburg, my good, studious lads to whom work means work—"

"And Euclid, Euclid. Let the good, studious lads have a holiday, poor wretches! They will be none the duller to-morrow, depend upon it."

"The philosophy is pleasant if not sound. 'Fais ce que tu aimes, advienne que pourra.' As I certainly love this garden better than my hot town lodging," says Wolfgang, "I will risk putting it into practice."

He pauses, transfers his pipe—the eternal meerschaum—from his lips to his breast-pocket, and with an air half of enjoyment, half of regret, looks around him.

"Paul von Egmont need not have wandered far a-field in search of inspiration," he remarks presently. "Had the lad contented himself with painting pictures of homely Schwarzwald lives, of homely Schwarzwald landscapes, his work, at least, might have boasted originality. In Rome, like so many of our German students, he has become but a pale copyist of greater artists' thoughts. But that is how men miss their true vocation—their true happiness also—nineteen times out of twenty."

"Count Paul has missed happiness," says Jeanne, "if the village gossips say true. You know his story?"

"Not so well but that it might be good for me to hear you repeat it, little Jeanne." The familiar epithet seems to escape, unawares, from Wolfgang's lips. "I know one version of the

story only," he adds hastily—"not the version given by the village gossips."

"Well, sir, before Count Paul was one-and-twenty, he had the misfortune to fall in love. His sweetheart was a village girl who had sat to him as a model—Wendolin the miller's daughter Malva."

Jeanne raises her eyes to the master's face; but Wolfgang has turned sharply away; his arms are folded across his breast. "She was the handsomest maiden of the Höllenthal. You may see her portrait, any day you choose, just as Count Paul painted her, in the altar-piece of St. Ulrich Church. Some think," says little Jeanne, "that all her troubles sprang from that picture. No maiden prospers in earthly love, you know, who has given her face as a model for the Holy Mother's. But these things are too deep for me. Yes, she was the handsomest maiden of the Höllenthal, and the best—to this day, tears come in the village people's eyes when they speak of Wendolin's Malva—and young Count Paul was to marry her at Easter. All the Von Egmonts at the Schloss here were beside themselves with mortification. Such a crime as a Von Egmont marrying a peasant maiden was not written, Ange says, in the records of their house. Count Paul had already determined to be a painter (that, in itself, was blow enough to the family pride), and was to go to Rome for the winter to study. If Malva had willed, he would have taken her with him as his bride; but the maiden had self-respect enough to say no. 'I will win the heart of the Countess and of her daughter yet,' said Wendolin's Malva. 'Every good woman is pitiful. When the gracious ladies see me alone, without Count Paul, when they see how I shall work, and learn and fit myself to be his wife, they will soften toward me.'

"But the gracious ladies," goes on little Jeanne, "never softened. When young Count Paul had been gone about three months, they came one day, in their velvets and furs, to Wendolin's house, bringing with them a letter—a letter, so they said, that had just arrived from a brother artist of Paul's in Rome, and that it much behooved Malva to listen to. That letter was the maiden's death-blow."

Wolfgang rises hastily. He crosses to the farther side of the terrace and stands there, his back turned toward the western after-glow, his face veiled in shadow. Overhead the swifts are circling, with happy cries, athwart the sun-colored heaven. A solitary thrush calls low from the Wald. The garden, gay with such hardy flowers as can stand the Black Forest climate, is at the zenith of its summer bravery. A spirit of freshness, purity, peace, seems moving, like a visible presence, over the fair and fragrant earth.

"Finish the maiden's story," says the master, after a time. "It has an interest for me beyond what you can understand. Tell me as much as you know of—of Malva's death."

"I know more of her death than of her life," says little Jeanne. "Old Fritzel's granddaughter, blind Lottchen, used to tell me about it. To all who were sad or stricken, Wendolin's Malva was good; and often she would have the blind girl hold her company for days together, and talk to her, when the two were alone, of her love and of her sorrow. 'Count Paul is going to be a great painter'—this ran through all her thoughts—and he will choose for himself a noble wife. It were sin and shame, his brother painters say, that he should marry a peasant maiden because of her yellow hair and white throat. I should drag him down to my level; I should stand between him and his art; I should make him unhappy with mean jealousies—I, who would die to please his least wish and think death sweet!' And then she would weep—at times, blind Lottchen could hear her weeping quietly the whole night long—or she would rise, when she thought the rest of the house slept, and pray for Count Paul and for strength to be true to him."

"True!" repeats Wolfgang, very low. "Have I not heard that she wrote Von Egmont a letter taking back her plighted troth, declaring that it was better that both should marry in their own class of life?"

"That letter was written under the Gräfin's direction. She was Paul's step-mother, you know, sir; no real mother would so have risked her son's happiness. And Paul—there, say the peasant people, was his sin—he took the simple maiden at her word. Ange and the Fräü Meyer have heard there were other influences that helped against poor Malva. Some say there was a great English lady in Rome, whose flattery drew the young painter into her train of admirers; and some say there was an Italian play-actress, and some say there were *both*. About all this I know nothing. Malva died. Her picture hangs, where you may see it, over St. Ulrich high altar, and her grave is in the Kirchhof beside the big yew. The carved marble cross at her head was placed there by Count Paul's order. It came from Munich, and cost more gold than Malva had touched in all her life. But he never troubled himself to visit the spot; he never shed a tear over her grave. Blind Lottchen kept it fresh with flowers while she lived, and, now that Lottchen lies there too, I have planted pinks and rosemary above them both. I will go to the Kirchhof with you any evening you choose, sir."

"I have been there already," answers Wolfgang shortly. "When I came back to the Wald

two months ago, the first visit that I paid was to St. Ulrich churchyard."

"And you saw Malva's grave? It is a fine marble cross, is it not? But the Wald people say a stone-mason's bill can make poor amends for a broken heart."

"Poor amends, in truth!" repeats Wolfgang, with bitter emphasis.

And then there is silence.

CHAPTER II.

DUTCH MICHAEL'S HOUR.

SILENCE profound, yet fraught with inarticulate murmurs, just as the air is haunted by impalpable odors from the adjacent forest; sweet, dewy silence, such as a city-wearied man might well travel a few hundred miles, now, in this July weather, to enjoy.

Schloss Egmont lies in one of the remoter valleys of the Höllenthal—a district curiously hinted at by guide-books, uninvaded by the great devastating army of personally-conducted cockney sight-mongers. Less than two years ago the older people of St. Ulrich village had never heard a railway-whistle. No telegraphic wires link its interests with those of the outer world. The church-clock, set approximately right on Sunday mornings, possesses an hour-hand only. Do not the storks go and come? Are there not the season of resin-gathering, the season of timber-floating, the rising and setting of God's sun, throughout all the changes of the year? What need men here with such finikin apportionments of time as quarters or minutes?

The deep discordance of a far-away supper-bell rouses Jeanne and her master from the reverie into which both have sunk. For fifteen years or more that bell has rested in idleness: no need to summon Mamselle Ange, the housekeeper, and Jeanne, the solitary occupants of the Schloss, to their homely meals. During the past ten days, however, the prospect of Count Paul's return has roused the household into a sort of galvanized life. Dinner-bells, calling no one to dinner, are rung; shutters are opened of a morning and closed at night; Hans the gardener is learning, in a twenty-year-old livery, to wait at table; a flag, moldily displaying the Von Egmont quarterings, floats, as was its wont in palmier times, from the topmost pepper-pot turret of the house.

As Jeanne and Wolfgang draw near, Mamselle Ange appears suddenly at the central basement doorway—a lamp in one hand, an open letter in the other. No man has ever definitely made out if Ange be maid, wife, or widow. It is the custom throughout the Fatherland to call

housekeepers "mamselle," irrespective of age, nation, or social status; and Ange, for more than thirty years, has reigned supreme over the still-room and kitchens of Schloss Egmont. A Scotchwoman by descent, Angela Macgregor's youth was spent in Spain, from which country she accompanied the Countess Dolores von Egmont to the Schwarzwald. From that day to this she has never left the grand duchy of Baden. "I dislike the country, the climate, and the language," Mamselle Ange will tell you in moments of expansion; "but I stay here for the sake of Paul and Salome. Dolores made me promise to be true to the children. I have kept my word—yes, even when their father brought home another wife. One may be allowed to do one's duty, I suppose, without liking it?"

"The children" have long passed away out of Ange's sight. Salome, brilliantly married in her teens, is mistress of a London embassy. Paul, self-exiled at the age of twenty, divides his homeless Bohemian life between the different art capitals of Europe. But Ange remains at her post. "When the boy marries," she declares with a sigh, "I will take little Jeanne by the hand and make my way to Inverness. Paul will return with his bride to Egmont some day, and I shall go back to my father's house, among my father's people, to die."

At the present moment excitement, unwonted, heightens our good Mamselle Ange's complexion. Her cap, at no time secure as to its foundations, is suspended over her left ear; the points of her pelerine hang jauntily from the opposite shoulder. 'Tis evident the arrival of the letter-carrier has broken in upon some mysterious chemistry of the still-room. A huge checked apron envelops Ange's person from chin to ankle; the skirt of her dress is pinned up in the style called "fish-wife" by the fashion-books; a pungent odor of raspberries and vinegar breaks on the sense at her approach.

"Here is a fine prospect before us all!" she exclaims, or rather soliloquizes, as Jeanne and the master draw near. "Salome obliged to start for St. Petersburg on political affairs—something new for our princess to be so dutiful in accompanying her husband! Paul, no one knows where, in Germany, and a parcel of fashionable fools coming to Schloss Egmont next Thursday! Yes, fashionable fools!" ejaculates Ange, in fiery staccato. "The celebrated London beauty—Vivian Vivash. What do we want with celebrated beauties in the Black Forest? And her friend—a lady of title—and her other friend, a baronet—and a maid! To be entertained by *me!* 'Trespassers' (easy enough for Salome to write in that airy style) 'upon our good Mamselle Ange's hospitality.' Very great trespassers, in-

deed! A beauty, and her friends, and her maid, just in the season of the small fruits! Mr. Wolfgang" (awakening to the master's presence with a jump, our good Mamselle being at once short-sighted and absent, her existence is passed in a chronic condition of surprise), "I believed you to have started for Freiburg an hour ago. May I ask you to hold the inkstand upright—I mean to the left?—the ink leaks when it is held straight. If you will wait a minute, Mr. Wolfgang, I shall give you something to carry home with you. My last two bottles of raspberry vinegar have not turned out as clear as I could wish."

"Mr. Wolfgang will drink tea with us to-night," interrupts little Jeanne. "The lesson was so long—I had so many faults in my exercise—that Mr. Wolfgang lost his train, and—"

"And will have the pleasure of walking home by starlight, Mamselle Ange's present of raspberry vinegar in his pocket," remarks Wolfgang, with composure.

"It is not over-clear, Mr. Wolfgang—not to compare with my company vinegar—but it will make you a nice, wholesome drink during the hot weeks. And where means are small," says Ange, with a compassionate shake of the head, "of course, every little is a help."

Jeanne glances in an agony at Wolfgang; but the point-blank mention of his poverty has evidently not disconcerted him. A diverted smile lights his face: as he follows Mamselle Ange up the winding stair which leads from the basement to the parterre floor, he sings, half aloud, the first bars of "The Wanderer":

"Tired and worn, as the sun goes down,
The Wanderer enters his native town,
And see! His old friends pass him by;
So bronzed his cheek . . ."

"I do not, generally, admit strangers to this room," cries Mamselle Ange, pushing back an oaken door on the left side of the landing. "However, for once—Jeanne, my dear," with meaning—"for *once*, we shall be glad to bid Mr. Wolfgang welcome, and to give him a slice of currant cake, a cup of English tea, such, I am sure, as he does not often taste.—Come in, Mr. Wolfgang") accompanying the invitation by a ceremonious courtesy). "This used to be Count Paul's study; you see his portrait there, above the bookcase, as he was at fourteen; and Jeanne and I make it our summer parlor. One might call it a comfortable room, if it were possible ever to be comfortable out of Great Britain. Two lone women seem less stranded, at all events less like sand on the seashore, here than elsewhere, in Schloss Egmont."

It is a room well loved by little Jeanne; the more, perhaps, in that she has no British expe-

riences whereon to found her ideas of comfort. A wainscoted hexagonal room situate in the western tower of the Schloss, pine-woods in front, pine-woods on either side; a vista of blue moorland showing through a clearing among the forests, at one solitary point. As a child, Jeanne used to be told that blue streak was the sea. When Fräulein Jeanne was old enough, said the waiting-maidens, she should sail away thither, like the wood-merchants floating down, upon their rafts, to the country of the Mynheers, and meet her father and mother, provided she worked diligently at her sampler and sums meanwhile.

Jeanne Dempster arrived at the truth of the legend a good many years ago. She knows that the blue streak is the Rhine plain; knows that her father and mother have crossed a sea the navigation of whose currents not the most assiduous sampler-working—no, not even a mastery of the rule of three—can facilitate. With wiser people than Jeanne, however, the magic of a belief is apt to linger longer than the belief itself. The blue streak is but the Rhine plain! And still, at seventeen as at seven, it remains a heaven-kissed horizon to the girl's hopes—a far-stretching background to a thousand sweet and unsubstantial dreams.

The twilight by this time has died out; external objects are no longer discernible; yet can one feel the presence of the woods by the indistinct soughing sound, the piney aroma that enters through the open windows. Unpinning her apron, and setting her cap approximately straight before the one small mirror of which the study can boast, Mamselle Ange takes her seat at the table, where a lamp and tea-equipage are set ready. The master places himself in such a position as exactly to confront the picture of Count Paul von Egmont.

It is an oil-painting, life-size, by Werner. The boy, in point-lace and velvet, seems to look out with earnest, living eyes from the canvas; a side-light falls softly, yet with Rembrandt-like intensity of effect, upon the fair young face.

"You are looking at a masterpiece, sir," says Ange, as Wolfgang stirs his tea somewhat absently. "It is said, from an art point of view, to be the best portrait Werner ever painted, let alone the beauty of the subject. People used to talk of Salome's good looks. 'An aristocratic profile,' said these German Hochwohlgeborens. 'An alabaster brow—a complexion!' Salome was not to be spoken of in the same day as the boy. Paul's *heart* was aristocratic, in the best sense of the word, and his heart was written on his countenance. Ah me!" muses Ange, "I should recognize his smile among a thousand. Salome, for aught I know, may be just a prettyish, faded woman, a doll that has lost its paint—

the usual ending of a profile and a complexion. A face like Paul's must grow nobler under the influence of years."

"Take away the millinery, the velvet, the point-lace, the Rembrandt effect," remarks Wolfgang coolly, "and one would call Paul von Egmont an ordinary-looking boy."

"Ordinary!" exclaims little Jeanne, Mamselle Ange chiming in an indignant second. "You can look at that forehead, at those lips, sir, and call them ordinary? Count Paul's face is just the most beautiful thing in the world," says Jeanne, with warmth. It is not the child's wont to be demonstrative; but Wolfgang's disparaging tone, a certain contempt with which he looks up at Paul von Egmont's portrait, have stung her out of her accustomed reticence. "Whenever we leave Schloss Egmont—yes, mamselle, whenever you and I start off for Inverness—we will carry that portrait away with us. I could not live without it."

The master turns; he looks at his pupil with cool scrutiny. (How sharp is the contrast—the thought flashes through Jeanne Dempster's mind—how sharp the contrast between the lad with his affluence of spirits, of hope, and the man, "not clean past his youth, yet with some smack of age in him, some relish of the saltiness of time," and with disappointment, satiety, regret, printed, deeper even than his years should warrant, on his face!)

"I should presume too far did I ask the reason of Fräulein Dempster's enthusiasm," he remarks, after a pause. "As art, the portrait, like all that Werner paints, has its merits. Beyond that—"

"Oh, you must never talk about Jeanne's reasons," interrupts Mamselle Ange. "Little Jeanne likes and dislikes, as she does most things, by instinct. From the time she could notice anything she took to worshiping Paul's picture—I believe, until I taught her better, used to say her prayers to it."

"Well for the child," answers Wolfgang, in a tone that brings the blood to Jeanne's cheek—"well for the child, Mamselle Ange, that she used to say her prayers to anything!"

There is a flavor of heterodoxy about the remark that is little to Mamselle Ange's taste. She is an out-and-out conservative, a stickler for every inch of social grade or barrier, and has no idea of a person in poor Mr. Wolfgang's class uttering anything beyond the blindest copy-book truisms. A man must be a "de" or a "von" who should venture, unrebuked, in Ange's presence, upon such a solecism as freethinking.

"Jeanne from her earliest years has been educated in The Truth." Capitals poorly represent the pious emphasis of voice. "She was a luck-

gift to me, you see," says Mamselle Ange, her old face softening. "One of your modern school of doctors, your scientists, your men of ideas, Mr. Wolfgang, discovered (in his own warm London study) that the sharp air of the Black Forest must, if you reasoned far enough, be a cure for failing lungs. He wrote a pamphlet about it; and Jeanne's mother, nineteen years old, and with death on her flushed cheeks, was one of the first sent to Autogast to test the theory. She died; and the baby, of course, came to me. I wonder during my life how many babies have come, *of course*, to me! At first I took small notice of the child; I don't care for wise, solemn babies who look you through and through with their black eyes, and never cry. Besides, where was the use of troubling about a little wretch who would be taken away from me as soon as she could run alone? However, that day never came. Before Jeanne was three years old (the girl's name is Janet, but everything gets perverted if you live among Germans—to think that, at my time of life, I, Angela Macgregor, should pass by the fool's name of Mamselle Ange!)—before Jeanne was three years old there arrived news that her father had gone down on his way to India, such fortune as he had with him; and would I like—much my likings mattered!—to keep the child? Yes, that is how my luck-gift came to me."

"In the days before Paul von Egmont had left his home?" asks Wolfgang, once more lifting his eyes to the young Count's portrait.

"Paul von Egmont started for Rome a few months after the death of Jeanne's father. The lad's heart was heavy enough, God knows, with his own affairs, but I remember his taking Jeanne in his arms—nay, child, there is nothing for you to turn so red about—and kissing her before he started. Since then, all have left me," says Mamselle Ange, passing her hand across her forehead—"the old Count, his wife, Salome. But what," suddenly recollecting her dignity, "what can you care, Mr. Wolfgang, for these family histories? You alluded, I think, to Jeanne's religious principles. She knew her catechism—in English and Scotch, I am no sectarian—by the age of eight. She has been spiritually fed upon the works of Jeremy Taylor and Baxter. And she was confirmed last April.—Yes, and when these dreadful people come upon us, child, you can wear out your confirmation frock," says Ange, hastily unfolding her letter, then holding it sidewise at about an inch distant from her nose. "Seven-o'clock dinners, dressing of an evening, are among the pleasures Salome has chalked out for us, as you shall hear:

"'MY BEST MAMSELLE' (*Mamselle!* And

in the old days it was 'alle liebste Ange'—'ma bonne petite maman.' But nothing vitiates human nature like success. If Salome had married something lower than a prince, she might have a heart in her still): 'After all, my hopes of seeing the Schwarzwald this summer are doomed to be disappointed. Political events have taken such a turn that the Prince's presence is needed at once in Russia, and, of course, I accompany him. We shall go by Paris—it lies not necessarily on our road, but could I appear among my husband's people' (Salome taken with sudden affection for her husband's people!) 'did I not make a preliminary visit to Worth? You inquire for my brother. Paul, to the best of my belief, is wandering in Germany, possibly may arrive at Egmont in the course of a week. He appeared at London late in April, as usual, for the exhibitions, and, as usual, was a victim' (*that* his sister has never been) 'to sentiment. Who, do you think, is Paul's last fair, impossible She? The reigning—ought I to say the dethroned?—beauty of the season, Vivian Vivash! He saw her first at the Academy, in an attitude of rapt devotion, 'tis said, before her own portrait, refused to be introduced—you know how little Paul frequents reputable society—and has worshiped her at a distance, after his "æsthetic" fashion, ever since. Even in the Black Forest, you must have heard of our Hyde Park goddess, Vivian Vivash. Her smile has turned the wisest heads in Europe; poets have sung her praises; artists have painted her charms. Not a shop-boy in Oxford Street but wears her photograph in a locket. Not a weekly social but records her triumphs or her defeats. We have 'had Vivian Vivash bonnets, Vivian Vivash broughams. Preachers have made her the text of their admonitions, tobacconists have engraved her on their pipes. And still—I say it in pity, not envy—the dear creature has not got a feature in her face. But you will see her—restrain your astonishment—and be able to form your own opinion. Thinking we should spend August at Schloss Egmont, I invited the beauty—as a pleasant surprise for Paul—to stay there with us; the beauty, her chaperon, and 'âme damnée,' Lady Pamela Lawless, and little Sir Christopher Marlowe, a tame baronet who usually follows in their wake. It is madness, you will say, for Paul to think of marrying a girl without money. My good friend, Paul's life has been one long madness. The time has come when he is certain to marry some one, and Vivian the beauty would be a less discreditable sister-in-law than a second edition of Malva, Wendolin the miller's yellow-haired daughter! These trespassers on our best Ange's hospitality will arrive at Egmont next Thursday, by which time, Paul, I trust, will be there to receive them. Of course you and little Jeanne will inaugurate

seven-o'clock dinners and dressing of an evening during their visit. Salute the child for me, and believe in the devotion of yours, SALOME.

"POSTSCRIPT.—It might not be amiss to get up a ball or festivity of some kind to celebrate Paul's return. You would have his authority, I know, to invite the neighborhood, and cooks and fiddlers could be got over from Baden-Baden."

"Madness! Yes, for once in her life, Salome is right," cries Mamselle Ange, throwing down the letter on the table. "A reigning London beauty, and of a very doubtful kind, to be entertained here at Schloss Egmont, by *me*! I just look upon it all as a sign of the Von Egmont lunacy—"

"Or of Count Paul's approaching marriage—which?" cries little Jeanne, bending down her face as she speaks, above her plate.

"Of both," replies Ange, with a kindling cheek. "This beauty, this doll of a London season, will suit him vastly worse than Malva would have done. Malva had red hands and rough ways, and spoke the peasant's dialect. But she had a modest woman's heart within her breast. She could love. Time for me and you to pack up, child," adds Ange hotly. "We shall be wanted for the wedding-feast, perhaps, wanted to set the house in order! Meantime—"

"Meantime," interrupts Wolfgang, with an air of deference, "I trust, mamselle, that my pupil's studies will not be interrupted? It is needful that I go to the Leipsic book-fair for the rest of this week, but I have left Fräulein Jeanne sufficient work to do in my absence. Count Paul's marriage," he adds, not without a certain awkwardness, "would naturally break up all present relations, and, as you think there is a chance of it, we had best extend our studies while we may. Now, a little popular science—"

"Never!" exclaims Mamselle Ange with energy; "I hear enough of popular science. Materialism made easy at the Herr Pastor's tea-table. 'Our thoughts are movements of matter,' says Popular Science, 'and our souls a pinch of phosphorus'!"

"Mamselle Ange!"

"Yes, yes, Mr. Wolfgang, I have heard the Pastor read aloud his letters from Jena. I know the jargon of the school. We inhabit an accidental world, in which everything that is is for the worst, more miserable, because more intelligent, than an oyster; respecting nothing but the ancestral apes from which we spring, and looking upon Belief as a crutch fit only for sickly minds to lean upon. No science, I thank you, sir, for Jeanne. An elegant handwriting, a cursory knowledge of polite literature, an aptness at quotation, used to be held the fitting accomplishments for a gentle-

man. These, with a smattering, perhaps, of Latin and Euclid, are the accomplishments in which I desire that Miss Dempster should be finished."

"Together with proficiency in the manufacture of currant cakes and raspberry vinegar," adds Wolfgang. "The Fräulein's education will be perfect—an admixture of solidity and ornament that would have charmed Jean Jacques himself."

It is already night when the master leaves Schloss Egmont—one of those mystic, moonless nights on which, say the Wald-folk, the good and evil spirits of the forest walk abroad; Dutch Michael, in his seven-league boots, a ship's mast for his staff, and chanting, in a terrible voice, his litany of temptation:

"Gold for him who will buy—

Who will buy?

Gold at a trifling cost: only your souls to be lost—

Who will buy?"—

the friendly Glassman, with burnished hair and beard, with clothing of spun glass, ready to bestow good gifts on all such human children (provided they were born between three and four of a Sunday afternoon) as shall cross his path.

It is already night; but Jeanne and Wolfgang linger over their farewells beside the outer gate of the courtyard. A roll of exercise-books, to be corrected, is under the master's arm; his pockets are weighted with the bottles of raspberry vinegar which Ange, in the fullness of her pity for his needs, has insisted upon his carrying away.

"Good night and good-by, Fräulein Jeanne." As he speaks, Wolfgang takes his pupil's slender hand between his own. "I shall be away five days. Such things have been known as people forgetting each other in less than five days. Don't take example by your fine, do-nothing London visitors. Get as much Euclid as you can into your head before my return."

"Euclid—always Euclid!" murmurs the child, drawing her hand away with a movement of petulance.

"Yes, always Euclid, as Mamselle Ange has laid an embargo on popular science. By the way, how many weeks is it since Mamselle Ange first engaged me to give you lessons? Seven—eight, is it not?"

"Eight weeks exactly, sir. Hans had been carrying our first hay the evening you came to speak to Ange. I was in the cart—do you remember?"

"And you threw me a wild rose—you gave me a smile as I passed. Yes, I remember, Jeanne; the last eight weeks have been the happiest of my life!"

Well for Jeanne that her hand is in her own

keeping; well for her that the darkness hides her changing color from the master's sight.

"You have the gift of teaching, I should say, Mr. Wolfgang." If a whole jury of impaneled matrons were present to give her moral support, Jeanne's tone could not be more correctly frigid. "Whatever one does well, one likes. Still," she adds shyly, "*happiness* is a strong word to use in connection with Latin declensions, English parsing, and a stupid pupil."

"That depends upon one's power of tolerating stupid pupils, Jeanne" (after a pause. With youth in one's veins a pause, on a summer night like this, comes dangerously near a caress). "Do you know that I am going back to my stifling Freiburg garret a rich man?"

"Rich in the possession of some cloudy raspberry vinegar and a pile of blotted copy-books," says the girl, with a somewhat forced laugh.

"Rich in the possession of a secret from which I would not part for all the money of all the Jews in Freiburg."

"Knowledge—"

"That has come to me to-night at Schloss Egmont, through the agency, did she but know it, of our good Mamselle Ange. Wish me joy, little Jeanne," he whispers, ere the girl can collect herself, taking possession of her hand again, and this time not relinquishing it. "Say only those four words, 'I wish you joy.' I ask nothing more."

"But I am ignorant. What do I know of your life—your hopes?" she stammers.

"Repeat the words," he persists, in the tone Jeanne has never found it possible to disobey. "It does not matter in the slightest degree whether you understand their import."

For a moment or two longer Jeanne hesitates. Wolfgang lifts her hand within a couple of inches of his lips.

"Take my advice. Be quick," he tells her, with meaning, "or you will have yourself to thank for the consequences."

"I wish—it is the most foolish thing I ever said in my life, Mr. Wolfgang, but you force me into saying it—I wish you joy."

He looks, by such light as the stars afford, into the girl's transparently truthful face; then quietly loosens his hold on her hand and turns from her without another word. Away above the vineyards, along the straight white road that leads from Egmont to the outer world, Jeanne watches him—away until his figure is lost to sight among the purple darkness of the surrounding Wald. The clock of St. Ulrich village church is striking as she turns, lingeringly, reluctantly, in the direction of the Schloss.

"Eleven o'clock—Dutch Michael's hour," cries Mamselle Ange, who at this moment is sallying

forth, lantern in hand, to make her last rounds for the night. "I never listen to their superstitions, as you know, child" (our good Ange has every ghostly legend of the district at her fingers' ends), "still, there is no falsehood without a grain of truth at bottom, and the Tannenbühl firs look blacker than I care to see to-night. What in the world has that man Wolfgang been saying to you?"

What, indeed! Jeanne's heart beats thick and fast. She glances, in a tremor half delight half fear, across the starlit courtyard toward the forest. All is silent. If the spirits of the Wald are abroad, *and have listened*, they keep her secret well.

CHAPTER III.

A HYDE PARK GODDESS.

DURING the next five days, Schloss Egmont undergoes, from roof to basement, the process horribly familiar to all thrifty Marthas throughout the Fatherland of "Hausputzen." Cobwebs, thick with the dust of ages, are swept down; tapestries, moth-eaten into lace-work, are hung up; mirrors and candelabra are unswathed from the brown Holland surtouts beneath which, during the damps of more than a dozen winters, they have been growing gradually lusterless. The blue, or best, bedchamber, untenanted since the death of the last Countess, has been set ready for Miss Vivash. An enchantress, whose smile has turned the wisest heads in Europe, a goddess whom artists rush to paint and poets to sing, will infallibly, so Ange theorizes, turn out a rose-water divinity, a vaporous, artificial doll, to whom faded azure hangings, spindle-legged tables, and last-century cabinets will form a fitting background. Jeanne's pretty little school-room (the scene of many a too happy lesson during the past eight weeks) has been given up, in order that Beauty may have a boudoir. The village has been rifled to furnish her balcony with flowers. Fräulein Pastor Myer has lent a cheval-glass, brought from Paris at the time of the Pastor's marriage, wherein Beauty may survey her charms. And then a room must be organized within ringing-distance—no easy matter at Schloss Egmont—for Beauty's maid; and there must be an apartment on the same floor for Beauty's chaperon; and another apartment for Sir Christopher Marlowe, the tame Baronet who usually follows in Beauty's wake.

"Salome talks about fiddlers and cooks from Baden-Baden," remarks Mamselle Ange, with temper. "Much good fiddlers and cooks would have been in such upholsterer's work as ours! But that is just the airy Von Egmont manner.

'Get ready a dinner for to-day, my best mamselle,' the old Count used to say. 'A dozen friends are coming unexpectedly from Freiburg. What shall you provide for us? Anything. Improvise as you like, so long as you give us our wine cool.' This in August, perhaps; not a pound of ice to be got in the whole country round. 'And let each course be of the best, and well served.' It is the same story still. 'Inaugurate late dinners; dressing of an evening; invite the neighborhood; get cooks and fiddlers from Baden-Baden!' 'I hope,' adds Ange, with staccatoed emphasis—"I hope sincerely that Paul will marry his Beauty and be happy with her. I hope my reign is over. I hope Schloss Egmont is going to have a lawful mistress at last."

The five-days' Hausputzen has come to an end; the last touch is given to expectant preparation; and in the big bare guest-room Ange and Jeanne, full-dressed according to Schwarzwald notions, and with their hands folded in unnatural idleness, await their London visitors. Oh, the discomfort of the high-backed chairs, the faded meagerness of the yellow satin curtains! Oh, the Chinese monsters on the stove! Oh, the long-dead court-goddesses, who simpler in pastel, with arched eyebrows, cushioned hair, and impossible waists, from the gilt-and-white panels of this stateliest, chilliest, least habitable apartment of the Schloss!

In vain have Ange and her handmaid dusted; in vain has Jeanne decked every available shelf, bracket, and table with flowers. The most diligent Hausputzen can not displace the moral cobwebs; the sweetest rose-odor can not dispel the intangible sense of mildew that haunts the walls, the belongings, the very aristocratic atmosphere of the Von Egmont guest-room.

"Except the Baden-Baden Tanzsaal, I suppose there is nothing like it in the duchy," little Jeanne says, glancing round her with pride. "The only doubt is—do we go well with yellow satin? The Beauty and her friends will scarcely trouble themselves to look at us, I dare say. Still, one would not like to disgrace Count Paul in the sight of his London guests."

And, crossing the room, the girl sets herself to the contemplation of Ange's figure and her own, reflected back, as they are, by an ancient and proportionably unflattering mirror, crookedly hung (everything at Schloss Egmont, from pewter inkstands up to Venetian glass, has a touch of obliquity about it) between the central windows.

Little Jeanne has the true Raphael-red hair, the deep, dark eyes of the Madonna del San Sisto. More than one painter traveling through the Wald in search of "sacred" coloring has sought her as a sitter. Sought her in vain. With

Malva's history serving as warning, what girl, within a dozen miles of St. Ulrich, would lend her face as a model for the Holy Mother? Her skin is palely clear, varying with every varying feeling of the quickest, most emotional of natures; her unformed figure inclines to lankness; her shoulders stoop at times; the bridge of her nose is not innocent of a freckle or two; and her smile is a gleam of pure sunshine! She has attired herself on the present occasion in the best frock—second, of course, to her confirmation muslin—that her scanty wardrobe owns—a kind of serviceable white dimity much affected for Sunday wear by the young women of the district, shrunk by repeated washings, and showing more wrist and ankle than ever entered into the original intention of the village dressmaker. Her hair, in all its plenitude of red, is set forth in a multitude of the towering plaits dear to the provincial Teutonic mind. A coral necklace, dating from Mamselle Ange's infancy, is round her throat. She wears a white cambric apron, double-soled shoes of honest, Schwarzwald manufacture, and a pair of open-work stockings, knitted by the Frau Pastor as a birthday present, and never put on save for the high and solemn ceremonial days of life.

So much for little Jeanne; now for Ange, our "best mamselle," elaborately dressed for company, and as well satisfied with the result of her labors as though the prince of man-milliners had consented, for some two or three thousand francs, to make her his "study." A tall, spare maiden the wrong side of fifty—Mamselle Ange has been the wrong side of fifty as far back as Jeanne's memory can stretch—indistinct of feature, with yellow hair arranged in curls on either side a cannon-ball forehead, with a reddish complexion; with laces, lappets, garnitures, all arranged upon a dozen different conflicting models, and all crooked. (In writing this word I would not hunt that Mamselle Ange is disfigured, morally or physically, by any actual twist. She is, on the contrary, upright of structure as an ostrich, a bird at which I can never look without being reminded of her. Neither, scrutinizing her appearance in detail, could you state, specifically, in which particular garment the want of balance resides. And still, notably on this evening when the London guests are to arrive, does the whole voluminous structure seem to totter to its fall.) Her cap-ribbon is blue—when does an ancient blonde forsake her standard?—her dress a sage-green silk, dating from some epoch when our race it would seem affected "patterns," woven in vari-color, along a multitude of flounces. She is redolent of lavender-water confectioned in the Egmont still-room, and all unlike the foreign-flavored essences of London or Paris; is adorned

by a Japanese fan, never before known to emerge from silver paper into the light of day, by a museum of hair-rings, and on her breast by the portrait of a Macgregor, with high cheek-bones and an upper lip, in a kilt.

"I hope," says little Jeanne, with solemn eagerness—"I hope we don't look dreadfully like the dancing ladies in the booths at Freiburg Fair? It may be only the effect of the window-curtains, of course, but we are not *in tune*." Although she has never heard of South Kensington, Jeanne is instinct to the very finger-tips with artistic feeling. "Ought we to be paler about the hair and skin, do you suppose? Or ought they not to be yellow satin?"

"Salmon-color and yellow are death to a fine complexion," Mamselle Ange enunciates with authority. "I said so to Dolores when first she chose the hangings. But we know what these Spanish women are! Coquetry or devotion, a mantilla or a priest, all the poor dear thought of was her own fallow cheeks. I have been killed, murdered by yellow satin during a quarter of a century, and but for my pious bringing up should infallibly have been driven into rouge. There was the difference in our position. Up to the day of her death Dolores used to put on her ermine with no more scruple than she did her rosary, and I have no doubt Paul's goddess, Miss Vivian Vivash, will have the same elastic conscience. Miss Vivian Vivash!" repeats Ange in stinging accents. "There is a straining after effect in the alliteration, an impertinence in the juxtaposition of the letters. To think, after thirty years' fidelity, that I should be displaced by such a successor, the vapid beauty of a London season, the idol of tobacconists and photographers, a milliner's block, a setter of fashions, a Vivian Vivash!"

Scarcely has the name left Mamselle Ange's lips when the crunch of wheels, the cracking of whips, resound from the courtyard. There comes a minute of keen expectancy; little Jeanne, like one under the influence of hasheesh, feels as if these intense sixty seconds equaled a year of common life! The tones of a woman's voice, loud, drawling, uneducated, are heard in the entrance-hall; and then the salon-door is thrown open, and Vivian the Beauty stands there.

And the first thought of Ange and Jeanne alike—the first thought of those poor uncultivated heathen is, that the great London beauty possesses no beauty at all. So much is training needed for appreciation of really high art on or off canvas in our day!

A sandy blonde by nature, with the phlegmatic temperament, the dense, bloodless complexion of the type, Vivian's hair is deepened artificially to a lusterless, inky black. She wears it

plainly drawn from a brow that with all its snows, with all its handsome carvings, is soulless. The nose is common—if it were not for the verdict of St. James's Street, one would be tempted to call it broad. The jawbone is square; the lips are full as the lips of an octoroon. Miss Vivash has strong, white teeth, eyebrows carefully selected to match her hair, a pair of unabashed, steel-colored eyes, an excruciating waist, a throat, and shoulders. She wears a tight-fitting, pearl-gray traveling-dress, a tiny, pearl-gray hat, with a solitary tuft of gilt feathers, pearl-gray gloves and boots, and a necklet of dead gold. Not a discordant tint, not a superabundant gather or fold—indeed, the Beauty's dress would seem not so much to belong to her as to *be* herself. In little Jeanne's attire, as in Mamselle Ange's, buttons and hooks are not unfrequently notable by their deficiency. Mortal eye can not discern the means whereby Miss Vivash divests herself of that shimmering, foldless dress of hers unless it be by some mysterious snake-like process of sloughing. There is, indeed, an indescribable look about her whole person—the small head thrown back upon the thick throat, the gleam of gold, the pale, chill eyes—that causes Jeanne, in this first moment of meeting, to recall the gliding, deadly inhabitants of the Schloss moat with a shudder. The impression, like most of little Jeanne's "fancies," is destined to stand the test of time.

"And so this is Schloss Egmont! I didn't think such a hideous place was possible out of a pre-Raphaelite nightmare. What a paper, what curtains! I feel a moral indigestion already. And you" (she produces a pair of double glasses and gives Jeanne a cruel stare—a stare such as high-born dames, not beauties, are in the habit, doubtless, of bestowing upon herself)—"you, I suppose, are the Mamselle Ange of whom our dear Princess spoke?"

(For Beauty is on so equal a footing with titled personages that she talks of them ever in such terms as "dear" and "sweet"! Unless, indeed, titled personages chance to have offered her a rebuff—when hey, *presto!* flow expressions the reverse of pearls and diamonds from those roseate but plebeian lips.)

Mamselle Ange rises, with stiff politeness, and prepares to do the honors. She has stood too much on her own dignity to meet the travelers at the house-door. Miss Vivash may be the most beautiful woman in Europe—may be the future mistress of Schloss Egmont—Mamselle Ange is a Macgregor and a gentlewoman, bound to show hospitable courtesy to Paul von Egmont's guests; but as an equal, not a dependent.

"Miss Vivash and her friends," she remarks, with a courtesy of thirty years ago, "are welcome

to the Black Forest. Being uncertain whether you would take refreshment on the road, I—"

"Refreshment!" interrupts Vivian with the point-blank rudeness that sits so naturally on her. "We were present at a cannibal repast, somewhere, at some unearthly hour of the morning. Every conceivable variety of nastiness—raw ham, sour cabbage, sausages, and upward of a hundred natives—you are one of them, doubtless?—devouring, fearfully and wonderfully, with their knives!"

Ange draws up her spare figure to its fullest height.

"Every nation has its own manners, as every class in life has its ideas of breeding," she remarks sententiously.

The Beauty condescends not to reply: she continues to stare at the faded yellow curtains, the tasteless hangings, the high-backed chairs, the figures of the housekeeper and little Jeanne—continues to stare steadily through that double eye-glass familiar to every idle apprentice of the London streets, with an air of mock criticism at once languid and aggressive.

"I declare it is all quite too deliciously horrid," she drawls at length. "Lady Pamela—Sir Christopher") turning to two new personages who, at this moment, make their appearance in the doorway), "come and see what is to be seen. I have agreed to spend a fortnight here—two weeks, fourteen days—hours that it would require a Babbage machine to calculate—and I look to you, between you, to hinder me from committing suicide."

Lady Pamela Lawless is about as plain as it is possible for a woman possessing youth and health to be; and still, go where she will, Lady Pamela's fresh, frank, irregular face is a popular one. Needless to speak of defect of feature where all is defect. Lady Pamela has a complexion honestly white-and-red as a Lancashire rose, a pair of humorously twinkling greenish eyes, fifteen hundred a year absolutely under her own control, and dimples. She is dressed in a white serge short enough to allow you to do more than guess at a pair of pretty ankles, scarlet stockings, and a cap to match—a cap of the form known, I believe, in the trade, as the "Vivian toquet."

If Mamselle Ange and Jeanne gazed, awestruck, at Beauty's sheeny, snake-like gracefulness, you may imagine how their eyes widen at the ankle-short skirt, the head-dress, the scarlet stockings of Lady Pamela Lawless!

"It seems that we shall have to introduce ourselves." And, stepping forward, Lady Pamela bestows a hearty hand-shake, first on Mamselle Ange, then on Jeanne. "As I am chaperon of the party, suppose I go through the ceremony

categorically. You see before you, ladies, Miss Vivian Vivash, of cosmopolitan celebrity" (with a showman-like wave of the hand indicating Beauty—poor Beauty, whose head, like that of Lamb's Scotchman, must go through an anatomical operation ere a joke could enter it). "Miss Vivash has had the honor of appearing, ladies, before half the crowned heads in Europe, has been photographed for the public in thirty-five different attitudes, and is commonly supposed to be the most marvelous specimen of our race ever beheld since the days of Solomon! Secondly, Lady Pamela Lawless" (accompanying the mention of her own name with a bob-courtesy like a charity schoolgirl's). "And, thirdly, Sir Christopher Marlowe, of whom Shakespeare wrote, prophetically, in divers texts: 'He capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks an infinite deal of nothing, he smells of April and May. From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth. He hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him more.'"

Sir Christopher Marlowe is a very small, scrupulously dandified man of seven- or eight-and-twenty. In the present free-and-easy generation of wideawakes and shooting-jackets, many men lie open to the charge of bringing the country into Pall Mall. Sir Christopher carries Pall Mall about with him like an atmosphere. He is as pink-complexioned as any lovely wax Adonis in a barber's window, regular of feature, with dark mustache, and inch-long regulation whiskers; wears a tall hat and frock-coat, even when he travels; wears guillotine collars, pointed boots, a crutch, and a bracelet—and, withal, is one of the finest-hearted little English gentlemen in the world! As a leader of cotillions, a singer of after-dinner songs, an amateur actor, a stout rider across country, who does not know "Kit Marlowe"? Who (among his own set, at least) did not rejoice when, at the close of last season, Vivian the Beauty—stalking bigger game just then—thought fit to jilt him? "Sir Christopher is Beauty's slave to this hour," says the section of the world who believe that there can be no kernel in this light nut; that the soul of the man is his clothes. "See how Quixotically he makes himself the champion of her fame! How he stood by her—when so many fell away—after that affair at the Orleans! How constantly he remains her shadow, go where she will! The Beauty has but to lift a finger, and she can become Lady Marlowe to-morrow." Kit Marlowe's friends—those, more especially, who watched him recover from the first shock of Vivian's infidelity—think otherwise.

"The Princess ought to have warned one positively of the treat that was in store," re-

marks Miss Vivash, when the introductions are over. And, heeding her hosts no more than the Chinese monsters on the stove, she walks across to one of the window-curtains, then holds up a point of its moth-eaten texture between her finger and thumb. "If ever I leave Schloss Egmont alive, I shall feel it a duty to carry away a piece of the drawing-room tapestries for the British Museum—'Specimen of Teutonic art-taste, as shown in house-decoration.'"

Mamselle Ange seats herself on the central, most impossibly stiff-backed ottoman of the *Saal*, arranges her flounces, and clears her throat in a short, dry fashion that Jeanne knows to be prophetic.

"This drawing-room was furnished, as it now stands, when the Countess Dolores, one of the most noted beauties of her day, came here as a bride. That was in 'forty-one."

"'Forty-one—of which century?' inquires Vivian, with artless impertinence. "The seventeenth—the eighteenth? Surely these tapestries must date longer back than a hundred and fifty years ago?"

"They date back to July, 1841, my dear young lady, ten years or so before you were born."

Vivian's cheeks fire. She has, in truth, left her six-and-twentieth birthday some way behind, and the subject of age and dates is distasteful to her, as Mamselle Ange, with fine feminine intuition, would seem to have discovered.

"In 1841 Count Oloff brought his bride home, and the reception-rooms were redecorated according to her taste. Perhaps I might have counseled blue myself," says Mamselle Ange, "for I was blonde, and we washy blondes"—she glances at Vivian's artificially ebon locks—"can not stand the neighborhood of warm color. The Countess Dolores had southern blood in her veins; the complexion of a pomegranate; dark eyes that seemed to light the room up at a glance.—You never read the Duke de Rochefoucauld's 'Portraits,' Miss Vivash? So I should suppose. Dolores von Egmont is described there, under the title of 'Nuage.' She was celebrated in every court in Europe. I have seen kaisers, princes, ministers—I have seen," says Ange, launching, it may be feared, from the *vero* into the *ben trovato*, "the great Talleyrand himself, in this *salon*, at her feet."

"How quite too awfully jolly!" responds Beauty, with her drawl. "If the great Talleyrand—whoever that venerable duffer may be—is still alive, pray have him over to Schloss Egmont for my benefit."

The expression of Mamselle Ange's face is a study.

CHAPTER IV.

"CHAFF."

HALF-PAST twelve is the accustomed dinner-time at Schloss Egmont. Jeanne has passed her life, Mamselle Ange has spent over thirty years, in the Black Forest; and, whatever English proclivities linger in their hearts, their frugal tastes, their hours—shall I add their blessed contentment with themselves and with their lot?—are German.

This evening, however, for the first time in Jeanne's experience, a seven-o'clock dinner is to be served. Frau Myer from the parsonage has given her help as regards the arrangement of dishes. (The Herr Pastor spent a fortnight in Paris after his marriage, and his wife is still the acknowledged authority in taste throughout the district.) Hans the gardener, in rehabilitated livery, is to display his newly learned accomplishments as a waiter. The family plate, emancipated, like Ange's fan, from silver paper and darkness, decks the table. Elspeth the parlor-maid has appareled herself in her noisiest walking-shoes, in her stiffest *Sonntagschleife*—those marvelous black-silk bows projecting like kite's wings from either side of the forehead, with which the Black Forest women seek to enhance the scanty beauty Heaven has bestowed upon them. The rusty tocsin, or alarm-bell, is rung for a good five minutes before dinner, rung by Hans's stout arm with a will that sends forth bats and owls, affrighted, from every ivied jutty, frieze, and buttress into the flaring amber of the western sunlight.

"I know, by experience, how most evil things taste in the mouth," says Vivian, when the queerly assorted party has met at table in the dining-room—a table that would hold eighty, a room that would not be overcrowded by a hundred guests. "Schloss Egmont gives me a new and horrible sensation. I realize what one might feel as the heroine of a three-volume novel. Blue chambers, faded arras, owls, specters!" (This with a side-glance at Mamselle Ange's figure.) "I declare not an accessory is wanting."

"Except the Prince Charming of the story," remarks Sir Christopher. He has a voice at once treble and tragic, enunciates his syllables in a slow, methodical way that heightens, by contrast, the ever-changing comedy of his face. "Rawdon Crawley having gone the way of all flesh, the world can scarce hope to be regaled with another 'Novel without a Hero.'"

"Surely you could play the part by proxy," cries Lady Pamela, in her off-hand fashion—"play it, at least, until the Count von Egmont

appears in person. You could not find a pleasanter occupation."

"Pleasant but dangerous—for the heroine," says Kit Marlowe, with a genial little internal smile he has—the smile of a man who "fancies himself" above all things. "I know my own luck too well to put myself, vicariously, in an absent lover's shoes."

At which innocent remark the Beauty's cheeks fire. She is not without a certain limited conventional aptness. No woman with wits, intensified by a couple of rapidest London seasons, but must be posted in the second-hand persiflage, the acquired banter that pass muster, when politics is stagnant, and the dog-days approaching, for smartness. Here her sense of humor ends. A jest, the approach to a jest, upon the sacred subject of her own charms, is to Miss Vivash a blasphemy—the only one, it may be added, at which she would be greatly disposed to take umbrage.

Persiflage—our great-grandmothers used the word, and shone in the accomplishment. Shades of sprightliest Fanny Burney and Thrale! can it be truly reproduced in the dreary compound of slang and cynicism, the scoffing at all things generous or solemn, which the present generation calls "chaff"? During the opening courses of dinner, things go off smoothly. Hans and Elspeth acquit themselves tolerably as long as Ange's oft-repeated warnings ring freshly in their ears. The soup, the fish, are served with decent quietness. The guests talk briskly between themselves. That their discourse seems to lack edge, seems occasionally to lack meaning, results doubtless from deficiency of apprehension in the hearers. Judging from the effect produced upon each other, 'tis a very feast of reason, a flow of soul, a jackdaws' parliament! The vast old room rings and reëchoes to their incessant peals of laughter. What is the staple of their merriment? Buffoonery, it would seem, to the uninitiated rather than wit; heavily manufactured jokes whereof the point consists in the introduction of some one oft-reiterated current word; personalities, scandals, compared to which the reputations slain by Lady Sneerwell and Mr. Crabtree had been as nothing.

This lasts for a time. Then the travelers' spirits flag; and, with a child's quick sensitiveness, Jeanne detects that Vivian is casting round her for fresher diversion than our poor Sir Harry's loss of honor, our sweet Lady Jane's loss of complexion, and other remembered misfortunes of dearest absent friends. She has not far to seek. Hans and Elspeth, crimson with heat, are fast lapsing into the stage of obdurate incapacity, at which, when fairly put upon his metal, the Black Forest peasant defies all honest

competition. They distribute dishes where plates should be; they plant plates in the center of the table; they fling about coroneted Von Egmont spoons as liberally as the personages in a fairy-tale are wont to throw about gold and silver. They wipe their sunburned, exuding foreheads. They talk aloud. They giggle.

Jeanne can see that Miss Vivash and Lady Pamela exchange glances.

The situation is crucial; but worse, far worse, is to come. Our good Mamselle Ange has not lived thirty years in the Wald without forgetting some of the axioms laid down by modern Chesterfields in handbooks of etiquette. She knots her table-napkin firmly under her chin at the commencement of dinner, cuts up her meat with the bold action of a demonstrating surgeon, eats cherry jam liberally between every course, and helps herself to all such lighter matters as gravy, condiments, or vegetables, upon the blade of her knife.

"We are told by our masters, the penny-a-liners," says Sir Christopher, pointedly addressing himself to no one in particular, "that the avidity with which this generation flocks to sights of horror is a sign of decadence. Old Rome—fine ladies—gladiators. My taste is pure and uncorrupted. I have never been to an execution or a bull-fight, to see Blondin or Zadkiel. My blood runs cold at the thought of an innocent fellow creature" (he gives a little shudder, and sinks back in his chair) "risking his life for my diversion."

Mamselle Ange at this moment is really performing prodigies of valor as she swallows poached eggs and spinach from the blade of her knife—an honest, circular-shaped weapon, fashioned doubtless at an epoch when to eat with one's fork would have been looked upon throughout the Fatherland as an effeminacy. *She* sees nothing of the little by-play going on between the guests, pays no more heed to Sir Christopher's attitude of sham horror than to Beauty's uplifted brow, or the twinkle of mischievous fun in Lady Pamela's eyes. Let Ange be once occupied with her knife and fork, the former especially, and there is about her a quite Socratic disregard for all besides. Minor accidental surroundings become

" . . . small and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds."

Little Jeanne suffers, as I believe children alone are capable of suffering, beneath ridicule. Until to-day Jeanne has regarded everything at Schloss Egmont—Ange's best flowered silk, the moth-eaten curtains, the pastel goddesses, the broad-bladed knives—with the unquestioning faith of her age. She sees them, suddenly, as they must appear through the double eye-glasses of Miss

Vivian Vivash, and quivers as with a living, passionate shame!

Accompanying dessert comes art-talk. The late Count von Egmont was himself an artist of no mean merit, and the Speise-saal is decorated with frescoes, painted under his direction, in memory of Germany's greatest classic poets. Above the music-gallery are medallions representing the leading scenes in Wieland's "Oberon." From an opposite side, the Virgin, life-sized, appears at the pillow of the sleeper Herder. Beneath a portrait of Schiller are groups from "Jeanne d'Arc" and "Marie Stuart." A huge mythological tableau from the second part of "Faust" covers the whole side of the room dedicated to Goethe. These frescoes, executed by a well-known Munich copyist, are from designs in the archducal palace at Weimar—designs classical throughout Germany. To Miss Vivash and her friends they are caviare. Miss Vivash, during the past season, has deeply studied her own likeness, in oil and in chalk, at the Royal Academy. She has also coached herself in the history of "Andromeda" (the title of a picture for which she and other town beauties sat as models), and has visited, chiefly on wet Sundays, the studios of several fashionable painters of note. What greater knowledge of the fine arts, unless they be connected with bismuth, antimony, and pearl-powder, should poor, half-educated Beauty need? What should she know of Goethe, Schiller—of paintings that never hung in Burlington Street—of an artist not introduced to *her* at the annual *conversazione* of the Royal Academy?

Ignorance, however, as in some other cases we wot of, does but lend a sharper edge to adverse criticism. Was ever such grouping seen—such *chiaroscuro*, such anatomy? At last, round the throat of one of the ruddy-locked nymphs in "Oberon," Vivian descries what she affirms to be a coral necklace—in truth, a wreath of crimson roses; but Beauty's eyesight is conveniently defective when she lists.

"I declare this is quite too adorably quaint," putting up her double eye-glass, as is her custom whenever she would be more than commonly supercilious. "Coral necklaces with hair to match, are evidently the last thing out in the grand duchy of Baden."

And, posing her head a little on one side, she encounters Jeanne's dark, imploring glance with her stoniest stare—a stare that lengthened prac-

tice, the remembrance of countless feminine cruelties recked upon herself, have brought to perfection.

The child feels every secret of her life—such innocent secrets as they are—pierced through by those pale eyes, those double glasses. Every separate bead in her luckless necklace seems to burn like a coal of fire round her throat.

"These primitive customs really take one back centuries," drawls Beauty, without removing her gaze from her victim's face. "I remember my grandmamma telling how, in her young days, the female infant invariably received a coral necklace from its godfather and godmother. Indeed, I think it stood, like King Charles in the oak, in the rubric.—Pray, Mamselle Ange, as we are speaking on serious subjects, shall we have an opportunity of attending Anglican service on Sundays? One would like to study the manners and customs of the British settler with impartiality."

It takes Ange long to answer the question. A person with normal convolutions of brain might reply briefly that there exists neither Anglican church nor Anglican service within a radius of a dozen miles. Mamselle Ange's mental processes, like her millinery, have in them some latent labyrinthine twist which forces her ever into the use of twenty words where one would be sufficient. Irrelevant anecdotes, dating back to her own confirmation; outlying sketches, in the main unfavorable, of Continental chaplains, their wives, their characters, their debts; a dissertation on the relative merits of the Calvinist and Lutheran beliefs, with a passing fling at what she is pleased to term the Materialism made Easy of the day—all these things does she manage, by fair means or foul, to bring in, Miss Vivash listening, with half-closed eyes, with yawns that she is not at the smallest trouble to dissemble. At length, just as Ange pauses for breath rather than lack of subject-matter, a ring comes at the outer, seldom-used bell of the Schloss.

"A visitor at the big gate!" exclaims little Jeanne, her cheeks reddening.

"It must be the ladies from the Residenz," cries Mamselle Ange. "Luckily, the guest-room for once is in order. The ladies from the Residenz, or the Herr Baron von Katzenellenbogen."

And then the door of the dining-room opens, and on the threshold—dusty, travel-stained, more poverty-stricken in his dress than usual—there appears the master—Wolfgang.

(To be continued.)

FRENCH AND ENGLISH PICTURES.

"AFTER all, France is a bigger country than England." Such was the trite reflection which I made to console myself for the impression produced by the first glimpse of the Paris Salon; and, such is the power of platitude, that it did bring to me some small amount of consolation. But when one comes to consider the matter carefully, there does not seem to be any very potent reason why the size of the country should render the arrangement of its picture-galleries superior in proportion to that size, but rather the reverse would seem likely to be the case, and the smaller country would be expected to provide adequate accommodation for its works of art with greater facility. Taking other things to be equal, it must be easier to find room for a thousand pictures than for five thousand, and London must be small and poor indeed if she can not afford the space or the money to show her artists' work in a decently satisfactory manner. We know, however, that in truth London is neither small nor poor, and that when money is required for any adequate object it flows in from many sources almost too profusely. Is it possible, therefore, that we do not consider it to be an adequate object that the works of our artists should be properly displayed, that the accommodation for such works and those who come to see them should be ample, and that even the minor wants of the visitors—as, for instance, rest, fresh air, sensible refreshment, and perhaps even the possibility of a few whiffs of pipe or cigar—should all be considered carefully? And if we do not consider this to be necessary or desirable, would it not be well if we were to pause for a moment in our admiration for pictures, and ask ourselves why we are thus minded—why we crowd a gallery as if it were a railway station, provide eatables and drinkables of a kind which is unknown except during the mad five minutes which we spend at a railway refreshment bar, why we shut out the fresh air, and restrict the seats, and forbid smoking as severely as at a Dorcas meeting?

Think how different all this is at Paris! You stroll up the Champs-Élysées till you come to a building which is about as large as Charing Cross Railway Station, and you pay your franc and enter. Surely this can not be a picture-gallery! No one takes away your umbrella or your cigar, and you advance into an enormous hall, roofed with glass, and filled with flowers and statues—flowers of every conceivable kind, not displayed in boxes or arranged in glasses or bouquets, but

growing in profusion in the long beds, and almost concealing the pedestals of the statues; everywhere flowers and seats, and groups of people standing before the statues, chattering and laughing, smoking, whispering criticisms, or eating, but neither angry, hurried, nor tired. And when you leave this hall and ascend to the galleries above, you still meet with the same amount of fresh air and possibility of free movement. The rooms are so large and lofty, and there are so many of them, that they are never really crowded; and even on Thursday and Sunday, when the people are admitted without payment, the pictures can at all times be comfortably seen. What reason is there in the order of things why all this should not be the case in England? I will tell you; for, strange as it may seem, this trivial question of the nature and arrangement of the exhibition, leads us down to the main cause of the difference between French and English art. The reason for our indifference to the bad arrangement of our picture-galleries is that we do not care for our pictures. It would shock us if the Prince and Princess of Wales were to live, say, in an inn on the Edgware Road, but we should see no incongruity in housing our best pictures in any watertight room, no matter how unsightly or how inconvenient. Pictures or statues are nothing to us, except appropriate objects to fill spaces on our walls and dark corners in our drawing-room; and, were we able, we should degrade all the best art of England to the decoration of a sofa or the pattern of a plate. That is the real reason why we can only have uncomfortable picture-galleries, inadequate alike for the artists and the spectators. We have, we think, gone beyond art, have advanced into high intellectual regions whence we can afford to look down upon the pretty plaything which has in former ages raised the enthusiasm, heightened the joy, and soothed the sorrow of every civilization that has left its mark upon the world's history; and so we are growing daily more contemptuous of art, more wrong-headed in our way of looking at its influence and its aims. Rightly understood, the present fashion for art patronage is even a worse sign than the neglect that preceded it; for the fashion is founded upon no real love or wish for what is beautiful and true, but only on a sort of desire to present to the world the sight of an enlightened public who encourage in a generous manner all the refinements of life.

This is the first contrast between the Salon and the Academy: that the first with all its er-

rors—and, as we shall proceed to show, they are very many and very great—is still the work of men who have in their hearts the right feeling for art, even when they fail to grasp its expression; and the second is the work of those who do not in their hearts care for art or understand its power. And in each case the real moving agency is the way in which the nation thinks; for it is the nation which moves the artists as well as produces them, and you can no more have a body of good artists when all right feeling for art has been lost, or is yet unborn in the hearts of the people, than you can have fruit and flowers from a tree without the sun and air which nourish its growth.

And now I can fancy that my readers will be likely to remark that I am all wrong in this assertion, that art is not really cared for and understood by the English people, and they will point triumphantly to the wall-papers, dados, lustered pottery, and art needlework, and ask if all that does not show the fondness of the people for art. So I will venture to devote a few words to the explanation of what seems to me to be the function of the highest art; for it is only by clearly understanding that, that we can form any correct judgment as to our own or our neighbors' merits or shortcomings. To do this, we must consider very briefly the relation in which painting stands to the sister arts of poetry and music. In Lessing's "Laocoon," the chief book which has treated of this relation in any adequate manner, painting and sculpture are placed in an inferior relation to poetry, the author limiting their expressional value to one instant of time, and thence drawing various conclusions as to the inferior rank they must necessarily hold to an art which may cover an almost infinite series of actions. So far as this goes, it is undoubtedly correct; but it does not go far enough to express the truth, as may be seen from thinking for a moment of the scope of poetry. In the highest developments of this art, we find that the chief merit is that of placing ordinary events and actions before us in a manner which throws a new light upon them—the thought or the action being precise and definite in itself, no matter how many avenues of thought and feeling it may open up—and, taken as a rule, we discover that in the greatest poets the more simple is the material, the more powerful is its effect. Thus the new light which Shelley throws upon the song of the skylark, or the manner in which Homer paints the simple love of Hector and Andromache, is of greater value than when the one describes the divinities of the air, or the other the revels of the gods. Newman's "Dream of St. Gerontius" is magnificent poetry, but it is far inferior to his expression of simple faith in "Lead, kindly light"; and Tennyson is greater

when he paints "the long fields of barley and of rye, that clothe the wold and meet the sky," than when he shows us the fairy barge moving across the still lake to the island-valley of Avillion.

Thus the essential function of poetry is not to describe the things which have "not entered into the heart of man," but to glorify those that have, to shed the inconceivable light over things not only conceivable, but even common, to touch with the glory and the dream our most prosaic facts.

This is the chief power of poetry; and if you examine the great masters, from Homer to Tennyson, you will always find their principal beauty to lie in the fact that they have been essentially human in their sympathies. Now think for a moment of music. Certainly it is evident that the mission is widely different. You may gladden men's hearts with a tune on a fiddle, or rouse their warlike energies with the clashing of cymbals and the braying of trumpets, or wake their laughter with merry ditties; but when you come to music at its utmost height, you make men neither glad, nor angry, nor mirthful, and, if you do not make them sad, it is only because you arouse in them the thoughts that "lie too deep for tears." Notice that the great contrast of poetry and music is, that in the first the poet illuminates his reader with some of his own wisdom, in the second the hearer illuminates himself. The poet may direct our thoughts into a new channel of fuller knowledge; the musician reveals to us depths of feeling which lie behind our thoughts, unknown and unsuspected. The one changes, the other creates. Thus, while a recited poem will say the same thing to all who hear it, a piece of great music will say as many things as there are hearers. Its interpretation will depend entirely upon the personality to whom it is addressed; or, rather, it has no interpretation at all, and is but a means of creating within another's mind some conception which has no actual resemblance to the creating power. What poetry and music do perfectly, painting does in a lesser degree, combining the work of both. It will express an old story or thought in a new way, so as to add to its meaning; and it will do more than this, for it will take up the province of music after having exhausted that of poetry, and express in the harmonies of form and color that which finds perfect expression only in the harmonies of sound. Thus, for instance, you may express perfectly in poetry the beauty of a fresh spring day, and you may express in music the gladness of heart which such a day arouses; but in painting alone can you combine the two, and express alike the gladness and the beauty of the scene. The two great divisions of the best painting might be called the musical and the poetical—the latter including

those works where the artist had shown a clear interpretative and illustrative intention; the former where he had striven to arrive at the very heart of things, and had painted what we should commonly call an ideal picture. Below these, again, would come the two correlative schools of pure realism and unessential idealism—the one where the artist had simply copied nature as well as possible; the other where he had chiefly impressed some passing sentiment of his own upon the scene. From these we should descend again to records of picturesque incidents and picturesque places, treated in a more or less pictorial manner, and to scenes from history or social life treated after academic principles, which latter may be briefly defined as the attempt to do by rule what can only be done by intense feeling and perfect knowledge. Then we should have pictures of pretty dresses, or old books, or ginger pots, or any other artificial productions which happened to give a good opportunity for placing pretty colors or agreeable forms in juxtaposition. And, lastly, we should have pictures which were not even beautiful or pleasing, but simply attempts to exhibit the master's skill, and to surprise the spectator into admiration.

Enough has, I think, now been said to show the point of view from which this criticism is written, and without further delay I will now speak briefly of the main points of difference between the works of the two schools, and give a few examples from this year's exhibitions in Paris and London.

On first entering the picture-galleries of the Salon, we notice that we are in a different atmosphere altogether from that of an English exhibition, and the first impression is to most people by no means a pleasant one. On every side we see large, even gigantic pictures, any one of which would be considered as a landmark in our Academy if only from its size and the importance of its subject. But most of these works are more daring in conception than they are beautiful or interesting. The amount of labor bestowed upon them is enormous; but it is rarely equally or wisely distributed, and the painting, the mere brush-work of the pictures and their coloring, is almost invariably deficient in delicacy. Size appears to be sought for its own sake, and often at the expense of other qualities of greater importance, and the artist appears to have been more intent upon astonishing the spectator, than delighting him. The composition, too, of the pictures is apt to be of a kind which is more skillful than it is interesting, being based upon strict academic principles. Thus one of the largest pictures in the exhibition is one by Debat Ponsan, entitled "*The Piety of St. Louis toward the Dead*," in which the King is raising in his arms a

putrefying body, in order to set the example to his knights, of giving burial to the dead soldiers who lie about in the foreground of the picture. The King's knights are grouped behind him picturesquely enough: two enormous horses, the king's and his standard-bearer's, form an impressive dark mass in the center of the picture, and give the pyramidal form to the composition which is considered necessary, and the cliffs on either side slope down toward the center of the picture, in the most orthodox manner. The work, however, is uninteresting in the highest degree; there is no sign that the artist has understood the spirit of the scene, or cared anything about it. The one little bit of naturalism in the whole composition is in one of the crusaders' figures on the extreme left, and he is—holding his nose. Now, it is worth while to dwell a little on this picture, as it exemplifies another of the French errors in painting, besides that of supplanting feeling by arrangement. This is their liking for choosing repulsive subjects, and not only liking to paint them, but painting them in the most ordinary matter-of-fact way, as if they would, of course, be beautiful to the spectator, if treated according to the artistic laws. Pictures such as this, and "*La Tentation*" by Jules Garnier, and "*La Femme de Putiphar*" by Schutzenberger, and "*Mort d'Orphée*" by Gustave Doré, are all repulsive subjects, treated in an unpleasant manner. Let me not be misunderstood. I do not assert that art is only concerned with pleasing things, but that it is no part of an artist's business to deal with what is in itself coarse, horrible, loathsome, unless he does it with a clearly evident purpose. Now, in the pictures we have mentioned, and in dozens if not hundreds of others in this gallery, it is quite evident that the artist has had no such purpose—nay, that in the picture of "*The Temptation*" he has actually reveled in the coarseness of his conception. The reason for these pictures is curiously enough connected with the reasons which give French art a certain supremacy over that of our own and other countries—namely, the fact that painting, when it is truly alive, reflects the opinions and practices of the people among whom it flourishes. Given true feeling for art throughout France, given also the life of a certain considerable number of Parisians, and pictures of the sort we have mentioned follow as the night the day.

And we should have them in our own country were it not for two causes: the first that the majority of our artists only paint subjects which are pleasing in themselves; and, second, that art has never as yet really grown up in England and become a power, but is allowed only to work under certain restrictions, and is even then jealously watched. A coarse man in France will paint

coarse subjects coarsely, because such subjects please him. A coarse painter in England, dependent entirely upon public favor, will, as a general rule, be afraid of public censure, and will paint subjects alien to his nature. The result of this is a very curious one; for it follows that while in France one sees the coarse subject, and the reverse, side by side, in England we see subjects of one kind only, that approved by public opinion, which shakes Falstaff, Hamlet, and Hotspur all into the same little mold.

With regard to the historical pictures in the Salon which are not concerned with subjects unpleasing in themselves, there are many that impress us with their ability, but few that please us as pictures. Flameng's large work of "*L'Appel des Girondins*" suffers intensely from that dreary classicism which is the bane of the more serious French artists, and the color can hardly be criticised as that of an oil-painting. It is simple, hard, and cold, and resembles more a gigantic cartoon for a fresco than a finished picture. The figures and faces of the Girondins are well drawn, and not without character; but when the composition and the grandeur of the conception have been admired, there is nothing left to say for the work. It is a great solution of difficulties, but not a great picture. Very much the same may be justly said of Lecomte du Nouy's enormous work, "*Saint Vincent de Paul secourt les Alsaciens et les Lorrains après leur réunion à la France.*" Here the color is of a less ghastly hue than in the work of Flameng, but it still appears to be seen under some cold electric light which renders all tints of the same effect. There is much more action and variety of sentiment than in the former work, and there are difficulties of drawing and composition attempted which are not to be met with in the former picture; but, on the whole, it suffers from the same faults. The flesh is cold-gray in the shadows; the arrangement of the picture is elaborate, but hardly productive of a natural effect; and, above all, the dreary allegorical figures of Alsace and Lorraine, at the top of the picture, take us back to what Mr. Wilkie Collins, in one of his novels, calls "*Art Mystic*," and defines as always producing a great depression upon the mind of the beholder.

Let us take another example, and this time it shall be one of the works of the greatest French religious painter, M. Bouguereau. His chief work in this year's Salon is a classical, or rather mythological subject, entitled "*La Naissance de Vénus.*" The subject is treated in the usual style. In the front of the picture, rising out of and swimming on the waves, are Cupids on dolphins, nymphs and Tritons blowing conch-shell horns; in the background rises a train of Loves, leading the eye from the groups of nymphs far into the

sky. In the center of all stands Venus, on a rosy shell, in an attitude of languorous exhaustion, both arms raised to the rich masses of her chestnut hair. The whole is painted with a smooth perfection of finish that no English painter can rival, unless it be Sir F. Leighton in his best moments, and the execution throughout is unflinching and thorough. The first moment's glance is almost necessarily one of extreme admiration. The picture seems so perfect in its subtlety of composition and refined grace that one is tempted to ask whether it can be possible to excel such work. If, however, we reflect that it is an almost invariable quality of great art that it does not reveal its worth at the first hurried glance, and so fall to examining this work in detail, it grows momentarily less attractive. After all, have we not seen this, or much the same thing, though not perhaps in such perfect treatment, from our youth upward? In what do these Cupids and Tritons differ from those that we remember in half a hundred pictures? In what is this round-limbed beauty more of a Venus than any other fair woman? If there is nothing very new in the forms or the arrangement of the figures, is there anything in the coloring? Still less is this the case; there is little if any positive color in the picture, and the brilliance of the whole is not the brilliance of sunlight. Where the light falls upon the bodies of the nymphs it whitens them with a cold radiance of which we know nothing in nature, and in the shadows there is no warmth, only a pale, chill gray. Again, the light and shade of the picture are hardly to be accounted for, except by attributing them to the painter's caprice, and the effective relief gained thereby is gained at the expense of truth, and adds to the artificial impression produced by the whole picture. The composition throughout is of an intensely academical character, carried out with a skill to which we have, as far as I know, no parallel in England; but the effect of this arrangement is rather to draw the attention of the spectator to itself than to heighten the interest of the picture. Directly one notices it, it becomes apparent that the subject was chosen to afford the painter an opportunity of displaying his skill, rather than because he wanted to tell us something fresh, or because he was possessed with the beauty of the incident. The feeling of the scene has not been grasped, and the best proof of this is that it is with extreme difficulty that we can turn our eyes from the beauty of the painting to the consideration of the subject. We keep returning, in spite of ourselves, to the artist's ability, to the beautiful balance of parts, to the exquisite arrangements of line, to the manner in which every detail leads the eye to the principal figure.

If we turn to our English Academy, we may find some points of comparison between this work and that of "Elijah in the Wilderness," by Sir Frederick Leighton, though we must premise that there is in the work of our president a depth of color far superior to that of M. Bouguereau. This picture of Elijah is probably well known to our readers, and I need only remind them of the main details of its composition: Elijah on the right of the picture, half reclining upon a mass of rock, and on the left the angel bringing him the heavenly food, a landscape representing a rocky desert and a sky of deep blue, and heavy, white, cumulus clouds. Whatever praise is due to this picture—and, in truth, it is not a favorable specimen of the President's work—is due to the solution of the problems of drawing the naked figure in such a very difficult attitude, and arranging it so as to give a fine combination of lines. There is no success, probably no desire of success, in depicting the spirit of the scene, or inspiring the beholder with any emotion in regard to it. The prophet is not a famished Hebrew, but an athlete rather out of condition; and the angel, so far from showing in her face any of the divine love or pity which one might suppose to be appropriate to the occasion, is smiling cynically. In so far as sentiment and feeling go, the picture is a *tabula rasa*; in so far as skillful drawing and composition are sought for, it is a work of great merit. Think for a moment of the "Atalanta's Race," by Mr. Poynter, in last year's Academy, and you will find exactly the same merits and drawbacks. There Milanion's figure was simply a study of the nude, and Atalanta's an attempt to depict arrested motion, and a difficult piece of foreshortening. None of the intense emotion of the man who was running for his life and his bride, or of the woman whose fate hung upon the result of her exertions, was attempted to be shown. It is to be noted that the French are much more consistent in this academic rendering of a subject than are the English, for, as a rule in these large pictures of theirs, they never attempt to represent the glow of actual life. The tints used are broad and simple, the shadows usually gray, and the effort is frankly one to gain dignity of composition and grandeur of outline at the expense of a surrender of the more vital human emotions and interests. English painters, however, can rarely bring themselves to treat subjects thoroughly in this manner, and the consequence is that they select scenes like these of Atalanta and Elijah, where the human element is, or rather should be, distinctly the great thing in the composition, and then reduce it to a nullity by the style of their work.

Let us look at another great department of

French art, their battle-pictures, and see where they differ from those of our own country. It is almost unnecessary to mention that they are ten times as numerous, for we have never cared in England for pictorial records of our fighting. The truth is, that we are not at heart, whatever may be said by Lord Beaconsfield, or sung by Mr. Macdermott, a fighting nation. We do it thoroughly, when we are about it, in the cool, business-like way in which we conduct our other concerns, but we have no national equivalent for the *La Gloire* of France; and, when the fighting is over, we like to forget all about it as soon as possible, carrying the forgetfulness sometimes so far as to postpone paying the bill for the little expenses we have incurred. But there are other very notable differences between the battle-pictures of the Salon and the Academy than the greater number and size of the former; for we find, on looking at the French pictures, that they represent war as it is for the nation, and that the English represent it as it is for the individual. To the Frenchman, a picture of Waterloo means the confusion and carnage of an army with the thousand details of conflict, suffering, pursuit, and retreat; to an English painter, it means the feelings of a group of young recruits as they await the attack of a handful of the French cavalry. I have taken this instance from the Academy of two years since, when Philippoteaux's "Waterloo" and Miss Thompson's "Quatre Bras" hung almost side by side; but it might be equally well shown by any other example. I think this different way of painting battles comes from the feeling which I have already described as prevalent in France—that of looking at the abstract rather than the personal side of a question. They can bear in their pictures, and even glory in, details of wounds and suffering, looking beyond them to the victory gained thereby; whereas the Englishman, with a more sluggish imagination but a more feeling heart, forgets the gross result of victory or defeat, but lingers lovingly over the elements of terror, humor, or pathos which he can find in the individual soldiers, and throws a veil of oblivion over the horrors of which he could hardly endure the representation. Here there is no question of superiority of painting, but merely one of feeling. Is it better that we should enjoy, as do the French, the idea at the expense of the individual, or minimize our records of great victories till we produce only a few pathetic incidents, such as "The Roll-call" and "The Remnants of an Army," instead of representations of the war itself? I must confess that to me the latter is the preferable method. The range of painting is so enormously wide that it may well omit from the pages of its record one phase of pain and sorrow; and I do not believe

that all the battle-pictures with which Horace Vernet has lined the walls of Versailles ever strengthened one of his countrymen in endurance, or roused him to compassion.

It is, however, well to recognize how limited is the scope of our battle-paintings, and that really such pictures as those of Mrs. Butler (Miss Thompson) stand in the same relation to those of such artists as Philippoteaux, Dumaresque, Regnart, Regnier, etc., as the pattering of the summer rain does to the torrent of Niagara.

Having spoken, though very inadequately, of the two great departments of French art—the historical and the warlike—and having shown that in both of these we must confess to some share of inferiority, if it only be an inferiority by choice, we now come to the romantic or idyllic school, one which, perhaps, is larger than all the rest put together, for we must include under this head the great mass of the figure-paintings here which do not belong to either of the above classes. Illustrations of social life, illustrations of sayings, illustrations of poetry, novels, and the drama, and so on, all come under this heading. Throughout the whole of this class there runs one damning fault which goes far to utterly nullify all the cleverness and originality of conception which we find here. This fault is the one which we have spoken of before as want, or perhaps rather artificiality, of feeling. There are dozens of pictures here of home scenes—parents lecturing sons, mothers instructing their daughters, old ship-captains smoking their pipes with their children on their knees, young lovers strolling through the woods or sitting in sunshine, barges being towed up the river by slow horses, grandfathers bringing presents to the youngsters, and so on, through infinite varieties of simple incident. Now, in all of these, in my opinion, the French art fails, and falls far short of our English work. Such a picture, for instance, as that one of Mr. G. D. Leslie's in the Academy this year, of the two sisters in the fruit-garden, would be impossible to find in the Salon: the atmosphere of peace and rest and simple kindness is foreign to the French mind. Two exceptions, however, must be made to this statement. The first is where the artist, in painting one of these simple scenes, has been able to connect it in his mind with some more or less abstract sentiment, and so make the incident the vehicle for conveying a wider meaning; as, for instance, where Lobrichon, in his picture of a mother taking her child to the bath, has expressed very tenderly and beautifully the sentiment of maternal love; or, where Bastien Lepage, in the little idyl called the "Season of October," has managed to combine the labors of the poor with the sentiment of his landscape very perfectly. The second exception

to the want of feeling in these pictures is where the emotion suggested is one of sorrow or pain in humble life. It is a most extraordinary fact that, if we wish to discover pictures in which a true note of sympathy is struck with the poorer classes, we can not find it in English painters, but shall constantly find it in France. We must not dwell upon this, as space is already failing us, but would suggest that it may in some measure arise from the truer light in which poverty is regarded on the Continent than in the United Kingdom. Here it is a disgrace, there only a misfortune; and the intense snobbery of the English nation with respect to the class it belongs to, every one wishing to appear as if he or she belonged to the next rank above them, is almost entirely unknown in France. Whatever be the reason to which the fact is due, it is certainly true that an English picture of the lives of the poor is almost invariably a false one; while the French painters are not afraid to grasp, or ashamed to paint truly, the hard lives of the laboring classes. There is a picture here by Raffaelli, called "*La Rentrée des Chiffonniers*," which is quite perfect in its simple truth of feeling; and of such kind, too, though touched with a far more elevated meaning, are the works of Jules Breton and Israels, though it is not fair to quote the latter as belonging to the French school.

Before passing to the consideration of the landscapes, I must say a few words about the portraiture of the Salon. If we take it throughout, it possesses a degree of excellence to which we can not even approach; for one good portrait-painter that we have, there are in Paris at least a score. If we look at the highest developments of the art, I think we need not fear comparison. Marvelous as is the power of Bonnat and Carolus Duran, in neither of them do I find the strength of penetrative insight, or the sympathy with their subject, which is to be found in all the finer portraits by Mr. Watts. They are superior to anything that Watts has done if regarded from one point of view. The presentation of a great man, with his greatness legibly written on his countenance, is, I think, better done by Bonnat than it has ever been done before, and this is where he excels Mr. Watts. Mr. Watts never makes one start back from his picture with the mental exclamation of "What a wonderfully lifelike portrait of Victor Hugo!" No; the unique power of Mr. Watts's portraiture consists in this, that one looks at his picture and says: "*Is that So-and-so?*" I never thought he had all that in his face." In a man's face there are two series of facts. One shows what he is on the outside, perhaps even what his ruling desires and passions are, and that series every one can read. The second shows the man's inner nature; it re-

veals to you what the man is in his finer moments, when he is less crushed by antagonism and less thwarted by circumstance—not only what he is, but also what he might be. This is to be read by only one or two men in a generation, and this it is the painter's final triumph to see and interpret. It is in this way that Mr. Watts stands above all living painters of portraits. If we had to seek for the nearest approach to Mr. Millais among the painters of the Salon, we should probably be right in selecting M. Bastien Lepage, who, although he paints in a very much slighter key of color than our English artist, has yet very much of his power of delineating brilliant flesh-tints, and is as subtle and delicate in his arrangements of color as his rival is powerful. The portraits of Tripet, Saintin, and especially the portrait of Gérôme by Glaise, are all first rate of their kind, and painted throughout with a care and a simplicity very rare in similar work in England; their chief fault is a certain hardness of flesh-painting.

We must pass over with slight mention the various decorative works of the Salon, for their discussion would lead us into quite a new field, decoration in France being understood in a far wider sense than it is in England, and embracing the most dissimilar schemes of color and modes of treatment. In this, as in most other branches of painting, the French aim at perfection, and that on the grandest scale; designs for decoration in pure bright colors and of a gigantic size, such as the composition of the Genius of Industry (or Peace, or the Republic, we forget which) inaugurating the Exposition Universelle from the tower of the Trocadéro, having no parallel in our Academy, or any other English exhibition. The style of dusty coloring, and arrangement of beautiful forms in pale, delicate hues of color, in which Mr. Albert Moore* is such a proficient, has a parallel in the Salon in the two large decorative designs of "Nymphs on the Seashore," and "The Prodigal Son." It is to be noted that M. Pavis de Chavannes, the painter of these works, is perfectly aware of their limitations, and indeed describes his picture of "The Prodigal Son" as a design for a decorative panel; while, in the work of Mr. Moore, the decorative tendency of the pictures is not frankly acknowledged, but there is somewhat of an attempt to give them the qualities of deliberate oil-painting—an error which only draws attention to the artist's shortcomings. In the delicacy of his arrangements in gray, pink, and palest buff, M. de Chavannes ranks as highly as Mr. Moore, and there is, besides, an amount of subject and thought in his pictures which is decidedly greater than that of our artist. The

execution, however, is somewhat slighter, and there is not that delicacy of invention in the arrangement of transparent drapery which is always the most attractive portion of Mr. Moore's work. The enormous painting of M. Laugée, of "The Triumph of Flora," may be mentioned as another style of work of which we have none in our own country—a style where there can hardly be said to be any distinct pictorial motive, save to introduce as many Cupids and nymphs as possible into the picture, and arrange them in the most picturesque manner.

In Mrs. Barrett Browning's "Aurora Leigh," there is a passage where Aurora says:

"The English paint a thistle and an ass,
Because they love it and they find it so."

This really gives the key to the great gulf which is fixed between the landscape of the two countries; there is in the Gaul none of the peculiar love for nature, *qua* nature, which exists in England. A Gallic painter will paint a brilliant effect of sunshine, or a grand effect of storm, and paint it well; he will even paint quiet scenes of nature, if they are such that he can arouse in himself any specific feeling, dramatic or contemplative, by them; but in no French picture with which we are acquainted has the painter sat down to quiet, deliberate reproduction of nature unmoved by any specific emotion or conception, and only desirous to reproduce to the utmost of his power the facts before him. He will carry the study of details as far as he thinks is required to help his design, but he will never carry it as far as he possibly can for the sake of getting out of each separate detail all the beauty possible. To a nation that habitually views everything in the light of some broad idea, which is accustomed to leave no fact ungeneralized even for a moment, there is a distinct barrier to landscape-painting on what may be called the English system. I call it the English system; for though it is, perhaps, not followed by the majority of English painters, yet it is the one which is gaining ground day by day, and is, besides, distinctively English, being followed out at present by no nation but our own. I have shown elsewhere, and have no space to repeat here, how this style of landscape arose in England; how it was that we came to paint things with the utmost fidelity we could master, instead of continuing to treat them in a more or less superficial manner. The extraordinary artistic movement which is known as pre-Raphaelite, if it has done nothing else, has taught us one fact of the most vital importance to art; and that is, that it is only by following Nature that we can ultimately conquer her—that it is hopeless to try and paint an ideal picture before you can paint a real one.

* See his works at the Grosvenor Gallery.

If we look through the more important of the landscapes in the Salon, we find that there is in the better works an amount of dignity which we have hardly obtained in landscape. In place of the patient reproduction of pre-Raphaelitism, we find in these works a style of treatment in which, while details are given in abundance, they nevertheless are held in strict subordination to the ruling feeling of the painter. It seems to me that the influence of great traditions of painting, which has such a disastrous effect upon the figure compositions of the French, is at the root of the breadth of conception which is to be found in their representations of natural scenery, and that, considering there is no trace to be found among French artists of the pre-Raphaelite love of nature's detail, this academic tradition is, on the whole, a good thing; it at all events prevents the artists from treating landscape in the fashion of the Scotch painters, and reducing it to a mere record of transient gleams of sun and clouds of mist.

If we do not get pictures which tell us how keenly the artist has felt the beauty of the scene, we certainly get some which tell us with what feeling he has regarded it; we have an illustrative rendering of Nature, if not a transcription of her essential beauty. Thus, for instance, in a picture, like that by C. Bernier, of "The Abandoned Avenue," we have a rendering of a scene which is both natural and beautiful, but in which neither nature nor beauty is the chief quality, nor is even the solitude of a deserted park the chief meaning of the painter. What the artist wishes to impress upon us is a sentiment peculiarly national—the feeling that even the most beautiful scenes of nature are desolate when they are abandoned by man—a sort of quaint, half-conceited, half-pathetic regret for the forest, in which the *frou-frou* of Worth's dresses is no longer heard. This feeling of the profound connection between humanity and nature is, I think, very imperfectly realized by my countrymen, and is partly the reason of much of our *bad* realistic art. When Mr. Millais painted "Chill October," why was it that every one delighted so much in the picture? Reeds and water and cloudy gray sky had all been done as well before. The secret was, that the artist had caught the feeling of lost summer and coming winter, had combined an intense impression with beautiful painting, and then given the spectator a key to his thought, so that its truth was immediately recognized. If you think that it was only because of the masterly painting of the picture, will you tell me why none of the subsequent landscapes by this master have attracted the same liking? The painting in "Scotch Firs" and "Winter Fuel" was even more wonderful than in "Chill October";

but who, except the penny press, cared for those pictures in the same way? Why is it that Mr. Vicat Cole paints year after year, in entrancing hues, the most beautiful scenes of woodland and river in our land, and yet never awakens in us a thought or a feeling beyond admiration for his skill? It is because he is (as far as can be seen in his works) utterly without any feeling for the scenes which he paints, and is only intent upon making a beautiful picture.

So I would hold that the chief merit of the French landscape-painting is its clear recognition of the human element, which is necessary before paintings of scenery can affect us powerfully. When their paintings are without this, they are distinctly inferior to the majority of English works, and in the element of color they are nearly always either deficient or exaggerated. Thanks to a few determined English artists who have borne their banner triumphantly through a perfect storm of ridicule, our painters in general have grasped the great fact that the grass is green and the sky blue; but our neighbors have yet to learn it. Water-color painting, which has done so much to spread right notions as to landscape, is still in France in a very immature state, and used more for slight sketches and tinted drawings than for completed pictures. Such work as that of Walker, Pinwell, Boyce, Alfred Hunt, and dozens of others, has nothing to come near it in the Société des Aquarellistes; there is hardly a picture which attempts even to give the delicacy of the medium employed. This is especially noticeable in the treatment of skies and water. It seems that this arises more from a mistaken notion as to the capabilities of the material, than actual incompetence on the part of the artists, for in the work which they attempt in water-colors the French are as delicately skillful as could be desired. But the works in this medium seem only to be designed for albums, and there is a bewildering spottiness of bright patches of color, and a general look of unnatural lightness and unsubstantiality, very unworthy of the name of serious art. If I wished to point out, to any admirer of the French coloring, its essential want of depth and feeling, I should take him to this water-color gallery, and then to Boissier's sweetmeat-shop on the Boulevard, and ask him to notice how exactly similar was the coloring of the comfits and the pictures.

We have had in the Salon large works of historical, allegorical, and sentimental interest treated from the outside point of view, and dependent for their interest on the arrangement of their figures, the gracefulness of their lines, and the accuracy of their treatment. We have had also *tableaux de genre*, of which we have found the great fault to be a certain staginess of treat-

ment, which gave an unreal air to the most ordinary occurrences, except where the motive was one connected with labor and sorrow, both of which are in the main depicted simply and truly. We have had various styles of landscape, in which the greatest kind has been almost invariably actuated chiefly by the personal sentiment of the painter, and various styles of portraiture comprehending all but the very highest department of that art; and we have also had decorative pictures and minute realistic works of many kinds. So much for the Salon. In the Academy we have found that of great historical works we have hardly a trace; but that of the academic principle, which is so fully appreciated and carried out by the French, there are evident traces, though it is by no means such pure academicism as in France. We have glanced at the greatest merit of our portraiture, and tried to show that it is superior to any that the French possess, and noted the great drawback of the large landscapes both of our English and Scotch schools, and also of men like Millais and Brett, and we have rather hinted at than explained the true distinction between pre-Raphaelite and picturesque landscape.

So we see that of what I defined in the beginning of this article as the greatest art we have found no specimens, and, as far as I am aware, there are only two painters in England who are capable of producing such work, and these are Rossetti and Burne Jones. Of the former it would be useless for me to speak, since it is years since the public has had any opportunity of seeing his pictures, but "The Annunciation" of the latter hangs in the Grosvenor Gallery; and I think, if any of my readers will take the trouble

to examine it quietly for themselves, they will understand why I place such work on a level by itself, far above the various styles which I have described. There is in it not only beauty and thought, though there is much of both, but there is that which is far beyond either, and can hardly be characterized in words—something which can not be explained if it is not felt. One might as well try to explain the reason why we feel glad on a bright spring morning. I desire especially to avoid all charge of finding imaginary beauties in pictures, or of using extravagant eulogy; but it is my sincere belief that this work is one of the highest class of spiritual art, and that, whatever its errors and inconsistencies may be, they are not to be dwelt upon for a moment in comparison with the great truth and deep insight which are here displayed. Thus I think that if a fair comparison be instituted between French and English art, we shall come to the conclusion that, though the former is considerably wider in its range, and far more daring and varied in its conceptions, yet we have in English pictures three things, and those of the highest importance, which are hardly to be found across the Channel. We have portraiture-painting which excels in depth of feeling and penetration any foreign rivalry; we have a school of landscape-painting which paints nature with absolute truth as far as its power extends; and we have figure-painting which can seize the inner meaning of a scene, and clothe its representation with an amount of poetry and beauty before which we can only bow our heads in admiration, and to which we can find no parallel even in the "pleasant land of France."

Cornhill Magazine.

A VENETIAN NIGHT.

TWILIGHT found us lingering in a palace-garden which had been laid out in the last century for the convenience of *contesse* in patches and farthingales and *lustrissimi* in red cloaks and knee-breeches. But Nature, who after all has a tender thought for the barren stone city, had set the well-trimmed hedges shooting out their arms in wild entanglement, had straightened the distorted larches and covered the flowerbeds with rank weed-growth, from which sprang up snapdragons and larkspurs and marigolds, whose seeds had blown down from the soap-box gardens of the neighboring garrets.

Against the ivy-grown wall was an alcove lined with shells, mottled by the weather-stains

of years, with tremulous maiden-hair standing out from the crevices to form a background for the great water-god, with his beard dropping slime and his mantle embroidered with weeds, who stood with a wide-mouthed urn under his arm, from which hung a growth of green, born of the long-gathered dregs of the stream. In the basin below, the water lay dark and silent, with its rock-border filled with ferns that leaned over among the shadows of the bending fir-trees. Ivy-leaves and brown cones lay idly on the surface. Through the arching boughs above, the ray of an early star darted into the sluggish water and trembled at the feet of the old god.

On one side of the garden flowed the canal.

A broad marble stair led to the water's edge where the black *gondole* were moored. A white carved balustrade gleamed against the dark leafage with vines, heavy with white roses, drooping over it to meet the wash of the canal.

You may read of such gardens as these of Venice in the old Italian poets—gardens inhabited by lovely enchantresses who intoxicated the senses of the warriors they lured to their painted pavilions lost in groves of orange and oleander, and lulled their valor to sleep with the scents of magical flowers, the plashing of enchanted fountains, the tinkling of mysterious lutes. You may see sometimes, in the Italian theatres, some coarse picture on the curtain, of marble steps and balustrades, with oleanders massed above them, with walks stretching back in far perspective, and a cloud-land palace high up on a hill in the vaporous distance, while in the foreground sits a lady, in rich-toned brodered dress, listening to the love-words of some page or knight. There is something in the gaudy daub that will carry you away from the vulgar actuality of its representation into the ideal country where the poor scene-painter wandered in his dreams.

A wide gateway led to the court of the palace. On either side stood a dark, weather-beaten group in stone—a satyr bearing away a nymph in his arms—things by which some old noble, infected with the false classicism of his time, had no doubt set great store, but which Nature had charitably hidden under the drooping larch-boughs.

The court was inclosed by arches with balconies behind them above the covered walk. Above the street entrance was a large gilded escutcheon—all arabesques and scrolls, tarnished and stained. Grated windows, overgrown with convolvulus-vines, looked on to the court. Busts of warriors, in bronze and marble, with wide ball-less eyes, frowned from their smoky pedestals. Over the winding stair was a gilded Madonna with a black face. A well, with Byzantine arches and twisted columns carved upon it, black in the hollows and gleaming white on the worn marble projections, stood in the middle of the court. Old wine-casks, dull blue, with rusty iron bands, lay under the arches. A man sat smoking his pipe under a bit of green vine in the corner. A woman was knitting near the stair.

Along the narrow streets, the people were sitting about the thresholds with their children playing near. Through the open doors we caught glimpses of chests of drawers with fanciful pottery adorning them and flaring sacred prints on the walls—all merged into the dusk that was broken only where the rays of the shrine-lamp darted from among the flowers.

On the balconies sat, among the leafy plants,

young girls in light dresses, with dashes of color in them that lightened the gray arches and harmonized with the glittering balls, red and yellow and blue and silver, that hung from the oleander-boughs, reflecting the glow of the street-lamps and catching the rays of the early moon.

We came upon an archway by the side of a church—the entrance to a dismantled cloister.

The moonlight lay white on the pavement, broken by the oblique shadows of the inner columns. A stone quadrangle, raised above the level of the walk, occupied the body of the cloister space, with two stone wells upon it, about which, all day long, patter the naked feet of the water-carriers, the jangling of whose copper vessels breaks the convent peace.

High on the wall were perched worn tombs of old divines and physicians and soldiers and senators. Angels bearing scrolls, grotesque monsters, grave-eyed human heads peered down from the stone masses rendered shapeless by the shadows. The windows of the cells looked out upon the quadrangle, but, instead of peering, cowed heads, the moonlight fell on cheerful flower-growth. Along the ledge above the columns, crawled stealthy feline shapes, like the ghosts of the old brotherhood roused from their tombs by the night-spell.

About the windows, tawny, large-limbed shapes were faintly outlined in the moonlight—the green and red draperies of old Venice—cherubs and goddesses and giants—strong and muscular—drawn in the red-brown tones that the old lagoon painters loved, and thrown into bolder relief by the gray of the wall, where the plaster had dropped away, carrying with it the bare limbs of some frescoed virtue or the floating cloak of a pagan god.

We paused in the moonlight silence. There was no sound but an occasional quick tread along the outer walk, which died away under the arches. It is at times like this that Venice is peopled with phantoms.

"Look there, where the moonlight falls on the flowers in that window! Do you not see a scaffolding rising against the arch?" I cried to my companions. "And, standing with his hand following the outline of that robust nymph, do you not mark a tall, bearded figure in velvet cap and gown? Something bright, like steel, gleams under his long robe. As he works, he glances around, and now and again his hand leaves the brush and wanders to his side. Down below, on the cloister-walk, do you mark those slight figures in doublet and long hose, lurking behind the columns and gazing up at the painter as though they would blight him with one glance from their fierce black eyes? Do you know who he is, that phantom painter who plies his brush so busily in

the moonlight of the summer nights? It is one Pordenone, who lived in the golden age of Venice. He was all his life fired with a passion to rival Titian, the pride of the republic. He painted so closely after his great model, and so well wrought was his work, that the disciples of the great colorist feared for their master's fame and swore to annihilate this upstart. And so, when the monks of San Stefano ordered Pordenone to cover their cloister-wall with shapes of beauty, the poor painter was forced to work at his task with his sword by his side, for he knew not at what moment some fiery Venetian youth, whose color-god was Titian, might not snatch his brush from his hand and strangle him there on the holy cloister-ground."

I can picture old Pordenone sitting up there on the scaffolding in the summer mornings, when the friars were pacing the length of the cloisters, conning their mass-books or telling their beads, stopping to give the painter a word of greeting, or to glance stealthily at the wondrous mythic shapes, pagan gods or goddesses in the disguise of Christian virtues, with which he is covering their hitherto undefiled walls. I wonder if then, as now, the pigeons circled about the wells, drinking at the hollows in the marble; if the bright dresses of the water-carriers flashed among the columns; if the country girls trudged with their baskets of roses and lavender through the barren stone passage; if the white-kerchiefed market-women bore their shrieking fowls head downward along the walk; if the tired peasants dragged their baskets of purple figs, with sweet red mouths, into the cloister-shade and begged leave of the friars to stand there and sell them? How fair and gracious the summer must have seemed to the painter who sat up there in the world of his creation!

Voices began to echo through the streets from the groups gathered about the doorways or high up in the windows under the tiles—the harsh voices of men drinking in the lighted wine-shops, the tender lullabies of watching mothers, the shrill young melody of girls' voices, hidden like night-ingales in high leafy prisons, the passionate utterance of young men's hearts. There is a deep reverence for nature and the unseen in the night-songs of the Venetian people. Light and gay they are, for they are born of the moonlight and the lagoon-foam, but, like the light and the foam, they are the blossoming of the heart-depths of the universe.

A sudden turning brought us into a broad street with shops and booths on both sides, closed and deserted, save for some sleepy vagabond lying at full length against a door, or a watchful *carabiniere* striding by, with his tall plume nodding at every step. The street wi-

dened into a piazza that stretched away on one side under high, covered arches, under which stood market-stalls. A wide, sloping staircase, with low buildings on either side, led across a bridge.

The inner arches were thick with shadows, through which gleamed out, touched by the moonlight, a marble shape that bore the semblance of a kneeling human figure supporting a platform. It was the old Gobbo, the Hunchback of the Rialto, a poor broken slave who had knelt there, year after year, through the noisy noon-days and the silent midnights, bearing upon his bowed shoulders the pedestal from which the laws and edicts of the old republic were proclaimed. Scrawled with pencil-marks—the calculations of some brown fisherwife—blackened with dust and charcoal, a mark for decayed vegetables from the surplus stock of youthful traders, he had dragged on a weary, miserable life that should have ended with the end of the republic. There was something pathetic in that submissive attitude of his, there in the mellow loneliness of the moonlight. He had outlived his day. Centuries of humiliation had bowed his back till he dared no longer walk erect among the scoffing market-people. He should have gone down into the past with all the old legends of the city, and have remained an honored, intangible memory.

Who knows but that Antonio's indebtedness to Shylock was proclaimed from the weary shoulders of the Gobbo? Or perhaps the merry maskers, of whom Lorenzo was one, laid a rude hand on his poor head as they passed, bidding him rise and come with them.

Back under the arches, at the opening of a narrow street, stands the dark, moldy pile the people call Shylock's house. And there is a window, set high in the wall, through which, says tradition, fair Jessica escaped. Tell us, old Gobbo, if thou didst see the sweet, bold page waiting up there for gay Lorenzo?—didst see her let fall the jewel-case?—didst hear the ring of the ducats on the pavement? Didst thou twist thy wry neck and prick up thy poor, servile ears to see the meeting of the lovers? Was thy poor heart wrung with longing and fierce despair at the sight of their happiness? Did Jessica give thee a kindly glance from her black eyes as she passed on in the midst of the mad train, with the torch-glare reddening the arches, frightening the drowsy bats, and glowing on thy pale, pitiful countenance? Didst thou watch the merry crew dash up the long stair till it was lost on the other side, and then sink down into the darkness and cry out in thine agony for the human God-gifts of love and joy and pain and tears?

Dost thou remember, old dreamer, how thy

human counterpart, Launcelot Gobbo, was wont to come sauntering by, and assail thee with his foolish wit, turning thy miseries to a jest and striking thee for thine ugliness? And the long-bearded Jew, tottering home to find his ducats and his daughter gone—didst thou not writhe when he smote thee in his agonized rage?

Where the market-boats unload and pyramids of green cabbages rise high above the green water, stands the old justice-hall. When the moonlight streams over the great arched door by the side of the bridge, I can see Antonio enter in his black dress, supported by his friend Bassanio, with the Jew whetting his knife on his sleeve as he follows, hustled by the angry crowd of gondoliers and fishermen, eager, one and all, to throw the Jewish dog into the canal. He may thank his prophets that he is well protected by the guards of the senate. When the plash of an oar echoes through the stillness, I know that a gondola has drawn up at the water-gate of the palace. It left the mainland at dawn, and in it sit, half in tears, half mirthful, young Doctor Bellario and his beardless clerk Nerissa. How the crowd cheers and applauds! It is this wise young doctor who is to plead the poor merchant's cause. I linger with the crowd on the bridge, gazing eagerly up at the windows of the great hall. We are silent and breathless, for a clear sweet voice rings out on the summer breeze, speaking of mercy, to judge and Jew. The people outside catch something of the gentle speech and cry: "Bravo! bravissimo! il Signor Dottore!"

There is a hum of voices in the court-room above. The crowd streams down the stairs, calling and huzzaing, for the Jew is worsted and Antonio is free! Here he comes, the pale merchant. The people crowd around him and kiss his hands, and the old market-women snatch at the folds of his robe and press them to their lips as though he were one of their martyr-saints. And the people cry out for a sight of the good young doctor, but he and his clerk have slipped away into the gondola that bore them to Venice, for they are eager to reach Belmont before night.

We crossed the wide space of glittering marble which broke the rhythm of the canal, and passed *piazze*, surrounded by high, moldy houses, with arches and turreted chimneys thrown into relief by the moonlight. Here and there, a wide church-door, with gaudy paper flowers above it, yawned out from the shadows. As we neared St. Mark's, the footfalls grew more frequent. Bursts of laughter rang through the streets. Through open archways that had plants grouped about them, we looked into gardens where people sat about little tables, eating and drinking and smoking, in a blaze of gaslight among ev-

ergreens and flowering trees hung with golden balls.

High up on the terraces, tables were spread among the vines and the pots of flowers. Hidden lamps cast mysterious lights about the state-ly figures of the men, the clear-cut features of the women, the curly heads of the children.

It was the bathing season in Venice. From the interior towns of the northern provinces the people had flocked to the city to pass their *villeggiatura* within its dazzling white walls. It was easy to distinguish them from the languid, graceful population of the lagoons. If they were of the upper classes, you would recognize a greater attention to fashion in their dress with less of native elegance and distinction—a certain briskness in speech and motion which jars on the eye and ear accustomed to the soft undulations of Venetian form and speech.

But it is in the middle class that the most fruitful field for comparison is found. You may know them, as they stroll about the streets, by their awkward air of unaccustomed idleness. The women are brave in gold rings and pins, and silks of green and blue and violet, made with all the splendor of adornment that the taste of the provincial dressmaker could devise. The men wear shining black hats and fine new broad-cloth that is a deal too flimsy for their stalwart limbs, and indeed they look as though they were aware of the fact, and wished the ambition of their hard-toiling spouses had run into some other channel. Undoubtedly they are great prophets in their own country—own fields of vine and olive and yokes of snow-white oxen, or else spend their lives in dark shops, in some gray old town of Lombardy or Romagna, accumulating *lire*, with no greater dissipation in their thoughts than a cheap seat at the opera on *festa* nights or a chair near the music-stand on the market-place of a Sunday afternoon. They wore a look of sober concentration, as though enjoyment were a new thing to them, and the folding of their hands a crime to be confessed to the cathedral priest on their return home.

The women ape the Venetian graces—powdered their hair and draped the black veil about their sunburned faces—but it booted nothing. The taint of life-long activity and workfulness would not give place to the calm grace and in-born repose of the Venetian nature.

We entered the brilliant street of shops, which is as narrow and fantastic in its construction as an Eastern bazaar. We passed arched doorways, with reliefs of their patron saints over them, in which the mediæval tradesmen were wont to stand in their sleek prosperity on summer evenings—churches with tombed philosophers over the door, frowning from among their books and

globes on the low commercial crowd. Where the two bronze giants keep watch above the mighty clock of St. Mark's and tell the hour with the stroke of their hammers on the great bell, we entered the piazza.

The band was playing in the heart of the great square. Before the *caffè*, rows of chairs and tables extended into the space left free for the passage of saunterers. The strolling people wore that listless look in their eyes, that expression of unconscious but hopeless monotony, which haunts the Venetian faces in repose.

We passed on through the crowd to Florian's, the largest and most famous of the Venetian *caffè*. At the tables sat ladies in light dresses with black or white veils on their heads, and men with that nameless distinction of carriage that marks the Venetian patrician.

A silence lay on all the brilliant groups. The women leaned back dreamily in their chairs. The fluttering fans were at rest. The men hummed to themselves, in an undertone, the melody that issued from the band, for that ready sympathy and intuitive harmony of the Italian nature renders it impossible for these impassioned organizations to listen in phlegmatic unresponsiveness to the music upon which their youth has fed.

It was the pathos of "La Traviata" that was holding these women spellbound with old memories. The soft night-wind—the moonlight streaming upon the colorful front of the cathedral, crystallizing the flowering spires, glittering on the golden horses—the play of light and shadow—the perfume of jasmine and heliotrope, of rose and magnolia—the sensuous sadness of the love-music stealing through the hearts of the listeners—what wonder that the dark eyes under the white cloud-veils grew large and full of mysteries that none could interpret but those who loved them?

How it wailed along the arches and hovered about the lovely heads of the women and made the mouths of the poor working-girls tremble—the unutterable sad sweetness of the love-promise! The place was quiet, as though all the gay crowd mourned in sympathy. Just as the wild death-cry wailed from the heart of the piazza, the bell struck the hour—tolling in measure with the passionate dying song, like a peal for the passing of a soul. The bell and the melody died away together in a long, reluctant echo. The women shook the dreams from their hearts with a sigh. It is not strange that they should cast themselves headlong into the emotion of the music. The whole passionate Italian nature is incarnate in Verdi's creations.

There were women seated at those tables who might have served as personifications of

that bacchanal of flowers and moonlight and music and love-words that is the Venetian summer night. Watch them as they rise to stroll awhile on the arms of their *cavalieri serventi*. Their slender, undulating shapes are draped in white, with the moon-gleam of pearls in the folds of the gossamer veils that cover their heads and shoulders. Their motions form continuous curves. Their features are statuesque in form and repose—the eyes such as rarely look you straight in the face—dark and passionate like fixed stars—or hard and clear and subtle like strange gems—set in square, white, sculptured lids. When they turn their stately heads to listen to the homage of their *cavalieri* you would think them serpents slowly lifting their crests to strike. Their bodies sway with their speech. Every gesture is deliberate and significant. It is not coquetry that is in these women of Venice, but fascination, subtle and inexplicable. They are Circes who would change their lovers into swine and look upon them with neither a laugh nor a sneer, but only a passive indifference in their great, mysterious eyes. They have an Eastern look with their pearls and their white veils and their rhythmic gait. They have the charm of a waterfall that glances on for ever, white, mysterious, inscrutable, wreathing itself in shapes perpetually new and never approaching finality. It is the spell of curved lines, of gleams and suggestions, of flowing form—of falsehood so consummate as to be called truth.

The men on whose arms they lean, despite the haughty carriage which has come down to them from the ancestry that ruled the seas, have an air of languor and indifference, of strength wasted upon pleasure. The populace that toils for its bread and knows no leisure but that of Sundays and holidays, distinguishes them by the title of "Florianista"—a bit of plebeian sarcasm. For the Caffè Florian is their day-long haunt. They slumber away their mornings, lounge at noon into the *caffè*, glance idly at the papers, and discuss the latest scandal or invent a fresh one. Late in the afternoon they repair to the Giardinetto to meet the ladies, who by this time have completed their morning toilet, and have come in their *gondole* to take the air on the quay. There they walk until dinner-time—a pleasant, light-hearted, courteous company, full of charming graces and dainty touches of concealed gallantry. In the evening they meet again at theatre, opera, or *salon*, and on summer nights they throng to the piazza.

The Venetians of the last century perceived the inconvenience of exercising hospitality in their homes. They formed themselves into associations called *casini* which met in the apartments now used as *caffè*, under the arches of the

piazza. Here they danced, and conversed, and gambled, and held *accademie*. There was no such thing as domesticity in that latter Venice. The populace lived by preference in the streets, the theatres, the *caffè*.

A singularly republican feeling shines through this vast assembly of the piazza. At the table next you may be seated your shoemaker, with his hard-working wife and three children devouring pink ices. A beggar touches the elbow of some languid Florianista and craves his cigar-end. A hungry-faced woman passes by, with her child in her arms, devouring with her eyes the coffee that lingers in the cups. Behind you may be seated some hideous old patrician, whose diamonds are the richest in Venice—some beautiful high-born woman renowned for her coquetry—some gray-haired old soldier who is pointed out by the young men for his share in the establishment of Venetian freedom.

A young Florianista who has sought your acquaintance, through a desire to improve himself in foreign tongues, will perhaps join you. He will talk to you of the last opera, the coming regatta, and then he will open for you his vast stores of personal information. In Venice every one who sets foot on the piazza must needs expect to have his family history, embellished and adorned, passed from mouth to mouth, from gondolier to Florianista.

As the people pass in review before you, your Florianista will check them off like portraits in a gallery. The Venetians have two epithets, "*antipatico*" and "*simpatico*," to express like or dislike in its collective sense. These adjectives your young student of manners distributes freely throughout his characterizations.

"That handsome *giovannotto* with his mustaches turned up—*lei veda!*—he is the *cavaliere* of that large woman in blue—she is old enough to be his mother, and has five children at home. That tall, sinister-looking man all in black, even to his gloves—you see him? *antipatico quanto mai*—well, they say he has the gift of the evil-eye. He is the lover of that ugly old countess with red roses in her hair, and since she has known him she has lost half her fortune.

"Ah! there comes a poet, or at least he would be one. He writes tragedies and pays to have them played. And there is another, that handsome old man with gray beard and scholarly bearing. He is a real one—among our best. And do you see that round-headed man with staring eyes? well, he is the last of the line of Alighieri. It is Dante's blood that is in him. He has the nose of the poet, but not much else. That handsome, fair-haired young fellow? He is our new tenor—a glorious voice—I served my volunteer year with him. Those girls at the

next table are *ballerine* from the theatre; and those two tall black-eyed women, with the little man for protection, are Russian countesses, and some say socialists."

The old-time hospitality of the city is reproduced in the asylum it offers to all who suffer with broken hearts, broken fortunes, broken reputations. Old Venice was the refuge of all religious and political non-conformists, of all bold experimenters in science, of all misunderstood poets and philosophers. It was then and is now the receptacle for the odds and ends of humanity, stranded on the seashore of the world, waiting for the next tide to wash them off into the ocean, or drag them up beyond the water-mark.

Suddenly a strain burst from the band that wailed and shrieked along the arches like the cries of tortured souls. Through it broke loud tones of command, clear, joyous sounds of praise, soft, tender notes like the voices of young cherubim, with two powerful conflicting elements struggling for the mastery—a noble harmony full of deep and wonderful thoughts that led the souls of the listeners off into the infinite, with its powerful groundwork, and brought them back to their beautiful mortality with the earthly sweetness of its melody. Strange feelings crept over them. The color, and the pleasure, and the music of their Venetian life came up in strange contrast with the infinite and eternal that gazed at them from the deep philosophy of the music. When the notes ceased, loud applause broke from the gathered crowd. Cries echoed under the old portico of "*Boito! Viva il Maestro Boito!*"

Sheets of red and green flame broke forth at the side of the piazza. The frightened pigeons fluttered from the lintels. At a window above the arches appeared a man's figure. The people recognized it as that of the composer of "*Mefistofele*." They burst into loud cries of admiration and boisterous hand-beating, and many of them removed their hats. Brave *maestro*, think no more of the long waiting and watching, the heart-sickness and despair, the mighty vision and the feeble execution! In the hearts of the people, in the depths of their music-filled eyes, sparkle the jewels that form thy royal crown of genius.

The moonlight streamed over the Piazzetta and the white, marvelous wall of the cathedral. It glittered on the great arched window of the palace, brought the white pillars into relief, lay heavy and tangible on the floor of the arched portico, broken by the shadows of the short columns. Against the background of moonlit water rose the two dark columns, with the saint and the lion standing sharply defined against the luminous sky. The great black shaft of San

Giorgio loomed beyond the rippling moon-track. *Gondole* darted against the bright, liquid distance. Dark human shapes broke the molten whiteness of the open space. There were noise of soft voices and merry laughter, flashing of white veils and dark eyes.

Music floats up from the garden where the lights burn among the trees, deadening the moon-glow. Along the curve of the *riva* gleams a chain of golden lights. Beyond the white undulations of the water burns a lamp on some dark island or distant fishing-boat.

The bridges are white to intensity. Shadows never gather thickly in this summer moonlight. It lurks not under arches; it brings them out into the open and catches them unto its bosom. There is a rich penetration in its touch, a warm, mellow tenderness in its radiation. It dazzles the eyes and the senses; it is like some large-limbed marble Diana, white and warm in irradiating womanhood. I can understand here in Venice the moon-worship of the ancients. I know why the people are warmed into life by her caress, and why she draws their souls to their lips in wild choruses. What are their love-songs and ballads but hymns in honor of the great moon-goddess?

The noisy youths who saunter along the *riva*, with cracked accordions or worn guitars in their hands, are her votaries. You might take them for young Greeks on their way to wreath her shrine with flowers, so heroic are their shapes, so full of grace and harmony their songs, so rhythmic their pace. The morrow will find them working for bread in dark shops or on the heated lagoon.

We went down to where the moored *gondole* were dancing to the rhythmical ripple of the water. We floated along the lagoon to where the great water-way opened, with a mighty dome guarding it, touched with silver, against the translucent sky. The wide space was as a street of molten silver—one row of palaces dark in shadow, the other full in light, with every arch and molding distinct in relief. Shadows wavered in the water from the *gondole*. The boat-stakes stood, like hooded watchers, in gray half-relief against the arches of the water-gates. A golden light hung here and there from a balcony or a gondola-prow. White arms hung idly over the balconies among the flowers. Dark heads, like those of old warriors, were bent low over jeweled hands. From among the flowers came the tinkling of guitars.

From the gardens behind the white balustrades, where the cypresses were dark against the sky, came scents of jasmine and oleander. The plashing of oars, the mellow voice of an idle gondolier breaking into snatches of love-

song, the laughter of young throats—such were the echoes of the summer night.

Our gondoliers broke into a melody full of longing and despair. When the strains died away on the lips of one, the other caught it up and sent it echoing far along the moon-track. In it were all the passion and pleading of a Venetian night, so that to hear it was to be steeped in a delicious melancholy, formless, colorless, from which not the gleam of white arches, nor the scent of flowers, nor the glow of moonlight, could arouse you. When it died away, it would seem that all earthly sensation had left you, and only a divine apathy held you in its embrace.

"It is Clorinda's song, signori, from the 'Gerusalemme,'" said the gondoliers, "and we can sing many another verse from the great Tasso."

A gay chorus echoed far down the canal. A boat-load of men and boys, seated, with colored lanterns swinging above their heads, were drifting under the windows of the palaces, singing old ballads. It was a company of workmen who sing about the streets after their day's toil is over. The people call them the "Pittori," perhaps because the tradition lingers in their minds that, in the golden art-time, the painter-lads were wont to roam the streets in companies, with their guitars in their hands and songs on their lips.

"Signori, look! There is the house of Desdemona, who married the Moor," said the gondolier—a *palazzino*, narrow and tall, with high arched windows, sculptured like wrought lace-work; a great escutcheon high up on the roof; a balcony on the *piano nobile*, with fine wheel-carving, white and dazzling with gray half-tones. Against the long arches were dark masses of leafage, oleanders with rosy blossoms warming the gray circles of stone, and suggesting the great round windows of cathedrals. Behind the heavy foliage fluttered a white dress. It might have been that of Desdemona, as she waited for the coming of the Moor, with the moon shining on her fair white face. Down in the *calle* by the side, where the street-lamp breaks the shadow and the lights of the *traghetto* shrine under the trellis reveal the black shapes of the *gondole*, stands Iago, wrapped in his cloak, and calls to old Brabantio to guard his daughter well.

To-night, when the moon shall have set behind the red roofs of the palaces, the girl will steal across the courtyard, and the Moor will meet her on the Campo, and they will hurry into the little sacristy of some neighboring church, perhaps San Maurizio or San Fantin, and there, among the musty vestments and the guttering candles, the priest will bless their union. Then Othello will lead his bride to his home down there on the side-canal, past the white arches

and the great jousting-yard of the Foscari Palace. It is a square *palazzo*, with arched windows that frown down upon us as the gondola picks its way among the heavy black barges. An air of silence and mystery lies upon it. In a niche of the wall stands an old figure of a warrior, in shield and armor, gazing with wide, vacant eyes straight before him. He knows that he has seen the lovers float at midnight to the water-gate of the dismal house, and has been sworn to secrecy for all time.

We leave the dark palace behind, and return to the wide water-street. In the distance a sheet of red-and-green flame envelops the pale, py-

ramidal shape of the Rialto, making of it a precious jewel set in the moon-gold of the water. From under the dark arch ring the oar-strokes and the boat-songs of the Pittori. Above all, floating along the luminous track, caught up by the girl-voices on the balconies and the gondoliers lying in their boats, echoes the sweet mandolin refrain in praise of moonlight wanderings:

"Andiam la notte è bella,
La luna va spuntar
Di quà di là
Per la città
Andiamci a trastullar."

CHARLOTTE ADAMS.

HOW TO POPULARIZE WORDSWORTH.

MR. ARNOLD, in the somewhat thin but humorous critical essay on Wordsworth which appears in the new number of "Macmillan's Magazine," * asserts that ever since Wordsworth's death, in 1852, the influence of his poetry has waned. "To tenth-rate critics," he says, "and compilers for whom any violent shock to the public taste would be a temerity not to be risked, it is still quite permissible to speak of Wordsworth's poetry not only with ignorance, but with impertinence. On the Continent he is almost unknown." And yet—counting only those who are no longer living—Mr. Arnold himself places Wordsworth next to Shakespeare and Milton among our modern poets—i. e., excluding Chaucer, as belonging to a different world—places him above Spenser, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Goldsmith, Cowper, Burns, Coleridge, Campbell, Moore, Byron, Shelley, Keats. "Wordsworth," says Mr. Arnold, "taking the performance of each as a whole, seems to me to have left a body of poetical work superior in power, in interest, in the qualities which give enduring freshness, to that which any one of the others has left." This is a bold judgment, with which only the few among the lovers of English poetry would agree; and yet if the value of poetry is to be estimated by the degree in which it stimulates with a healthy stimulus, freshens and elevates the hearts of those who know and love it, the present writer at least would be disposed to assign him even a place higher in the roll of English poets, and affirm that, to him at least, a more serious and sensible blank would be left in English literature

by the extinction of Wordsworth's poems than even by the extinction of the grand Puritan classic himself. No doubt the volume of Wordsworth's voice is not so mighty as that of Milton's, nor the music of his verse so rich and various. But the intellectual world in which Wordsworth lived is infinitely more unique and wholesome, more abounding in the healing waters which human nature needs for its rest and refreshment, more thoughtful, and more lucid, than the intellectual world of Milton—and these qualities far more than make up for the matchless volume of Milton's force and the richer music of his speech. Still, we confess to a doubt whether the most perfect test of poetry, as poetry, be the test which would assign to Wordsworth so supreme a place in our literature. And if you judge chiefly by any other test—say, by the degree in which poetry is capable of exciting the imagination of the majority of cultivated men and women—doubtless not only Milton, but Byron and Shelley, perhaps even Burns and Keats and Coleridge, would take rank above him. For it must be admitted, we think, that after allowing all we may for the injudiciousness of Wordsworth's admirers and interpreters, Wordsworth is not, and probably never will be, a popular poet. And here we use the word "popular" not in the sense of appealing to the homeliest hearts, as Burns appeals, but in the sense of having the power to haunt the cultivated fancy, as Byron's "Isles of Greece," and Shelley's "Ode to a Skylark" haunt the fancy of the literary multitude. To some extent, we imagine that the power of a poet must be measured by the extent of the dominion over which he rules; and, so measured, we imagine that

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neither our own nor Mr. Arnold's estimate of Wordsworth's place is likely to be accepted by the majority of good literary judges, English or Continental. We doubt, for instance, whether Goethe could ever have been made to enter into Wordsworth's transcendent greatness, or whether there was any element in Goethe to which that greatness could have been made clear. Could Heine have been made to understand it? Could even Sir Walter Scott? Mr. Arnold justly enough says that Scott was "too genuine himself not to feel the profound genuineness of Wordsworth, and with an instinctive recognition of his firm hold on nature, and of his local truth, always admired him sincerely and praised him genuinely"; but there is not a trace of Scott's assigning to Wordsworth anything approaching to the high place which Mr. Arnold assigns, and indeed we think it clear that what Sir Walter most appreciated in Wordsworth's poetry was not by any means its highest level. Take his praise of the poem called "The Fountain"—and subtle and discriminating praise it was—but it was all praise for the dramatic touch in Wordsworth's description of the old man who passes so easily from the mood of melancholy to the mood of almost harebrained mirth, not praise for the strain of noble and passionate melancholy which is the real burden of that beautiful poem. We suspect Scott, though far too fresh and great to miss altogether the freshness and greatness of Wordsworth, would not have placed him very high on the roll of English poets.

And though, undoubtedly, wise exposition might make Wordsworth a far more popular poet than he now is, we are strongly disposed to think that the qualities in which he is greatest will never be those for which the greater number of his readers will admire him. The truth is, that most lovers of poetry look to poetry for immediate imaginative stimulus, just as they look to champagne for immediate nervous stimulus. And the first effect of Wordsworth is not immediate imaginative stimulus, but rather to breathe on us a strangely lucid and bracing atmosphere of solitary power. The highest influence of Wordsworth is, no doubt, a stimulating influence in that sense in which the solitude of the Alps is stimulating, but *not* in the sense in which the parade of a great army, or the murmur of an agitated multitude, is stimulating. And to get such stimulus as Wordsworth's, you must first pass into a solitude so profound that the chill of it strikes, and perhaps numbs you, so that you become insensible to the mental thrill which would otherwise follow. And here we are speaking of his really highest work, of such poems as the lines written near Tintern Abbey, or the "Ode to Duty"—and not, of course, of that con-

siderable admixture of genuine prose which, as Mr. Arnold very justly says, repels many who are quite capable of appreciating his highest work, from ever grappling truly with a poet capable of such miserable humdrum.

If we were to attempt to make Wordsworth as popular as, in the nature of the case, he is ever likely to be, we should begin by reiterating Mr. Arnold's warning against "The White Doe of Rylstone," "The Excursion," and in a less degree against even "The Prelude," and "Peter Bell"—as the poems by which to test Wordsworth; and by confessing at once that in many of these poems passages may be found—like that so humorously referred to by Mr. Arnold in the following criticism—which not only do not prove the poet, but taken by themselves might fairly, though erroneously, be supposed to prove absolute incapacity for poetry:

"Finally, the 'scientific system of thought' in Wordsworth," says Mr. Arnold, "gives us at last such poetry as this, which the devout Wordsworthian accepts:

'O for the coming of that glorious time
When, prizing knowledge as her noblest wealth
And best protection, this imperial realm,
While she exacts allegiance, shall admit
An obligation, on her part, to *teach*
Them who are born to serve her and obey;
Binding herself by statute to secure
For all the children whom her soil maintains
The rudiments of letters, and inform
The mind with moral and religious truth!'

Wordsworth calls Voltaire dull, and surely the production of these un-Voltairean lines must have been imposed on him as a judgment! One can hear them being quoted at a Social Science Congress; one can call up the whole scene. A great room in one of our dismal provincial towns; dusty air and jaded afternoon daylight; benches full of men with bald heads, and women in spectacles; an orator lifting up his face from a manuscript written within and without, to declaim these lines of Wordsworth; and in the soul of any poor child of nature who may have wandered in thither, an unutterable sense of lamentation, and mourning, and woe! 'But turn we,' as Wordsworth says, 'from these bold, bad men,' the haunters of Social Science Congresses. And let us be on our guard, too, against the exhibitors and extollers of a 'scientific system of thought' in Wordsworth's poetry. The poetry will never be seen aright while they thus exhibit it."

No; Wordsworth's poetry will never be seen aright while it is thus exhibited. But neither, we suspect, will it ever become even as popular as it may yet become, if those who fail to admire Wordsworth are simply told of "the power with which Wordsworth feels the joy offered to us in

nature, the joy offered to us in the simple, elementary affections and duties," and of "the power with which in case after case he shows us this joy, and renders it so as to make us share it."

We should attempt to popularize Wordsworth, so far as he can be popularized, by first presenting to the uninitiated some of those pure and lucid pictures of simple beauty in which, though they, too, embody the "lonely rapture of lonely minds," everybody may take some delight, if only for the color and the animation with which the poet's buoyant mind has invested them. Where, for instance, is there a lover of poetry of any kind who could not enter into the vivacity of such a poem as this?—

"THE DAFFODILS.

"I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

"Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

"The waves beside them danced; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought

"For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils."

The color, the life, the motion in that exquisite picture will reconcile many to the significance of the last verse, who would fail, at first at least, to see that in the last verse lies the real pith and power of the poem. Next, we should go on to point out the fidelity and strength with which Wordsworth can take up into his musing imagination, and isolate there, the simplest and most permanent of the human passions, as, for example, in the noble poem called "The Affliction of Margaret," in which a bereaved mother, who waits in vain to learn her long-lost son's fate, pours forth her heart's yearnings:

"Perhaps some dungeon hears thee groan,
Maimed, mangled by inhuman men;
Or thou upon a desert thrown

Inheritest the lion's den;
Or hast been summoned to the deep,
Thou, thou and all thy mates, to keep
An incommunicable sleep.

"I look for ghosts; but none will force
Their way to me: 'tis falsely said
That there was ever intercourse
Between the living and the dead;
For, surely, then I should have sight
Of him I wait for day and night,
With love and longings infinite.

"My apprehensions come in crowds;
I dread the rustling of the grass;
The very shadows of the clouds
Have power to shake me as they pass:
I question things, and do not find
One that will answer to my mind;
And all the world appears unkind.

"Beyond participation lie
My troubles, and beyond relief;
If any chance to heave a sigh,
They pity me, and not my grief.
Then come to me, my son, or send
Some tidings that my woes may end;
I have no other earthly friend!"

The intensity of maternal passion, as it is reflected in the lonely musings of one who can concentrate as well as understand it, was never more powerfully translated into human speech. After this, we would place before the reader some of the many poems in which Wordsworth's feeling for the purest grace and beauty of human life, and his fine sense of the analogy between the beauty of nature and the beauty of human loveliness, are most exquisitely expressed—as, for example, the lovely sonnet to a lady beautiful in her old age:

"Such age how beautiful! O lady bright,
Whose mortal lineaments seem all refined
By favoring nature and a saintly mind
To something purer and more exquisite
Than flesh and blood; when'er thou meet'st my
sight,
When I behold thy blanched unwithered cheek,
Thy temples fringed with locks of gleaming white,
And head that droops because the soul is meek,
Thee with the welcome snowdrop I compare;
That child of winter, prompting thoughts that
climb
From desolation toward the genial prime;
Or with the moon conquering earth's misty air,
And filling more and more with crystal light
As pensive Evening deepens into night."

And then, rising a little higher, we would entreat the reader to let the perfect melody of "The Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle" sink gradually into him, observing especially the remarkable contrast between the calm, sweet

wisdom engendered in "The Shepherd-Lord" by his long seclusion in homely and peaceful scenes, and the eloquent conventional hopes of the local minstrel, with which it concludes :

"Again he wanders forth at will,
And tends a flock from hill to hill :
His garb was humble ; ne'er was seen
Such garb with such a noble mien ;
Among the shepherd grooms no mate
Hath he, a Child of strength and state !
Yet lacks no friends for simple glee,
Nor yet for higher sympathy.
To his side the fallow-deer
Came, and rested without fear ;
The eagle, lord of land and sea,
Stooped down to pay him fealty ;
And both the undying fish that swim
Through Bowscale-tarn did wait on him ;
The pair were servants of his eye
In their immortality ;
And glancing, gleaming, dark or bright,
Moved to and fro, for his delight.
He knew the rocks which angels haunt
Upon the mountains visitant ;
He hath kenned them taking wing :
And into caves where faeries sing
He hath entered ; and been told
By voices how men lived of old.
Among the heavens his eye can see
The face of thing that is to be ;
And, if that men report him right,
His tongue could whisper words of might.
—Now another day is come,
Fitter hope, and nobler doom ;
He hath thrown aside his crook,
And hath buried deep his book ;
Armor rusting in his halls
On the blood of Clifford calls ;
'Quell the Scot,' exclaims the Lance—
Bear me to the heart of France,
Is the longing of the Shield—
Tell thy name, thou trembling Field ;
Field of death, where'er thou be,
Groan thou with our victory !
Happy day, and mighty hour,
When our Shepherd, in his power,
Mailed and horsed, with lance and sword,
To his ancestors restored,
Like a reappearing star,
Like a glory from afar,
First shall head the flock of war !"

"Alas ! the impassioned minstrel did not know
How, by Heaven's grace, this Clifford's heart was
framed ;

How he, long forced in humble walks to go,
Was softened into feeling, soothed and tamed.

"Love had he found in huts where poor men lie ;
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

"In him the savage virtue of the race,
Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts, were dead :
Nor did he change ; but kept in lofty place
The wisdom which adversity had bred.

"Glad were the vales, and every cottage-hearth ;
The Shepherd-lord was honored more and more ;
And ages after he was laid in earth,
'The good Lord Clifford' was the name he bore."

If, after such an initiation as this, any average cultivated man were not convinced that Wordsworth at his best was a great poet, we should almost despair of any large measure of popularity for Wordsworth. But with such an initiation, we think almost any cultivated man might be convinced that in Wordsworth there was indeed a great poet, however much also that was not great poetry, might have come out of him. And then, perhaps, we might go a little further, and the reader who had appreciated Wordsworth thus far, might by this time learn to understand the mystical grandeur of the "Ode to Duty" ; the meditative passion which, like a river which sometimes runs above and sometimes underground, makes of "The Prelude," in spite of considerable intervals of prose, so magnificent a poem ; the subtle splendor of the three poems on Yarrow ; and this latest of all the really great poems of Wordsworth, his spiritual "Skylark" (written in 1825), in which the genius of the man may be said to be almost perfectly embodied :

"Ethereal minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound ?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground ?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still !

"To the last point of vision, and beyond,
Mount, daring warbler ! that love-prompted strain
(Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain :
Else might'st thou seem, proud privilege ! to sing
All independent of the leafy spring.

"Leave to the nightingale her shady wood ;
A privacy of glorious light is thine ;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine ;
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam ;
True to the kindred points of heaven and home !"

Any one who had really learned to love this poem as it deserves, would hardly fail to love, in time, all that is great in Wordsworth—and is it not nearly half of all that he has written ?

The Spectator.

THE SEAMY SIDE.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

AUTHORS OF "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," "BY CELIA'S ARBOR," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW STEPHEN ASKED FOR BARE JUSTICE,
AND DID NOT GET IT.

THE die was cast, then. Stephen had committed all his fortunes to one hazard, the chance of his being right.

The great, quiet house—his own, he said to himself—became almost intolerable to him. The face of the indignant girl, so like, so reproachfully like his mother, haunted him, and remained with him. Above the mantel-shelf, the Señora gazed down upon him with sorrowful eyes of deep black, like Alison's, which followed him wherever he moved. The girl's very gestures recalled to his mind his mother, her Spanish blood, and her Spanish ways. It was not pleasant, again, to feel that somewhere the two ladies were conversing together, indignant and humiliated, in wrath, shame, and misery; it was not an agreeable reflection that not only then, but ever afterward, he would be regarded as the author of all the sorrow. One may be an impenitent spendthrift; one may be the black sheep of the family; but one never likes to be thought the cause and origin of trouble, and this Stephen had brought upon his own back. Besides, he would have been the blackest of villains, indeed, had he been able altogether to forget Anthony, the generous brother who had maintained him in luxury for so many years, and whom he was going to repay in this—this very disagreeable way, so very disagreeably put by Anthony's daughter. People do not so much mind the sin of ingratitude as being reminded of it.

Stephen took no notice whatever of the boy's impertinence: that was nothing: he hardly heard it; for the moment he was wholly overpowered by a sense of his own audacity. His mother, from her picture; his brother, from every corner of the room, from every trifle about it, from every book, from every chair—for all was full of his memory; his brother's daughter, with her gestures of surprise, contempt, and loathing; his cousin, timid and gentle enough as a rule, with her tearful face of sorrow and disgust—these, separately and together, reminded Stephen that he had staked his all upon one event,

and prepared him for opposition and indignation.

He tried to shake off the impression produced by this contempt and wrath. It was useless. An hour before he had been a strong man, walking with the firm tread of strength. Now he felt small and weak; he walked, or thought he walked, with bent knees; he seemed to tremble as he stood; and when he looked at his mother's portrait, her eyes, which to him had always been so full of pity and of love, were turned, like those of Alison, into loathing. One never, you see, estimates quite justly beforehand the consequences of one's actions.

But he had done it. It was too late to go back.

No future words of his could ever destroy those which had passed between himself and his niece. They could never be recalled. There could be, he said, no reconciliation for himself and Alison; there could be nothing between them for the future but a duel *à outrance*. On her side would be his cousins, all the family. On his own, the mystery—the impenetrable mystery—of her birth.

The battle was inevitable: the victory, he tried to persuade himself, was certain. Yet he hesitated. He wished he had been more gentle: he wished he had kept his temper; he wished he had weighed his words. One thing he could do: he would leave the house. There was no necessity for him to continue under the same roof with his brother's daughter; he could hardly turn her out: he would leave it himself, at all events for a time, until the first shock of the row should wear off a little.

His nerves were shaken, and he was glad to find an excuse for getting out of the place. The issue was so important, the stake so great, the associations of the house so strong, that he wanted the solitude of his own chambers. He told the footman that he should not be back for a day or two, and left the house. In reality, he ran away from Alison, whom he feared to meet again.

Alison, for her part, outraged and stricken down by this cruel and wholly unexpected blow, took refuge in her own room, trying to understand it, if she might. She was too wretched for tears. She threw herself upon the bed and buried her face in her hands, moaning with agony and

shame. Everything was torn away at once; the dream of a fond and worthy mother, the belief in a noble and honorable father.

Had Anthony Hamblin foreseen this sorrow? Had there been no middle way possible, by which the girl could have been spared at once the shame of her father's sin, and the agony of her mother's dishonor?

"Grief," said young Nick, when the clock pointed to half-past one, which was dinner-time—"grief, *with* waxiness, makes a man hungry. Call down Alison, mother. Dinner will be on the table in a minute or two. As for the first cousin once removed, he's gone. I saw him out of the house myself ten minutes ago."

Mrs. Cridland went to call her niece. She returned after a few minutes, her eyes heavy with tears. Alison would not come down at all.

Young Nick shook his head sagaciously.

"Girls," he said, "are good at a slanging match. Their tongues hang free, and their cackle is continuous. Men are nowhere. Still, men don't shirk their grub because they've had a fight. None such fools. It's only girls who don't see when it comes to keeping up the pecker, that the pecker must be kept up by more than the usual amount of grub, and break down. One short burst, good enough while it lasts, is the most they can manage. Then it is all over."

When dinner was served, he took Alison's place at the head of the table and assumed the carving-knife and fork with considerable increase of dignity. Whatever might happen, he had covered himself with glory as the defier of villainy. Besides, it is not every day that a boy of fourteen is trusted to carve.

"Boiled rabbit, mother"—he brandished the carving-knife with ostentatious dexterity—"boiled rabbit, smothered in onions, and a little piece of pickled pig. Ah! and a very fair notion of a simple dinner, too; what we may call a reasonable tuck-in for a hungry man: not a blow-out, like the Hamblin Dinner; but a dinner that a man can do justice to, particularly if there's no falling off when the pudding comes. Let me give you a slice off the back. I say, mother"—there was a twinkle in his eye as he stuck the carving-knife into the vertebræ—"I say, I wish the bunny's back was Uncle Stephen's, and my knife was in it. Wouldn't I twist it? And suppose we had him before us actually smothered in onions!"

He took a more than ample meal, because, as he explained, he had now hurled defiance at his uncle, and a gentleman's glove once thrown down had to be fought for; therefore he must hasten to grow and get strong. With which object he must eat much more meat than was heretofore thought prudent, and a great deal more pudding.

He begged his mother to remember that for the future.

"Fig pudding, old lady!" he cried presently, with beaming eyes, having the dish set well before him. "Figs made into pudding are recommended by doctors. They are said to be comforting after trouble." He cut a slice for his mother, and then placed a very large one on his own plate. "This," he said, with a sigh, "is for Alison, poor girl! She can't eat any. This" (he added another massive lump) "is for myself. I will do the best I can and eat up her slice for her. She must not be allowed to lower the system." His white eyebrows glittered like a diamond-spray as he rapturously contemplated the double ration.

As for Stephen, he was driving to town in a cab.

As he had been so hasty, as the thing had been told, as the cousins would most certainly hear of it immediately, it was far better, he thought, to go to them himself and tell the story first. At present, too, he had accepted the post of guardian, and thereby put himself in a false position. He ought not to have taken it; he ought to have asserted his claim from the beginning, in a modest but firm way; he should have communicated his suspicions. But then Stephen could never run straight. Meantime he must go and tell his story, whatever the result.

The result? Outside the house he began to shake off some of the whipped-hound feeling which oppressed him beneath the triple influence of which I have spoken. The result? What result could there be? His brother had never married: Why, justice was on his side; he asked for nothing but plain and simple justice: let bare justice be done to every man alike. What could his cousins, what could the world, object to in his claim for simple justice?

Yet there was once a man, a younger son, who laid a claim to a great title and great estate, held by his elder brother, on much the same grounds as he was about to advance. And though he had justice on his side, though it was clearly proved that he was the heir, the world condemned that man for raking up old scandals, for dishonoring the name of his mother, and the credit of his father. Stephen thought of that case, but he hardened his heart. Besides, he said it was done now; he had spoken the fatal words, he must go on. To tell Alison, for instance, that he intended to let her hold the estates by his gracious favor would never console her for the trouble he had brought upon her, would never heal the wound he had inflicted, would never lead her to forgive him who had cast a blot upon the fair name of her father. And, again, it was absurd to suppose that he was

going to let her hold the estates when they were his own.

If no man suddenly becomes the basest of men, it is also true that no man, brought up as Stephen Hamblin was brought up, can at any time, after however long a course of selfish pampering to his own appetites, contemplate an action of the basest kind without some sort of hesitation. No one would deny that this man was one eminently untrustworthy. Most of those who knew him best trusted him least. There was, in the opinion of his cousins, no wickedness of which he was not capable. They would not, for instance, have believed that this deed, perpetrated with such apparent calm deliberation, could have cost him so much hesitation and self-abasement. When we plan out a line of action for a knave, we are generally right, but we forget how much battling with his knavish conscience it costs him.

In truth, Stephen, by much brooding over the thing, had got to the level of hallucinations, a very common level with all sorts of people whom the world condemns.

He thought people would sympathize with him. In imagination, he took up the attitude of one who calmly, firmly, and without heat or passion, claims his own, standing out for the simple, the barest justice.

Alison showed him, with her swift contempt, how the world would really regard his action, what he would really seem. With her spear of Ithuriel she changed him from the upright figure of a wronged and injured man to a crawling, sneaking spy, who had crept into the house under false pretenses, and made use of his opportunities to pry into the secrets of his brother, discover the weak points and nakedness of the land, and, in his own interests, search into all the secret documents.

This view of the matter was not so pleasant to contemplate, and Stephen put it behind him as much as possible.

He deposited his bag in his chambers at Pall Mall, took a late lunch, with a single pint of champagne, at his club, and then drove into the City. Since the thing had to be done, let it be done quickly.

He presented himself at his cousin's private office with an air which struck Augustus Hamblin as of ill omen. His dark eyes were blood-shot and more shifty than usual. They were ringed with black, the result of midnight potations, not of villainy, and they seemed more crow's-footed than usual; his dress, which was that of a young man of five-and-twenty, seemed more than usually incongruous; he held between his lips the remaining half of a great cigar—men of Stephen Hamblin's stamp are seldom without

a cigar between their lips—and smoking, especially in the daytime, was always an abomination to Augustus Hamblin. Lastly, Stephen's cousin noticed that his cheek was twitching—a sign of nervousness—and that his hands shook, which might be the effect of villainous intention, or of late hours, or it might be drink. It must be understood that Augustus put none of these observations into words. They remained unarticulated thoughts.

"You here, Stephen?" he asked, not very cordially. "Is anything wrong with your ward?"

"Nothing is wrong with my ward," replied Stephen. "It is not about her, or at least only indirectly, that I have come to see you."

"Is it on business? Then we will ask my partner to be present. Two heads are better than one, or three better than two."

He whistled down a tube and sent his message.

Augustus Hamblin spoke cheerfully, but he remembered what Alderney Codd had told him, and he felt uneasy. William the Silent presently came, and nodded to Stephen; but he, too, looked meaningly toward his partner. The two sat like a judicial bench behind the table. Stephen, like a criminal, stood before them. He laid down the cigar, and looked from one to the other with a certain embarrassment.

"You will remember," he said presently, producing a pocket-book full of papers—but this was only a pretense—"you will remember that when I was here last, Augustus, I asked you what you knew about my brother Anthony's marriage."

"Certainly."

"Since then I have been employing myself, in Alison's interests, in trying to clear up the mystery."

"Yes, though you might as well have left it alone."

"I might as well, so far as her interests go, as it seems," said Stephen, clearing his throat. His face was pale now, but his attitude was firm and erect. He was about to fire the fatal shot. "I might as well, because I have made—a remarkable discovery among Anthony's papers—a most surprising discovery—a thing which alters the whole complexion of affairs, and puts me in a most awkward position."

One of Stephen's least pleasant traits was a certain liability to inspiration of sudden falsehood, just as some men are apt to be inspired by sudden bursts of generosity and lofty purpose. It would have been better for him had he stated the truth, that he suspected no marriage, and found in the papers no proof of marriage. But it occurred to him at the moment that he would strengthen his case if he asserted that he had found proof of no marriage—a very different thing.

"What is your discovery?" asked Augustus, with a presentiment of something wrong.

"It is nothing less than the fact—you will be both more surprised than I was—nothing less—I am a man of the world, and take these things as quite common occurrences—than the fact that my brother Anthony was never married at all."

"Stephen!" cried Augustus, "can this be true?"

"Patience," said William the Silent. "Let him tell us the nature of the proof."

"Oh! pardon me," said Stephen. "The nature of the proof I hold in my own hands. It is among these papers, and will be produced if necessary by my own lawyer, at the proper time and place. Anthony was never married."

There was silence for a space.

"I leave to you," said Stephen, "if you like to undertake it, the task of proving that there was a marriage. I should advise you not to try. It will, I assure you, be labor lost."

Again neither spoke, and Stephen was obliged to go on.

"The consequences of this discovery," he said, "will be very serious. It makes me the Head of the House. Alison, my brother's daughter, is entitled to nothing. I shall, of course, take my brother's position as chief partner in this firm."

"No!" said William, decidedly.

"Certainly not," said Augustus. "Whatever happens, you will never, I assure you, be a partner in this firm."

Stephen nodded carelessly. "We shall see. When it comes to taking me in or taking the consequences—however, I can afford to overlook a little natural surprise. Now, before I go before the Court of Probate, I am anxious to obtain your approval, your acknowledgment, that my course is absolutely forced upon me. Remember, you invited me to be guardian. In that capacity I went into residence at Clapham; in that capacity I made inquiries in Alison's interest; still in that capacity, still in her interest, I searched through the old papers, and—I made this discovery. She has no legal right to more than the clothes she stands in. All the rest is mine. I am the sole heir. I ask you, as business men, what I am to do. I bring to you, as my cousins and hers, the first intelligence of the discovery."

He did not wait for an answer, being perhaps afraid that they might either repeat that question as to the nature of the discovery or counsel him to go and burn it.

"What would either of you do? It is, I know, absurd to ask. You would advise me at once to ask for bare justice. My just and legal claim is for the whole estate. This is my inheritance. When that claim is granted, I am

prepared to consider the claim of my brother's daughter. What do you say?"

He looked from one to the other, but received no answer for the moment.

Then Augustus, in his dry and solemn way, asked:

"Pray, how much does Alison know of this—this alleged discovery?"

Stephen tried to look unembarrassed, but failed.

"She knows all," he replied. "My hand was forced by some attempted interference with me. I told her the exact truth; I disclosed her true position."

"Poor girl!" said Augustus.

"However," said Stephen, "pity will not alter facts. I wait for an expression of your opinion."

Augustus looked at his partner. William the Silent nodded his head suggestively in the direction of the door.

"We refer you," said Augustus, "to Mr. Bilter. You may go and see him. Tell him, if you please, what you have told us. Our offer made a few weeks ago is, of course, withdrawn. You can no longer act as Alison's guardian. Henceforth, it will be better for you to communicate with us, who will assume the position of the young lady's protectors, through your solicitors. We express no opinion on what you have done; we do not venture to give you any advice. Good morning."

The cold, contemptuous tone of his cousins was almost as intolerable as the indignation of Alison. Stephen left the office without a word.

When he was gone, the partners looked at each other and shook their heads.

"He may be lying," said Augustus; "he may be speaking the truth. What do you think?"

"Lies!" said William, whose opinion of Stephen was extremely low—"lies somewhere!"

"Perhaps in either case we lose nothing by waiting. Could we have thought Anthony capable of such deception?"

"Lies!" said William again, stoutly.

Augustus Hamblin, himself a man of the strictest principle, had known his cousin Anthony from boyhood, had worked beside him, knew as he thought every action of his life. Yet he seemed ready, on the bare, unsupported statement of Stephen, to believe that a man whose youth and manhood, open to all alike, were honorable and honored, was a profligate, a deceiver of women, a secret libertine. There is no man so good but that the worst shall be believed of him. The just man of Athens would never have been exiled had his countrymen been able to rake up a scandal against him. For my own part, when I consider the position, I am amazed that Aristides did not himself grow weary of provoking his

countrymen by the exhibition of a virtue to which nothing short of the nineteenth century can show a parallel, and openly go and break half a dozen at least of the commandments, and so regain a hold upon the affections of sympathetic humanity.

William Hamblin would doubtless have been equally ready to believe this thing but for his suspicion and distrust of Stephen.

The latter, only half satisfied with his reception by the cousins, drove straight away to the family lawyer. He would have it out at once—state his case, throw down the glove, and defy them to do their worst.

Mr. Billiter thought he was come to sign the agreement, according to their proposal, by which he was to undertake the name of guardian, receive an honorarium, and leave the conduct of affairs entirely in the hands of the partners. But Stephen pushed it aside.

"You may tear that thing up," he said rudely. "The time has gone by when that sort of thing could be signed. I have come to tell you that I have made a discovery—whether you knew it all along or not I do not know; perhaps you did, very likely you did—a discovery of so important a nature that it entirely alters the position both of myself and of Alison."

"Indeed!" The old lawyer's tone changed, and his sharp, bright eyes glittered as he raised them to look at Stephen. "Indeed! What is this discovery? Have you got it in your pocket?"

"It is nothing less than the fact that my brother Anthony was never married at all."

This was indeed a facer.

"What do you think of that?" asked Stephen triumphantly.

"I never allow myself to think of anything until the proofs are before me. Produce your proofs."

"Not at all," replied Stephen, tapping his breast, where lay his pocket-book—"not at all. If there was a marriage, produce *your* proofs."

The ferret-like eyes lit up with a sharpness which Stephen did not like.

"We assume the marriage," said the lawyer. "The presumption is in favor of the marriage. You have to disprove it. Where are your proofs?"

"As I said before," Stephen answered, "I reserve them. You will find that the law assumes that there was no marriage, and will call upon you for the proofs."

"In that case, I give no opinion. This document, then"—he took up the agreement—"is so much waste paper."

"It is. I refuse to sign it. I am going to claim the whole estate, as sole heir."

"A bold game, Stephen. A desperately bold

game. You give up the provision we offered you; you risk all in a single *coup*. Your proofs have need to be strong. You will want them as strong as they can be made."

Stephen sat down upon the table familiarly—on the awful table, before which, as a boy, he had so often trembled.

"I begin to wonder," he said, with as much rudeness as could be thrown into words and manner, "whether you have been a dupe or an accomplice. Anthony had plenty of dupes. He must have wanted an accomplice."

"Dear me!" said the lawyer, not in the least ruffled by this insult. "Here is a turning of tables. So I am an accomplice, am I? Well?"

"You pretend not to know what I mean. And yet there are only you and myself in the room."

"Perhaps it is not prudent to be without witnesses when you are here; but still, you see, I risk it."

"I have been treated," said Stephen, "since my brother's death, with the greatest contumely by yourself and my cousins. You have offered me the post of guardian, coupled with degrading conditions. Yet I have held my hand, knowing what I knew. The time has come when I shall hold it no longer. I am now prepared to strike."

"I clearly perceive, Stephen," the lawyer observed, "that you have been meditating all along a stroke worthy of your former reputation."

"Your age protects you," replied Stephen. "You know that you can say whatever you please."

"I have known you all your life, Stephen Hamblin, and I have never yet known you do a straightforward action. Now tell me, if you like, what you propose to do."

"This, at all events, is straightforward. I am going to take out letters of administration, not for Alison, but for myself. I shall put in an immediate claim on the estate, as the sole heir of my brother, who left no will, and was never married."

He tried to look the old lawyer steadily in the face, but his eyes quailed.

"I see," said the old man, "this is your manœuvre, is it? Well, Stephen, we shall fight you. I don't believe a word of your discovery. It is bounce and suspicion, and a hope that, because we do not know where Anthony was married, we can not find out. Meantime, you must of course live on your own resources. You will have no help from us."

"That," said Stephen, "I anticipated."

"You will get nothing from the estate until the case is decided; and, of course, we shall only communicate with you through your solicitors. I have nothing more to say."

He turned his chair round and took up some papers. Stephen lingered a moment. His face was dark and lowering.

"I hope that I have made myself sufficiently clear," he said, stammering. "I ask for nothing but justice. I am the heir. I assert that my brother never married."

"You are quite clear," said Mr. Billiter, without looking up; "I am perfectly aware of what you mean."

"I only claim my rights. Do you, a lawyer, dare to call that dishonorable?"

"Stephen Hamblin," replied Mr. Billiter, laying down his papers and leaning back in his chair, and tapping his knuckles with his glasses, "I said just now that I had never known you do one single good action. But you have done so many bad ones that I am never surprised at anything you do."

"As for the bad actions, as you are pleased to call them—it is absurd, I suppose, to remind you of the exaggerations made—"

"Ta—ta—ta," said the lawyer. "*We* know. Your brother on whose generosity you lived being dead, you proceed to reward that generosity by proclaiming to the world the illegitimacy of his daughter, which you suspect, and hope to be true, but can not prove. That is, indeed, the act of a high-toned, whole-souled gentleman."

"It is in a lawyer's office," said Stephen, as if with sorrow, "I am upbraided in my intention of claiming what is justly due to me. So far, however, as Alison is concerned, your own injustice and the misrepresentations of my cousins will produce no effect. I shall provide for her: so far as a yearly hundred or two, I am willing—"

"Get out of my office, man!" cried the ferret-faced little lawyer, pointing to the door. "You propose to rob your niece of a quarter of a million, and you offer her a hundred a year! Go, sir, and remember you have not got the money yet!"

Stephen had done it now. He felt rather cold as he walked away from Bedford Row. It was like parting with power in reserve. As for the wrath of his cousins and the old lawyer, that troubled him, after the first unpleasantness, very little. One thing only seriously annoyed him. Why had he not drawn the proffered yearly allowance of five hundred pounds before announcing his intentions? It was awkward, because Anthony, his sole source of income, being dead, and his balance at the bank being reduced to less than fifty pounds, it might become a difficulty to provide the daily expenses. However, long before that difficulty presented itself, he should, he thought, have gained a decision of the Court in his favor.

He went to his club in the evening, and dined there with his friend Jack Baker, whom we have already met at the Birch-Tree Tavern.

Stephen was melancholy, and inattentive to the claret.

"You are hipped, old man," said Jack. "What is the matter?"

"A discovery I made the other day has rather knocked me over," said Stephen. "A discovery that obliges me to take action, in a painful way, with my own people."

"In your own interests?"

"Very much, if we look at it only from a money point of view," Stephen said with a sigh. "It is connected with my brother's estate, in fact. The estate, you know, is worth, one way and the other, something like three hundred thousand pounds."

"Ah! He left no will, did he?"

"None; and up to the present moment my niece, his daughter, has been supposed to be the sole heiress. Now, however, we have discovered that the sole heir is— But it will all come out in the courts, before very long. No need to talk about it. This is very fine Léoville; let us have another bottle."

"And you are his only brother," said Jack Baker thoughtfully. "Why—"

If Stephen had searched about all over London for the best method of spreading a report abroad, he could hardly have hit upon a better one than that of hinting to his friend Jack Baker that something was in prospect. Perhaps he knew this.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE VALLEY OF TEARS.

THE pudding was finished and the tablecloth removed before Alison appeared. She was calm now, but there was a burning spot in each cheek, and a glow in her dark eyes, from which an enemy would have augured ill.

She sat down and wrote two letters: one of them was to Gilbert, the other to Augustus Hamblin. To the latter she related, as exactly as she could, what had taken place. The former she simply invited to call and see her as soon as he conveniently could.

She sent Nicolas with this note to the Temple, and posted the former. The boy understood that the letter meant the beginning of war, and his enthusiasm in the cause was roused. He acquired, too, a considerable accession of self-importance from considering the fact of his own share in the struggle.

He took the omnibus to Blackfriars very soberly, playing no pranks at all on the way, and turning neither to right nor to left until he found himself in Gilbert's chambers in Brick Court. The young barrister was engaged in some devilish, that ingenious method by which the briefless delude themselves into the belief that they are getting on. He looked up and nodded cheerfully.

"How is young Nick? What seeks he here?" he asked.

Nicolas shook his head and looked mighty grave.

"What has happened?"

"Villainies," replied the boy in a hollow voice—"villainies, conspiracies, and a kick-up. Here's a note for you. Alison wants you to come at once. You are not to delay one moment, she says, not even to part your hair down the middle." The young man's middle parting was always remarkably clear and well defined. "'Tell him,' she says, 'if he wants any more spooning, he'd better step out and get down at once.'"

"I must at least change my coat. Now, boy," emerging from his bedroom, "just tell me, in a few words, what has happened."

"Uncle Stephen—no, I forgot, he is no longer to be an uncle—first-cousin-once-removed Stephen has been staying with us for a week or so, as you know. He's been mighty civil to Alison, I must own. But the artfulness! It was all to poke about among the papers. And then he has a row with my mother, and then with Alison, and then he tells her that she's no right to the fortune at all, and it's all his. Think of that! 'Oh, yes,' he says, 'you think it's yours, do you? Much. I'm the owner, I am. As for you, you are nobody. You may go. Nicolas Cridland,' he went on, 'may go, too, with the old lady.'"

"Not the heiress! What does he mean?"

"Here comes in the villainy. Because, he says, Uncle Anthony was never married; that's the reason. Well, when Alison heard him say that—she's got a fine temper of her own, once get her back up: you will discover it some day, so don't say I didn't warn you—she went at him with"—he looked round him in doubt—"with the tongs."

"Nonsense!"

"I backed her up. When she quite finished, I let the first-cousin-once-removed have a bit of the rough side of *my* tongue, too. I don't pretend to be a patch on Alison, because when a girl—a strong girl, mind you—gets her back up and her tongue well slung, she can let out in a way to make a man's hair stand on end. His hair stood up, all that's left of it; he hadn't a word to say."

The boy stopped, waiting for applause. None came.

"I say, I suppose you envy me, don't you? Wish you had been in my place to cowhide him?"

"Why, you don't mean to say that you—"

"I *promised*, which is the same thing," said Nicolas proudly. "Let him wait till I am one-and-twenty; then he shall feel how spy a curly one about the legs will make him. But, I say, you're a private and particular friend of Alison's. I don't mind taking you in. It's seven years to wait, you see, and then no telling what may happen. We'll stand in together, if you like."

"Thank you," said Gilbert; "and where is he?"

"Oh, ran away! Didn't stop to reflect that he's got seven years to wait. Ran away at once. Alison wouldn't have any dinner, though there was—never mind. Came down when we'd finished, quite quiet, but looking dangerous—handy with her heels, you know—and wrote two letters. One was yours. I was rather glad to get out of the house myself. No telling whether she mightn't have rounded on me, as she's done once or twice before."

The boy, in answer to Gilbert's questions, stuck to the substantial basis of his story, although he embellished it by features which changed with each narration. Alison was not the heiress, because her father was never married. And this statement had been made coarsely, and even brutally.

Could it be true? and if so, what was Alison's position?

Gilbert lost no time in getting down to Clapham, leaving the boy behind to saunter through the streets and follow at his leisure.

He found Alison standing at the window of her own room, impatient and restless. She was transformed. The girl whom he had last seen, only a day or two before, soft, shrinking, gentle, stood before him with lips set firm, defiant pose, and eyes in which the glow of love and *douce pensée* had given place to a hard and cold light.

He took her hand and wanted to kiss her.

"No, Gilbert," she said harshly. "It was not to listen to love-stories that I sent for you. Perhaps, most likely, all that is over. You have heard—did the boy tell you?—what has happened?"

"He did tell me. Stephen Hamblin seeks to rob you of your inheritance."

"And of my name, and of my father's honor, and of my mother's honor. He will try to rob me of all at once. There will be nothing left." Her voice failed her, but it was not to sob or cry that she broke down. "Tell me first, Gilbert, if you, too, were one of those who all along sus-

pected this thing? My uncle says that everybody suspected it."

"It is false, Alison. Nobody, so far as I know, ever suspected such a thing—I the least of all men."

"But he *said*," she repeated—"he *said* that everybody always suspected."

"It is false again, Alison—a thousand times false! Believe me, no one ever dreamed of suspecting such a thing."

She seemed not to hear him.

"So that I have been living for ten years in a fool's paradise, while people scoffed at me behind my back, and at my mother, and said hard things about my father. What a life for us both! and we never knew it."

"Alison! Do not believe, do not think such things."

"But if such things are true—and, whether I think them or not, they may be true. And one thing seems true, that my poor father left no will, and, unless I can prove his marriage, which—he—says never took place, I am a beggar in fortune as well as in honor. I have nothing."

"Yes, Alison"—he took her hand in his, and held it in the firm man's grasp which brought her comfort for the moment—"yes, Alison, you have something left. You have me; you have love. You have plenty of others who love you, but not so well. We shall only have to wait a little longer. You will not be able to hear your husband called a fortune-hunter. That is what it means, if it is true—all it ever shall mean to you and to me."

She shook her head, and the tears ran to her eyes. For some moments she could not speak. Then she conquered herself, drew back her hand, dashed the tears away, and became hard again.

"It means more, Gilbert. It means a great deal more. I am—illegitimate."

She did not blush nor wince, but boldly pronounced the word, as if she would face the thing at once.

"I must be ashamed of my mother; I must be ashamed of my father; I must never, never think of marriage or of love. This must be my farewell to you, dear Gilbert."

He seized her in his arms, and kissed her again and again, until she broke away from him.

"My darling! Do you think I should let you go? Why, what is it? You have lost your name; all the more reason for taking another. And as for—for your father, you must try not to think unkindly—"

"Not unkindly," she said. "Never unkindly, only sorrowfully, because I thought him blameless."

Each time her lover ceased to touch her, she became hard and defiant again.

"Do not think of it at all in connection with him," urged Gilbert. "Let your thoughts dwell only on the happy past, which can never be forgotten. Think if he did you a great wrong, he did all he could to repair it."

"Yes, yes," she murmured impatiently. "It is of—the other—that I think—the man who has done the mischief to me. Yesterday I knew nothing. Yesterday I was proud of my father, and of myself. I had everything that a girl wants, except him whom I had lost. I had a lover—"

"You have still, Alison. I will not be denied that title. I am your lover, whatever may happen."

"You are kind, Gilbert," she said; "but you must not love me any longer. I will not think of love any more. I will not drag you down. I mean it. I am resolved in this. I will not marry. I will not endure to feel that your own people would have to apologize for me, that perhaps my own children would have to blush for their mother's birth. Spare me that, Gilbert, if you love me, as I think you do."

"The misfortune has fallen on both of us alike," she went on, releasing herself a third time from Gilbert's hands. "It has been sweet for me to feel that I was loved, especially since my father's death. It is dreadful to give you up, Gilbert. But I am resolved. When my uncle told me this morning, my first thought was that I must give you up. Ever since then I have been thinking about it."

She drew a ring from her finger—the ring of her engagement. "Take it back, Gilbert. Our engagement is at an end. I give you back your vows with this ring. You shall marry no base-born girl."

He refused to take the ring.

"I will take back neither vows nor ring, Alison. I am your lover. I swear that I will never be released unless you marry another man."

"I shall marry no one," she said. "Go away, Gilbert. You must see me no more. I forbid you the house, my poor Gilbert, as long as I have a house at all. Soon I shall have no house."

"Alison," cried the young man, "do not be cruel! I will *not* be sent away. Remember, I am always your lover."

She shook her head. There was resolution in every line of her figure, as she stood before him. He saw that remonstrance, entreaties, and prayers were useless—for the moment.

"You must not try to see me any more, Gilbert. Remember that every time I see you will bring me fresh pain and misery. I will go away somewhere—I dare say my cousins will not let me starve—and hide myself and all this shame."

I only sent to you, to tell you that it was all over. Poor boy!" Her hard eyes softened and became beautiful again, as she laid her hand upon his sleeve. "You feel it now, but you will forget. You will go about in the world and do great work, and so learn to forget, and then you will find some other girl whom you will love as much as ever you loved me—and who will have a—a—story that can be told without shame."

"Stay!" cried Gilbert—"stay, Alison. We are going far too quickly. All is not over yet. Whose word have you besides your uncle's?"

"No one's. He *would* not dare to say such a thing unless it were true."

"He says, Nicolas tells me, that he has proof that there was no marriage. We shall believe that story when we see the proofs."

"There must be proofs."

"Let us first learn what they are. Until we can examine the proofs for ourselves, I for one, Alison, shall disbelieve the statement. What would the proof be? Are we to believe that your father deliberately left a paper among his private documents, stating that he was never married? This seems ridiculous. What other proof has he, or can he have?"

"I believe," Gilbert continued, "that the statement is a pure fabrication. See, Alison, Mr. Stephen Hamblin is, and always has been, a man of low principle. It is his interest to make out this charge. He knows that there is no will. He knows, further, that your father was unwilling, for some reason best known to himself, to talk about his married life; and so, he calmly frames this gigantic LIE, in hope that it will be believed."

Alison shook her head.

"Let us not be the first to believe it. Until it is proved—and it never can be proved—let us—if only you and I remain loyal—go on believing in the honor of your father. My dear, you *must* believe it."

"You say so, Gilbert, to comfort me."

"Perhaps, partly to comfort you; but I believe solemnly that it is the truth. Surely it is more easy to believe that your father was always what you knew him to be in every relation of life—a good man—than that he lived perpetually in an atmosphere of deceit and treachery. Shake off that distrust, Alison. It is a nightmare born of the base insinuations and suggestions of that man. Hold up your head and face the world. Let us say simply, 'Anthony Hamblin *could* not have done this thing.' And even if the law allows him, which I do not think, to lay his unrighteous hand upon your fortune, go on in your belief and loyalty to your father."

"They are brave words, Gilbert," she said. "You are a strong man; you can dare and do,

I am only a weak woman. When things are said, the words are like daggers and pierce my heart. But you are right. I am fallen indeed if I can cease to believe in the goodness of my father."

"And this ring, Alison?" He held up the engaged ring.

"No," she said, "I am resolved upon that. You and I, Gilbert, will believe in my father—you, because you are loyal to the memory of a man who loved you, and I, because it will be all my comfort. But I will not put on that ring again until it has been proved to all the world that I need not blush with shame when my mother's name is mentioned."

Gilbert hesitated for a moment, thinking what to say, what comfort to bring.

"In that case," he said at length with a forced smile, "we must try to penetrate the mystery and find the truth about your father's marriage. At least you will let me work for you."

"I shall be deeply grateful to you," she replied, holding out her hand to him. The hard light in her eyes was gone, but the lip trembled still: "I shall be grateful, even if you find nothing. But you must remember one thing, Gilbert: until you have found out—what we seek—there must be no word of love; and, if we never find out, there must never be word of love between us. Do you promise not to break this rule?"

"It is a very hard promise, Alison. If you knew how I love you, you would not ask it of me."

"It is because I do know, and because—O Gilbert!—because it is as hard for me to ask as for you to promise, and because whatever happens, I must try to keep my self-respect. Promise me."

He promised, at length, kissing her fingers.

"And now," he said, "I shall go to your cousins and offer my services to unravel the mystery. I shall do nothing else until we have learned the truth."

"Oh, Gilbert!" She was going to have one devoted friend at least. To be sure, she had known that he would be her knight. "But you must not ruin your practice at the bar for my sake."

The young member of the Inner Temple laughed sarcastically.

"My practice?" he asked. "What does not exist can not be very well ruined, my dear child. I have no practice. No doubt I shall get some in course of time if I go on. At present, solicitors do not know my name, and I am briefless. Do not be disturbed about my practice."

Meantime Nicolas had found his way home and discovered his mother again in tears. This

was disagreeable. It was still more disagreeable, when he inquired the cause, to learn that, if Alison lost her inheritance, his mother would lose that three hundred pounds a year which formed, as Nicolas for the first time learned, her sole income.

"I suppose we shall all three go to the work-house!" the poor lady sobbed.

"No, mother," said Nicolas. "You and Alison may go there, if you like, and if you prefer skilly to chops. I sha'n't. Come, old lady"—he rammed his hands into his pockets, and stood with his legs apart—"come, cheer up. Work-house, indeed! Haven't you got ME? For the present, I suppose, I must enlist. I can have stoppages made for you and Alison out of the pay. That will carry you on till I'm old enough—provided I am not in the mean time killed in action—to enter the firm. The least they can do for me after cheeking Uncle Stephen—and, of course, I shall horsewhip him when the time comes—is to give me a desk. Then I can support you both in comfort, with boiled rabbit and onions and pickled pig every day. That fellow Yorke, unless I am greatly mistaken in the man, which isn't usual with me, will want to cry off when he hears that Alison has got no money. I don't much like that style of man: blue eyes, curly brown hair, regular features—barber's-block features, long legs, and broad shoulders. I hope she won't take it too much to heart. After all, it will be only waiting for me. I'm the sort of man to make her really happy. I feel it in me. Cheer up, old lady."

He kissed his mother and patted her cheek. I think Mrs. Cridland was greatly comforted by the thought that her boy would be so great a stay and prop to her.

Then the boy heard Gilbert's step in the hall, and ran out.

"Done with Alison?" he asked. "Come this way." He led him into the study, where there stood a rack of choice canes, walking-sticks, and bamboos, brought to the Head of the House from foreign parts. It was a really valuable and beautiful collection, which Anthony had been accumulating for many years.

"This way." He stood before the rack and examined the contents critically. "I will find something that will just do for you, Yorke. See: don't take this Malacca, because it is too light for serious business: Malaccas are apt to break in the hand. Here's a Penang Lawyer, which I should like to lend you if I could trust your temper. But I can't, and you might kill your man. This Persuader is from Singapore, but they've loaded it with lead, and we must stick to the legitimate thing. The Tickler at your left hand is from Shanghai: it has tickled many a China-

man into an early grave. But we don't want to give him anything luxurious. This is a lovely thing from Mauritius, see: clouded and mounted; it's trustworthy, too, and heavy; but I'm not going to treat such a fellow as that to anything expensive. He'd boast of it afterward. Common ware, sir, and tough, and apt to curl about the legs. That's all he shall get from me."

Gilbert looked on in amazement. What did the boy mean?

"Nowhere"—he took down a thin and longish bamboo. "This is the very thing. Common and cheap, effective, and tough. You can lay on with this without fear of its breaking. It's as springy, too, as India-rubber. That thing, sir, judiciously handled, will raise the most enormous weals, and hurt like winkin'. Phew! Ey—oh!"

"What *do* you mean?"

"You've been spooning again," said Nicolas severely, "and it's made you go silly. Didn't I promise you should stand in with me about the cowhiding? Very well, then. Take and go and do it."

"Oh, nonsense! There's to be no cowhiding."

"No cowhiding?" Young Nick almost shrieked with indignation. "Why, I *promised* him. You're *not* going to do it?"

"Certainly not."

The boy's face fell. This was bitter disappointment.

"Go away," he said; "I thought better of you. If I had a girl who'd been treated as Alison has been treated, I'd cowhide the man first and pepper and salt him next. You'll do as you please." He replaced the stick with a sigh. "Of course all the real work, as usual, is laid upon my shoulders."

CHAPTER XV.

HOW STEPHEN LEFT THE HOUSE.

STEPHEN slept at his chambers that night. But in the morning, the strange feeling of nervous terror, under the influence of which he had left the house at Clapham, had disappeared with the impression produced by Alison's eyes and words. He began to consider whether it was prudent to retract from the stronghold of constructive possession.

It was matter of simple evidence that he went to the house on the very day of his brother's death: that might be with the view of assuming the guardianship which naturally devolved upon him, or that of asserting his own claim. He had lived there for three months, by tacit acknowledgment, he might say, the master. And yet,

on the day when he distinctly laid his pretensions before the partners, he returned to his own chambers. Perhaps that would look something like distrust of his own claims.

This knotty point gave him uneasiness. He really did not wish to return: he was afraid of meeting his niece: he was afraid of those black eyes in the portrait which followed him round the room with reproachful gaze; but, on the other hand, he was bound to show a bold front. He had taken up a position from which there was no retreat. He had gone beyond the truth in asserting that he held written proof that there never had been any marriage at all; whereas all that he could really prove was that he had found no mention of any marriage. And there was always the terrible doubt in the background that, after all, there might have been a secret marriage, a marriage under an assumed name which further search might reveal. If it were discovered, he would be indeed ruined.

It was more than possible: it even seemed probable, now that it was too late, now that he had incurred the wrath of the other side and played his trump cards. Why was it that it seemed so impossible the day before?

Given a man of absolutely unblemished character, living a life open for all the world to see; given the fact of a child strongly resembling him, and even more strongly resembling his mother; add to these the open production and acknowledgment of the girl as his own daughter—these things made up a very strong case; so strong, that when Stephen put them together he felt cold, and began to wish that he had not been so precipitate.

It became, therefore, the more necessary to maintain the boldest bearing. He would go back to the house, install himself there, and let the servants know that he was master. As for Alison, it was her part, not his, to turn out.

The house, when he admitted himself with a latch-key, was perfectly silent. The two ladies were in the breakfast-room; Nicolas was at school; the servants were engaged in the light and leisurely occupations which they called work. They made no noise; if they talked, it was in low tones, so as not to disturb the silence which, for three months, save for the voice and the steps of Nicolas, had been almost unbroken. He stepped hurriedly, as if afraid of meeting some one, into the study. The eyes of his mother's portrait met his as he closed the door, and again the odd feeling of cold, as if the dead were reproaching him, fell upon him. He threw down his bag: took a cigar from the box nearest, lit it, and went out of this silence, which was sepulchral and oppressive, into the gardens.

The morning was delightful: the lilacs, al-

monds, peaches, white-thorn, and laburnum—for it was an early season—were all blossoming together: the air of the young spring was heavy with perfume: a blackbird was singing in the garden: all round him were the delicate leaves of spring, the young foliage, yellow rather than green: a broad horse-chestnut over the stables was showing on its branches the great sticky cone, oozing all over with gum, out of which would shortly spring blossom and leaf: the dark cedars of Lebanon showed black beyond it. At his feet were all the spring flowers that he remembered of old—the London-pride, the pale primrose, the wallflower, the violet, the auricula, the polyanthus, the narcissus, and the jonquil.

The memory of those accusing eyes of the portrait followed Stephen into the garden; the lawns and flower-beds, the lilacs and laburnums, awakened unexpected associations.

"I have not seen the old garden," he murmured, "for twenty years. It is not changed at all. My mother might be on the lawn now, as she was one morning—just such a morning—thirty years ago and more, when I was a boy—"

As he spoke, Alison, coming from the vinery, crossed the lawn on her way to the house. She paused for a moment, and standing on the springy turf, not seeing her uncle, she looked round her and breathed the soft sigh of contentment which the early summer air pours into the heart of maidenhood. She had tied a handkerchief round her head. Her black eyes were full of softness, heavy with the sweet influences of the hour: her lips were parted: her head drooped a little, like a flower too happy in the sun; her figure, *svelte et gracieuse*, seemed soft and yielding, a very figure of Venus—how different from the wrathful eyes, the angry voice, the set lips, of yesterday!

Stephen dropped his cigar.

"My God!" he said, "I thought it *was* my mother! How like her she is!"

He dropped into thought, standing where he was, gazing through the shrubs upon the vacant lawn, peopled again in imagination by just such a woman as Alison, only older, by a child of five or six, himself, and a tall, raw schoolboy, his brother.

"Anthony!" he murmured, with something like a choke in his throat. He saw again in his imagination the little boy running backward and forward, shouting, laughing, dancing, while the elder boy played for him and with him, and the lady with her black mantilla watched them both with soft and loving eyes.

Stephen's own eyes softened as he recalled the pretty scene, so old, so long gone by, himself the only survivor.

Now, to what length this softening process might have gone, had it not been interrupted, I do not know. One can only speculate. It was, in point of fact, stopped, ruined, and hopelessly destroyed, all in a moment, and in the very bud and opening. For just then a stable-boy—this was on the way to the stables—who was engaged in polishing harness, became suddenly possessed by the devil. I think, indeed, that he was the devil himself. He laughed aloud—a strident, mocking laugh, which seemed to Stephen as if his one newly-conceived germ of—call it a tendency to a readiness to accept the softening influence of repentance—were the object of the stable-boy's derision.

Stephen's temper was arbitrary; his own personal submission to that temper was abject. He stepped hastily into the stable-yard and cursed that young assistant, who, to outward view, was as meek as Moses, till he trembled and shook in his shoes.

Then Stephen entered the stables themselves and began to examine them. The profitable vision of the lawn had already faded from his mind. When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness, even in imagination, and for a few brief moments only, he does not like to be laughed at. He would rather relapse. Stephen relapsed. He remembered, too, that he was there to show himself as the master; he therefore cursed the groom a second time.

"Two fat coach-horses and two riding-horses and a pony," said Stephen, standing at the door of the stable, while the groom trembled outside, "and four lazy scoundrels to wait on them! You, groom-fellow, take a month's notice. Tell the coachman to take a month's notice. Tell the other men to take a month's notice. I am going to sell off all the horses—do you hear?—and this coach and the pony-carriage. A hansom cab is good enough for me. Such mad expenditure," he added, "would swamp the income of a Rothschild!"

The groom made no reply, resolving to lay the whole case immediately before the young lady. Miss Hamblin's riding-horse, Master Nicolas's pony, and all to be sold off! And the coachman, grown old in the Hamblin service, to be dismissed! And himself to take a month's notice, who hoped to remain, like the coachman, among the Hamblins all his life! "Why," thought the boy, watching Stephen's receding figure, "who's Mr. Stephen, to come and order people out of the house?" But he was alarmed.

Stephen passed through the shrubs and came into the garden itself. Alison was sitting at the window of her own room, called the breakfast-room, and saw her uncle. Instantly the day became cold to her, and the sunshine paled. She

pulled down the blind, but the sight of him brought back the horror of the day before, and her brief joy in the season of spring was destroyed.

The garden, both broad and long, had a great lawn, set with flower-beds, immediately behind the house. At the back of the lawn was a goodly show of glass, with vineries, conservatories, hot-houses, every kind of luxurious garden-house. And at the back of the glass houses lay the kitchen-garden.

Most of the glass houses were new to Stephen. He began to reckon up the expense of keeping them up, and resolved on one more economy. It is curious to observe how jealous the prodigal son has always shown himself over the reckless extravagance of his brother.

"Who are you?" he asked a man without a coat, who was pottering among some plants, set out to enjoy the morning sun. The man was tall and spare; he had red hair; his cheek-bones were high. They called him Andrew, and he never boasted any other name.

"Who are you?" he repeated, because the man only looked at him and replied not. In fact, Andrew did not know Stephen by sight, and was just slowly beginning to make out that the stranger bore a resemblance to Miss Hamblin. "Who are you, and what are you doing here?"

"I'm head gardener," replied Andrew, with dignity, "and that's what I'm doing."

"Head gardener! Why, how many of you are there?"

"Three," said Andrew. "Myself, a man, and a boy."

"Three!" Stephen echoed. "And four lazy devils for the stables. What a household! what reckless profusion!"

Andrew looked stolidly at him.

"I suppose"—Stephen addressed the chief of this watchful band of three—"I suppose you think that this extravagance will be allowed to continue?"

"It's accordin' to the young leddy," said Andrew. "You and me, we've just got to do what she says."

"You and I?" cried Stephen. "What the devil do you mean?"

"Dinna swere," said Andrew. "What I mean is that the young leddy is the maister since poor Mr. Hamblin got drowned. If ye don't like this extravagance, go and tell her, and leave me and my wark."

"I tell you what," cried Stephen, in a rage, and again obedient to that hard taskmaster, his temper, "I'll soon show you who's master here! Go and put on your coat; you shall have a month's wages instead of notice."

"Eh, eh?" said Andrew, no way discon-

certed. "I reckon I'll just wait till the young leddy tells me go."

"You scoundrel!" cried Stephen, raising his stick, "I'll break every bone in your insolent body!"

Andrew quietly allowed the spud in his hand to assume a horizontal position, so that it became at once a spear leveled at vital parts.

"Aweel," he said, with a smile of resolution, "if there's only breaking of bones, there's always the spud."

Stephen turned away. Hitherto he had not gained much by assuming the air of the master.

He returned sulkily to the study, where he sat down, angry, ashamed, and unquiet, to examine and turn over for the tenth time those diaries of Anthony's life.

The day was not destined to be a propitious one for him. He had not been more than half an hour at his work when he became aware of a most intolerable and exasperating noise.

Unfortunately, it was Wednesday.

Any misfortunes which might happen in that household on that day were always, from a rude, instinctive recognition of the principles of cause and effect, associated with the fact that it was young Nick's half-holiday.

He was wont on Wednesdays to return home a little before one o'clock, with idle hands and a mind free from care, and therefore ready for the reception of temptation; in fact, anxious to be tempted.

Let us do the boy justice. On this occasion he thought that Stephen had left the house, after the awful row, for good, and was not coming back any more. Otherwise he would have proceeded with more discretion. Thus, he would not certainly have whistled so loudly as he ran up the steps which led from the garden entrance into the hall; nor would he, on arriving in the hall, have followed up the rich and creamy notes of his whistling—he always chose those airs which most madden and drive wild the adult hearer—by singing the same melody at the top of a voice which was not by nature musically soft, and was strident in the upper notes.

Had he known, too, that the great-coat hanging in the hall belonged to his Uncle Stephen and not to the family doctor, who, he presumed, was at the moment in conversation with his mother, he would have hesitated before drawing from his pocket a small case containing needles and thread and sewing up the lining of the sleeves. This, however, he did lightly, but with judgment, about six inches above the cuff, so that the arm on reaching the obstacle would have acquired a certain amount of momentum. Nicolas had not yet studied dynamics, but he knew that the greater the force with which a human

arm meets such an impediment in the sleeve, the greater is the shock to the system. Young Nick, therefore, executing his task with the sweet smile of anticipated delight, which he proposed to enjoy from ambush, sewed up the sleeves very low down.

This done, still in ignorance of his uncle's presence, he began to whistle again, and be-thought him of a certain double-shuffle which he had seen at the Christmas pantomime, and had practiced without success ever since. The noise caused by a double-shuffle on canvas is in itself far from soothing to the nerves. After the dance he proceeded to try a new figure in gymnastics, which also necessitated a good deal of inharmonious sound. He had just inverted himself, and was balancing on his two hands, trying to acquire complete control over his feet, when the door of the study opened and Stephen came out. He had been goaded almost to madness by the stamping, dancing, and whistling combined. He had borne it for a quarter of an hour. When it became intolerable he rushed out. The boy, thinking it was one of the footmen, began at once to spar at him with his feet.

"You little devil!" roared Stephen, enraged at this last insult. "Get up at once, and I'll break your neck for you!"

Young Nick sprang to his feet, and was instantly collared by the angry Stephen and dragged into the study. He realized in a moment the danger of the situation. He was hurried thither because there was the choice collection of canes to which he had himself only the day before introduced Gilbert Yorke. "How swift," observes the poet of Olney, "is a glance of the mind!" In a moment the boy remembered every cane in the rack, and wondered whether he should be operated upon by Penang Lawyer, by Malacca cane, by Singapore Persuader, or by Chinese Tickler. For the moment he gave himself up for lost. Yesterday's defiance would be also reckoned in. A caning, grim and great, was imminent. It was, however, only for a moment that young Nick abandoned hope. Stephen dragged him across the room, making swiftly for the sticks. There was not an instant to be wasted in reflection. Suddenly Stephen found the boy's legs curled round and mixed up with his own. He staggered, let go the collar of his prisoner's jacket, and fell heavily, tripped up by the craft and subtlety of the artful youth. The next moment there was a mighty crash, as the heavy table-cloth, with all its books, inkstands, papers, cigar-cases, and heterogeneous litter which piled it, was dragged down upon him. When, after a few moments of struggle, he disengaged himself and stood upright among the *débris*, the boy was gone. What was worse, he

had locked the door. Young Nick had escaped. It would have been a flying in the face of Providence had he not seized the happy chance and turned the key upon his enemy.

This done, the fugitive sat down upon the floor of the canvas, drumming his heels with delight and waiting the course of events. He had not long to wait. The next moment he heard the scuffling of his victim, as he freed himself from the table-cloth, the angry turning of the door-handle, the discovery that the door was locked, and the ringing of the bell. Upon this, young Nick sprang to his feet and rushed to the stair-head. He met the footman leisurely mounting the stairs to answer it.

"You need not disturb yourself, Charles," he said softly. "Go on with your dinner; I know what my uncle wants."

Charles descended. Young Nick watched him till he had returned to the kitchen, and then, sliding noiselessly down the banister, mounted a chair and unshipped the study-bell.

"Now he can ring as long as he likes," said the boy.

After this, he composed his features and went up stairs to his mother, who was sitting sadly with Alison, both of them far too dejected to have noticed the small disturbance which had just taken place. Here he took a book and sat sweetly reading, in silent calculation as to the time during which his uncle should be a prisoner.

Presently, there was heard a noise as of one kicking or hammering against a door, with a roaring as of an angry wild beast. The two ladies did not for some time notice this disturbance. Young Nick, who did, put up the book before his face to hide the unbidden smile of satisfaction. It was Uncle Stephen, kicking at the study-door and swearing at the top of his voice.

"Dear me!" cried Mrs. Cridland, "what can be the matter? Who is that making this terrible noise?"

"It may be the gardener," said Nicolas sweetly; "I will go and see."

It was time that he went, because the footmen, who had now finished their dinner, were becoming aware of something singular going on overhead, and in two minutes Stephen might have been free, and upon him with a cane in his hand. Now, in the open, in the garden, young Nick felt himself a match for any man, armed or not. He therefore retreated to the top of the stairs which led to the garden, there to await events.

At this moment a carriage drove up. Charles, the footman, arriving in the hall, alarmed by the kicking at the study-door, and the awful explosion of wrath which threatened vengeance on

the whole house, opened the hall-door first. The visitors were the two partners of the firm, Augustus Hamblin and William the Silent, with Mr. Billiter, the family solicitor. Young Nick, at the top of the stairs, in readiness for flight, observed the arrival of this group with considerable curiosity. Something important was in the wind. He connected it with the row of the day before.

Kick—kick. "Open this door!" roared Stephen, adding a volley of oaths strong enough to throw into shudders the immortal gods who heard them. "Open this door!"

"Really," said Augustus, "this is very scandalous language in a house where there are ladies. What is the meaning of it?"

The footman tried the handle of the door. It was locked, but the key was in it. He caught sight of young Nick as he turned the key, and at once divined the whole history. He, too, had the presence of mind, as Stephen emerged, raging, cursing, and swearing, to retreat behind the portly form of Mr. Augustus Hamblin.

For a moment Stephen, who was blind and speechless with wrath, did not see who were grouped before him, as he stood and stamped, hurling incoherent oaths at all the world. Young Nick had dropped down to the lowest step of the stairs, which just left his eyes half an inch above the level of the hall-floor. Thus, from a comparatively safe spot, he enjoyed a complete view of the proceedings, which interested him profoundly.

"What does this mean?" asked Augustus. "Is the man mad?"

"What do you want here?" returned Stephen, foaming at the mouth. "This is my house!"

"Not at all," said Augustus. "It is not your house until the Court awards it to you. It is Alison's house. We are here to protect her, and to see that you leave the place immediately."

"Leave the place? Leave my own house?" cried Stephen.

"Certainly. It is presumably Alison's until you have succeeded in acquiring a legal title to it. You must go away, and that at once. We shall remain here until you do."

Stephen hesitated. It was a strange thing that a man so versed in all the ways of the world should have jumped to the conclusion that all he had to do was to step at once into his brother's place, and stay there.

"Understand, pray," said Mr. Billiter, "you have no more power to occupy this house than you have to receive your brother's rents and dividends. After the announcement you made to us all yesterday, we have come to the conclusion that it is no longer becoming or decent that you

should be allowed to remain here, under the same roof as Miss Hamblin."

"And if I choose to remain?"

Black Hamblin looked dark as midnight. Mr. Billiter laughed, and rubbed his hands.

"Really," he said, "one hardly likes to contemplate such an emergency. You see, nothing is yours until you prove your case. Meantime everything is presumably ours. It makes one think of physical force. No doubt—but it is absurd—no doubt, the footman, gardener, and grooms could, between them, be able to effect an—ha! ha!—an ejectionment."

"I go," said Stephen, "but under protest. I go from here to my own lawyers. If I am advised that I am entitled to live here, I shall return."

Young Nick slowly mounted the stairs. A delicious surprise awaited him. The coat which he had mistaken for the doctor's belonged to Stephen. Here was a joyful chance!

Stephen, with a face as full of dignified remonstrance as could be compassed on so short a notice, and after half an hour of such unrestrained wrath, took down his coat, and began, in a slow and stagelike way, to put it on. The action in itself is capable of being filled with "business" and effect, as my readers have often observed upon the stage.

"You will all of you," said Stephen, taking the coat by the collar, and adjusting it with the left, so as to bring that sleeve into position—"you will all of you regret the tone which you have been pleased to adopt toward me." Then he thrust his hand into the sleeve half-way, and brought the coat round with a swing to the right. "I claim, as any man would, his bare rights. Let justice be done." Then he thrust his right arm into the corresponding sleeve. "I am met with unworthy and undeserved accusations." Then he hitched the coat higher up, and perceived, but without alarm for the moment, that there was some obstacle in both the sleeves.

The faces of his three opponents watched him with grave and solemn looks.

It was the grandest spectacle which this world offers—that of baffled villainy. The virtuous, rejoicing in their virtue, were for the moment triumphant. Nothing better was ever invented in fiction than this situation of real life. And to think that it was all fooled away by such a paltry trick as sewing up a coat-sleeve!

Having delivered himself, Stephen wished only to retreat with dignity. There was only one drawback. He could not get his arms through the sleeves. The unrelenting three gazed upon

him with cold and severe eyes, while he scowled as fiercely as any villain in stage-story. But there comes a time when severity must relax and scowling becomes oppressive. The more Stephen plunged at his coat-sleeves, the more they resisted.

"Damn the coat!" he cried, losing his patience.

Charles, the footman, came to his assistance.

He it was, instructed by experience, who discovered the truth.

"I think it's Master Nicolas, sir," he said; "he's sewed you up, sir. If you have a pen-knife—"

The two partners smiled: the lawyer smiled: severity vanished. Stephen swore: the partners laughed aloud; the dignity of the revengeful bravo disappeared. It was with a very poor flourish that he finally put on his hat and left the house.

"You will understand, Charles," said Augustus, "that under no circumstances is Mr. Stephen allowed to enter this house again, until you hear again from us or from Mr. Billiter."

He led the way into Alison's room.

"You had my letter, Cousin Augustus, you have heard the dreadful news?" asked the girl, who was standing at the window, wondering what all the talk and noise in the hall meant.

"I have heard, my dear. We are here, your cousins, to protect you. Your Uncle Stephen has left the house, and will not return to it."

"Oh! tell me you do not believe it—what he says!"

"We certainly do not," said Augustus. "We do not know what case he has, if any; but we hold his position to be impossible. We believe in your late father, my dear: we are confident that we shall establish your claims to be what he always led us to believe you, his legal daughter and his heiress."

He kissed her on the forehead, a rare distinction with a man so grave as Augustus Hamblin.

"I concur," said William the Silent, and kissed her too.

"And as for me," said Mr. Billiter, taking her hand, "you see in me, my dear young lady, your most faithful and obedient servant. Never doubt that we shall succeed."

"And am I and my boy to be turned out?" asked poor Mrs. Cridland.

"Certainly not, Flora," replied Augustus. "We want you to continue your kind services to"—he made a profound bow—"to my late cousin's heiress, Anthony's daughter, Alison Hamblin."

(To be continued.)

THE SOUVENIRS OF MADAME VIGÉE LE BRUN.*

THERE are superior persons who object to what they are pleased to call "light reading." And they not only include in their condemnation novels, but also those pleasant memoirs which they loftily designate as mere gossip. They seem to imagine that books which may amuse can not by any possibility instruct. The proper study of mankind, according to the self-elected wise men of the nineteenth century, is to solve questions which are practically insoluble. The lost spirits who reasoned high and found themselves in wandering mazes lost, probably realized their situation; but we do not think metaphysicians of the present day are in the slightest degree aware when they are floundering. Mrs. Charles Kemble, whose character is so charmingly described in that delightful book, "The Records of a Girlhood," used to say of the sages of her day, "When A talks to B and C, and B and C do not understand him, and A does not understand himself, that's metaphysics." Here are the specimen articles of the magazine of the period: "The Place of Will in Evolution," "The Place of Conscience in Evolution," "The Reasonable Basis of Certitude," "Philosophy of the Pure Sciences," "Psychometrical Facts." Then in the midst of these awful lucubrations comes an article entitled "Is Insanity on the Increase?" A very suggestive question, in answer to which we can only sorrowfully imagine that, while there are writers and readers of brain-puzzling articles like these, it is impossible that insanity can be altogether on the wane. And then how conceited young gentlemen patronize and bore mankind with their "schools of thought" and "aims of life"! How pleasant, perhaps superior persons would say how degrading, to turn from celestial talk and "psychometrical facts" to the sunny souvenirs of Madame Vigée Le Brun!

What a pleasant picture is here given of French society just before the whirlwind which scattered it for ever! Madame Le Brun, as an artist patronized by royalty, naturally saw kings, queens, and princes through rose-colored spectacles. Her accounts of Marie Antoinette are flattering in the extreme, but they coincide with the general impression left by the memoirs of the period.

Madame Le Brun writes:

It was in the year of 1779, my dear friend, that I took the Queen's portrait for the first time. She

was then in all the brilliancy of her youth and beauty. Marie Antoinette was tall and admirably proportioned, her arms were lovely, her hands small and beautifully formed, and her feet charming. She walked better than any woman in France; carrying her head with a majesty which denoted the sovereign in the midst of her court without detracting in the least from the sweetness and grace of her whole aspect. In short, it is very difficult to give an idea, to those who have not seen the Queen, of so much grace and dignity combined. Her features were not regular: she inherited from her family the long, oval-shaped face peculiar to the Austrian nation; her eyes, which were nearly blue, were not large, but their expression was at once lively and soft; her nose was small and well-formed, and her mouth was not large although the lips were rather thick. But the most remarkable thing about her was the brilliancy of her complexion. I never saw anything like it, and *brilliant* is the only word to express what it was; her skin was so transparent that it allowed of no shadow. I never could obtain the effect I desired; paint could not represent the freshness, the delicate tints of that charming face, which I never beheld in any other woman.

At the first sitting, the Queen's imposing air began by intimidating me extremely, but her majesty spoke to me with so much goodness that her kind manner soon dissipated this impression. It was then that I made the portrait which represents her with a large hoop, dressed in white satin and holding a rose in her hand. This picture was destined for her brother, the Emperor Joseph II., and the Queen ordered two copies of it; one for the Empress of Russia, the other for her apartments at Versailles or at Fontainebleau.

It was at this first sitting that Marie Antoinette replied to Madame Le Brun, in answer to her remark how much *l'élevation de sa tête* added to the nobleness of her aspect: "If I were not Queen, they would say that I have an air of insolence; is not that true?" The supposed haughtiness of the Queen made her an object of hatred to the French people, and, the more she dispensed with etiquette and entered into society, the more her unpopularity increased.

In an unpublished memoir of the time, it is stated that the parties at the Duchess of Polignac's gave great offense to a portion of the nobility. The Queen was supposed to preside at these *soirées*. Those who were not invited were furious, those who were asked and were not sufficiently noticed were malignant. Hence arose those false and cruel libels which spread from the highest to the lowest classes of society. With what result is too well known. One is almost

* Souvenirs of Madame Vigée Le Brun. London, 1879.

forced to agree with the Greek dramatists that fate is the great agent pervading life. Marie Antoinette was born on a day of evil omen, *Le jour des Morts*, and there is no record in history of a woman who suffered such prolonged tortures and who endured them so nobly.

Madame Le Brun writes :

One day it so happened that I failed to appear at the time appointed for my sitting, because, owing to my health being very delicate at the time, I was taken suddenly ill. I hastened the next day to Versailles to make my excuses. The Queen had not expected me, and had ordered her carriage to go for a drive, and this carriage was the first thing I saw on entering the courtyard of the château. Nevertheless, I went up and spoke to the gentlemen-in-waiting. One of them, M. Campan, received me very stiffly, and said angrily, in his stentorian voice : "It was yesterday, madame, that her Majesty expected you, and of course she is going out driving, and she will certainly not give you a sitting." On my saying that I merely came to take her Majesty's orders for another day, he went to find the Queen, who immediately sent for me into her cabinet. She was finishing her toilet ; and held a book, from which she was teaching her daughter, the young madame. My heart beat, for I felt nervous, knowing I had been in the wrong. The Queen turned and said kindly : "I waited for you all yesterday morning ; what happened to you ?" "Alas ! madame," I replied, "I was so ill that I was unable to attend your Majesty's commands. I come to-day to receive them, and will leave directly." "No ! no ! do not go away," she rejoined ; "I will not let you have your journey for nothing." She countermanded her carriage, and gave me a sitting. I recollect that, in my anxiety to make amends for her goodness, I seized my box of colors with such haste that I upset them all, and my brushes and paints were strewed over the floor ; I stooped down to repair my awkwardness. "Let them alone, let them alone," said the Queen, "you are not in a condition to stoop" ; and, in spite of all that I could say, she picked them all up herself.

In the "Memoirs of the Baroness d'Oberkirch," which are as pleasant as those of Madame Le Brun, many anecdotes are given illustrating Marie Antoinette's kindness of heart. The Queen in the education of her children endeavored to instill in them kindness and consideration for others.

Madame Le Brun writes :

The Queen never neglected an opportunity of teaching her children the gracious and affable manners which so endeared her to all who surrounded her. I have seen her making madame, then a child of six years old, dine with a little peasant-girl, whom she protected, serving her first, and saying to her daughter, "You must do her the honors."

Nothing could be more perfect in theory than an education of this kind, but we fear in practice it resulted in the pride that apes humility ; for Madame d'Oberkirch, who piqued herself on her knowledge of court etiquette, received the following setting down from the child of *seven*.

Madame d'Oberkirch writes :

I was struck by the beauty and grace of the child, and accustomed to the freedom of German courts I said so ; this liberty displeased her ; an expression of anger spread itself over her face as with a proud and dignified air she replied :

"I am charmed, baroness, that you think me so ; but I am surprised to hear you say it." I was stunned.

However, the governess came to the rescue. The gracious and affable Princess relented, held out her hand to be kissed, and restored the bewildered Baroness to her senses.

Madame Le Brun gives a curious account of the way she was treated by the Princesse de Conti :

One day while Madame de Montesson* was sitting to me, the old Princesse de Conti paid her a visit, and this Princess in speaking to me always called me miss. It made the thing more remarkable that I was immediately expecting the birth of my first child. It is true that formerly all the great ladies so addressed their inferiors, but this fashion had ceased with Louis XV.

Madame Le Brun was passionately fond of the theatre. In the days of her girlhood the opera was her constant resort :

In the summer the performance finished at half-past eight, and the most fashionable people left even before it was over to walk in the garden. It was then the custom to carry enormous bouquets, the odor of which, added to that of the strongly-scented hair-powder which every one wore, actually embalmed the air that we breathed. Later on, but before the Revolution, I have known these *réunions* prolonged until two o'clock in the morning, with music in the open air by moonlight. Many artists and amateurs sang there, among others Garat and Alsevido. It was crowded with people, and the famous St. Georges often played there on his violin.

The Comédie Française was then in its glory. "The actors were so admirable," writes Madame Le Brun, "that they have never been excelled." There is a most animated description of them in these memoirs. She was present at a representation of the "Mariage de Figaro" by the actors of the Comédie Française at the residence of Count Vaudreil, the intimate friend of Marie Antoinette. Nothing shows more the blindness

* Mistress of the Duke of Orleans.

of the French aristocracy than their encouragement of an author who was writing them down.

The last play acted in the theatre at Gennevilliers was a representation of the "Mariage de Figaro" by the actors of the Comédie Française. I remember that Mademoiselle Sainval played the countess, and Mademoiselle Olivier the page; and that Mademoiselle Contat was charming as Susanna; nevertheless Beaumarchais must have worried M. de Vaudreuil into permitting such a very doubtful play to be performed at this theatre. Dialogue, couplets, all were directed against the Court, of which the audience chiefly consisted, without speaking of the presence of our excellent Prince. Every one felt this want of tact; but Beaumarchais was wild with delight. He rushed about like a madman, and, on some one complaining of the heat,* instead of allowing time for the windows to be opened, he broke all the panes with his cane.

Madame d'Oberkirch thinks that "the nobility showed a great want of tact in applauding it, which was nothing else than giving themselves a slap in the face. They will repent it yet." And they did repent it; in a short time the greater part of that brilliant audience was in exile or prison. Even the actresses were not spared.

Madame Roland writes from her prison just before her execution:

I write this on the 4th of September at eleven at night, the apartments next to me resounding with peals of laughter. The actresses of the Théâtre Française were arrested yesterday. To-day they were taken to their own apartments to witness the ceremony of taking off the seals, and are now returned to prison, where the peace-officer is supping and amusing himself in their company. The repast is noisy and frolicsome. I catch the sound of coarse jests, while foreign wines sparkle in the goblet. The place, the object, the persons, and my own occupation form a contrast not a little curious.

The rage for theatricals was extreme. Amateur acting was the order of the day. The Queen herself acted, among other characters Rosine in the "Barbier de Séville," but alas, she acted badly, and sang out of tune! The royal princes also acted and sang "spicy" songs; Monsieur, afterward Louis XVIII., while sitting to Madame Le Brun, sang such vulgar songs that Madame Le Brun wondered where he had learned them.

Madame Le Brun writes: "His voice was never in tune. 'How do you think I sing?' he asked one day.

" 'Like a prince, Monseigneur,' I replied."

A most courtly answer. Royal princes, whether they command an army, sing, fiddle, or shoot, should do it well or not at all. George III., who once took lessons on the violin, abandoned the pursuit when, in answer to a question as to how he was getting on, his master replied: "There are three classes of performers. Those who play well, those who play badly, and those who can not play at all. Your Majesty is just entering the second class." The Prince of Wales also prided himself on his singing, and quarreled with his chaplain, the witty "Dean" Cannon, because he would not agree with him that he sang a certain song better than any one in London. Another royal duke of the period, who piqued himself on his shooting, having deprived his equerry of half his sight, complained that the wretched unfortunate made such a "fuss about his eye."

As in Edinburgh in the olden time, so in Paris the suppers were the chief charm of society.

No one can imagine [writes Madame Le Brun] what society was like in France in those days when business was over, and twelve or fifteen people would visit at different friends' houses, and there finish the evening. It was at the suppers that Parisian society showed its superiority over all Europe.

Madame Le Brun's *salon* seems to have been one of the most popular in Paris. Her suppers were merely a simple repast—a fowl, a fish, a dish of vegetables, and a salad; but everybody was gay, good-tempered, and the hours passed like minutes. Here is the account of one which was such a grand success, and it only cost a few francs, although it was reported to have cost sixty thousand:

Here, my dear friend, is an exact account of the most brilliant suppers I ever gave:

One evening I had invited twelve or fifteen friends to hear a reading of the poet Le Brun; while I was resting, before they arrived, my brother read to me some pages of the "Travels of Anacharsis." When he reached the part describing Greek dinners, and the different sauces and food they had, he said, "We ought to try some of those things to-night." I immediately spoke to my cook and told her what to do, and we decided that she should make one sauce for the fowl and another for the eels. As I was expecting some very pretty women, I thought we might all dress up in Greek costumes so as to create a surprise for M. de Vaudreuil and M. Boutin, who we knew could not arrive before ten. My studio, full of things with which I draped my models, provided me with several clothes, and the Comte de Parois, who lodged in my house, had a fine selection of Etruscan vases. He came to see me that day, as it happened; I informed him of my project, and he

* The actors and actresses of the Comédie Française are now at the Gayety Theatre. Their performances are wonderful, but the heat is extreme. Would that there were a Monsieur Beaumarchais to give us a little air!

brought me a quantity of vases to choose from. I dusted them carefully, and placed them on a mahogany table, laid without a cloth. I then placed a large screen behind the chairs, which I concealed by covering it here and there with a drapery like that which is seen in some of Poussin's paintings. A hanging lamp threw a strong light on the table. At last everything was prepared, even my costumes; the first to arrive was a daughter of Joseph Vernet, the charming Madame Chalgrin. Immediately I dressed her hair and draped her; then came Madame de Verneuil, renowned for her beauty; Madame Vigée, my sister-in-law, who, without being pretty, had the most lovely eyes; and there they were all three metamorphosed into *bona fide* Athenians. Le Brun-Pindare came in, we took off his powder, and undid his side-curls, and on his head I placed a wreath of laurel. The Comte de Pariois had a large purple mantle which served for drapery for my poet, and in a twinkling there was Pindare transformed into Anacreon. Then came the Marquis de Cubières; while they went to his house for his guitar, which he had mounted as a golden lyre, I dressed him also, as well as M. de Rivière (my sister-in-law's brother), Gingueré, and Chaudet, the famous sculptor.

It was getting late; I had not much time to think of myself, but, as I always wore white, tunic-shaped dresses, now called blouses, I only needed a veil and a crown of flowers on my head. I took great pains with my daughter, a charming child, and Mademoiselle de Bonneuil, now Madame Regnault d'Angély, who was very pretty. Both were most graceful to behold, bearing each an antique vase and waiting on us.

At half-past nine the preparations were over, and as soon as we were seated the effect of the arrangement was so novel and picturesque that we kept rising in turns in order to look at those who were seated. At ten we heard the carriage of the Comte de Vaudreuil and De Boutin, and when these two gentlemen entered the room they found us singing the chorus of Gluck, "The God of Paphos and Guido," while M. de Cubières accompanied us on his lyre.

I never in my life saw two such astonished faces as those of M. de Vaudreuil and his companion. They were surprised and delighted, and could hardly tear themselves away from looking at us, in order to sit down in the places reserved for them. Besides the two dishes I have mentioned, we had a cake made of honey and Corinthian grapes, and two plates of vegetables. We did, indeed, drink that evening a bottle of old Cyprian wine, which I had given me, but that was our only excess. We sat a long time at table, and Le Brun recited several odes to us. We all spent a most enjoyable evening.

No one had at this time any apprehension of what was coming. Life was a carnival; every one lived for pleasure, and pleasure alone. Everything was for the best in the best of all possible worlds. There was discontent among the

people, but no one for an instant imagined that anything would occur to shake the monarchy to its foundations. France in 1786 was apparently as powerful as ever. She had been victorious in war, she was ruling Holland, building out the sea at Cherbourg, and concluding a commercial treaty with England, which was calculated to restore material prosperity to her people. But the cost of the war to free America had been enormous—seventy millions. And there was this danger: the King of France was in the same situation as "The Divine Figure from the North" is now. He had dispensed liberty abroad, and it was demanded at home. The King of France tried concession; it failed. The Emperor of Russia is using repression; it may succeed. In addition to this, the hard winter of 1788-'89, combined with the scarcity of corn, exasperated the people to the last degree; and the most alarming symptoms of popular discontent began to appear. But no one even then imagined the catastrophe so near.

Madame Le Brun writes:

About the same time I went to spend a few days at Marly with Madame Auguier, a sister of Madame Campans, and attached, like herself, to the Queen's household. She had a château and a fine park near the weir. One day as we were standing at a window looking on to the court, and thence to the high-road, we saw a drunken man enter and fall down. Madame Auguier, with her usual kindness, called to her husband's valet and told him to pick up this unfortunate creature, take him to the kitchen, and look after him. Soon after the valet returned.

"Madame is really too kind," said he; "this man is a scoundrel! here are the papers he let fall from his pocket"; and he placed in our hands several documents, one of which began with, "Down with the royal family! Down with the nobles and priests!" Then followed revolutionary litanies and a thousand atrocious prophecies, drawn up in language which made one's hair stand on end. Madame Auguier had the village-guards called up; four of these soldiers came, who were desired to take the man away and make inquiries about him; they led him off, but the valet, who followed them from some distance without their knowledge, saw them, as soon as they had turned the road, take their prisoner by the arm and dance about and sing with him as though they were the best of friends. I can not tell you how this alarmed us; what was to become of us if the civil guard even lent itself to the cause of the wicked?

I advised Madame Auguier to show these papers to the Queen, and a few days after, being on duty again, she read them to her Majesty, who returned them, saying: "It is impossible that they should meditate such wickedness; I will never believe them capable of it!"

Alas! subsequent events have shown the fallacy of this noble doubt; and, without speaking of the

august victim who would not believe in such horrors, poor Madame Auguier herself was destined to pay for her devotion with her life.

This devotion never wavered. In the cruel times of the Revolution, knowing the Queen was without money, she insisted on lending her twenty-five louis. The revolutionists heard of it, and hastened to the Tuileries to conduct her to prison—or, in other words, to the guillotine. On seeing them coming furiously toward her with menaces on their lips, Madame Auguier preferred speedy death to the agony of falling into their hands; she threw herself out of the window and was killed.

The soldiers and police were not to be depended on. In fact, the extinguishers were on fire, and the revolutionists were emboldened to proceed to extremities. The famous “Maison du Roi,” the descendants of the heroes who had turned the tide of battle at Steinkirk and Fontenoy, had been disbanded for financial reasons. The Swiss regiments were alone to be depended on, who fought for their master nobly, but in vain.

Madame Le Brun writes:

The dreadful year of 1789 had begun, and fear had taken possession of all wise minds. I remember in particular one evening, having invited some friends to hear some music, that the greater part of them arrived with consternation depicted on their faces; they had been that morning to Longchamps; the populace, assembled at the Barrière de l'Etoile, had abused frightfully all those who were in carriages; some wretches got out on the steps of the carriages, crying out, “Next year you will be behind your coaches, and we shall be inside!” This and many other still worse remarks they were exposed to.

In October, after the King and Queen were dragged to Paris by the triumphant populace, Madame Le Brun sought safety in flight—luckily for herself, as the favorite of royalty would have probably shared the fate of so many of her friends.

On her way to Italy—

I had opposite me in the *diligence* a man extremely dirty and unpleasantly odorous, who told me very coolly that he had stolen watches and other articles of value. Fortunately he saw nothing on me to tempt him; for I had only a little linen with me and eighty louis for my journey; all my trinkets I had left at Paris. The thief, not content with relating these acts of prowess, spoke continually about hanging such and such persons, naming several people of my acquaintance. My little girl was so frightened at the man's manner and conversation that I took courage to say to him, “Sir, I beg of you, do not speak of murder before this child.” He was silenced, and ended by having a game of play with her.

It was in Italy that Madame Le Brun heard the details of the horrors in Paris, of the death of so many dear friends. It is a curious fact that the only person guillotined who showed signs of fear was Madame du Barry, the celebrated mistress of Louis XV.

Madame Le Brun writes:

She is the only woman, among the numbers who perished in those days, who was unable to face the scaffold: she wept, she implored mercy from the horrible crowd which surrounded her, and that crowd was so affected that the executioner hastened to put an end to her agony. I am convinced that, had the victims of that awful time not died so courageously, the Terror would have ceased much sooner. Men whose intellects are not fully developed have too little imagination to feel touched by internal suffering, and the pity of the populace was more easily aroused than its admiration.

It is singular that the screams of Madame du Barry should have produced more effect on the bloodthirsty populace than the sight mentioned by De Tocqueville of a tumbrel full of noble ladies being dragged to the place of execution who were looking as serene and tranquil as if they were going “à la messe.”

On her arrival in Rome Madame Le Brun was warmly received by her friends:

The Abbé Maury came to tell me that the Pope wished me to take his portrait. I greatly desired to do so, but it was necessary that I should be veiled while painting his Holiness, and the fear that under the circumstances I should not be able to do justice to my subject compelled me to decline this honor. I was very sorry about it, for Pius VI. was one of the handsomest men I had seen.

The French nobility flying from the Revolution were now arriving in Rome. There were also many distinguished ladies from different countries who sat to Madame Le Brun for their portraits. Miss Pitt, the daughter of Lord Camelford, afterward Lady Grenville, who only died the other day at an advanced age, then sixteen and very pretty, was painted as “Hebe on clouds, holding a goblet in her hand, from which an eagle was drinking.”

Madame Le Brun writes:

At the same time I took the portrait of a Polish lady, the Countess Potocki. She came to me with her husband, and, when he had left us, she coolly observed: “It is my third husband; but I think I shall take up with my first again, who suited me better, although he is a regular scamp.”

Will the ties of marriage ever become as loose in England? We really are in fear. Only the other day three thousand Norfolk farmers were seized with a burning desire to marry their

wives' sisters,* and this at a time of agricultural depression! They will surely go further when the good old times return. And their petition to Parliament was presented in such cold weather! Sydney Smith had an idea that people were more moral in the winter than the summer; heat made their virtue ooze out of their fingers' ends. As an illustration of this he once† called out to Mrs. Norton at a large dinner-party, "If this hot weather lasts we must give up port wine and marriage, and addict ourselves to sherbet and polygamy." A woman with three husbands alive must have such delightful reminiscences! We were reading the other day about Lady Hanmer, the wife of Sir Thomas Hanmer, the Speaker, who ran off with Tom Hervey. Sir Thomas did not care much about that, but he was horribly disgusted with Tom, who kept on writing letter after letter to him about "*our* wife." The three proprietors of Madame Potočki must have had moments of strange perplexity about *their* wife.

Another of Madame Le Brun's acquaintances had escaped from the prisons of Paris, and arrived at Rome, who is described by her friend, Horace Walpole, as "the pretty, little, wicked Duchesse de Fleury," who seems, like Madame Potočki, to have had relays of husbands always in waiting.

It is of this lady that Madame Le Brun relates the following anecdote: "Before the return of the Bourbons, having occasion one day to visit the Emperor Napoleon, he said to her brusquely, 'Do you still love men?' 'Yes, sire, when they are polite,' she replied."

The Bonapartes were not polite, and the readers of these memoirs will contrast the insolent manner of Madame Murat, when sitting for her portrait to Madame Le Brun, with the graciousness of Marie Antoinette.

At Naples Madame Le Brun met Lady Hamilton, and speaks with wonder at the facility she had of expressing in her features either joy or sorrow, and of imitating different persons.

One moment she would be a delightful *Bacchante* with animated eyes, and hair in disorder, then all at once her face would express sorrow, and you saw a beautiful repentant Magdalen.

At Vienna, as in every other capital in Europe, Madame Le Brun was received in the highest society. Among other friends she was very kindly treated by Prince Kaunitz, the celebrated minister of Maria Theresa. The Prince was then in his eighty-third year. He was a man of

the most singular habits and prejudices. Madame Le Brun was invited to see him ride, which the Prince imagined that he did better than any one.

Madame Le Brun writes:

He rode like a Frenchman; his costume and figure reminded me of the cavaliers of the time of Louis XIV., such as we see them represented in the beautiful pictures of Wouvermans.

Although so old, he would never allow the passage to the other world to be mentioned in his presence. There was no such thing as death. When Maria Theresa died the event was announced to the Prince thus: "The Empress signs no more." He was always very independent in his manner with Maria Theresa. One day her Majesty began to talk to him about his scandalous mode of life. The Prince promptly replied, "I came here to talk about your Majesty's affairs, not about my own." Madame Le Brun frequently dined with him, and committed the most atrocious fault a guest can commit: she would not, or could not, eat anything, which very much annoyed the Prince. We wonder whether she was witness to that tremendous operation after dinner which is described by Swinburne in his "*Courts of Europe*":

After dinner the Prince treated us with the cleaning of his gums—one of the most nauseous operations I ever witnessed; and it lasted a prodigious long time, accompanied with all manner of noises. He carries a hundred implements in his pocket for this purpose, such as glasses of all sorts for seeing before and behind his teeth, a whetting steel for his knife, pincers to hold the steel with, knives and scissors without number, and cottons and lawns for wiping his eyes. His whinks are innumerable; nothing allusive to the mortality of human nature must ever be rung in his ears. To mention the small-pox is enough to knock him up for the day. . . . The other day he sent a favorite dish of meat as a present to an aunt of his, four years after her decease, and would not have known it but for a blundering servant, who blabbed it to him.

Madame Le Brun's account of the state of society in Russia during the closing days of the Empress Catharine, and the mad reign of Paul, are peculiarly interesting at the present time.

Madame Le Brun writes:

Paul was extremely ugly. A flat nose, and a very large mouth, full of long teeth, made him resemble a death's-head.

In the "*Memoirs of Madame d'Oberkirch*," who accompanied Paul and his beautiful wife to Paris, when they visited France as the Comte and Comtesse du Nord, the character of the unfortunate Prince is drawn in favorable colors, but

* Lord Palmerston said the great advantage of this kind of marriage would be that it required only one mother-in-law.

† From a note-book.

on his advent to the throne it is clear that his mind was unhinged.

Madame Le Brun writes :

Once he made me witness a rather curious scene. I had placed a screen behind the Empress, so as to have a stationary background. During one of the pauses, Paul began to cut all sorts of capers, like a monkey: scratching at the screen and pretending to climb over it; this game lasted some time. Alexander and Constantine were evidently grieved at seeing their father behave in such an extraordinary manner before a stranger, and it made me very uncomfortable also.

Madame Le Brun was at Moscow when the murder of Paul was accomplished. At midnight on the 24th of March, in the midst of a group of people, a young noble pulled out his watch, and said, "It must be over now." It was over. Five conspirators, headed by Zouboff, the lover of the Empress Catharine, had entered Paul's sleeping apartment, and murdered him after a desperate resistance.

Madame Le Brun writes :

His body was embalmed and exposed for six weeks on a state bed, the face uncovered and very little decomposed, for they had put on rouge. The Empress Maria, his widow, went every day and prayed beside this funeral couch; she took her two youngest sons, Nicholas and Michael, with her, who were of such tender years that the former asked her once "why papa was always asleep?"

What a reminiscence for the Emperor Nicholas !

In 1802 Madame Le Brun paid a visit to England, where she was received with the utmost distinction. Madame Le Brun seems to have found society in London, like its climate, rather dull and oppressive. We give an extract from her journal respecting the great actress of the time. Madame Le Brun was an excellent critic,

and her opinion will perhaps convince some doubters who imagine that the acting of the Kembles was conventional and unnatural :

I was more fortunate with Mrs. Siddons, whose visit I did not lose; I had seen this celebrated actress for the first time in "The Gamester," and I can not express the pleasure with which I applauded her. I do not believe it possible for any one to possess greater talent for the stage than Mrs. Siddons had; all the English were unanimous in praising her perfect and natural style. The tone of her voice was enchanting; that of Mademoiselle Mars alone at all resembling it; and what above all, to my mind, constituted the great tragedian was the eloquence of her silence.

We have now concluded, although we fear imperfectly, the agreeable task of reviewing such a book as this. It may be gossiping, but then how dull history would be without its gossip! Where did Macaulay procure his wonderful historical portraits but from memoirs like these? From those of Saint-Simon, Grammont, Pepys, and Dangeau, were produced the lifelike characters of Charles II. and Louis XIV. So the future historian will from these "Souvenirs" obtain a picturesque description of that charming society which existed in France in the ancient days. How France has suffered since 1789! Three times has her capital been occupied by foreign armies. Revolution has followed revolution. In 1870 her end seemed at hand. But that is not to be. Always falling over like a tumbler pigeon, how rapidly she resumes her flight! The pleasure of this revival to Englishmen is not marred by envy. We are indebted to France for many pleasures of our life, and there is no greater pleasure than in reading the manners and customs of bygone times written in the style of that accomplished artist, Madame Vigée Le Brun.

Temple Bar.

AN HOUR WITH THACKERAY.

I HAD the pleasure of making the personal acquaintance of Mr. Thackeray at Richmond, Virginia, in 1855. A friend, coming into my office one morning, said, "Would you like to call on Mr. Thackeray?" I said "Yes," and I was introduced to Mr. Thackeray in the parlor of his hotel.

The famous author of "Vanity Fair" was quite a lion, as may be supposed, in the "quiet, friendly little city," as he called Richmond; but

I certainly had, personally, no desire whatever to "lionize" him. A natural interest in, and curiosity to meet, so favorite a writer, I felt in common with many others; and perhaps no sentiment is more general than this interest in the writers of fiction especially. There really seems to be an enormous amount of curiosity as to the characters, habits, and modes of living of the "pen-holders," and the fact is not very difficult of explanation. The book which excites a

reader's sympathy is a bond of union between himself and the author. He may admire celebrities in other departments—great soldiers, statesmen, or public speakers—but his favorite authors stand in a closer relation to him. Marlborough and Bolingbroke are nearly forgotten, but the world has not forgotten Addison smoking, out at elbows, in his garret, and Steele, with his wig awry, writing his "Tatlers" on a tavern table, or keeping a keen lookout for the bailiffs. We take but a faint interest in this or that King George, but follow the gay author of "Tom Jones" to the playhouse, where he yawns over his own bad comedies, and laughs when they are hissed; or Goldsmith, in his gorgeous laced coat, to the club; hear Johnson growl as he snubs his friend Boswell; and Coleridge delivering his wonderful monologues at Highgate. A great many famous orators and politicians are mere names to us now, but we hear the friendly laugh of honest Walter Scott at Abbotsford; Lamb stutters out his epigrams; the dapper little figure of Tom Moore slides through the crowd of admiring duchesses to the piano; and Byron scribbles "Don Juan" in the Italian nights with the glass of gin at his elbow. There seems at first no good reason why the children of the pen should excite so much interest when their contemporaries, filling a far larger space at the time in the world's eye, should be lost sight of; but the interest exists. An authentic anecdote of William Shakespeare would far outweigh one of Queen Elizabeth; and the explanation is that given above—that Hamlet, Ophelia, Falstaff, and the rest appeal directly to the reader's sympathy, and are a bond of union between himself and the author.

Though very far indeed from being a hero-worshiper of anybody whatever, I had this interest in and curiosity about Mr. Thackeray, heightened, no doubt, by the fact that I pursued, *longo intervallo*, the same craft. What impressed me first was the remarkable difference between the real man and the malicious cartoons drawn of him by his English critics. These gentlemen seemed to have dipped their pens in gall before drawing his likeness. Their outlines were bit in with acid. There had never lived, according to them, a more unamiable human being than the author of "Vanity Fair." Persons with any respect for themselves could not endure him. His heart was cold, his disposition cynical, and his manners so haughty and repelling that everybody thrown in contact with him became his enemy. As he strode by, he scarcely deigned to return the salutes of his friends, if he had any. He would stare, or respond with a curt nod. He would sit up hobnobbing with intimates until four in the morning, and then pass the same per-

sons in the afternoon, as he rode toward the Park, with a movement of the head so cold and indifferent that it quite froze them. He rarely smiled; had nothing about him either natural or inviting; to quote the words of one of his critics, "His bearing is cold and uninviting, his style of conversation either openly cynical or affectedly good-natured and benevolent; his *bonhomie* is forced, his wit biting, his pride easily touched." As to his character, that was said to be as disagreeable as his manners. He was one mass of gloom and misanthropy. Cynicism was his philosophy, and contempt his religion. Seeing nothing to love or respect in human nature, he pursued his species with merciless ridicule—especially woman. If they were good, they were feeble in intellect; if they possessed brains, they were uniformly vicious—as in the cases of Amelia Sedley and Becky Sharp. Fancying himself the English Juvenal, he had something bitter to say of everybody and everything. A mixture of Timon and Diogenes, he went about with a scowl on his brow and a sneer on his lips, refusing to see good anywhere, and spitting out his hate and venom on the whole human species.

If any reader doubts whether "good old Thackeray," as his friends in this country used to call him, was ever thus painted, he has only to turn over the leaves of certain English periodicals published twenty years ago, where he will find that the warm-hearted gentleman was actually at that time so described. The decorous quarterlies were less personal, but their estimate of the character of his writings was very similar. He took the gloomiest views, they said, of life and his fellow creatures. His pictures of human nature had incontestable force; but, even when truthful as far as they went, were really untruthful from the predominance of shadow and their fatal one-sidedness. Mr. Thackeray, in a word, was a full-blooded cynic, and his books reflected the character of the author.

These criticisms, or rather caricatures, were quite familiar to me when I went to call on Mr. Thackeray that morning in 1855, and I was quite surprised, as I have said, to find how different the real person was from the portraits drawn of him. I saw a tall, ruddy, simple-looking Englishman, who cordially held out his hand, and met me with a friendly smile. There was nothing like a scowl on the face, and it was neither thin, bilious, nor ill-natured, but plump, rubicund, and indicative of an excellent digestion. His voice was neither curt nor ungracious, but courteous and cordial—the voice of a gentleman receiving a friend under his own roof. In person he was a "large man"—his height I think was above six feet. His eyes were mild in expression, his hair nearly gray, his dress plain and unpre-

tending. Everything about the individual produced the impression that pretense was hateful to him. He was quiet in his manner, and spoke slowly and deliberately in a low tone—apparently uttering his thought as it rose to his lips without selecting his words. After spending ten minutes with him, it was easy to see that he was a man of the world in the best sense of the phrase, and neither a bitter Juvenal nor a shy “literary man,” living only in books. There was, indeed, almost nothing of the typical *littérateur* about him. His face and figure indicated a decided fondness for roast beef, canvas-back ducks—of which he spoke in terms of enthusiasm—plum pudding, “Bordeaux,” of which he told me he drank a bottle daily at his dinner, and all the material good things of life. The idea of a disordered liver seems absurd in connection with him. The fact is, Mr. Thackeray was a *bon vivant*—not given to wearing his heart upon his sleeve, but prone to good fellowship, fond of his ease, and liked nothing better than to loll in his arm-chair, tell or listen to a good story, sing a good song, smoke a good cigar, and “have his talk out” with his chosen friends.

As to the general tone of his conversation, what impressed me most forcibly was his entire unreserve, and the genuine *bonhomie* of his air—a *bonhomie* which struck me as being anything but what his critic, Mr. Yates, called it—“forced.” The man seemed wholly simple and natural, and I could fancy him saying: “I have nothing to conceal from you, friend; you see me just as I am, and you are welcome to use your strongest magnifying-glasses to discover any hidden humbug about me, and to drag it forth and denounce it publicly. I say what I think, and am not trying to make any impression upon you, good or bad. My desire is to be friendly and natural, avoiding what is hateful to me, sham and deceit.” He smiled easily, and evidently enjoyed the humorous side of things, but in private, as in delivering his lectures on Swift and some others, there was an undertone of sadness in his voice. For whether from temperament or in consequence of the great domestic sorrow which was his lot, Mr. Thackeray was not a gay man. He was kind, courteous, and good-humored, but not a hearty, cheery person; and evidently did not look upon this as the best of all possible worlds. His comments on men and things were occasionally half sad, half satirical. He seemed to regard life as a comedy, in which rascals, male and female, predominated—his business as a writer being to laugh at or denounce them. That he saw more vice than virtue, and had been a little soured, may have been caused by his own personal experiences. It is known that his lot had been trying. Inheriting about one hundred

thousand dollars, he held on to his property just long enough to acquire luxurious and expensive tastes, when he was persuaded to risk it in a speculation, and lost the whole. Thereupon he married, like his friend “Philip,” and wrote for bread. He alludes to these “hard times” in several places in his books, as where he makes his pen say:

“I’ve helped him to pen many a line *for bread,*
To joke with sorrow, aching in his head,
And wake your laughter when his own heart bled.”

A more affecting allusion of the same sort may be found in his “Roundabout Paper,” *De Finibus*, where he says: “As we look to the page written last month, or ten years ago, we remember the day and its events; *the child ill mayhap in the adjoining room, and the doubts and fears which racked the brain as it still pursued its work.*” It seems hard to fancy any experience more distressing than this; the life of a plowman or woodcutter would be far preferable to that of an author harassed by such anxiety; but Thackeray had gone through the bitter ordeal, and it no doubt saddened him. A last influence, and one worth noticing, was the slowness of his fame. He had reached middle age nearly before he took rank higher than a clever magazinist. With all his faculties in their ripest vigor, with a style as finished as it ever became, and with “Esmond” and “The Newcomes” in his inkstand, this literary leviathan was regarded as a fish of only moderate size, and the manuscript of “Vanity Fair” was declined by publisher after publisher. If this tardy recognition somewhat embittered a man who must have been conscious of his great abilities, the fact is scarcely to be wondered at. He must have resented this obscurity in which his best years were passing; and the reception of “Vanity Fair” even, when that big gun was discharged, did not mollify him, perhaps, in any great degree, as far at least as the critics were concerned. They opened upon him with the cry of “Cynic—misanthrope!” and seemed to grudge a fame which had been secured without their concurrence. It had come by hard brain-work, and the capacity to wait—but the waiting was long; and it is melancholy to reflect that a man capable of writing “The Newcomes” should have floundered about like a big whale in the shallows of “Jeames’s Diary,” the “Shabby-Genteel Story,” and other trifles, until he was nearly forty. It is not probable that the whale liked the shallow water, or relished the slighting comments or the indifference of the critics on shore. The slighting criticisms still followed him into the deep water of “Esmond” and the rest—the author was “a cynic, a man-hater; the lasher of shams was a sham himself”

—and, like a genuine John Bull, Thackeray struck back on all occasions, making his satire still more bitter and uncompromising. With his visit to America, however, this mood of mind seems to have greatly changed. At Boston, soon after his landing, he heard a “rosy-cheeked little peripatetic book-merchant call out ‘Thackeray’s works!’ in such a kind, gay voice as gave him a feeling of friendship and welcome.” This welcome met him everywhere. His lectures became extremely popular, and, as human nature is always human nature, Mr. Thackeray no doubt thawed greatly under this flattering reception. As to this, I can only repeat what I have already said, that when I saw him he was anything but cold, cynical, and disagreeable in his personal bearing. His *bonhomie* was wholly unforced; I could not have imagined a more courteous and agreeable companion.

To come to my “talk with Thackeray,” which the reader may consider too slight a matter for so long a preface. It certainly was not my purpose to “interview” Mr. Thackeray on this or any other occasion. I met him in private or at the houses of friends, who gave him entertainments, and listened with great interest to his opinions of men and books; but I had no intention to make a record of anything which fell from his lips in these unreserved talks. There is no harm in doing so now when he is dead, and I find no difficulty in recalling, aided by some chance memoranda, what Mr. Thackeray said in one of these interviews—to which I shall now proceed.

Having no business to engage me one morning, I went to call on him at his hotel, and found him in his private parlor, lolling in an easy-chair, and smoking. This good or bad habit, as the reader pleases, was a favorite one with him. He was a dear lover of his cigar, and I had presented him with a bundle of very good small “Plantations,” which he afterward spoke highly of, lamenting that his friend G. P. R. James, then consul at Richmond, *would* come and smoke them all. On this morning he had evidently nothing to occupy him, and seemed ready for a friendly talk. Smoking was the first topic, and he said:

“I am fond of my cigar, you see. I always begin writing with one in my mouth.”

“After breakfast, I suppose. I mean that you probably write in the forenoon?”

“Yes, the morning is my time for composing. I can’t write at night. I find it excites me so that I can not sleep.”

“May I ask if you ever dictate your books to an amanuensis?” I said. “I ask this question, Mr. Thackeray, because our friend Mr. G. P. R. James says that the power to dictate is born with

people. If it is not a natural gift, he says it can not be acquired.”

“I don’t know,” Mr. Thackeray replied. “I have dictated a good deal. The whole of ‘Esmond’ was dictated to an amanuensis.”

“I should not have supposed so—the style is so terse that I would have fancied you *wrote* it. ‘Esmond’ is one of the greatest favorites among your works in this country. I always particularly liked the chapter where Esmond returns to Lady Castlewood, ‘bringing his sheaves with him,’ as she says.”

“I am glad it pleased you. I wish the whole book was as good. But we can’t play first fiddle all the time.”

“You dictated this chapter?”

“Yes—the whole work. I also dictated all of ‘Pendennis.’ I can’t say I think much of ‘Pendennis’—at least of the execution. It certainly drags about the middle, but I had an attack of illness about the time I reached that part of the book, and could not make it any better than it is.”

Another allusion to “Esmond,” and his portrait of Marlborough brought from Mr. Thackeray’s lips, in a musing tone, the single word “Rascal!” and he then inquired in a very friendly manner what I had written. I informed him, and he said:

“Well, if I were you, I would go on writing—some day you will write a book which will make your fortune. Becky Sharp made mine. I married early, and wrote for bread; and ‘Vanity Fair’ was my first successful work. I like Becky in that book. Sometimes I think I have myself some of her tastes. I like what are called Bohemians, and fellows of that sort. I have seen all sorts of society—dukes and duchesses, lords and ladies, authors and actors, and painters—and, taken altogether, I think I like painters the best, and ‘Bohemians’ generally. They are more natural and unconventional; they wear their hair on their shoulders if they wish, and dress picturesquely and carelessly. You see how I made *Becky* prefer them, and that sort of life, to all the fine society she moved in. Perhaps you remember where she comes down in the world toward the end of the book, and associates with people of all sorts, Bohemians and the rest, in their garrets.”

“I remember very well.”

“I like that part of the book. I think that part is well done.”

“As you speak of Becky Sharp, Mr. Thackeray,” I said, “there is one mystery about her which I should like to have cleared up.”

“What is that?”

“Nearly at the end of the book there is a picture of Jo Sedley in his night-dress, seated—a

sick old man—in his chamber; and behind the curtain is Becky, glaring and ghastly, grasping a dagger."

"I remember."

"Beneath the picture is the single word 'Clytemnestra.'"

"Yes."

"Did Becky kill him, Mr. Thackeray?"

This question seemed to afford the person to whom it was addressed, material for profound reflection. He smoked meditatively, appeared to be engaged in endeavoring to arrive at the solution of some problem, and then with a secretive expression—a "slow smile" dawning on his face—replied:

"I don't know!"

A desultory conversation ensued on the subject of Becky Sharp, for whom, in spite of her depravity, it seemed very plain that Mr. Thackeray had a secret liking, or, if not precisely a liking, at least an amused sympathy, due to the pluck and perseverance with which she pursued the objects she had in view. And then, from this lady and her sayings and doings, the conversation passed to Mr. Thackeray's other *mauvais sujets*, male and female; and I said that I considered the old Earl of Crabs, in the sketches relating to "Mr. Deuceace," as the most finished and altogether perfect scoundrel of the whole list. To this Mr. Thackeray was disposed to assent, and I asked if the Earl was drawn from any particular person.

"I really don't know," was the reply. "I don't remember ever meeting with any special person as the original."

"Then you must have drawn him from your imagination, or from general observation."

"I suppose so—I don't know—I may have seen him somewhere."

And after smoking for several moments, with that air of silent meditation which his friends must often have observed, Mr. Thackeray added, in the tone of a man indulging in soliloquy:

"I really don't know where I get all these rascals in my books. I have certainly never *lived* with such people."

It did not seem to occur to this profound and subtle observer of human nature that daily association with the class to which the Earl of Crabs, Lord Steyne, and others belonged, was not necessary to the just delineation of the personages. He had looked from behind his glasses, with those keen eyes of his, upon the moving throng of rascaldom, in London, at Rome, on the Parisian boulevards, and everywhere—and the penetrating glance had photographed the figures upon his brain—their inward being as well as their outward show—after which to reproduce them

in his books was, so to say, a mere mechanical process.

Mr. Thackeray spoke of himself and his writings with entire candor and unreserve, of which I shall give an instance before concluding this brief sketch; and his opinions upon other writers were equally frank and outspoken. The elder Dumas, the author of "Monte Cristo" and the "Mousquetaire" stories, seemed to be an especial favorite with him.

"Dumas is charming!" he exclaimed; "everything he writes interests me. I have been reading his 'Mémoires.' I have read fourteen of the small volumes, all that are published, and they are delightful. Dumas is a wonderful man—wonderful. He is better than Walter Scott."

"You refer, I suppose, to his historical novels, the 'Mousquetaires,' and the rest."

"Yes. I came near writing a book on the same subject, and taking Monsieur d'Artagnan for my hero, as Dumas has done in his 'Trois Mousquetaires.' D'Artagnan was a real character of the age of Louis XIV., and wrote his own 'Mémoires.' I remember picking up a dingy little copy of them on an old bookstall in London, price sixpence, and intended to make something of it. But Dumas got ahead of me—he snaps up everything. He is wonderful!"

"I am glad you like him, as he was always a great favorite of my own," I said; "his *verve* is unflagging."

"Yes; his good spirits seem never to change. He amuses you, and keeps you in a good humor, which is not the effect produced on me by many writers. Some books please me and enliven me, and others depress me. I never could read 'Don Quixote' with pleasure. The book makes me sad."

Further allusion to the old knight of La Mancha indicated that the source of this sadness was a profound sympathy with the crazed gentleman—a commiseration so deep for his troubles and chimeras of the brain, that the wit and farcical humor of Sancho were insufficient, in his opinion, to relieve the shadows of the picture.

Passing from these literary discussions, Mr. Thackeray spoke of his tour in America, and said how much gratified he had been by his reception. Richmond was an attractive place to him, he declared—he had been received with the utmost kindness and attention—and he had always looked upon the Virginians as resembling more closely his own people in England than the Americans of other States. They seemed "more homely," I think was his phrase—which I recall, from the curious employment of the word "homely" in the sense of "home-like."

"Your American travels will no doubt give you the material for a volume on this country," I said.

"Yes; I have seen a great deal," was his reply.

"Well, I don't think you will abuse us, Mr. Thackeray."

"I shall not write anything upon America," he said; "my secretary may—he is quite capable. And, as to abusing you, if I do, I'm——!"

The sentence terminated in a manner rather more emphatic than would have suited the atmosphere of a drawing-room; and it was plainly to be seen that Mr. Thackeray had thoroughly made up his mind not to follow in the footsteps of Mr. Dickens, and criticise his entertainers—"throw their plates at their heads," as Scott said when he declined accepting an invitation to dine with the old Count Barras, near Paris, of whom he declared he would probably have some harsh things to say in his "Life of Napoleon." Mr. Thackeray had the instinct that, one would think, should control all persons of good feeling and good breeding, and never wrote a line, that I am aware of, which any citizen of the country, North or South, would have wished unwritten.

Further conversation upon Virginia, the character of the country, people, etc., led Mr. Thackeray to speak of what was then a mere literary intention—the composition of "The Virginians," which was not written, I think, or at least did not appear, until two or three years afterward.

"I shall write a novel with the scene laid here," he said.

"In America? I am very glad, and I hope you will be able to do so soon."

"No. I shall not write it for about two years."

"Two years?"

"Yes. It will take me at least two years to collect my materials, and become acquainted with the subject. I can't write upon a subject I know nothing of. I am obliged to read up upon it, and get my ideas."

"Your work will be a novel?"

"Yes, and relating to your State. I shall give it the title of 'The Two Virginians'—a title which, as the reader knows, was afterward changed for the shorter and simpler "The Virginians."

As I expressed a natural pleasure at the prospect of having a novel painting Virginia life and society from the author of "Esmond," Mr. Thackeray spoke more particularly of his design, thereby exhibiting, I thought, and think still, a remarkable instance of the simplicity, directness, and absence of *secretiveness* in his character. I was nearly an entire stranger, but he spoke without reserve of his intended book, telling me his whole idea.

"I shall lay the scene in Virginia, during the Revolution," he said. "There will be two broth-

ers, who will be prominent characters; one will take the English side in the war, and the other the American, and they will both be in love with the same girl."

"That will be an excellent plot," I said, "and your novel will be a full-blooded historical one."

"It will deal with the history of the time."

"You have a striking *dénouement*—"

"A *dénouement*?"

"Yorktown."

Having so said, I became suddenly aware that I had committed something closely resembling a social *faux pas*, inasmuch as I had quietly recommended to an English gentleman to take the surrender of Lord Cornwallis as the climax of his drama.

"I really must beg your pardon, Mr. Thackeray," I said with some embarrassment.

"Beg my pardon?" he said, turning his head, and looking at me with a good deal of surprise.

"For my ill-breeding."

His expression of surprise was more pronounced than before at these words, and he evidently did not understand my meaning in the least.

"I mean," I said, "that I quite lost sight of the fact that I was talking with an English gentleman. Yorktown was the scene of Lord Cornwallis's surrender, and might not be an agreeable *dénouement*."

"Ah!" he said smiling, "it is nothing. I accept Yorktown."

"I know you admire Washington."

"Yes, indeed. He was one of the greatest men that ever lived."

My host had evidently no susceptibilities to wound in reference to these old historical matters, so I said, smiling:

"Everybody respects and loves Washington now; but is it not singular how the *result* changes our point of view? The English view in '76 was that Washington was a rebel, and if you had caught him you would probably have hanged him."

To this Mr. Thackeray replied in a tone of great earnestness:

"We had better have lost North America."

This ends my brief sketch of an hour's talk with this man of great and varied genius. The man was a study, as his books are; and I might almost say that he was to me more interesting than his books. The singular commingling of humor and sadness, of sarcasm and gentleness—the contrast between his reputation as the bitterest of cynics, growling harsh anathemas at his species, and the real person, with his cordial address, and his voice which at times had a really exquisite sweetness and music in its undertones—

these made up a personality of such piquant interest that the human being was a study. His writings will continue to be studied; for, whatever may be said of them, they assuredly occupy a place of their own in English literature. The object of this little sketch was to show that the man himself was not a bitter cynic, but a person

of the greatest gentleness and sweetness, and that no name could suit him better than that given him by those who knew him best, loving him for his heart more than they admired him for his head—the name of “good old Thackeray.”

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH.

IT has often struck me that the relation of two important members of the social body to one another has never been sufficiently considered, or treated of, so far as I know, either by the philosopher or the poet. I allude to that which exists between the omnibus-driver and his conductor. Cultivating literature as I do upon a little oatmeal, and driving, when in a position to be driven at all, in that humble vehicle, the 'bus, I have had, perhaps, exceptional opportunities for observing their mutual position and behavior; and it is very peculiar. When the 'bus is empty, they are sympathetic and friendly to one another, almost to tenderness; but, when there is much traffic, a tone of severity is observable upon the side of the conductor. “What are yer a-driving on for? Will nothing suit but to break a party's neck?” “Wake up, will yer, or do yer want the Bayswater to pass us?” are inquiries he will make in the most peremptory manner. Or he will concentrate contempt in the laconic but withering observation, “Now then, stoopid!”

When we consider that the driver is after all the driver—that the 'bus is under his guidance and management, and may be said *pro tem.* to be his own—indeed, in case of collision or other serious extremity, he calls it so, “What the infernal regions are yer banging into my 'bus for?” etc., etc.—I say, this being his exalted position, the injurious language of the man on the step is, to say the least of it, disrespectful.

On the other hand, it is the conductor who fills the 'bus, and even entices into it, by lures and wiles, persons who are not voluntarily going his way at all. It is he who advertises its presence to the passers-by, and spares neither lung nor limb in attracting passengers. If the driver is lord and king, yet the conductor has a good deal to do with the administration: just as the Mikado of Japan, who sits above the thunder and is almost divine, is understood to be assisted and even “conducted” by the Tycoon. The connection between those potentates is perhaps the most exact reproduction of that between the 'bus-driver and his cad; but even in England

there is a pretty close parallel to it in the mutual relation of the author and the professional critic.

While the former is in his spring-time, the analogy is indeed almost complete. For example, however much he may have plagiarized, the book does belong to the author: he calls it, with pardonable pride (and especially if any one runs it down), “my book.” He has written it, and probably paid pretty handsomely for getting it published. Even the right of translation, if you will look at the bottom of the title-page, is somewhat superfluously reserved to him. Yet nothing can exceed the patronage which he suffers at the hands of the critic, and is compelled to submit to in sullen silence. When the book-trade is slack—that is, in the summer season—the pair get on together pretty amicably. “This book,” says the critic, “may be taken down to the seaside, and lounged over not unprofitably”; or, “Readers may do worse than peruse this unpretending little volume of fugitive verse”; or even, “We hail this new aspirant for the laurels of Apollo.” But in the thick of the publishing season, and when books pour into the reviewer by the cartful, nothing can exceed the violence, and indeed sometimes the virulence, of his language. That “Now then, stoopid!” of the 'bus-conductor pales beside the lightnings of his scorn.

“Among the lovers of sensation, it is possible that some persons may be found with tastes so utterly vitiated as to derive pleasure from this monstrous production.” I cull these flowers of speech from a wreath placed by a critic of the “Slasher” on my own early brow. Ye gods, how I hated him! How I pursued him with more than Corsican vengeance; traduced him in public and private; and only when I had thrust my knife (metaphorically) into his detested carcass, discovered I had been attacking the wrong man. It is a lesson I have never forgotten; and I pray you, my younger brothers of the pen, to lay it to heart. Believe rather that your unfriendly critic, like the bee who is fabled to sting and die, has perished after his attempt on your reputation; and let the tomb be his asylum. For

even supposing you get the right sow by the ear—or rather, the wild boar with the “raging tooth”—what can it profit you? It is not like that difference of opinion between yourself and twelve of your fellow countrymen which may have such fatal results. You are not an Adonis (except in outward form, perhaps), that you can be ripped up with his tusk. His hard words do not break your bones. If they are uncalled for, their cruelty, believe me, can hurt only your vanity. While it is just possible—though indeed in your case in the very highest degree improbable—that the gentleman may have been right.

In the good old times we are told that a buffet from the hand of an Edinburgh or Quarterly Reviewer would lay a young author dead at his feet. If it was so, he must have been naturally very deficient in vitality. It certainly did not kill Byron, though it was a knock-down blow; he rose from that combat with earth, like Antæus, all the stronger for it. The story of its having killed Keats, though embalmed in verse, is apocryphal; and if such blows were not fatal in those times, still less so are they nowadays. On the other hand, if authors are difficult to slay, it is infinitely harder work to give them life by what the doctors term “artificial respiration”—puffing. The amount of breath expended in the days of “the Quarterlies” in this hopeless task would have moved windmills. Not a single favorite of those critics—selected, that is, from favoritism, and apart from merit—now survives. They failed even to obtain immortality for the writers in whom there was really something of genius, but whom they extolled beyond their deserts. Their pet idol, for example, was Samuel Rogers. And who reads Rogers’s poems now? We remember something about them, and that is all; they are very literally “Pleasures of Memory.”

And if these things are true of the past, how much more so are they of the present! I venture to think, in spite of some voices to the contrary, that criticism is much more honest than it used to be: certainly less influenced by political feeling, and by the interests of publishing houses; more temperate, if not more judicious, and—in the higher literary organs, at least—unswayed by personal prejudice. But the result of even the most favorable notices upon a book is now but small. I can remember when a review in the “Times” was calculated by the “Row” to sell an entire edition. Those halcyon days—if halcyon days they were—are over. People read books for themselves now; judge for themselves; and buy only when they are absolutely compelled, and can not get them from the libraries. In the case of an author who has already secured a public, it is indeed extraordinary what little ef-

fect reviews, either good or bad, have upon his circulation. Those who like his works continue to read them, no matter what evil is written of them; and those who don’t like them are not to be persuaded (alas!) to change their minds, though his latest effort should be described as though it had dropped from the heavens. I could give some statistics upon this point not a little surprising, but statistics involve comparisons—which are odious. As for fiction, its success depends more upon what Mrs. Brown says to Mrs. Jones as to the necessity of getting that charming book from the library while there is yet time, than on all the reviews in Christendom.

“O Fame! if I e’er took delight in thy praises,
’Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases
Than to see the bright eyes of those dear ones discover.

They thought that I was not unworthy”—

of a special messenger to Mr. Mudie’s.

Heaven bless them! for, when we get old and stupid, they still stick by one, and are not to be seduced from their allegiance by any blaring of trumpets, or clashing of cymbals, that heralds a new arrival among the story-tellers.

On the other hand, as respects his first venture, the author is very dependent upon what the critics say of him. It is the conductor, you know (I wouldn’t call him a “cad,” even in fun, for ten thousand pounds), on whom, to return to our metaphor, the driver is dependent for the patronage of his vehicle, and even for the announcement of its existence. A good review is still the very best of advertisements to a new author; and even a bad one is better than no review at all. Indeed, I have heard it whispered that a review which speaks unfavorably of a work of fiction, upon moral grounds, is of very great use to it. This, however, the same gossips say, is mainly confined to works of fiction written by female authors for readers of their own sex—“*by ladies for ladies*,” as a feminine “*Pall Mall Gazette*” might describe itself.

Nor would I be understood to say that even a well-established author is not affected by what the critics may say of him; I only state that his circulation is not—albeit they may make his very blood curdle. I have a popular writer in my mind, who never looks at a newspaper unless it comes to him by a hand he can trust, for fear his eyes should light upon an unpleasant review. His argument is this: “I have been at this work for the last twelve months, thinking of little else, and putting my best intelligence (which is considerable) at its service. Is it humanly probable that a reviewer who has given his mind to it, for a less number of hours, can suggest anything in the way of improvement worthy of my consid-

eration? I am supposing him to be endowed with ability and actuated by good faith; that he has not failed in my own profession, and is not jealous of my popularity; yet even thus, how is it possible that his opinion can be of material advantage to me? If favorable, it gives me pleasure because it flatters my *amour propre*, and I am even not quite sure that it does not afford a stimulating encouragement; but, if unfavorable, I own it gives me considerable annoyance. [This is his euphemistic phrase to express the feeling of being in a hornets' nest without his clothes on.] On the other hand, if the critic is a mere hireling, or a young gentleman from the university, who is trying his 'prentice hand at a lowish rate of remuneration upon a veteran like myself, how still more idle would it be to regard his views!"

And it appears to me that there is really something in these arguments. As regards the latter part of them, by-the-by, I had the pleasure of seeing my own last immortal story spoken of in an American magazine—the "Atlantic Monthly"—as the work of "a bright and prosperous young author." The critic (Heaven bless his young heart, and give him a happy Whitsuntide!) evidently imagined it to be my first production. In another transatlantic organ, a critic, speaking of the last work of that literary veteran, the late Mr. Le Fanu, observes, "If this young writer would only model himself upon the works of Mr. William Black in his best days, we foresee a great future before him."

There is one thing that I think should be set down to the credit of the literary profession—that for the most part they take their "slatings" (which is the professional term for them) with at least outward equanimity. I have read things of late, written of an old and popular writer, ten times more virulent than anything Mr. Ruskin wrote of Mr. Whistler; yet neither he nor any other man of letters thinks of flying to his mother's apron-string, or of setting in motion old Father Antic, the Law. Perhaps it is that we have no money, or perhaps, like the judicious author of whom I have spoken, we abstain from reading unpleasant things. I wish to goodness we could abstain from hearing of them; but the "d—d good-natured friend" is an eternal creation. He has altered, however, since Sheridan's time in his method of proceeding. He does not say, "There is a very unpleasant notice of you in the 'Scorpion,' my dear fellow, which I deplore." The scoundrel now affects a more light-hearted style. "There is a review of your last book in the 'Scorpion,'" he says, "which will amuse you. It is very malicious, and evidently the offspring of personal spite, but it is very clever." Then you go down to your club, and take the thing up

with the tongs, when nobody is looking, and make yourself very miserable; or you buy it, going home in the cab, and, having spoiled your appetite for dinner with it, tear it up very small, and throw it out of window; and of course you swear you have never seen it.

One forgives the critic—perhaps—but never the good-natured friend. It is always possible—to the wise man—to refrain from reading the lucubration of the former, but he can not avoid the latter, which brings me to the main subject of this paper—the Critic on the Hearth. One can be deaf to the voice of the public hireling, but it is impossible to shut one's ears to the private communications of one's friends and family—all meant for our good, no doubt, but which are nevertheless insufferable.

In Miss Martineau's recently published autobiography there is a passage expressing her surprise that, whereas in all other cases there is a certain modest reticence in respect to other people's business when it is of a special kind, the profession of literature is made an exception. As there is no one but imagines that he can poke a fire and drive a gig, so every one believes he can write a book, or at all events (like that blasphemous person in connection with the Creation) that he can give a wrinkle or two to the author.

I wonder what a parson would say if a man who never goes to church save when his babies are christened, or by accident to get out of a shower, should volunteer his advice about sermon-making? or an artist, to whom the man without arms, who is wheeled about in the streets for coppers, should recommend a greater delicacy of touch? Indeed, metaphor fails me, and I gasp for mere breath when I think of the astounding impudence of some people. If I possessed a tithe of it I should surely have made my fortune by this time, and be in the enjoyment of the greatest prosperity. It must be remembered, too, that the opinion of the Critics on the Hearth is always volunteered (indeed, one would as soon think of asking for it as for a loan from the Sultan of Turkey), and in nine cases out of ten it is unfavorable. One has no objection to their praise, nor to any amount of it; what is so abhorrent is their advice, and still more their disapproval. It is like throwing "half a brick" at you, which, utterly valueless in itself, still hurts you when it hits you. And the worst of it is that, apart from their rubbishy opinions, one likes these people; they are one's friends and relatives, and to cut one's moorings from them altogether would be to sail over the sea of life without a port to touch at.

The early life of the author is especially embittered by the utterances of these good folks. As a prophet is of no honor in his own country,

so it is with the young aspirant for literary fame with his folks at home. They not only disbelieve in him, but—generally, however, with one or two exceptions, who are invaluable to him in the way of encouragement—"make hay" of him and his pretensions in the most heartless style. If he produces a poem, it achieves immortality in the sense of his "never hearing the last of it"; it is the jest of the family till they have all grown up. But this he can bear, because his noble mind recognizes its own greatness; he regards his jeering brethren in the same light as the philosophic writer beholds "the vapid and irreflective reader." When they tell him they "can't make head or tail of his blessed poetry," he comforts himself with the reflection of the great German (which he has read in a translation) that the clearest handwriting can not be read by twilight. It is when his literary talents have received more or less recognition from the public at large that home criticism becomes so painful to him. His brethren are then boys no longer, but parsons, lawyers, and doctors; and, though they don't venture to interfere with one another as regards their individual professions, they make no sort of scruple about interfering with *him*. They write to him their unsolicited advice and strictures. This is the parson's letter:

MY DEAR DICK: I like your last book much better than the rest of them; but I don't like your heroine. She strikes both Julia and myself [Julia is his wife, who is acquainted with no literature but the cookery-book] as rather namby-pamby. The descriptions, however, are charming; we both recognized dear old Ramsgate at once. [The original of the locality in the novel being Dieppe.] The plot is also excellent, though we think we have some recollection of it elsewhere; but it must be so difficult to hit upon anything original in these days. Thanks for your kind remembrance of us at Christmas: the oysters were excellent. We were sorry to see that ill-natured little notice in the "Scourge."

Yours affectionately, BOB.

Jack the lawyer writes:

DEAR DICK: You are really becoming [he thinks *that* becoming] quite a great man: we could hardly get your last book from Mudie's, though I suppose he takes very small quantities of copies, except from really popular authors. Marion was charmed with your heroine [Dick rather likes Marion; and doesn't think Jack treats her with the consideration she deserves], and I have no doubt women in general will admire her, but your hero—you know I always speak my mind—is rather a duffer. You should go into the world more, and sketch from life. The Vice-Chancellor gave me great pleasure by speaking of your early poems very highly the other day, and I

assure you it was quite a drop down for me, to find that he was referring to some other writer of the same name. Of course I did not undeceive him. I wish, my dear fellow, you would write stories in one volume instead of three. You write a *short* story capitally.

Yours ever,

JACK.

Tom the surgeon belongs to that very objectionable class of humanity called by ancient writers wags:

MY DEAR DICK: I can not help writing to thank you for the relief afforded to me by the perusal of your last volume. I had been suffering from neuralgia, and every prescription in the pharmacopœia for producing sleep had failed until I tried *that*. Dear Maggie [an odious woman, who calls novels light literature, and affects to be blue] read it to me herself, so it was given every chance; but I think you must acknowledge that it was a little spun out. Maggie assures me—I have not read them myself, for you know what little time I have for such things—that the first two volumes, with the exception of the characters of the hero and heroine, which she pronounces to be rather feeble, are first rate. Why don't you write two-volume novels? There is always something in analogy: reflect how seldom Nature herself produces three at a birth: when she does, it is only two, at most, which survive. We shall look forward to your next effort with much interest, but we hope you will give more time and pains to it. Remember what Horace says upon this subject. [He has no more knowledge of Horace than he has of Sanskrit, but he has read the quotation in that vile review in the "Scourge."] Maggie thinks you live too luxuriously: if your expenses were less you would not be compelled to write so much, and you would do it better. Excuse this well-meant advice from an elder brother.

Yours always,

TOM.

"One's sisters, and one's cousins, and one's aunts" also write in more or less the same style, though, to do their sex justice, less offensively. "If you were to go abroad, my dear Dick," says one, "it would expand your mind. There is nothing to blame in your last production, which strikes me (what I could understand of it at least, for some of it is a little Bohemian) as very pleasing, but the fact is, that English subjects are quite used up." Others discover for themselves the originals of Dick's characters in persons he has never dreamed of describing, and otherwise exhibit a most marvelous familiarity with his materials. "Hennie, who has just been here, is immensely delighted with your satirical sketch of her husband. He, however, as you may suppose, is *wild*, and says you had better withdraw your name from the candidates' book at his club. I don't know how many black balls exclude, but he has a good many friends there."

Another writes: "Of course we all recognized Uncle John in your Mr. Flibbertigibbet; but we try not to laugh; indeed, our sense of loss is too recent. Seriously, I think you might have waited till the poor old man—who was always kind to you, Dick—was cold in his grave."

Some of these dear good creatures send incidents of real life which they are sure will be useful to "dear Dick" for his next book—narratives of accidents in a hansom cab, of missing the train by the Underground, and of Mr. Jones being late for his own wedding, "which, though nothing in themselves, actually did happen, you know, and which, properly dressed up, as you so well know how to do," will, they are sure, obtain for him a marked success. "There is nothing like reality," they say, he may depend upon it, "for coming home to people."

After all, one need not read these abominable letters. One's relatives (thank Heaven!) usually live in the country. The real Critics on the Hearth are one's personal acquaintances in town, whom one can not escape.

"My dear friend," said one to me the other day—a most cordial and excellent fellow, by-the-by (only too frank)—"I like you, as you know, beyond everything, personally, but I can not read your books."

"My dear Jones," replied I, "I regret that exceedingly; for it is you, and men like you, whose suffrages I am most anxious to win. Of the approbation of all intelligent and educated persons I am certain; but, if I could only obtain that of the million, I should be a happy man."

But, even when I have thus demolished Jones, I still feel that I owe him a grudge. "What the infernal regions," as our 'bus-driver would say, "is it to me whether Jones likes my books or not? and why does he tell me he doesn't like them?"

Of the surpassing ignorance of these good people, I have just heard an admirable anecdote. A friend of a justly popular author meets him in the club and congratulates him upon his last story in the "Slasher" [in which he has never written a line]. It is so full of farce and fun [the author is a grave writer]. "Only I don't see why it is not advertised under the same title in the other newspapers." The fact being that the story in the "Slasher" is a parody—and not a very good-natured one—upon the author's last work, and resembles it only as a picture in "Vanity Fair" resembles its original.

Some Critics on the Hearth are not only good-natured, but have rather too high, or, if that is impossible, let us say too pronounced, an opinion of the abilities of their literary friends. They wonder why they do not employ their gigantic talents in some enduring monument, such as a life of

"Alexander the Great" or a popular history of the Visigoths. To them literature is literature, and they do not concern themselves with little niceties of style or differences of subject. Others, again, though extremely civil, are apt to affect more enthusiasm than they feel. They admire one's works without exception—"they are all absolutely charming"—but they would be placed in a position of great embarrassment if they were asked to name their favorite: for, as a matter of fact, they are ignorant of the very names of them. A novelist of my acquaintance lent his last work to a lady cousin because she "really could not wait till she got it from the library"; besides, "she was ill, and wanted some amusing literature." After a month or so he got his three volumes back, with a most gushing letter. It "had been the comfort of many a weary hour of sleeplessness," etc. The thought of having "smoothed the pillow and soothed the pain" would, she felt sure, be gratifying to him. Perhaps it would have been, only she had omitted to cut the pages even of the first volume.

But, as a general rule, these volunteer censors plume themselves on discovering defects and not beauties. When any author is particularly popular, and has been long before the public, they have two methods of discoursing upon him in relation to their literary friend. In the first, they represent him as a model of excellence, and recommend their friend to study him, though without holding out much hope of his ever becoming his rival; in the second, they describe him as "worked out," and darkly hint that sooner or later [they mean sooner] their friend will be in the same unhappy condition. These, I need not say, are among the most detestable specimens of their class, and only to be equaled by those excellent literary judges who are always appealing to posterity, which, even if a little temporary success has crowned you to-day, will relegate you to your proper position to-morrow. If one were weak enough to argue with these gentry, it would be easy to show that popular authors are not "worked out," but only have the appearance of being so from their taking their work too easily. Those whose calling it is to depict human nature in fiction are especially subject to this weakness; they do not give themselves the trouble to study new characters, or at first hand, as of old; they sit at home and receive the congratulations of Society without paying due attention to that somewhat changeful lady, and they draw upon their memory, or their imagination, instead of studying from the life. Otherwise, when they do not give way to that temptation of indolence which arises from competence and success, there is no reason why their reputation should suffer, since, though they may lack the vigor or high spirits of

those who would push them from their stools, their experience and knowledge of the world are always on the increase.

As to the argument with regard to posterity, which is so popular with the Critic on the Hearth, I am afraid he has no greater respect for the opinion of posterity himself than for that of his possible great-great-granddaughter. Indeed, he only uses it as being a weapon the blow of which it is impossible to parry, and with the object of being personally offensive. It is, moreover, noteworthy that his position, which is sometimes

taken up by persons of far greater intelligence, is inconsistent with itself. The praisers of posterity are also always the praisers of the past; it is only the present which is in their eyes contemptible. Yet to the next generation this present will be *their* past, and, however valueless may be the verdict of to-day, how much more so, by the most obvious analogy, will be that of to-morrow! It is probable, indeed, though it is difficult to believe it, that the Critics on the Hearth of the generation to come will make themselves even more ridiculous than their predecessors.

JAMES PAYN, *in the Nineteenth Century*.

CONSPIRACIES IN RUSSIA.

II.

I.

I HAVE given in a previous article* a rapid sketch of the political movements and conspiracies in Russia, which had for their object the establishment of parliamentary government or of a democratic commonwealth. By way of parallel, something may be said now of the Cossack and Serf Conspiracies, in which there is a mixed national, social, and political element.

In 1670 the empire was for the first time shaken by a vast Cossack and Peasant Insurrection. It occurred in the reign of Czar Alexei, the father of Peter I. Stenko Razin was its leader. The course of the insurrection lay along the Volga, where Tartar and Finnic races mainly dwell. In subsequent risings, too, this south-eastern quarter, which contains a more martial stock than the inhabitants of the central Russian provinces, has always proved the more troublesome for imperial and aristocratic misrule.

Stenko Razin, who sought to make an impression upon the peasantry by professing to have the Czar's eldest son and a high church dignitary with him, rapidly took Astrakhan, Saratov, Simbirsk, and other chief towns along the Volga, meaning to strike thence toward Moscow, then still the capital of Russia.

I find in an old little book,† written by an Englishman who had been in Muscovy at the time, but who speaks of the insurrection as "a villainous attempt," some highly interesting details, showing the extent and strength of the ris-

ing, and the danger there was for the throne and the aristocratic possessors of the serfs. "If this power of the rebels," says the anonymous writer, "consisting of two hundred thousand men, had been united and unanimous, it would have been difficult for the forces of the Czar to have resisted and mastered the same." But the rebels were "divided among themselves, and could not agree about the supreme command." Still Razin made his way very quickly. "Everywhere," the English author of 1672 says, "he promised liberty, and a redemption from the yoke (so he called it) of the boiars, or nobles, which he said were the oppressors of the country. In Moscow itself men began to speak openly in his praise, as if he were a person that sought the public good and the liberty of the people, for which cause the Great Czar was necessitated to make a public example of some, to deter the rest."

In order to quell the insurrection, Knes Dolgorukoff, as the commander of the Czar's army, had to make use of the help of German officers, who "afterward were highly applauded by his Majesty for having acquitted themselves so well in leading on their men." When the victory was achieved, the customary torturing, hanging, beheading, and burning of prisoners was ordered by the Autocrat. "Within the space of three months there were, by the hands of the executioners, put to death eleven thousand men, in a legal way, upon the hearing of witnesses." A hundred thousand men had been killed in the field. Razin and his brother were put to the rack. Then Razin had his right arm and his left leg cut off, and was afterward beheaded.

There is a pathetic story of a nun in man's habit, which she had put over her monastic dress,

* See "Appletons' Journal" for July.

† "A Relation concerning the Particulars of the Rebellion lately raised in Muscovy by Stenko Razin." In the Savoy, 1672.

who had sided with the rebels. There appeared not any alteration in her, nor any fear of death, when the sentence of being burned alive was pronounced against her. Crossing herself, in the Russian manner, over the forehead and breast, she "laid herself quietly down upon the pile, and was burned to ashes."

This semi-emancipated nun may be said to have been the first type of a Russian woman acting, and even dying, in the people's cause. Others were to follow in our days.

II.

THERE had at first been a law which ordained that the serf can only be sold together with the land. This law was soon set aside in practice. The same Czar who burned the public registers of nobility, in order, as he alleged, to put an end to the ceaseless disputes as regards rank—or, as is more probable, in order to do away with some of the last remnants of the prestige and influence of old families—quietly allowed the peasant to be treated like a beast. Peter I., it is true, thundered in a ukase against the evil custom of the sale of children, who were torn away from their parents, or of whole families who were sold from their native cottage into distant and unknown parts of the realm. But the reforming tendencies of this arbitrary ruler did not reach far in the question of serfage. He who handed the cup of poison to his own son in the very presence of his court, and who felt greatly astonished when to his question as to "what was the price for a German professor of natural science," the reply was made that they "were not accustomed in Germany to sell professors"—this Czar Peter the Great, who stood himself on so low a level of human culture, could not be expected to be over-enthusiastic in the matter of peasant emancipation.

Catharine II., the philosophical Empress, the friend, as she called herself, of Hellenic regeneration, but whose life showed a sadder want of the most ordinary decency than is usually exhibited among the most degraded classes, extended serfdom over the Ukraine, or Little Russia, which at the time of Boris had not formed part of the Muscovite Empire. If Boris had acted with artful suddenness, surprising his intended victims with a tiger-like spring, the deed of enslavement in the Ukraine was, under Catharine, accompanied by even more loathsome falseness. Courtiers who were in the secret, and who had estates in southern Russia, allured, shortly before the appearance of the ukase, as many workingmen as they could to their land, in order, on the given day, to throw the lasso over their heads. Potemkin, the well-known favorite of the Empress, succeeded, before her decree was promulgated, in

having two regiments of grenadiers quartered on his estates. The result was that they became Potemkin's serfs! It was a state-stroke of the most tricky and hideous kind.

The farcical manner in which the philosopher-Empress dealt with serfdom may be seen from the fact of a decree having been issued by her which struck out the word "slave" from the Russian vocabulary, while she herself converted so many men into slaves. By another decree of Catharine (ukase of August 22, 1767) it was enacted that any serf bold enough to present a petition against his master should be knouted and sent for life to a Siberian mine. It is reported that Catharine, "in order to honor philosophy," asked the Academy to express an opinion on the rightful validity of bondage. This servile body of *demi-savants* and thorough lackeys replied—that "no doubt all principles of right were in favor of freedom, but that there was a measure in all things" (*in favorem libertatis omnia jura clamant, sed est modus in rebus*).

III.

THE wholesale enslavement of the peasantry in what is now southern Russia, by Catharine II., had been preceded by the great conspiracy and insurrection at whose head Iemeljan Pugatcheff stood.

For two years—from 1773 to 1775—that dreaded Cossack shook the southeast of the empire. Having served, during the Seven Years' war, first under Frederick II. of Prussia, and then in the Austrian army, he rose under the name of Peter III., whom the popular legend declared to be still alive. The foul crime Catharine II. had committed she now felt sticking on her hands. It came home to her through this terrible rebellion, in which the counterfeit figure of her murdered husband moved, like an avenger's form, from the misty banks of the Volga toward Moscow's gilded domes.

The history of Russia is full of such false royal apparitions—weird mirages of secret murders. The very attempts of races and classes bent upon escaping from oppression have generally been mixed up in Russia with these impostures of a half-tragic, half-grotesque character. In the story of the pseudo-Demetriuses, and the numerous conspiracies connected with their rise and fall, there is a succession of horrors and deceptions in which the ghastly continually verges upon the ridiculous. After Pugatcheff had been on the scene for a while under the pretense of being Peter III., not only a number of false Peters, but even many false Pugatcheffs, started up, as armed heads, everywhere, until a large part of the empire was filled with a perfect masquerade of returned ghosts and living doubles.

However, the terrific nature of the insurrection was ever present before the eyes of the affrighted Empress Catharine. Malcontents of all kinds took up arms in the lands near the Ural, the Volga, and the Don. These insurrectionary outbreaks were not the mere achievement of an ambitious leader; they were the result of a widespread discontent. Tribes which had lost their national independence made common cause with enslaved men that once were yeomen on their own freehold property. The spirit of Spartacus mingled with that of Vercingetorix and Civilis. Rebellious hinds, workmen from the salt and metal mines, religious dissenters, Raskolniks, and the like, together with Cossacks, Calmucks, Bashkirs, Wotjaks, Permjak, and other Finnic and Tartar hordes, were taken into the ranks of the insurgents, whom Pugatcheff hurled against the Muscovite Empire. Poles, exiled as captives to those southeastern provinces, helped to organize his artillery. Kazan, the old Tartar capital, fell into his hands. One Russian general after the other was defeated by him. The troops of Catharine II., in many cases, went over to Pugatcheff, delivering their officers into his hands. He hanged the officers, and took the soldiers into his army, dressing them in Cossack fashion, with their hair and beards trimmed in the manner of those bold raiders. For a time Pugatcheff was the Czar in eastern Russia.

Moscow, where a hundred thousand serfs lived, showed signs of deep agitation. The masses began to talk boldly of freedom. Threats of a wholesale massacre of their masters were heard. In this grave crisis Generals Suwaroff and Panin at last succeeded in cutting off the leader of the insurrection from the bulk of his forces. Being surprised, he was pinioned, put in an iron cage, and thus delivered over to the tender mercies of the philosopher-Empress.

I have before me a painfully interesting account of the last days of the bold Cossack leader of this servile revolt, published in London in 1775, under the title of "*Le Faux Pierre III.*" There we read: "The clemency of the Empress having restricted the action of the judges, who would have considered it a duty to accumulate tortures in order to punish him for his misdeeds, they simply condemned him, in their sentence, to have his feet and hands cut off, and then to be beheaded." This was the merciful view which Catharine, the murderer of her own consort, took. But by a strange aberration of the executioner she was foiled in her humane desire.

Instead of first cutting off Pugatcheff's feet and hands, the executioner began by striking off his head. Taken to task for this reversal of the order, he excused himself by saying that he had labored under a sudden access of forgetfulness.

The book quoted above, which is a translation from a Russian work, says, however, that many believed there had been secret orders from adherents of the condemned leader, forcing the executioner to act as he did. This reminds one almost of the secret orders at present so often issued by the so-called Nihilist League.

It was also said at the time that "powerful secret friends of the impostor had promised the executioner a considerable reward, as well as impunity, for his culpable 'distraction of mind.'" Others alleged that even the executioner was a friend and adherent of Pugatcheff, and had promised him to shorten his sufferings by hastening his death.

In all this the dark and doubtful character of everything connected with an irresponsible autocracy, which shuns the light and avoids public control, comes out in perfection.

Pugatcheff died bravely, as even his enemies acknowledge. His rising was the last grand attempt at restoring the independence of the steppe tribes, and taking the yoke of villeinage from the cottier. After the fall of this rebel chieftain, the south could not any longer resist the institution of serfdom. "The peasant of the Ukraine," says Ogareff, "yielded to force; but never did he believe that the soil on which he dwells, and which he tills, did not belong to him; and there are still old men who recollect the time when there was no serfage. The Russian peasant considers himself, therefore, proprietor of the soil, and looks upon serfdom as a temporary yoke, inflicted upon him by a foreigner—that is, by the imperialism of St. Petersburg, which, traditionally, he designates as 'Muscovite.'"

IV.

In this way it came to pass at last that nearly the whole population of Russia, north and south, with the exception of a small fraction, comprising the upper classes and a few of the nomadic tribes, had lost the simplest rights of personal freedom. The Slavonic, or Slavonized, Russian race of the center was, in its peasant population, almost to a man under the yoke of serfdom. Whatever "free" peasants still existed were mainly found among the Finns and the Tartars of the outlying provinces. Out of about sixty million inhabitants of European Russia, nearly fifty million were serfs, more than half of whom, at the time of the emancipation decree, under Alexander II., were serfs of the crown domains.

At the same time, the severity with which oppression was exercised had grown year by year, since the days of Boris, in a frightful degree. The ukase prohibiting the sale of land-slaves without the land was openly broken in the capital itself. Bondsmen were sold by auction

under the windows of the Imperial Palace. The labor, the body, the life of the peasant remained at the absolute disposal of the owner. With the whip the latter inculcated upon his serf the Muscovite proverb that "a beaten man is worth two unbeaten ones." If ever a proprietor wished to get rid altogether of a hated or incapable worker, he could, on his own responsibility, send him to Siberia. Scarcely ever was a land-owner taken up for downright murder committed against his human cattle.

Such being the general state of things, it looked liked progress that Alexander I. sought to create a class of peasant freeholders by gradual redemption, though on an almost infinitesimal scale. The measure led to very little, from its execution being surrounded by a mass of troublesome and oppressing formalities. As often as autocracy put its hand to this question, it did so in a halting, half-hearted way. Two opposite currents of thought were ever at war with each other within the Imperial Government. The Czar was continually thrown backward and forward between the desire of breaking the social power of the nobility by an act of "liberalism" and the fear lest the nobles should do an act of vengeance against him, or outrun him even in liberal aspirations.

In the beginning of the present century the comparatively more decided action was taken by the Court of St. Petersburg with regard to serfdom in those provinces which had been recently acquired or conquered—in Courland, Livonia, Esthonia, Lithuania, and Poland. There the object was to gain over the great mass, as against a nobility of ancient renown and influence. In those parts of the empire the Russian Government, therefore, acted with some degree of resolution. However, apart from such considerations of autocratic state policy, the attitude of the fettered multitude itself—especially in the Baltic provinces—strongly suggested to the authorities the overthrow, or at least the considerable alleviation, of serfage. Toward the end of last century, a deputation of the discontented Baltic peasantry went to Riga and St. Petersburg. After their demands had been refused, the enraged people broke out in open insurrection (1783-'84). It was only suppressed after much bloodshed, and by means of a large force of troops. A few years later, when the news of the French Revolution and of the abolition of all socrage service came to those distant shores of the Finnic Gulf, the Baltic peasantry compelled the nobility to make some concessions, which, however, were soon retracted. In 1802 a new servile revolt took place. It had been prepared by a conspiracy similar to that of the German Peasant Leagues in the sixteenth century. This

time, again, the rising was overthrown. Not many years afterward, however, an imperial ukase appeared, at least for Livonia and Esthonia, which somewhat bettered the lot of the suffering bondmen.

The whole position of that class in the Baltic provinces was regulated after the conclusion of the Napoleonic wars. From the position of men bound to the soil, the agricultural laborers were raised to that of farmers enjoying personal freedom, though by no means holding the same position as the corresponding class in other parts of Continental Europe. For the Lithuanian and Polish peasants also Alexander I. meditated some slight reform. The French invasion, albeit quickly repelled, yet brought some change for the better there.

In the Old Muscovite parts of the empire matters remained as bad and as cruelly oppressive as before. The atrocities practiced on the estate of Count Araktcheyeff, the favorite of Alexander I., were of a nature so revolting that their fiendishness can only be said to have been surpassed by those of a lady of the name of Soltykoff, who had been brought to justice in 1788 for having killed, by inhuman tortures, in the course of ten or eleven years, about a hundred of her serfs, chiefly of the female sex—among them several young girls of eleven and twelve years of age! The sole alleviation, under Alexander I., of the lot of the peasantry, was the gradual conversion of not a few of the serfs of the nobility into serfs of the Crown. That is to say, the Crown, by way of redemption or of loans made to the nobles, bought a number of land-slaves in order to put them into its own domains.

These "Crown peasants" were, of course, not free. Their treatment was better than that of their brethren on the estates of the land-owners. They even possessed the right of removing. But in reality they still were far from having freedom in our sense; for the right of removing was dependent upon so many formalities, not to mention the pecuniary difficulties, that the thought of exercising that right could but seldom take the shape of an act. The small difference between the two kinds of peasants may be seen from the fact that, down to Alexander I., even the Crown peasant could be given away as a present, like any head of cattle. This custom only ceased after the influence of modern ideas had brought about a better treatment of subject classes all through the Continent.

It was the appearance of a foreign army on Russian soil in 1812 which forced the Czar to occupy himself with the question of the abolition of bondage. In order to beat back the invader, the peasantry had to be armed as a mass-levy. The nobility, on their part, readily responded to

the call of Alexander I., who, in his great afright at the approach of the tricolor, hastened in person to the ancient Kremlin of Moscow, to beseech and entreat the aristocracy and the merchants to lend their aid to him. Since the days of Peter I., the Sovereign had not condescended to speak in this way to the nation. The peril was extreme. The answer to the imploring request was not lacking in patriotic decision. While the Pole, the Finn, the Crim Tatar, and other subject races, listened, as it were, with ear held to the ground, to catch the tramping sound of the approaching foreign hosts, the land-owners of Russia personally took up arms to repel the foe, giving at the same time a serf out of every ten for the Czar's army. The merchants offered the tenth part of their revenues.

In the memory and the imagination of the masses, Moscow was always looked upon as the real capital. When Moscow was burned, as an earnest of the national resolve to throw back the invasion at all costs, the gigantic flood of flames spoke with fiery tongues, across the stillness of the Russian snow-desert, to many a sluggish mind. So great a sacrifice seemed worthy of a reward in the shape of liberty at home. Not a few believed in the existence of a patriotic conspiracy, which had brought about the terrible event. This was an error, no doubt. The initiative of the startling act had been taken by the Government authorities themselves. Yet the impression upon the public mind remained a powerful one. The conflagration of Moscow roused many a political sleeper.

V.

I HAVE described before how the contact of the Russian troops with Western nations had led to liberal and parliamentary aspirations. New ideas of human dignity were learned by them, both from the Germans, with whom Russia then was allied, and from their enemies the French. Some of the officers warmly caught this progressive infection. In a smaller degree the uniformed serfs became imbued with unaccustomed notions.

No wonder, under these circumstances, that the proposal to do away with compulsory labor and serfdom should have found warm advocates in the more enlightened circles. At first the Court entered into the question with apparent zeal. Committees of inquiry were appointed. Speeches and articles of a promising character were published. A good result was deemed certain; the Czar himself having apparently been gained over.

But the promoters of the scheme had left out of account the feelings of mistrust which had only been lulled for a while in the heart of the

Emperor. When Alexander I. perceived that there were men who, along with their principles of humanity, harbored political views which clashed with the interests of autocracy, their devotion to the cause of peasant emancipation suddenly filled him with suspicion. The thought rose in him whether the movement in favor of the abolition of serfage was not a desire for bringing about a union of all the elements of opposition. An irresponsible ruler is easily frightened by a shadow on the wall. He sees enemies lurking everywhere. He is not sure of the trustworthiness of any of his own partisans. Alexander all at once recollected the attempts made by the nobles at the advent of the Empress Anna to transform Russia in the Polish or Swedish sense—that is, to convert the Crown into an elective one, or at any rate largely to curtail its privileges, and to introduce a parliamentary representation. He now feared the recurrence of similar aims, the more so because the standard-bearers of peasant emancipation might easily become popular among the masses, and thereby acquire irresistible strength.

The Czar's alarm grew from day to day. He already saw himself, in his terrified mind's eye, in the grasp of a court conspiracy. He even thought he was in danger of being dethroned. Poor almightiness of an autocrat!

The deputations which appeared before him for the furtherance of serf emancipation were now received by him with icy coldness. With the zeal of mistrustfulness, he sought to find out why men had taken such great trouble to combine, in order to constitute, so to say, a body of directing reformers, while he himself had been in favor of the reform scheme, which he considered was all-sufficient. His mind became deeply troubled. The memory of his father's violent death tormented him. He would not hear any more of projects which might lead to further demands. So the whole affair, the solution of which had seemed to be near at hand, came to be stopped by the fears of a suspicious monarch, and was finally laid aside altogether.

After Alexander I., Nicholas held the country under his iron heel. The events of 1825 filled that tyrant with deadly hatred against everything connected with liberal tenets. The stillness of death which, during his reign, lay over Russia in a political sense, was, however, not seldom broken by an agrarian riot and by the frequent murder of harsh land-owners. As a rule, the Russian peasant is a good-natured, easy-going, lazy, but docile fellow, averse to blood-shedding and even to personal encounters among his equals—so much so that foreigners often wonder at the tameness with which he bears the grossest insult. Great must, therefore, have been the provocation

which induced the hinds to attack the life of their masters.

In the earlier part of the government of Nicholas, about seventy land-owners were, according to official statistics, killed every year. In 1850 the proportion had risen to two hundred. Hence absenteeism was continually on the increase. Horrible tales now and then came out of the cruelty practiced against land-owners by the otherwise slavish serfs—such as rolling the victim's living body over splintered glass until death put an end to his sufferings. The utter neglect in which the agricultural masses were left with regard to mental culture thus avenged itself in fiendish barbarities, all the more loathsome because the same men who committed them were otherwise of a cringing character, and, in their cups, showed a lachrymose sentimentality which struck the beholder as rather laughable.

Haxthausen says: "Among the Russians all social power makes itself respected by blows, which do not change either affection or friendship. Every one deals blows: the father beats his son; the husband his wife; the territorial lord, or his steward, the peasants—without any bitterness or revenge resulting from it. The backs of the Russians are quite accustomed to blows, and yet the stick is more sensibly felt by the nerves of their backs than by their souls."

Warned by the dangers of the conspiracy and insurrection which had threatened his accession to the throne, and in which so many men of the first families were implicated, Nicholas played toward the serfs a double game. He acted the part of the "Little Father" in his dealings with the peasantry. He sometimes impressed them, by confidential agents, with goody-goody talk about his reforming wishes; that is to say, whenever he stood in need of striking terror once more into malcontent land-owners. But as soon as the signs of dissatisfaction with his harsh and arbitrary government disappeared from among that class, and there were no longer any whisperings in favor of parliamentary rule, the promises of social reform spread about in his name were quickly withdrawn. Occasionally, a proprietor who had flogged a serf to death, or murdered him by slow demoniacal torture, was, under Nicholas, punished for his cruelty. A few restrictions were also placed upon the privileges of the "slaveholder"; but, beyond this, no change was wrought. To give the measure of the ideas of Nicholas as regards peasant freedom, I need only say that he pushed the spirit of bureaucratic regulation so far as to prescribe the plan for building village houses by a decree from St. Petersburg, and that he held to uniformity in the appearance of the streets as much as to uniformity in military concerns.

Meanwhile, as under Czar Paul, who created the institution of "Appanage Serfs," so also under Nicholas, the process of increasing the number of Crown bondmen steadily went on. Nicholas definitively formed a special administration over the Crown serfs. Under every reign, peasants had been attached as serfs to the mines and imperial manufacturing establishments. Under Alexander II., down to 1862, there were still serfs of the printing-office of the Imperial University of Moscow. The compositors had to do compulsory labor for pay below the minimum of wages paid anywhere—a strange irony of fate that men employed in the diffusion of that science which ought to strike off the fetters of the intellect should have been treated as slaves!

VI.

THE abolition of serfdom was the result, as before stated, of the defeat of czarism on the Crimean battle-fields, and the consequent loss of imperial prestige. Something had to be done to allay the feeling of discontent which had spread through all classes. Naturally, the upholder of the principle of unlimited monarchy preferred conciliating the large majority of the people by a boon, the grant of which did not touch the exercise of his unrestricted sovereignty, to satisfying the claims of men who hoped for the introduction of representative government.

In the probable course of events, any convocation of a *duma*, or Parliament, would have led to the discussion and the enactment of bills for the manumission, and even the partial political representation, of the peasantry. This, however, did not suit Alexander II. At the same time entire inaction was no longer possible to him—the less so because the Polish aristocracy, in the provinces bordering upon Germany, had taken the initiative in favor of serf emancipation. This is a fact generally lost sight of, but of great importance in judging of the causes of the measure which was happily accomplished at last, and for which ignorance and courtier-like adulation now give the Czar the sole credit.

By a decree dated December 2, 1857, Alexander II. accorded to the nobility of Wilna, Kovno, and Grodno, the necessary authorization for electing committees in which peasant emancipation was to be discussed. Thanking them for the readiness they had shown, he ordered the Home Secretary to communicate this rescript to the marshals of the Russian nobility, so that they might proceed to similar action, if they chose. Care was, however, taken not to let the Polish land-owners proceed to an immediate practical realization of their intention, lest they should gain popularity thereby.

There can be no doubt that the readiness of

the Polish aristocracy was in some degree due, between 1856 and 1860, to the desire of bringing about, by an act of humanity and justice, such a fusion of national sentiments as to give hope for the recovery of Polish self-government. The Emperor, on his part, wished to make friends with the Polish peasantry by planting the standard of emancipation, if ever that had to be done, with his own hand. Two opposite currents thus met for the same favorable solution. Nevertheless, even the palpable Court interest was not sufficient to induce the Government to pursue a clear and persistent policy from the very beginning. As a proof of the strength of the conservative and reactionary sentiment at first prevailing in the councils of the Crown, I need only point to the circular of the Superior Committee of April 17 (29), 1858, which prescribed, as a basis of "*emancipation*," the continuance of *compulsory labor*!

While the Polish nobility in the country bordering upon Germany were among the most willing for progress, it was different in the old Russian part of the empire. The opposition there was partly traceable to the avarice of the "slaveholder"; partly it arose from political aspirations of a better nature. The more liberal views had the upper hand in the nobiliary assemblies of the northernmost as well as the southernmost provinces, so far as it was possible to get at the truth under a Government which did not, and does not, permit a free utterance in the press or by means of public meetings. The horror of publicity among the committees themselves was so great that, with the exception of a few departments—such as Tver, Orel, and Nizhni—the sittings were everywhere held in secret. Mystery characterized all the proceedings. The greatest reluctance was exhibited by the land-owners of the center—of Muscovy proper. In some provincial assemblies, where parliamentary aspirations were strongest, they refused to discuss the imperial project unless permission were given to bring in amendments. Even the idea of the convocation of all the nobiliary county assemblies of Russia, as a united Assembly of Notables, was broached by some of the malcontents. This proposition was looked upon by the Czar as the germ of States-General, and therefore sternly rejected.

When the deputies of the nineteen provinces which had first finished their labors arrived at St. Petersburg, they were—in the words of Prince Dolgorukoff—received with a haughty contempt quite peculiar to Russian bureaucracy. The permission of meeting was altogether denied them. Five of the deputies—namely, M. Unkovski, marshal of the nobility of Tver; MM. Dubrovin and Wassilieff, deputies of Yaroslav; MM. Khrust-

choff and Schrötter, deputies of Kharkov—presented to the Emperor, on October 16 (28), 1859, an address full of respectful loyalty, asking for a grant of land to the emancipated serfs, with a pecuniary indemnification for the land-owners; for reforms in communal self-government and in the administration of justice; as well as for freedom of the press. These "unjust and ill-becoming pretensions" were severely reprimanded, and M. Unkovski at once deposed from his functions.

The literal truth is, that, in regard to the convocation of such an assembly—as Mr. Wallace fully shows—the nobility were "cunningly deceived by Government." The Emperor had publicly promised that, before the emancipation project became law, deputies from the provincial committees should be summoned to St. Petersburg, where they might offer objections and propose amendments. But, when the deputies arrived, they were not allowed to form a public assembly, but were told that they had to answer in writing a list of printed questions. Those who wished to discuss details were invited individually to attend meetings of the Commission, where they found one or two members ready to engage with them in a little dialectical fencing in a rather ironical style. On making a complaint, by petition, to the Emperor—whom they believed, or at least professed to believe, to have been imposed upon by the Administration—they got no direct answer from the Emperor's Cabinet, but a formal reprimand *through the police*! Trying to bring on the question at the Provincial Assemblies, they were again foiled by a decree issued before the opening of those assemblies, forbidding them to touch upon the emancipation question at all.

A perfect comedy had been played—a practical joke in politics. This did not contribute to the popularity of Alexander II. among the educated classes.

VII.

THE ukase proclaiming the abolition of serfdom was dated March 3—or rather February 19, 1861. As in all other things, Russia is in her calendar several centuries behind the remainder of Europe.

On that occasion, all the uneasy suspiciousness of the despotic *régime* again came out glaringly—one might say, under comic colors. Surely, on a day when a so-called "Liberator" confers freedom upon his people, we could expect that he not only trusts that people, but that he would even hope for expressions of gratitude from it. But what were the facts?

The thing was done in a manner as if some terrible conspiracy were on the point of breaking out, or as if Government itself had committed some hideous deed, for which it feared a

revenge. First, instead of making the ukase of February 19th known at once, Alexander II. only did so on March 5th; that is, March 17th of our reckoning. He was under great apprehension lest, in the intermediate Carnival-time, the people would proceed to excesses if the tenor of his ukase became known at once. On the day when the manifesto was read in the churches of St. Petersburg, the Palace was surrounded with troops. During the whole night the Emperor's adjutants had to be next to his room; some keeping watch, while others were allowed to sleep until their turn came.

Ignatieff, the Governor-General, having heard a heap of snow falling from a roof, thought he had heard a cannon-shot from some rebel quarter, and duly gave the alarm. So the "Liberator," the "Friend of the People," trembled in his shoes before that very people.

The mass of the population in the capital listened in silence to the reading of the long-winded emancipation manifesto which the Archbishop of Moscow had drawn up in a heavy, pretentious style. "That population," Ogareff said in 1862, "is mainly composed of soldiers and functionaries. Of real popular classes there is little at St. Petersburg." We can measure by what has happened since—from the days of the trial of Vera Sassulitch to the establishment of a House-Porters' Army of twelve thousand men, for the purpose of watching all the streets—what a change has been wrought during the last seven-teen years in the attitude of the St. Petersburgers.

In the provinces, the Czar's manifesto also led to strange scenes. Some of the nobles sought to retard its promulgation before the serfs. There were priests who quaked, with ashy-pale faces, when they read the document after mass. Some of them were apprehensive of the wrath of their land-owners. Others feared a peasant revolt. In many cases the Government officials, who ought to have been present at the ceremony, reported themselves sick, or hid themselves—also from fear of a peasant riot. All this does not fit in with the customary idea of a people singing psalms of joy on the occasion of their deliverance from a galling yoke.

The forty-three folio pages of the statute were too much for the illiterate millions. The peasants only understood that there were still some hard years of a transitional condition before them, and that the Emancipation Act did not bring with it such an ownership in land as they thought they had a right to expect. A cry went forth among the masses, of deception having been practiced at their cost. They said the "true law" had not been promulgated; and the "true law" they would have. Meanwhile they would refuse to pay rents or perform socage duty.

Vague conspiratory movements were observed among the peasantry—not of the threatening nature of those which had marked the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but still movements not to be treated too lightly. A Government standing on the narrow basis of that irresponsible rule which found its expression in France in the royal saying, "*L'état, c'est moi!*" can not afford to despise the first signs of an incipient rebellion. Its coward conscience is terrified by a snowball gaining in bulk as it falls. Autocracy always fears the coming crash of the avalanche.

In those eastern provinces of the empire where the insurrectionary spirit had repeatedly shown itself before, the emancipated land-slaves were the most unruly. A few weeks after the decree of Alexander II., they rose under Anthony Petroff, who explained to them the "true law" and the true liberty. Forming a mutinous troop about ten thousand strong, they marched forth under the banner of revolt, though not with the courage of their forefathers who died with Razin and Pugatcheff. It has always been the policy of the peasant leaders in Russia to make an impression upon their ignorant and superstitious followers by using the monarch's name, if not by giving themselves out as the real dynastic claimant. Anthony Petroff, too, convinced his adherents that the manifesto read to them was not the one which the Czar had signed. And when the envoy of the latter came in the shape of Count Apraxin, as general at the head of troops, the would-be insurgents, with that mixture of obtuseness and cunning which characterizes the peasants of many countries, professed to believe that Apraxin was a pseudo-envoy.

The end was the usual one. Being asked to disperse and to deliver over Anthony Petroff to the authorities, the rebels refused to do either. Thereupon a massacre followed. Petroff, however, surrendered himself of his own free will, holding the emancipation statute above his head, and declaring that the "true liberty," as decreed by the Czar, had not been promulgated. He soon got his own true liberty by being court-martialed and shot, while General Apraxin was rewarded by Alexander the Liberator with an expression of thanks and a decoration—even as General Kaufmann has received similar imperial favors for his infamous atrocities in Turkistan.

"Anthony Petroff"—so Ogareff wrote in 1862*—"was the first martyr of peasant freedom; and the affair of Besdna was the first in which the benevolent Emancipator-Czar showed himself an executioner without intellect. Then the water, or the taste for blood, came to his mouth. General Dreniakin telegraphed to him

* "*Essai sur la Situation Russe*," London, 1862.

from Pensa his good wishes as a faithful subject on the occasion of Easter, asking at the same time for the right of punishing the peasants without trying them in accordance with legal procedures. The Emperor thanked him by telegram, and gave him the right of sentencing and punishing the peasants as he thought best. Thereupon the General began court-martialing and knouting the peasants, until the executioner himself became weary. He reported at last that order was restored. With one or two exceptions, the Adjutant-Generals of his Majesty introduced the 'Statute of Liberty' in the same manner. *In many departments there was killing; everywhere there was knouting.* The irritation became all the greater because the peasants had not in reality risen; they only wanted an explanation of that freedom which was but another form of slavery."

Such is the account of a Russian writer, who otherwise speaks in comparatively mild and moderate terms of the character and Government of Alexander II. To cap his harsh measures, the Czar took the opportunity of a journey to the Crimea to assemble, on his way, the elders of some villages, and to declare to them that he would not confer upon them any other liberties than those mentioned in the statute. A copy of this imperial and imperious speech he ordered the Home Secretary to send into all the departments for publication.

VIII.

In the midst of these sanguinary dealings with the peasants, the massacres at Warsaw took place. There, an unarmed crowd of men and women were ruthlessly shot and sabered down, for no other cause than a peaceful demonstration in the interest of their own nationality, and in spite of their offering no resistance whatever. It was a butchery without a fight. The cruel deed was ordained because the Polish landowners had met of their own free will to discuss the question of grants of land for their own peasants! This proposal had awakened the jealousy, the suspicion, the apprehensions of the Autocrat. Any attempt at a reconciliation between the Polish nobles and the peasantry had to be drowned in blood. So the streets of Warsaw ran with gore at the very moment when the emancipation of the serfs in Russia was carried out amid scenes of butchery.

Peasant emancipation had scarcely been decreed when Alexander II. supplemented it by a reorganization of the army on the principle of a larger conscription. Before the slave's yoke was taken from the neck of the laborer, the Czar had to depend, for the getting together of his troops, upon the landed proprietors, the possessors of

the serfs. Now he was able to issue his conscription ukases without the slightest regard for the nobility. The aggressive policy of conquest had obtained an additional power. The true character of autocratic philanthropy appeared in its proper colors.

A Polish exile, Count Zamoyiski, was right in describing the Czar's measure, while it was being elaborated, as an experiment by which the Russian Government sought to augment its military resources and strength. In the same way an English consul, Mr. Michell, some years later, ably showed in a report that the objects of the Emancipation Act were fiscal and recruiting—that is to say, designed to increase facilities for raising men and money for purposes of war. Under the serfage system the autocrats experienced difficulties which not unfrequently crippled their warlike designs. The proprietor of the soil, from his position, naturally resisted the conscription; and, when it reached certain limits, often resisted effectively. Moreover, the serf being altogether exempt from fiscal obligations, the whole burden of taxation fell upon the landowners; and the Government, in want of money, had often to struggle with that class to reach their pockets. The emancipation entirely changed this state of things, as it was designed to do. The landlord had no longer any interest in opposing the conscription, and the imperial taxation was henceforth borne in part by the emancipated peasant.

A "landed freeman" the Russian peasant, since 1861, is often called in Western Europe. But on looking more closely at the state of things established by the Act of Manumission, a great deal of the alleged landholding and personal freedom vanishes into thin air. No better description could be given than the one contained in a valuable letter recently addressed to the "Newcastle Chronicle" by Mr. George Rule, than whom there are few men more conversant with the real aims of Russian autocratic policy. Referring to the Consular Report of Mr. Michell, Mr. George Rule says:

The original design of the Emperor and his Ministers was to give him (the serf) his homestead only, and to leave him otherwise to take his chance in the labor market. But this was deemed unsatisfactory both by peasant and landlord; and naturally so. On the one hand, it despoiled the serf of the land he considered his own; and, on the other, deprived the landlord of the service-rent, which he might not be able to replace with corresponding advantage. It consequently fell through; and another arrangement was adopted. The serf was now to have his homestead and allotment at a low-fixed rental, but freed from his old position of bondage to the owner of the soil. He might, indeed, by mutual agreement with

the proprietor, continue to pay his rent in service; and contracts for such purpose might be made to last three years at a time. This system of service-rent is still extensively in operation. . . . Usages of centuries are not to be got rid of in a day, either by ukase or enactment."

Practically—as Mr. Michell shows—the Russian peasantry are as firmly as ever fixed to the soil. Emigration from a rural commune may be said to be virtually prohibited; and immigration is almost impossible. It is the policy of Government, for fiscal and military reasons, to prevent the peasant from quitting the land on which he is at present settled. On this Mr. George Rule remarks:

The emancipated serfs were formed into village communities. The members of each community were made collectively and individually responsible to the landlords, on the one hand, for the rent of the whole communal land allotted; and, on the other, where the allotments were purchased, they were in a similar manner responsible to the Government for the repayment of the redemption money. It became, therefore, the interest of the community to keep the number of the responsible members up to the mark. Consequently, the conditions of separation imposed by the Government, though severe and binding, were such as their individual interests forbade them to resist. A member may free himself from his commune by payment down of sixteen and two-thirds times his yearly rental; that is to say, he can purchase his freedom at a heavy price. Or, subject to the approval of the commune, he may be replaced by a substitute, willing to take upon himself the responsibilities of the allotment; such substitute, I should suppose, it would be difficult to find. It will easily be seen that these conditions are prohibitory of separation, and it will as easily be observed that they must have been so framed to prevent what would have ensued, viz., a general relinquishment of the claims of his emancipated inheritance—the estates they were compelled to purchase at more than their worth. Let it be noted that they can be *compelled to purchase*, for in this the hardship and the root of their continued slavery lie. The compulsory power is not in the hands of the Government, but in those of the landlords. They can compel the commune either to buy or rent the lands they occupy. "In reality," says Mr. Michell, "it is not the peasant who can select between the system of perpetual tenancy and that of freehold. His former master has the arbitrary power of compelling him to remain attached to the soil which he cultivated before his emancipation by becoming its purchaser, and it is evident that the power has been and still is extensively used"; and he shows from statistics that purchasers by compulsion stand to voluntary purchasers as two to one, and that two-thirds of the ex-serfs occupy lands thus mortgaged to the state. To understand this, it must be known that the purchase of the communal lands was effected by the Imperial

Government from state funds paid to the proprietors. This purchase-money the peasantry are compelled to refund at payments equal to six per cent. over forty-nine years. The position may be thus simply illustrated: I occupy a farm for which I pay a rent; the landlord has the power to compel me to purchase it at an arbitrary valuation, and to pay on such valuation six per cent. over forty-nine years before I am freed from payment. A rare bargain for the landlord, but not much to my advantage. It is true that I may get rid of the bargain, and quit my farm, by paying on the nail sixteen and two-thirds years' rent to the landlord; or I may pay the whole valuation at once, or by installments hasten the time of enfranchisement, in which case I should have an abatement of six per cent. of the value. There would be no benefit to me in this; on the contrary, it would be a burden for life. The benefit would be to my grandchildren. But what might not happen in half a century! . . . It must be admitted that, save in these conditions of bondage, which I have attempted to indicate, the peasantry have great freedom in the communities. But it really is no better than the freedom of domestic animals kept within narrow and rigid limits for purposes of production. Wherefore, then, the cant about the benevolence which prompted the act of emancipation?

To do away with increasing difficulties of conscription and finance; to become better able to carry on designs of aggression; and to traverse, by favors shown to the masses, a constitutional movement among the more enlightened section of the nation—these were the aims and results of the famed Emancipation Ukase.

IX.

NOT only peasant outbreaks followed that ukase, but fire-raising, too—which had been frequent between 1860 and 1862—began afresh, both in the agricultural districts and in various towns. This systematic incendiarism is known under the name of the Conspiracies of the "Red Cock"—*—a Russian as well as German expression for arson.

In some instances the serf, dissatisfied with what was being done for him, revenged himself upon a hard taskmaster. The conflagrations in the towns were attributed by Government to a "party of disorder." It was supposed that the originators of these ever-recurring fires intended working upon the popular imagination, and that,

* In the heathen Germanic creed there is a "bright-red cock, high Fialar," that crows on the Tree of Sorrow when the whole world, at the End of Times, falls down on a bed of flames. The bird, by its song, heralds in the great fiery catastrophe. Another cock crows beneath the earth, a soot-red cock, in the Halls of Hel, while a third cock, Gullinkambi (Golden-Comb), wakens the heroes that are with Odin, the Leader of the Hosts, to tell them of the coming conflagration of the Universe.

if a chance offered itself, they would perhaps make use of the confusion created for a revolutionary outbreak. Whole bands of members of the Red-Cock League were believed to exist all over the Empire, with regular branch affiliations. In May, 1862, St. Petersburg was repeatedly the prey of fires of threatening extent. A state of siege had at last to be proclaimed in order to cope with this conspiracy of arson; but for a considerable time the authorities were utterly unable to meet the mysterious danger with any degree of efficiency.

Whatever may be thought of the moral question involved in these Confederacies of Fire-raisers, they certainly quickened the resolution of Government to go beyond the original narrow scope of the emancipation programme. Meantime the signs of a sullen political unrest compelled the Czar to introduce a few administrative reforms; but no sooner had this been done than it was found to give no real satisfaction. Discontent grew apace. Severe repressive measures followed upon concessions granted with a reluctant hand. The fetters put upon public instruction were somewhat relaxed; but then tumultuous demonstrations in favor of fuller rights arose in the academies and universities. And, as Government at once proceeded to the old harsh police measures, riots increased, whereupon imprisonments and proscriptions were resorted to, as under Nicholas.

Even Turkey had long ago published financial statements concerning the income and outlay of her state exchequer, though yet without any parliamentary control. Was Russia to lag behind Turkey? The outcry against official corruption and mismanagement during the Crimean war, and the demand for some insight into the finances of the state, becoming daily louder, Alexander II. had to consent to a publication of the budget. The measure was of little real use, being a mere promise to the ear. As soon as the press spoke out with some degree of firmness, the censorship was again rendered more stringent. Is it to be wondered at that a secret press was founded under the circumstances?

A paper came out under the same title as the one which of late has been revived by the Revolutionary Committee, namely, "Land and Liberty." Another journal was called "The Great Russian." It only reached three numbers, but these were largely propagated by an apparently extensive secret organization. "The Great Russian," beginning with a moderate opposition, became bolder with that miraculous rapidity which marks the transition from a Russian winter to a flowery spring. It raised the question as to whether the dynasty was to be maintained or not. These were some of the sheet-light flash-

ings on the horizon, which Government thought might portend a coming storm.

The spies and informers of the Czar inclined to the opinion that "The Great Russian" was edited by a secret society of students. A war against students was therefore initiated—even as in these present days a war against women is being waged by the Russian authorities. In Germany and France, the students have played a large part, from 1815 to 1848, in the struggles for national union and freedom. It is a noteworthy sign that the Russian youth, too, should have come forward in a similar way, in the liberal or democratic interest.

The students refusing to bear with new university regulations framed for purposes of what they called "government espionage," many conflicts took place in various university towns. Some of the students were killed, or severely wounded; a great many others banished to distant provinces. There they soon acted as propagandists among populations hitherto sluggish and servilely obedient. Many of the students belonging to that lesser nobility which in Russia is eager for progress, the Government police, with the malignant craftiness which has been its peculiar mark since the days of Boris Godunoff, stirred up the people by the shamefully false statement that these young men were "mere lordlings who rose in revolt because the Czar had abolished serfdom!" General Bistrom hounded on his soldiers against the students by equally mendacious means. He told them that "these young fellows all wanted to become officials in order to rob the people." The wildest tricks of a corrupt, despotic, and at the same time demagogic *régime* were thus flourishing once more under Alexander the Humane.

The spirit of liberalism among the students of the universities gained even those of the Church Academy in the capital. The latter, being the offspring of the so-called White Clergy (that is, of the married priesthood, who are considered the flower of the Orthodox Church), were declared guilty of rebelliousness, by the Holy Synod, for having refused to attend the lectures of an unpopular, inefficient, and reactionary professor of Greek literature. Many of them were banished from the capital. These measures laid the foundation of an estrangement between not a few members of the White Clergy and the Crown.

Some of the professors also, owing to the temporary closing of their universities in consequence of tumults, began to join the ranks of the malcontents, and bethought themselves of giving public lectures which every one could attend, without being inscribed at the university. One of the best friends of the students, a literary

man, of the name of Michayloff, was about this time exiled to the Siberian mines. His proscription raised a storm of indignation. Altogether, if we compare the banishments to Siberia under Nicholas and Alexander II., we find that of late years the number of exiles sent thither has been incessantly increasing, so that it is now four times larger than under the rule of a monarch who stands in history as the very type of unmitigated hard-heartedness.

X.

THE Crimean war, bringing to light, as it did, the inner weakness of imperialist rule, was calculated to embolden the centrifugal tendencies among the discordant nationalities of the empire. The Baltic provinces have for some time past been looked upon as the mainstay of the Russian administration. Yet, even there, Bishop Walter, the Superintendent-General of Livonia, was heard to say, by way of reply to governmental encroachments upon local charters and privileges: "In religion we shall always remain Protestants. In politics we shall continue to be Germans." His deposition followed quickly upon the significant speech.

In Finland, which in nationality, speech, history, and culture, stands out distinctly from the bulk of the Muscovite Empire, there were signs which Government could not ignore. Toward the end of the Crimean war, Sweden-Norway had bound herself by a defensive treaty to England and France. It was considered necessary, at that time, to provide against the possibility of Russia claiming the important Norwegian harbor of Hammerfest, which lies opposite the English coast, and, though situated in the semi-Arctic region, is ice-free during winter. The news of this treaty made an impression all over the North. There was some apprehension in the councils of Alexander II. that Finland, which had been robbed by Russia of her special constitution, would gravitate back toward a connection with the Swedish Crown. The Finnic Diet was, therefore, restored. Though the autonomy thus allowed was more a name than a strong parliamentary reality, the fact itself could not but serve to bring out all the more glaringly the dead level of political slavery in Muscovy proper.

Among the Russian nobility the desire for parliamentary rule was fed by the concession to Finland. Some of the nobles wished to indemnify themselves by political privileges on the oligarchal principle for any losses that might befall them through serf emancipation. Others, of a more liberal turn of mind, wished to benefit the interests of the community at large by the introduction of full representative government. In almost all the corporations of the Russian no-

bility the language held was of an unheard-of boldness.

Demands for some kind of a *duma*, or Parliament, were brought forward by the assembled nobiliary orders of Moscow, Smolensk, Novgorod, Pskov, Saratov, Tula, and Tver. Instead of giving simply the desired answer to the questions addressed to them on the subject of serf emancipation by the Home Secretary, Mr. Valujeff, they combined their replies with a demand for a charter. They also insisted on strict responsibility before the law of every government official; on protection for the rights of person and property through the introduction of spoken evidence in judicial proceedings, and of trial by jury, in the place of the accustomed written and clandestine forms of procedure; on the publication of a detailed budget of revenues and expenses, so as to allay the fears of a financial crisis; and on liberty of the press in the discussion of economical and administrative reforms.

At St. Petersburg an address was proposed, which, under outwardly respectful forms toward the Emperor, spoke out strongly against "the oppression exercised by those who represent the sovereign power." The address said: "Every violation of the principles of justice; the irresponsibility of men in the enjoyment of his Majesty's confidence; all the irregularities, persecutions, and abuses which are practiced destroy the people's confidence in the Government, shake their loyalty toward the monarch, and even sap his supremacy." Stress was further laid on "the tendency which shows itself in certain parts of the empire *to withdraw from the general unity*." The address concluded with these words: "Representatives ought to be convoked from all the provinces of the empire, so that the Sovereign might learn the wants of the people, and that legislative questions and important state affairs might be discussed before being settled. Without such a general popular representation we must fear for the stability of the empire, and can *foresee its speedy dissolution*."

Unlike the resolutions in the other nobiliary corporations, the address just mentioned was not put to the vote at St. Petersburg. The majority of the members there were too much under the fear of persecution. On the other hand, the nobility of Tver, which for some time past had been in the vanguard of the progressive movement, drew up, in its sitting of March 14, 1862, a resolution of seven points, containing a free and voluntary surrender of all its aristocratic privileges, and an offer to make to the peasantry large grants of land; insisting at the same time on "the convocation of a national assembly chosen by the whole people, without distinction of classes." The resolution was adopted by one

hundred and twenty to twenty-three votes. Immediately afterward, thirteen justices of the peace of Tver, who had acted in consonance with these views, were arrested and led as prisoners to St. Petersburg.

Alexander II. neither would grant the convocation of a national Parliament, nor did he allow even the petitioning in favor of such a reform, without giving practical proofs of his sovereign displeasure and imperial wrath.

XI.

WHILE Muscovy proper was occupied and agitated by these demonstrations for the parliamentary principle, and by the widely ramified conspiracies of the "Red Cock," the Polish provinces were excited by a renewed movement in favor of nationality and self-government.

Many had assumed there was an end of Poland. Ignorance repeated the famous but false and forged word ("*Finis Polonia!*") which is attributed to Kosciuszko.* The Russian General Fadeyeff, one of the most uncompromising Pan-

* Owing to the persistence with which this falsehood always crops up afresh, it may be useful to give once more the text of the letter addressed by Kosciuszko to Count Ségur, the author of the "*Décade Historique*," under date of Paris, 20th Brumaire, year XII. (October 30, 1803). I have translated it from the French original, which is in the archives of the Ségur family, and which has been communicated to me by Mr. Ch. Ed. Choiecki. Kosciuszko wrote :

"Ignorance or malignity, with fierce persistence, has put the expression '*Finis Polonia!*' into my mouth—an expression I am stated to have made use of on a fatal day. Now, first of all, I had been almost mortally wounded before the battle was decided, and only recovered my consciousness two days afterward, when I found myself in the hands of my enemies. In the second instance, if an expression like the one alluded to is inconsistent and criminal in the mouth of any Pole, it would have been far more so in mine. When the Polish nation called me to the defense of the integrity, independence, dignity, glory, and freedom of our fatherland, it knew well that I was not the *last* Pole in existence, and that with my death on the battle-field, or elsewhere, Poland could not, and would not, be *at an end*. Everything the Poles have done since, or will yet do in the future, furnishes the proof that if we, the devoted soldiers of the country, are mortal, Poland herself is immortal; and it is therefore not allowed to anybody either to utter or to repeat that insulting expression (*l'outrageante épithète*) which is contained in the words '*Finis Polonia!*' What would the French say, if, after the battle of Rossbach, in 1757, Marshal Charles de Rohan, Prince de Soubise, had exclaimed, '*Finis Gallie!*' Or what would they say if such cruel words were attributed to him in his biographies? I shall therefore be obliged to you if, in the new edition of your work, you will not speak any more of the '*Finis Polonia!*'; and I hope that the authority of your name will have its due effect with all those who in future may be inclined to repeat those words, and thus attribute to me a blasphemy against which I protest with all my heart."

slavists, who wishes to see the sway of the Czar extended over Austro-Hungary and Constantinople, appreciated the situation more correctly when, even after the overthrow of the rising of 1863-'64, he wrote: "No one can imagine that the Polish question is in reality settled. All its component parts are quite as alive now as formerly. . . . The western provinces of Russia, in their present condition—and not only the kingdom of Poland, but even the province of Volhynia as well, where the Catholics number only ten per cent. of the population—will certainly become thoroughly Polish and hostile to Russia *on the first appearance of a foreign foe.*"

The insurrection of 1863 was undoubtedly the work of a conspiracy—led, not by the older stock of Polish patriots or emigrants, but mostly by very young men. The Democratic Committee at Warsaw which prepared, and the Secret National Government which officered, the rising, were wellnigh exclusively composed of men of the younger generation. This is an important fact, in so far as it testifies to the vitality of the national elements in Russian Poland. Nor had English statesmen and politicians of all parties any doubt, at that time, either as to the righteousness and practical nature of the Polish cause, or as to the atrocious character of the Government of Alexander II. The news of the simultaneous rising all through Poland on January 21, 1863, at once revived English sympathies for a down-trodden nation. Lord Ellenborough and Lord Shaftesbury, Mr. Disraeli, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, and Lord John Russell, the then Foreign Secretary, were strong upon Polish grievances. In both Houses of Parliament pictures of Russian atrocities were drawn, which fired the heart of England with indignation. Mr. Forster declared in the House that England was henceforth freed from the compact by which she had sanctioned the Czar's sovereignty over Poland. At an enthusiastic meeting in St. James's Hall, Sir John Shelley in the chair, the question as to whether, in case Russia persisted in her course, England ought to declare war against the Autocrat, was answered by a tremendous cry of "Yes!"*

* Having myself been called to Scotland to speak at Glasgow, and in other towns, on the situation in Germany and the rising in Russian Poland, resolutions were passed there to the following effect: Rupture of all diplomatic relations with the Russian Government; recognition of Poland as a belligerent nation; declaration of British sympathy with Germany in her efforts at gaining her own freedom and unity; formation of a committee destined to receive subscriptions for the Polish rising; transmission of a petition to the House of Commons, and of an address to the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, with the object of promoting the Polish movement. (See Louis Blanc's "*Lettres sur l'Angleterre*," Paris, 1866, vol. i.)

In the House of Commons it was shown that, according to a statement made by the Town Council of Warsaw, on July 20, 1862, the number of men and women thrown into a single prison in that city since the beginning of the year, under a charge of political offenses, had been 14,833; that such had been the ravages of forced conscription that in November, 1862, only 683 persons had been left at Warsaw for the pursuits of commerce in a population of 184,000 inhabitants; that Prince Gortchakoff had threatened to inaugurate a policy of extermination, and to make of Poland a heap of ashes; that the barracks and fortresses had been transformed into dungeons for political prisoners; and that in the terrible night of January 15, 1863, the houses of the citizens were surrounded and invaded at one o'clock in the morning, in order to fill the ranks of the Russian army with unfortunate kidnapped men.

So strongly did English public opinion then pronounce against the Government of Alexander II., that Lord John Russell at last presented "Six Points" to the Cabinet of St. Petersburg. They asked for a complete and general amnesty; a national Parliament of Poland, in conformity with the treaty of Vienna of 1815; an Administration exclusively composed of Polish officials; full liberty of conscience; the use of the Polish language on all public occasions and in the education of the people; and a regular system of military recruitment, instead of the arbitrary seizure of persons. As a preliminary measure, an armistice was insisted on by the English Government, who also proposed a conference of the eight signatory powers of the treaty of Paris.

Need it be said that Alexander II. utterly declined to discuss these proposals?

A sudden change, it is true, came one day over Lord John Russell's views in this Polish matter, when he declared, in a tone of great excitement, that the insurrection had been organized by the "cosmopolitan party of revolutionists"—more especially by Mazzini and his friends—and that the object was to introduce communism into Poland! A more erroneous, nay, on the face of it, impossible statement could scarcely have been made. It is difficult to understand how a statesman of the age and experience of Lord John Russell could allow himself to be thus deceived. He may have found it necessary to oppose the demands for armed English intervention in Poland when he saw that Louis Napoleon wished to improve the occasion for an attack on the Rhine. But then Lord John was not entitled to produce arguments which were the reverse of facts.

So little was Mazzini inclined to communism that he, on the contrary, during the best part of

his life, and down to his last days, attacked the communistic doctrines in frequent writings. Nor did he organize the Polish insurrection. To this I can personally testify. He was in contact with patriots and exiles of many nations; and he, together with Ledru-Rollin, and a few others in London, were informed of what was coming in Russian Poland, some time before the rising. The Warsaw committee had their trusty agent here, through whom we learned the day of the intended insurrection. Opinions were exchanged between well-wishers in London and the leaders at Warsaw; but the organization and the direction entirely proceeded from within Poland. Shortly before the Polish patriots rose, Mazzini had even given the distinct counsel to delay the rising. But the tyrannic decree of conscription, or rather proscription, by which the Polish youths were to be all seized in the dead of night and transported as recruits into the interior of Russia, left the Warsaw committee no choice. Under these circumstances, Mazzini's counsel could not possibly be followed.

So far from communism having been at the bottom of the insurrectionary movement, the leaders aimed at nothing but national independence, combined with a land reform, such as France and Germany have carried long ago, and as England still stands in need of. Equality before the law, freedom for all creeds, and other liberal measures were mentioned in the published decrees of the Secret Government at Warsaw. The rest would have had to be done by a freely-elected assembly had the revolution been successful. The members of the Secret Government were adherents of the democratic creed; at least, at the beginning of the rising. Gradually, a change became observable, but certainly not in the communistic sense. I have mentioned more amply on another occasion that differences, albeit only of a passing character, showed themselves in the leading committee a few months after the revolution had been begun. It was on the question of intervention and foreign alliances.

Louis Napoleon, ever on the lookout for an opportunity of meddling with affairs abroad, flattered himself with the hope of being able to induce England to effect, in company with him, an intervention in Poland. To my knowledge, some go-betweens of his made an attempt to see whether a Polish demand for French intervention could not be addressed to him, so that his own ambitious policy might find a readier acceptance in the public opinion of Europe. The Jeromist or Plon-Plonist connection was used as a lever for that purpose. This move, coupled with a change of persons then just going on in the composition of the Secret Government at Warsaw, gave rise to a temporary dissension,

which for a while paralyzed the insurrectionary activity. Finally, the Napoleonic tendency was entirely thrown out, and the old programme was maintained, which aimed at deliverance by Polish forces only.

All this had nothing to do with communism. Lord John Russell was egregiously mistaken.

XII.

BEFORE the rising there were two chief committees at Warsaw—both clandestine, according to the nature of the situation. The one was a democratic Committee; the other an aristocratic one—the so-called Committee of the *Szlachta*, or Nobility. The latter mainly sought to bring about peaceful but impressive manifestations in the streets, while the former aimed at revolutionary action. When the *Szlachta* Committee found that, in order to obtain the aid of the peasantry, it would be necessary to hold out promises of a land reform, its members lost heart. Finally, they withdrew altogether from the direction of affairs. Then the Democratic Committee obtained the upper hand and the sole management of the movement. Its members and adherents, too, belonged partly to the lesser nobility; and, as the landholding class and the comparatively few towns in Russian Poland are almost exclusively the representatives of political thought, of national aspirations, and of general progress, it will easily be understood that even the Democratic Committee could not go too far in its measures of social revolution lest it should alienate its best allies and create division in its own ranks.

This also Lord John Russell might have been expected to know.

I will not enter here into the causes of the failure of the Polish rising, on which I have before expressed myself, beyond indicating a few noteworthy points. The leaders of the conspiracy calculated, first, upon a more energetic participation of their own peasantry than had been the case on former occasions. Secondly, they counted upon the promised passing over to the revolutionary cause of Russian troops, especially of officers, and upon the outbreak of a popular movement at Moscow and at St. Petersburg. I know that assurances to that effect had been freely given to the leaders of the Polish rising, though I always doubted that they would be made good. The spirit of Pestel and Murawieff had, in 1863, not been revived yet among any noteworthy number of Russian officers. Mr. Ivan Golovin, in 1870, stated in his book* that Alexander Herzen had given an assurance that the Warsaw garrison would pass over to the

Poles; "but the officers," Mr. Golovin adds, "were Poles or Catholics, and not the tenth part were real Russians." Lastly, the Secret Government at Warsaw hoped that the constitutional conflict then raging in Prussia between the liberal House of Commons and the reactionary Government of King William and Herr von Bismarck would result in a practical aid to the Polish cause by preventing the King of Prussia from taking action in favor of the Czar.

It is a matter of notoriety how these various hopes were disappointed. As to the manifestoes which it was alleged by Herzen had been issued by Russian officers as a pledge of sympathy with Poland, they proved to be mere words, if not a downright invention. Carrying on a struggle of despair, without any support, the Polish patriots yet kept the whole power of Russia fully occupied for nearly a year and a half. Toward the end of the insurrection, the more advanced party which had organized it found itself compelled, through increasing difficulties, to enter into closer relations with the Moderate, or so-called Aristocratic, party of Polish emigrants abroad, whose political connections and financial means, it was supposed, might give some aid to a sinking cause.

It was all of no avail. The agony was a long and tragic one. At last the catastrophe came; and with feelings of deep emotion we greeted General Langiewicz on his arrival in London as a fellow exile.

I will not unroll here the picture of the fresh horrors that followed upon the overthrow of a rising which had been the result of unbearable atrocities. To do so would require the brush of a Breughel, the painter of hellish demons. "There are no innocent persons," General Sobolewski said in 1863, when presiding over one of the Commissions of Inquiry at Wilna—"there are no innocent persons; we only inquire to what degree every individual is guilty."

"The law?" exclaimed General Murawieff, with a satanic leer—"I am the law!" He was, according to the well-known phrase, not of the Murawieffs who get hanged, but of the Murawieffs who hang others. He, Berg, Anjenkoff, and other military executioners of the Torquemada school, did their sanguinary business efficiently all through this terrible period. The very name of Poland was struck from the official phraseology in Russia. There was henceforth only a Department of the Vistula. The Polish speech was proscribed in public. The tyrant tried to tear out the very heart from a nation's bosom.

At Nice, Alexander II. afterward shed tears at the sight of the misery of an exiled Polish family. When asked whether his Majesty would not, in the fullness of his power, do something to mitigate the sufferings, he replied, "I have given

* "*Russland unter Alexander II.*," Leipsic, 1870.

my word of honor to Murawieff not to interfere in such matters!" The quality of the imperial tears in question need not be described.

Mr. Golovin writes: "Ivan the Cruel has not acted differently toward Novgorod from what Alexander II. has done to the Poles. A proof is thus furnished that Russian Autocrats have changed their names but not their principles. In Germany it has been truly said that Germans still see in the Poles fellow men, while the Russians act inhumanly against the Poles." I quote by preference the opinion of a prominent Russian writer, who, though exiled himself, speaks severely against the Nihilists, and who is so far from systematically opposing the Russian Government policy as to say, in the work in question, that "the present Emperor has only followed the footsteps of Alexander the Great as far as Samarcand, and that it remains reserved to Alexander IV. *to conquer India.*"

This was written by Mr. Golovin before Alexander II. had made an attempt to get, by a back door, into Afghanistan.

XIII.

IN spite of its failure, the Polish rising had a remarkable effect. It actually brought a reform, not to the crushed Poles, but to the Russians. Various symptoms in some of the Great Russian and Little Russian provinces, as well as in Lithuania, has shown, during the insurrection, that a dangerous spirit of discontent was rife there also. It required all the crafty arts of government and all the violent declarations of Katkoff and his sort to keep even the Muscovites up to the desired mark of hatred against the Poles. Among a section of the Russian nobility the treatment awarded to the latter was strongly blamed.

It was as a sop to these feelings of unrest that the Czar issued, on January 21, 1864, a ukase for the introduction of provincial (departmental and district) assemblies for the discussion of local economical questions. Politics, of course, were strictly forbidden.

Russian liberalism, misled for a time during the Polish Revolution, revived after this peril was over. A portion of the Russian land-owning class began asserting again that "it was but right the Crown should give up some of its despotic privileges after the aristocracy had been shorn of their former power over the serfs." The Corporation of the Moscow Nobility being on the point of asking the Emperor once more to grant representative government, its session was hurriedly closed by a peremptory order. An imperial ukase declared that "the right of taking the initiative in any reform was vested in the

monarch, and inseparably bound up with his God-conferred autocratic power; that no class was lawfully entitled to speak in the name of another, or to plead before the throne for public concerns and wants of the state; and that irregularities of this kind could only delay the execution of the planned reforms."

It would have been impossible to lay down the despotic principles of the Czar-Pope with a more uncompromising severity. In the midst of the public indignation thereby created, Karakasoff—formerly a student at the Moscow University, and whose father belonged to the class of the titled nobility—on April 16, 1866, made an attempt against the life of the relentless and scheming Autocrat.

This was the first personal warning to him who had always feared that he would die a violent death.

Many were the men whom a suspicious despotism arrested, after Karakasoff's deed, as probable or possible accomplices—the best evidence that autocracy, at the slightest show of danger, feels the soil insecure under its feet. Thus the poets Nekrassoff and Lawroff were imprisoned for a time. Karakasoff was executed. Thirty-five alleged accomplices of his conspiracy were sentenced to imprisonment or transportation.

In the following year, during Czar Alexander's visit to Paris, the Pole Berezowski pointed the pistol at his breast. A French jury taking a lenient view of the matter, the life of that would-be avenger of his country's wrongs was spared. Perhaps the jury thought of the countless hosts that had had to make the pilgrimage into the Valley of Death, in order that a single man might uphold his irresponsible rule over many enslaved nations.

I shall have to speak, in a concluding article, of the time between the attempt of Berezowski and that of Solovieff. With the obstinacy of the Autocrat the fierce resolution of his foes has grown—a very natural law of action and reaction, which it would be useless to deny, sad as the outlook is for the cause of humanity. The atmosphere of blood, which has for ages hovered over the Imperial Palace of Russia, has spread now over the country at large. A strange aurora borealis of mysterious fires once more illumines the horizon with its dark-red arrows. Nihilists are at work. Fire-raisers are at work. Peasants also have broken out into revolt. We can only hope that these are the inevitable thunder-clouds of a necessary storm destined to purify the air, to drive away the foul mists of tyranny, and to confer upon long-suffering Russia the blessings of Light and Right.

KARL BLIND, in the *Contemporary Review*.

A NOVELIST OF THE DAY.

"THE style is the man"; and there is a sense in which the remark has more truth about it than may generally be suspected. There is no need to dwell here on the deeper idiosyncrasies of character which an analysis of the mode of expression adopted by distinguished or undistinguished authors may reveal. The meaning now attached to the famous phrase is purely personal, and the proposition now laid down is that one may trace, very much more frequently than is perhaps generally supposed, a strong likeness between books and their authors—that the ring of the printed sentence often echoes in the writer's voice; that his or her casual conversation reflects the published periods, whether long or short; that the letter-press is an extension of the presence; and that as the poet, humorist, or historian is on paper, so is he for the most part in society. It is sometimes said that the men who are the wittiest in the study are the dullest at the dinner-table; and one is reminded that Thackeray, unless he found himself in congenial company, was very apt to preserve a moody and melancholy silence. Again, one has been told the ideas and jokes of authors represent the greater part of their literary capital; how, then, can it be expected that they should shower upon a miscellaneous assemblage those jewels of thought and gems of wit which have their market value in Fleet Street and Paternoster Row? Hence the notion exists that the writer of the most laughter-moving of contemporary volumes should be severely reserved in public; and that in all cases there is a great gulf fixed between the life and atmosphere, so far as the personality of the author is concerned, of the printed page and that with which he is identified in the actual world of fact. It may be very much doubted whether this view is adequately supported by experience. I have yet to learn that the accomplished wag who enlivened the public with his "Happy Thoughts" strictly insists upon giving his private friends the benefit of his serious meditations. I should be disposed to say that the brilliancy and knowledge which are to be found in the writings of the most remarkable journalist of the day are adequately reflected in his ordinary talk, and that the felicitous choice of words which characterizes his pen is in the same degree the quality of his lips. I should be surprised to hear that the great philosopher of our time who has applied the doctrine of evolution to the phenomena of human progress was not, when standing on the drawing-room hearth-rug, or strolling on a well-shaven lawn, the same

infallible oracle that he is in his sociological writings. I have never yet been told that Dickens lacked, at Gad's Hill or in London, or wherever else he happened to be, the animal spirits which suffuse every page of his writings; or that Charles Lever, across the walnuts and the wine, was not precisely the man in whom one would expect to recognize the creator of Charles O'Malley and Harry Lorrequer. I have never yet found Professor J. S. Blackie less exuberant in his conversation than in his printed prelections on modern Greek, modern education generally, and in his "Lays of the Highlands and Islands." It seems to me that the gifted author of "Piccadilly" talks and acts in private life very much as one would expect the profound believer in the virtues of episcopacy, which he is known to be, to act and talk.

This list of such instances might be materially lengthened from the resources of even a limited experience, but it will be enough to crown it with one crucial illustration. If the identity between the Mr. Anthony Trollope of private life and the Mr. Anthony Trollope who has enriched English literature with novels that will yet rank as nineteenth-century classics is not immediately perceived, it can only be because the observer is destitute of the faculty of perception. "The style is the man"; the popular and successful author is the straightforward, unreserved friend; the courageous, candid, plain-speaking companion. As it is with the dialogue of Mr. Trollope's literary heroes and heroines, so is it with the conversation of Mr. Trollope himself. In each there is the same definiteness and directness; the same Anglo-Saxon simplicity which can only not be called studied, because in all things it is Mr. Trollope's characteristic to be spontaneous. As a writer—I do not of course speak of the elaboration of his plots—Mr. Trollope is precisely what he is as a talker, and what he is, or used to be, as a rider across country. He sees the exact place at which he wants to arrive. He makes for it; and he determines to reach it as directly as possible. There may be obstacles, but he surmounts them. Sometimes, indeed, they prove for the moment serious impediments. Perhaps they actually place him *hors de combat*, like a post and rails that can not be negotiated, or a ditch of impracticable dimensions. It does not matter. He picks himself up, pulls himself together, and presses on as before. The sympathy which is the invariable accompaniment of a broad and manly imagination, Mr. Trollope has in abundance. But an opinion rapidly crystallizes

with him into a conviction, and a conviction is, in his estimation, a thing for which to live or die. He does not exclude from his consideration all that conflicts with this view, but he has for it only a theoretical toleration. One is almost reminded in his case of the nearly instantaneous luxuriance displayed in the growth of tropical vegetation—a phenomenon, by the by, which was never described better than by Mr. Trollope himself in his book on the “West Indies and the Spanish Main.” The impression seems hardly to have been formed when it blossoms forth into an article of faith. The climate may be uncongenial to the development—so much the worse for the climate; the facts may be stubbornly opposed to it; but is man, then, a slave, that he should bow to facts?

One could scarcely have a better illustration of this generous and most chivalrous tendency on the part of Mr. Trollope, as it may be witnessed in his writings, than is to be seen in his recently published little work on Thackeray. The view here taken of Thackeray's character is, if I may be pardoned for saying so, the conventional one—that the immortal author of “Vanity Fair” had nothing in the veins of his moral nature but the pure, unadulterated milk of human kindness; that he was superior to petty animosities and literary jealousies; that he had nothing about him which was not great and almost godlike; that it is as preposterously unrighteous to hint at the presence of the cynic in his writings as to suppose that envy, malice, or any other form of uncharitableness has a home in the Elysian Fields. This is hero-worship with a vengeance. It is as unreasonable as the cloying panegyric with which the late James Hannay smeared the memory of his patron, though it has the redeeming merit of being absolutely disinterested. But Mr. Trollope fails to perceive that Thackeray, as he paints him, is an impossible personage, a human creature infinitely too good for human nature's daily food. Of course there is the sham cynic and the real one, and Thackeray's cynicism was not of that very cheap and shallow order which can see nothing but material for laughter in the softer and more sentimental aspects of human nature. What is or what ought to be meant by cynicism is a refusal, based upon experience and observation, to explain all human actions by reference to the same guileless and disinterested motives as are alone recognized in the philosophy of gush. In this sense Thackeray was a consummate cynic; and those have studied his works to small purpose who have not carried away from them more than enough of knowledge to be aware of the fact. Mr. Trollope knows life, and has observed it well. If he were to look upon such a portrait as that which he himself has painted of

Thackeray executed by another hand, and perhaps of a different original, he would probably criticise it as being too angelically perfect; but on such a matter as this what is the use of argument?

In this temper may be seen evidence of the intensity of enthusiasm with which Mr. Trollope's nature is charged. Never certainly was there an enthusiast who had about him so little that is dreamy and so much that is absolutely impracticable. The ordinary enthusiast meditates largely, perpetually cultivates a fine sort of inspired frenzy, and does nothing. He builds castles in the air, and he never thinks of inhabiting them. He piles imaginary towers upon fictitious foundations, and the whole fabric topples over because the lessons of experience have been disregarded by the architect. Now, Mr. Trollope, enthusiast and castle-builder though he is and has always been, is practical as well. He may have his phantasies and chimeras and crotchets and hobbies; yet for all this the world in which he lives is no visionary one, but one in which close attention to facts and details is a paramount necessity. Enthusiasm—it may be impetuosity—is only one of the accidental modes of development assumed by Mr. Trollope's imagination. It has become a species of necessary condition of his thought; and just as great athletes find it desirable frequently to exercise their muscles and sinews by wielding dumb-bells, brandishing Indian clubs, and other feats of strength, so does Mr. Trollope keep his mental elasticity fresh and vigorous by tilting against windmills and by defending paradoxes. This is part of the charm of the man, or at least of the secret of his charm. As with his writings, so with his social converse. In Mr. Trollope's nature extremes may be said to balance extremes. The most enthusiastic of men, he is of all men also the most practical. The qualities which he has consistently displayed in the exercise of his art as novelist are those which, applied to any other department of intellectual industry, would have secured him success, and probably eminence. His energy has been untiring; his productive powers have neither flagged nor paused. Mr. Trollope was not an inexperienced author long before he was an author who found authorship a lucrative concern. He had written two or three novels, chiefly illustrative of Irish life; he had written some extremely able letters on the state of Ireland in the “Examiner,” then conducted by his friend, the late John Forster: he had done all this, and he had produced one or two unacted plays into the bargain, before he saw his way clear to making an income by his pen. At an age when many men are thinking of relaxing their toils, or are at least anticipating as not far

distant the day when they may be able to meditate retirement, Mr. Anthony Trollope found his career as a prosperous and indefatigable man of letters really at its commencement. Unless I am mistaken, the golden harvest which "The Warden" yielded was not ingathered till its author had not merely reached, but passed, Thackeray's age of wisdom, and was the wrong side of the Rubicon of "forty year."

The publication of this novel was the first great era in Anthony Trollope's literary life. It placed a career manifestly within his reach; it gave him a name; it opened up to him large opportunities of future and most remunerative toil. The chief historical and general interest of the book arises from the fact that it was the earliest venture made by Mr. Trollope in that department of socio-ecclesiastical fiction which he may be said to have created for his own special delectation and profit. It is natural to ask what were the circumstances which first led Mr. Trollope to seek the materials of his fictions in the doings of ecclesiastical circles, and what were the special opportunities of observing these which he had enjoyed. The son of a barrister, his mother being an authoress of great power and sprightliness, Anthony Trollope was at two public schools—Winchester first and Harrow afterward. He did not go to Oxford; and before he was twenty got an appointment in the Post-Office. He kept up his classics; and he did more than this, he perpetually cultivated his faculties of observation. He was always recording the experiences of his every-day life on the tablets of his memory, always planning something, always devising situations, and mentally inquiring what action on the part of individuals, of a certain variety of temperament, placed in certain circumstances, would follow a particular set of motives. This is the true education of the brain, and indeed of the pen, of the novelist, or of any artist who determines to make mankind his theme. Ever observant, ever vigilant, Mr. Trollope gradually acquired a fund of knowledge, gathered first-hand, and relating to a hundred different phases of existence, which was certain, sooner or later, to fructify. It was natural that accident should for the most part decide the line in which he was to make his *début* as a successful novelist. Accident did decide it, and an accident of a character which shows the enthusiastic quality of his mind. Rather less than twenty-five years ago there appeared in the "Times" a correspondence raising the issue whether a beneficed clergyman was morally justified in being a systematic absentee from the congregation for whose spiritual welfare he was responsible. The unfortunate ecclesiastic who had placed himself in this position was vehemently attacked. He or his friends advanced on his behalf the

best defense possible; and so, after an empty bout of controversy, the matter ended. But with Mr. Anthony Trollope it had only just begun. Perhaps no man has, in his broad views of life, less of the casuist about him; in minor matters few have the same fondness for the arguing of nicely casuistical questions. Here was a *casus conscientie* after his own heart. It set him thinking. His quick imagination and social experience opened up a vista of characters and situations, and "The Warden" was the result.

But what is to be said of the originals of the characters of "The Warden"—Bishop Proudie, Mrs. Proudie, and the rest of them? Probably Mr. Trollope might tell us that, after all, in clerical nature, masculine or feminine, there is a great deal of human nature; that, though the outer garb of humanity may vary much, its inward heart varies astonishingly little; that prelates with aprons, gaiters, shovel-hats, and other clerical trappings, are amenable to the same laws and considerations as any other middle-aged gentlemen clad in black, or in whatever other hue may be affected. Be this as it may, it is quite certain that Mr. Trollope took to writing novels of clerical life with no special knowledge of clerical character; and that he certainly knew not a tithe of what was known by George Eliot of the gossip and scandals of cathedral precincts when he made Barchester Towers and all their chief personages thoroughly familiar to the English public. In the town of Barchester one will in vain search for any evidence of identity with Winchester. Here and there a touch of Salisbury may be detected, but for the most part it is the general idea of a cathedral-town that is depicted, and not any particular city. Knowledge of the world, based upon great and varied experience, increased by study, fortified and enlarged by culture—these are the data out of which Mr. Trollope has manufactured what it is only natural to consider his extraordinary knowledge of, and insight into, clerical life. And is this not, it may be asked, the way in which genius usually works? The facts genius itself can not create; but the facts once given are capable of any number of combinations; and facts, when they are placed in juxtaposition, have a tendency to create new facts.

For eighteen years Mr. Trollope lived in Ireland, seeing all that there was to be seen—reading, writing, hunting, dining. Novel succeeded novel, and each was a success. The opportunities of his official life he did not, indeed, entirely refuse to utilize. His innate sense of justice, and of practical expediency, was scandalized by the proposal to institute the system of competitive promotion in the Civil Service; and "The Three Clerks" was the result. But "The Three

Clerks" is almost the only purely departmental fiction, if the phrase be permissible, which Mr. Trollope has ever written. He has given us touches of official life in all his novels, just as he has in most of club life, political life, hunting life, to say nothing of clerical life. But he likes an extended area; he enjoys the sensation of a free and unobstructed atmosphere. Hence it is that his best novels are novels of character rather than of incident. Throughout all of them there runs a central thread of unity, and this unity is to be found in the presence and development of a single character. Even in "Orley Farm," which, regarded as a story, is probably the best of his works, there can not be said to be any episode which is not subordinated to the character of the heroine, and which is not directly designed to illustrate the temptations that befall her. When Mr. Trollope has hit upon such a leading idea as this, he exemplifies and enforces it with whatever suggests itself as suitable in the treasure-house of diversified knowledge and experience which he has assimilated. And it is his peculiar power to be able to run this experience, so to speak, into any mold that the occasion suggests. To say that he can do this is the same thing as to say that he has acquired a consum-

mate mastery of his art. That, indeed, is precisely what Mr. Trollope has done. Practice, skill, literary ability, would not have enabled him to do all that he has done. It was necessary that these should be informed and quickened, as in Mr. Trollope's case they have been, by that enthusiasm which is itself a certain mood of genius—an enthusiasm intimately allied, in the case of Anthony Trollope, with the spirit of honor, loyalty, and integrity. Had he been less chivalrous, he might, from a purely worldly point of view, have been even more successful. He has had, and he has never abandoned, his views of the uses and objects of fiction; and he has endeavored consistently to act up to them, writing nothing which shame could ever prompt him to blot, and nothing which has not a practical bearing upon human life. So industriously and so successfully has he done this, that he has won, in a quarter of a century, nearly the most conspicuous place in the first rank of novelists of the day. Of the charm which his novels have to the contemporary reader, this only need be said—that they charm him for the same reason that they will be invaluable to the future historian of social England in the nineteenth century.

Time.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ABOUT MELANCHOLY AGAIN.

THE interesting and suggestive communication that follows may possibly find more general acceptance than our own view of the subject which it discusses. There is room, however, for wide difference of opinion, and in the comments that we have subjoined to the letter of our correspondent we have rather given expression to some of the ideas it has awakened than attempted to distinctly answer all its points. It is almost needless to say that the writer is a lady, of whose intelligent discernment the epistle bears ample evidence:

To the Editor of Appletons' Journal:

IN current reading-matter I have but just come to the July number of "Appletons' Journal," and to the editorial article on the prevalence of melancholy. The ideas there expressed being of that character which induces thought and inquiry, I should like to ask you a question or two on that subject, if I may do so without too much presuming on your time; for I hardly can think that your full belief is to be read in that discussion, which rather represents, to my mind, more of what is reserved than of what is offered.

First, I should be glad to know if you, without a

doubt, believe that a very large number of people of the most cultured class, men of thoroughly disciplined and highly serious minds, are having nothing better to do than acting a part? Is affectation really the motive with those who manifest some weariness in seeking the ends of the mysterious coil in which they find life evermore wound? Are they all without sincerity who become finally sad with watching the repeating rounds of existence as it is? If this is all that melancholy is—the mere caprice of a generation, a trick or fashion as we may say—it would naturally soon reach the end, even if reason or ridicule were without effect in restraining it, and thus might be, perhaps, of comparatively minor consequence. But if, instead, it be a more predominating thing of nature, something inevitable in the course of human development, a hard struggle would be indicated by an attempt to overcome it.

It seems to me there are some reasons *a priori* for thinking the condition real, and not a pretense of poets and sentimentalists. In the world's present consciousness, we must remember, are ages upon ages of sorrow. And what else could we expect but that with the inheritance of treasured knowledge the world's old suffering should transmit itself to the modern soul with new aggravation? Humanity is under the conditions of the child described by Wordsworth as imbued with the spirit of its mother's woe. You no doubt remember, what I do not, whether it was in the poem of "The Traveler"

that the wife's grief on account of the husband's never returning communicated itself to the child, which would sit quietly on the floor "and weep amid its toys."

Men's spirits would be unlikely to grow lighter where the accumulations of learning deepen. As

" . . . the individual withers,
And the world is more and more"—

our own mere joy in existence becomes least of what we are bent on. It is not egotism certainly, but the reverse, which leads men to consider how the tale of life's latest era is that of the first; too gloomily, perhaps, some observe the human race as always equally at the mercy of destiny, held and blinded, rising up with new hope each new day to its groping among the shadows. Without such yearning, idiots and animals are more happy in their daily lives—although the more intelligent animals, I believe, are sometimes very sad. I do not remember ever having noticed an apparently very melancholy fly, but horses will sometimes have almost as sorrowful an expression as any human countenance is seen to wear. Is it possibly to be imagined they get some consciousness of death in the world to abstractly trouble them?—not with very intellectual reasoning, but do you believe there would be nothing but vagary in a supposition of their having sometimes a kind of physico-spiritual sense of destiny which gives them that pathetic look? I wonder if that order of life is not sadder too than when the friezes of the Parthenon were modeled? Yet, I suppose, it would hardly be thought necessary to recall these friends of ours to the ancient state of mind among their species. And I confess to doubts about any such necessity in our own case. What is the real object, after all, of trying to keep the world very gay—appearing, as it were, with false complexion, and attempting the futile trick of being the same as in some former age? According to sociologists, we are to understand that the race is wiser and better than it ever has been; so that an increase of sadness seems not to go with a retrograde of moral and intellectual life. Then longevity increases, it is said, from which we could hardly charge the graver human mood with working ill to the physical order of the world any more than we could reckon it a result of this better material state.

The sad people of the present who are complained of are generally those who are finding the most light for the world in one way or another. They make no pretense of being satisfied that man should live without knowing why, should die unwilling, and that he knows not whether all be for him or he for all, but they have the courage to live their appointed days as nobly as is permitted them to do.

Where the people are gayer, as in Paris, it is largely otherwise.

Our poets, touching upon the irksomeness of these days, teach only a lofty abnegation of self to the unseen purpose of creation, and I do not know that scientific men lead higher than they. What, indeed, is the evidence, will you tell me, that the study of science dissipates gloom from the mind? Taken by itself, it seems to me to tend to coarsen feeling, although, with imagination and religiousness sufficient in the nature, not having that effect. And it is my impression (although I can not profess to have a knowledge of the facts which should warrant the assertion) that what you imagine the healthful mental state of scientific men does not prevent suicide from happening among them as frequently as among classes engaged in other forms of learning; but at the instant I can think of no other than Dr. Petermann as an example. Whatever their lives may show as respects

joy and despondency, the world gets no better teaching from these men of science than from the others who are represented as gathering storms within their souls, and suffering more. But he—

" Whose feet are firm although his heart be tost,
Who holds his agony with steady hand
Till it be dumb, and dares his work remand,
Not weakly sacrifice, is never lost."

The type of all that is best in the human life we ought not to forget was one in whose countenance the light of laughter was never seen.

Melancholy seems never to have been regarded as the natural accompaniment of evil-mindedness—a fact accounting for its having been so frequently assumed in wicked purposes, as those of Gloucester's Edmund:

" My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam."

And, unless there is something better than goodness to desire the increase of in the world, I do not see the reason why our capacity for cheerfulness should be cultivated beyond other powers we have—or, rightly limiting the idea to the point assumed, cultivated specially in any degree. The most that St. George Mivart is able to make out in answer to the question, "Is life worth living?" is that of the idea of our having duty to do in our place in the world—which we should find reason enough for continuing in it, I have no doubt; but your instruction comes to less than that as it seems to me, and, as I fancy, could be almost resolved into a charge, "Be happy and you will be good." We must ask no disturbing questions, but go and tend our flowers, and so on. Yet, let me admit at once that, wherever you strike out-of-doors, your aim appears to me to be perfect. One thing in the world we have to be thankful for, and that is the beauty of the world. Lest we be touched too little with the grace of reverent worship, we should not miss that loveliness you counsel us to seek; yet I do not see in it the means of preventing melancholy. And it seems to me we have more reason to be sad for anything else than that we are sad.

L.

We must say that our correspondent did not read our article with sufficient care, or she would not have asked us whether we believe that a very large number of persons of the cultured class are acting a part. We affirmed that melancholy has frequently been cultivated as a fashion; that the melancholy of the poets is often no more than a whimsical egotism or selfish bitterness, "but that the sadness that comes over the world now seems to have arisen from mental strain, from excess of meditation and study." Assuredly this sentence from our previous article answers the first question of our correspondent. Undoubtedly there are many persons who suffer acutely from melancholy, but the people who write about it most, who burst out into pathetic rhymes, who go about mourning the sadness and misery of life, are a set of idle and egotistic dreamers who either cultivate melancholy as a sign of poetic genius, or who are oppressed with *ennui* from pure idleness, or whose melancholy is nothing more than a reaction from dissipation. We have heard stalwart fellows deploring in lachrymose strains the misery of life in the very presence of confirmed invalids whose cheerfulness shed radiance upon all within their circle. The men who either affect melan-

choly or deliberately cultivate it should be well whipped to some honest, wholesome task ; a few earnest things to do, a little subordination of their diseased egotism, some small control over their appetites, would send their affectations and their whims to the winds. But undoubtedly there is a great deal of genuine sadness in the world. Is this sadness increased by knowledge and culture? Is it a necessary product of intellectual development? Has the world grown graver because it has grown wiser? These are the questions which have recently been asked by many observers ; so, putting aside all manufactured melancholy, and that which arises from either idle or dissipated habits, let us consider the aspects of genuine melancholy and the effect of culture upon it.

It is well known that melancholia is a common form of insanity, and one which physicians set down among the most obstinate and difficult of cure. Is this recognized mental disease anything more than an intense form of melancholy? Are not all people suffering under habitual depression of mind simply victims to a constitutional disorder? Our own answer to these questions is in the affirmative. We believe that with all truly healthful persons—healthful in mind as well as in body—joyousness is the natural, spontaneous, inevitable expression of their being. To breathe, to move, to live, are in themselves pleasure and happiness with all well-organized persons. There may be trials, sorrows, sufferings, misfortunes, even bitter experiences ; but, so long as a healthful balance is maintained throughout the being, the spirit rebounds from these sufferings, and begins to weave hopeful promises for the future. No outward circumstance determines the cheerfulness or the sadness of men—the rich may be sad and the poor cheerful, the fortunate may be gloomy and the unfortunate full of hope, the sick may be full of the spirit of joy and the strong wrapped up in morbid gloom. Some persons are victims of dyspepsia, the most joy-killing of all ailments ; some are victims of diseases that cast shadows upon the soul ; some are cursed with a constitutional inclination to sadness. The causes are various, but every case of melancholy is the product of some defect in the organization. Melancholy is the absolute sign of disease, and a capacity for cheerfulness hence is nothing more than supreme good health—good health of mind even more than of body. Cheerfulness ought to be placed among the cardinal virtues, and its cultivation made incumbent upon every one as a duty. We are all bound to make the most of our faculties and our opportunities, and we can not do so with the mind clouded with apprehensions and sicklied o'er with melancholy, which, while so often the product of dyspepsia or kindred evils, is a potent cause of them. There is nothing that has so bad an effect on the general health as a melancholy state of mind ; it is indeed often impossible for physicians to effect cures of bodily infirmities until the mind becomes elastic and hopeful. "Every power, bodily and mental," says Herbert Spencer, "is increased by good spirits. There is no such tonic," he adds, "as hap-

piness." Here we have an indisputable reason, our correspondent must admit, why cheerfulness should be cultivated, and cultivated specially as the distinct means of cultivating other powers.

Melancholy, then, is a mental disorder, and joyousness the natural and healthful state of the mind. Has this disorder been increased by intellectual culture, or, if increased by the increase of intellectual habits, is this effect at all a necessary one? It is perhaps true that the intellectual classes have greater tendency to melancholy than other people ; but this is partially due, we suspect, to their sedentary habits, to a low order of physical health, to indigestion and other diseases that always come of neglect of exercise, and additionally to a fondness for introspective, subjective study of passions, and to the general hot-house atmosphere of our emotional literature. It is not evident that philosophers, historians, or jurists have exhibited a special tendency to melancholy. Indeed, the great lights in all literature for the most part have been men of serene and happy natures. If Dante and Cowper and Dr. Johnson were melancholy men, Shakespeare and Goethe and Scott and a vast number of others, eminent in all branches of letters, were not. It is certain, we think, that every form of healthful mental occupation brings to the mind joy rather than gloom or sorrow ; and that melancholy, excepting for the moment all who are constitutionally afflicted with it, so far as it is the product at all of intellectualism, is the result of unhealthful forms of it. Every strain upon the emotions produces a morbid reaction ; and this is why certain poets and all writers who force themselves into ecstasies of feeling suffer when the mental intoxication is over. Severe occupations that employ but do not excite the mind—whether low or high in degree—leave no taint of melancholy behind. It is not those persons who think most, nor those who are most keenly alive to the sorrows and misfortunes that befall mankind, that are overcome by sadness, but commonly the minds that work upon their sensibilities and feelings, that cultivate melancholy by the literature of the emotions. No doubt all such persons have at the beginning a tendency to melancholy, but, instead of cultivating cheerfulness, they have cultivated disease. Naturalists and men of science may not be free from melancholy, but their pursuits are certain to correct rather than promote whatever natural tendency they may have that way.

Matthew Arnold tells us that the cause of the greatness of Wordsworth's poetry "is simple, and may be told quite simply. It is great because of the extraordinary power with which Wordsworth feels the joy offered to us in nature, the joy offered to us in the simple elementary affections and duties ; and because of the extraordinary power with which, in case after case, he shows us this joy, and renders it so as to make us share it." Here is a supreme test of the worth of all poetry, of all literature of the imagination, and of all art. There is really no reason for the existence of anything within the scope designated that does not fill the heart with

joy, that does not counteract the whole array of evils that make melancholy. We do not hesitate to make this assertion, hard and uncompromising as it may seem. Carried into effect, such an edict would sweep out of existence some very beautiful fables, no doubt, but as our sympathy for the sad fate of the Leanders and Romeos of story is really born of our previous joy in their being, we need not deprive the world of imagination of these pathetic legends. But romance and poetry and art that do not awaken in us thrills of pleasure, that do not deepen our delight in the world and in mankind, that do not afford us sweet morsels for meditation and appropriation, should be shut out from the light altogether, thrust back into the domains of darkness and unhealthful passion whence they came. What other possible mission should poetry and the arts have than to increase the happiness of mankind? If they fail to do this, if they cause unrest rather than rest, pain rather than delight, disease rather than health, they are simply an enemy of the race. We realize very well the sweetness of a sad strain in music and the righteous sympathy that sorrow awakens; these are things that soften and subdue our grosser passions and fill up the true measure of our being, but they are quite different from the gloom in which melancholy people enshroud themselves, which is commonly selfish rather than sympathetic, full of bitterness rather than sweetness. But, however this may be, inasmuch as happiness is the legitimate end of existence, the sole thing that makes it desirable or enduring, the worth of everything is determinable by its contribution to this end, and by this test alone should knowledge, progress, culture, literature, and art be measured.

THE POETRY OF THE FAMILIAR.

A DISTINGUISHED English writer on art—Mr. Comyns Carr—in commenting recently on some paintings of London scenes, pointed out a striking change in the conception of the picturesque that of late years has come about. It is but a little while since the landscape ideal first took possession of the artistic spirit, and at the beginning "the love of landscape implied a search for the wilder and more inaccessible kinds of scenery." Then, as the second stage in the movement, came a new perception of a more placid order of rural beauty, a race of painters arising "who deliberately abandoned the romantic grandeur of lake and mountain for the unobtrusive charm of quiet places; and, as the actual facts of the chosen scene grew to be less significant, an increasing importance was attached to the rendering of those fleeting realities of light and air which form the one enduring element of vitality in all landscape art." But even here the movement has not stopped, for, "as the full value of these truths of atmosphere became established, it was discovered that the principles of painting which their study had engendered were not necessarily confined to the country"—the life of the city, and even the human face, being only

so many accidents that serve to give interest and variety to a chosen scheme of light and shade, with its modifications of local color. In other words, the painter now finds conditions of atmosphere, of light, and shade, and color, which are the essential features of a painting, in the most familiar as well as in the most romantic scene, and even in the town as well as in the country.

There seems to us no little significance in the principle here set down, and it should be considered by those who think they must always go somewhere else than where they are in order to find scenes of beauty. We may be certain that the sensibility which needs the stimulus of strange or imposing scenery is in truth a very feeble sort of sensibility. Much as we talk about mountains, they really are beautiful only under certain conditions of light, without which being as uninteresting lumps as can be imagined. Light and atmosphere are the poetical facts in every landscape, and these may be found in all their evanescent, subtle, and exquisite beauties on the plains as well as among the mountains, and even in the streets of the city, although the pictorial resources of the town have not as yet been half guessed by our artists. The pictures which elicited the remarks by Mr. Carr that we have quoted illustrate, he tells us, some of the subtle and poetic possibilities of fogs, which are found to give refinement of form and delicacy of tone to the objects which they enshroud. Fogs, of course, are a famous feature of London street-scenes; but in all cities there are mists which the skillful painter can employ with telling effect in the delineation of his town-scenes. Sunsets and sunrises in the city are often very pictorial—the light irradiating gable, and roof, and chimney with a strange and mysterious beauty; but we recollect no instance of a painter making a study of them. If Mr. Carr's theory is right, we must believe that they soon will do so—will show us that, while we have all been longing for the pictorial beauty of woodland and meadow, there have been all about us hundreds of pictures full of charm had we only instructed our eyes to see them.

In this art movement we see just what has been going on in poetry and fiction. Poets and romancists began by believing that only romantic and picturesque scenes and incidents were worthy of their muse. They delighted in the supernatural; in the impossible, remote, and extravagant; in the grand, heroic, and appalling; but we all know how the romantic gradually shifted into the merely picturesque, and then the picturesque into the familiar, until at last it has been discovered that even the most homely scenes and objects often possess every attribute of poetry. The daisy under our feet and the peasant-girl in the meadow have really evoked some of the most beautiful poems in existence. It is the art always that makes the picture or the poem or the narrative a delight; and this fact our painters who complain that they have nothing to paint, and our writers who deplore the absence of the picturesque and romantic in our familiar life, should comprehend and remember.

THE HONORS TO THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

ARE we all who read of the royal and distinguished honors paid in England to the remains of the hapless Prince Imperial in a dream? Can it be true that a Queen of England lays a wreath of flowers on the coffin of a Bonaparte? Is it a British public that exhibits such profound and tearful sympathy for the fate of a scion of the house of Napoleon? Is it possible that this once-hated name is to be commemorated in the jealously guarded national mausoleum? A monument to a Bonaparte in Westminster Abbey! We may well rub our eyes in strange wonder, and ask what impossible revolution time may not bring about if these things are true? Let us go back in imagination some seventy years and picture to ourselves any one forecasting all that has just occurred in England—back to the time, within the memory of Englishmen now living, when the name of Napoleon Bonaparte was the most hated thing on earth. The whole nation was then united in a frenzy of detestation, and passionately bending all its resources and strength for the overthrow of the Corsican usurper. The unanimity of feeling against the Emperor of the French was something more than the ordinary passion which war evokes toward an enemy—it was deeper, broader, more intense, and more personal. Napoleon Bonaparte was not simply a soldier on the other side—a warlike enemy respected while feared; he was to the imagination of the British people nothing less than a ravenous monster, a usurper and adventurer—

“ . . . a Vice of kings :

A cutpurse of the empire and the rule ;

That from a shelf the precious diadem stole ”—

a being so bloodthirsty and satanic that it was the imperative duty of the nations to rise up and utterly overthrow and destroy him. The name was absolutely a bugbear to frighten children with ; the young generation then grew up to believe that the man who had usurped empire in France was nothing less than a fiend, a new and unheard-of product of human de-

pravity. It is difficult for us now to go back and realize the frenzy of hatred that then convulsed the entire British people ; and we all know what tremendous exertions were made under the inspiration of this hatred to unseat the so-called usurper. For any one then to have dreamed even that in two brief generations the time would come when all England would be overwhelmed with grief at the death of the heir of that monster's house, that the greatest in the land would vie with each other in doing honor to the remains of a prince bearing the name of Napoleon, he would have been looked upon as a madman. No imagination then could have conceived such a thing as possible. And it is remarkable, moreover, that this change of feeling has not arisen from any change of political attitude toward the Bonaparte dynasty. It is still a conviction in England that the first Napoleon was a reckless adventurer whose unconquerable ambition drenched Europe in blood ; while the history of the Second Empire is to their minds dark with perjury, usurpation, ambitious wars, and other infamies. Even Dean Stanley, who by virtue of his authority permits the erection of a monument to the dead Prince among the royal dead of England in Westminster Abbey, declares that he gloried in Sedan. It is tolerably certain that, while the English people have ceased to hate the name of Bonaparte, they have but little regret for the lost empire. We can only account for the demonstrations over the young Prince's body by excluding political reasons altogether, by recognizing that they were due to the tragic and dramatic contrast of his fate with the immense expectations that once clustered around his name, to the pitiful circumstances of his untimely fate, to a keen respect for a worthy young man, to a deep sympathy for the much afflicted mother, to a disposition always existing on the part of the English people to follow with headlong zeal any course in which the royal family leads the way ; but, while these various motives are far from being discreditable, it is impossible not to contrast the striking spectacle with the unspeakable hatred which the name of Bonaparte once excited in the British heart.

Books of the Day.

PERHAPS the chief attraction of “*The Lover's Tale*”* lies in the fact that it is one of the earliest works of the poet who more than any other has charmed and delighted his generation. Mr. Tennyson explains in his preface that the first three parts of it were written in his nineteenth year, and that two only of them were printed when, feeling the imperfection of the poem, he withdrew it from the press. “One of my friends, however, who, boy-like, admired the boy's work, distributed among our

common associates of that hour some copies of these two parts, without my knowledge, without the omissions and amendments which I had in contemplation, and marred by the many misprints of the compositors. Seeing that these two parts have of late been mercilessly pirated, and that which I had deemed scarce worthy to live is not allowed to die, may I not be pardoned if I suffer the whole poem at last to come into the light, accompanied with a reprint of the sequel—a work of my mature life—“*The Golden Supper*”?

These being the circumstances under which the poem at length appears, the critic is debarred from

* *The Lover's Tale*. By Alfred Tennyson. Boston : Houghton, Osgood & Co. 16mo, pp. 32.

applying to it the standard of the poet's later work—seeing that it was rejected not merely by the matured taste of the more experienced writer, but by the judgment of the boy who wrote it, and before it could be submitted to the test of popular approval. That the judgment which condemned it was on the whole sound, will be readily conceded, we think, though few readers, now that they have it in authentic form, would be willing to lose the opportunity which it affords them of comparing the earlier with the later performances; of discovering to what extent the beauty and the fragrance of the full flower lay concealed in the just-opening bud. Instituting this natural comparison, we find in "The Lover's Tale"—though in an undeveloped form, as it were—several of Mr. Tennyson's greatest excellences, and nearly every one of his most characteristic defects. Taking the latter first, the attentive reader will be at once struck by the lack of skill in the narrative—the absence of that simplicity, directness, and animation which are essential to really good story-telling. This is a defect which Mr. Tennyson has never succeeded in removing from his work, and it is nearly as conspicuous in "Maud," and the Arthurian idylls, as in "The Lover's Tale," though in the former the attention is more apt to be diverted from it by the multiplicity of other beauties. The next unfavorable impression which the reader will probably get will be, that the sentiment is overstrained and somewhat hysterical, or, if not quite this, that the intensity of feeling aimed at is dissipated in the volubility and elaborateness of its expression. This also is a defect which Mr. Tennyson has never quite rid himself of, though some of his later compositions ("Ulysses," for example) show to what tense brevity of expression he can attain when he addresses himself deliberately to it. The other imperfections are of minor importance, and relate chiefly to those crudities of style which would naturally be looked for in the experimental work of a beginner, however marked his poetic faculty might be.

Coming now to the distinctive merits of the work, we will mention first that delicate ear for melodious measures, that supreme artistic use of language, that felicitous fitting of words to sense, which have always characterized Mr. Tennyson's poetry. Specimens of this—rare, it is true, but full of promise—may be found in "The Lover's Tale," and would have enabled the reader to identify its authorship with ease, had it been published anonymously. Such an identification would have been materially aided by that exaltation of feeling and refinement of manner which also distinguish Mr. Tennyson's work in all its periods. The original tale, as told by Boccaccio, is, to say the least, *warm*; in Mr. Tennyson's version it is full of passionate ardor, but perfectly virginal in its purity. Other qualities which can hardly fail to attract admiring attention are the appropriateness of the imagery, the epigrammatic precision and neatness of phrase, and the thus early revealed aptitude for natural description.

Both the faults and the merits we have enumerated are most conspicuously seen in the first part of

the poem. Here the author seems to find it difficult to get at close quarters with his story, or to work himself and the reader up to the proper pitch of feeling; yet in it are to be found the larger number of striking passages. This opening description of "The Lover's Bay" seems to us peculiarly felicitous in pitching the key-note of the tale:

Here far away, seen from the topmost cliff,
Filling with purple gloom the vacancies
Between the tufted hills, the sloping seas
Hung in mid-heaven, and half-way down rare sails,
White as white clouds, floated from sky to sky.
Oh! pleasant breast of waters, quiet bay,
Like to a quiet mind in the loud world,
Where the chafed breakers of the outer sea
Sank powerless, as anger falls aside
And withers on the breast of peaceful love;
Thou didst receive the growth of pines that fledged
The hills that watched thee, as Love watcheth Love,
In thine own essence, and delight thyself
To make it wholly thine on sunny days.

And here is another charming bit of natural description:

We trod the shadow of the downward hill;
We passed from light to dark. On the other side
Is scoop'd a cavern and a mountain hall,
Which none have fathomed. If you go far in
(The country people rumor) you may hear
The moaning of the woman and the child,
Shut in the secret chambers of the rock.
I too have heard a sound—perchance of streams
Running far on within its inmost halls,
The home of darkness; but the cavern-mouth,
Half overtrailed with a wanton weed,
Gives birth to a brawling brook, that passing lightly
Adown a natural stair of tangled roots,
Is presently received in a sweet grave
Of eglantines, a place of burial
Far lovelier than its cradle; for unseen,
But taken with the sweetness of the place,
It makes a constant bubbling melody
That drowns the pearer echoes. Lower down
Spreads out a little lake, that, flooding, leaves
Low banks of yellow sand; and from the woods
That belt it rise three dark, tall cypresses—
Three cypresses, symbols of mortal woe,
That men plant over graves.

As an example of that appropriateness of imagery and exquisite fitting of words to sense, of which we have spoken, we may cite the following passage, which describes the return to consciousness of the lover, who, under the first shock of learning that his beloved loved another, had fainted:

Long time entrancement held me. All too soon
Life (like a wanton too-officious friend,
Who will not *hear* denial, vain and rude
With proffer of unwished-for services)
Entering all the avenues of sense
Passed through into his citadel, the brain,
With hated warmth of apprehensiveness.
And first the chillness of the sprinkled brook
Smote on my brows, and then I seemed to hear
Its murmur, as the drowning seaman hears,
Who with his head below the surface dropped
Listens the muffled booming indistinct

Of the confused floods, and dimly knows
His head shall rise no more : and then came in
The white light of the weary moon above,
Diffused and molten into flaky cloud.

Fine as that is, it is surpassed by the following lines, in which the poem reaches its highest level :

There be some hearts so airily built, that they,
They—when their love is wrecked—if Love can wreck—
On that sharp ridge of utmost doom ride highly
Above the perilous seas of Change and Chance ;
Nay, more, hold out the lights of cheerfulness ;
As the tall ship, that many a dreary year
Knit to some dismal sand-bank far at sea,
All through the livelong hours of utter dark,
Showers slanting light upon the dolorous wave.
For me—what light, what gleam on those black ways
Where Love could walk with banished Hope no more ?

Of course these quotations, and a few more like them which might be culled, exhibit the poem at its best ; but it will be admitted, we think, that they almost excuse the piracy of which the author complains, and they certainly convey a keen sense of the severity of the standard by which Mr. Tennyson has been accustomed to judge his work.

IN spite of its inapt and somewhat fantastic title, Mr. Mallock's "*Is Life worth Living?*"* is one of the most important books which recent literature has offered to those readers for whom the great questions of life, death, and the future destiny of man still retain some vitality. In the long conflict between Religion and Science, there has been no lack on the part of the former of able and zealous championship ; but it may be said that the wellnigh universal defect of the works of such champions has been that they started from premises which Science categorically denies, and cited evidence which Science found it only too easy to refute or discredit. The special and peculiar strength of Mr. Mallock's book lies in the fact that, for the purposes of his argument, he accepts as proved the most radical and far-reaching dogmas of Science, and in fact constitutes them the chief weapons of his armory. It is on the assumption of the truth and universal acceptance of these dogmas that the power of his attack depends, and in so far as the attack is successful the fate of his antagonists is that of engineers who are "hoist with their own petard."

For example, one of the most common claims of the Positive Philosophy, as Mr. Mallock calls it, is that the progress of Science has utterly discredited all definite forms of theistic faith, or at least relegated them to the domain of dreams and visions. Accepting this as a fact, Mr. Mallock proceeds to show that the same logic which crumbles away the theories of the theologian is equally destructive to the theories of the scientist—that, in fact, the so-called certitudes of the one involve precisely the same fun-

damental assumptions as the so-called certitudes of the other. This demonstration is, of course, not new ; it being now one of the easiest and most familiar performances of schoolboy logicians to show that the agnostic doctrine is self-destructive—that if we can *know* nothing we can not even know that we know nothing, and hence that the mutually exclusive affirmations that we know nothing and that we know everything stand on precisely the same basis. If Mr. Mallock contented himself with this sterile logic of negation, his book would deserve but a passing mention for its literary skill ; for the great questions which come profoundly home to men's deepest affections and convictions are not to be settled by a mere juggle with words. This, however, is simply an episode in his argument ; and much the greater share of his effort is directed to showing that, on principles of exact thought, the truths of morality have precisely the same basis as the truths of religion, that the reasoning which destroys the one set equally destroys the other, and that by the admission of scientists themselves the truths of the moral order are indispensable to any belief in man's dignity or life's worth—are, in fact, the only thing which lift him above the beasts that perish. If, says Mr. Mallock in substance, your positive philosophy has proved that the belief in God and the other truths of religion is a vain dream, then it has proved in precisely the same manner and to precisely the same extent that the truths of morality, the distinction between right and wrong, virtue and vice, truth and falsehood, are also vain dreams ; and yet the most impassioned utterances of the leading exponents of your philosophy imply unmistakably that these distinctions are the loftiest and most significant of realities. If, on the other hand, you really mean what you say when you insist upon the worth and the compelling efficacy of moral truths, then the boasted ruthlessness of your logic evaporates in words, and you are completely estopped from heaping contumely upon those truths of theism which stand upon exactly the same evidence, and the only defect of which, as you admit, is the lack of proof of their objective existence.

Such, in very brief and general terms, is Mr. Mallock's argument ; and it will be conceded, we think, by the candid and intelligent reader that he demonstrates that the evidence for theism is precisely as strong as that for any other theory of nature or life which does not altogether deny the existence of the moral element in man. Had Mr. Mallock contented himself with fortifying this argument along all the avenues through which he has led up to it, his book, it seems to us, could hardly have failed to make a profound impression upon the thinking world ; but, without any assault from outside critics, his last three chapters go far to discredit if not to stultify his entire performance. In these three chapters he attempts to attack, as a sort of corollary to the proposition we have explained, the additional one that the Church of Rome embodies the only religion or scheme of faith possible to man, and offers the only refuge from the "brutal negations of posi-

* *Is Life worth Living?* By William Hurrell Mallock. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons. 12mo, pp. 323.

tivism." In leaping the chasm which separates these two propositions, he leaves the firm ground of exact reasoning upon which he had previously stood, and takes avowedly to constructing "ideal pictures" of the functions of the Church in human society, which (also avowedly) do not correspond with the actual facts. His conclusions are not put dogmatically, and he adroitly evades or ignores the real obstacles which lie in the way of bridging the chasm; but, in spite of the discreet veil of tentative speculation which is thrown over the subject, the reader will hardly escape a feeling of resentment on finding that he has been reading a Romish tract, when he supposed himself to be reading an impartial discussion of some of the weightiest questions which the age offers anew for solution.

What we have written in the foregoing paragraphs refers only to what we may call the substance or pith of Mr. Mallock's book, but no estimate of its quality would be adequate which failed to take account of its manner. Without being elegant or even always correct, the style of Mr. Mallock is in a remarkable degree vigorous, lucid, and pleasing; and his firm and tenacious grasp of his argument is only surpassed by the copious appositeness of the knowledge with which he illustrates it. Apart from the intrinsic importance of the topics discussed, some of his chapters are well worth reading as mere specimens of trenchant dialectics; and in the closest and most intricate chain of reasoning he is never either dull or obscure. Perhaps the worst defect of the book on its literary side is the too frequent indulgence by the author of a very marked skill in spinning logical cobwebs—as in the case of the agnostic *reductio ad absurdum* spoken of above. When it comes to mere verbal fencing, the Berkeleyian proposition that the so-called external world has no existence save as reflected in the human consciousness is absolutely unimpeachable, or at least has never been successfully impeached; but Dr. Johnson's practical commentary upon it, when he stamped his foot upon a stone and said that *there* was sufficient proof of the existence of a stone, commends itself to the common sense of mankind, and will always outweigh mere word-catching, however adroit. It is from failing to perceive this important truth that Mr. Mallock's work sometimes appears to be lacking in seriousness, when, in fact, his feelings and convictions are enlisted in the matter to an altogether exceptional extent.

HAVING published in a recent number of the "Journal" the last chapter of Mr. Froude's "Cæsar,"* our readers have already had an opportunity of judging of both the quality and the purport of the work. That chapter is perhaps not the most interesting or the most characteristic; but it illustrates the author's method, and summarizes in a concise

and effective way the general conclusions at which he has arrived. The reader will have perceived from it that Mr. Froude takes a more favorable view not only of Cæsar's abilities, but of his character and motives, than has usually been presented by historians of the Roman Republic. He holds that Cæsar, far from being the destroyer of the liberties of his countrymen, rescued them from that worst of all tyrannies, the despotism of a corrupt and selfish aristocracy; and that he preserved and vivified such fragments of the ancient constitution as had not been already wrecked or paralyzed by the violence and anarchy of the fifty years preceding his own accession to power. Had Cæsar been suffered to live a few years longer, he thinks that he would have so strengthened the fabric of government that without any serious impairment of its original form it might have maintained its vitality for several generations; but "the murder of Cæsar filled the measure of their crimes, and gave the last and necessary impulse to the closing act of the revolution."

Of course, this exaltation of Cæsar involves an equivalent depression of the reputation of his opponents, critics, and "murderers." Most of these were simply the basest remnants of the old profligate aristocracy whom Cæsar's clemency had spared. Cassius was a high-born ruffian; Trebonius and Decimus Brutus were favorite and favored officers, whose treachery had a peculiar element of ingratitude; Marcus Brutus was the only one of the conspirators who had a reputation for honesty, and could be conceived, without absurdity, to be animated by a disinterested purpose, and he was "a fanatical republican, a man of gloomy habits, given to dreams and omens, and liable to be easily influenced by appeals to visionary feelings." Even Cato, whom later opinion has consecrated as *Ultimus Romanorum*—the last of the Romans—was an egotistical fanatic, whose impracticableness worked far more harm to his countrymen than his virtue did them good. But the brunt of Mr. Froude's attack falls upon Cicero, whose name and fame are second only to Cæsar's in the annals of his time. It is Cicero's commanding literary power that has dictated nearly all the subsequent opinions about the respective character and conduct of Cæsar and his numerous antagonists; and, if Cicero is an entirely trustworthy and disinterested witness, then there is little more to be done by the historian than to register his judgments. Mr. Froude impeaches his credibility by showing that he was one of the most violent of political partisans in an age when party violence reached heights which have probably never been attained before or since; that he was utterly destitute of political principle; that he was a time-server and a trimmer; and that he never allowed "the bauble of consistency" to interfere with any view of his own interests that might happen at the moment to be uppermost. The evidence is drawn from Cicero's own letters and published speeches, and the proof is so complete that the reader will be apt to consider Mr. Froude's final verdict too temperate when he describes Cicero "as a tragic combination of magnificent talents, high as-

* Cæsar. A Sketch. By James Anthony Froude, M. A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 8vo, pp. 550.

pirations, and a true desire to do right, with an infirmity of purpose and a latent insincerity of character which neutralized and could almost make us forget his nobler qualities."

Of the literary skill of Mr. Froude's narrative and its sustained continuity of interest, it would be difficult to speak too highly. He calls his work "a sketch," because "the materials do not exist for a portrait at once authentic and complete"; but there is no other from which the general reader will get so vivid an idea of the personality and performances of Cæsar, of the state of things into which he was born, and of the part which he played in the history of his country. Moreover, the record is not without a lesson for our own times. In his opening paragraph the author remarks that "to the student of political history, and to the English student above all others, the conversion of the Roman Republic into a military empire commands a peculiar interest," and many of his pages are evidently written with a special view to the present state of affairs in England and in Europe at large. His general implication seems to be that the government of a selfish aristocracy tends to find its natural reaction in an anarchical democracy, and that this in turn is sure to be followed by a military Cæsar, who is then, in a true and wholesome sense, the "savior of society."

AN unmistakable indication of the growing popular interest in physical culture is afforded by the multiplication of such works as Mr. Blaikie's "How to Get Strong and How to Stay So."* From elaborate and systematic treatises like Mr. Maclaren's to small tracts and magazine articles, the literature of the subject has been constantly growing in copiousness; but, of all the books hitherto published, we know of none which can be more confidently commended to the average reader than Mr. Blaikie's. Its aim, as defined by the author, is not to furnish "a profound treatise on gymnastics, and point out how to eventually reach great performance in this art, but rather, in a way so plain and untechnical that even any intelligent boy or girl can readily understand it, to first give the reader a nudge to take better care of his body, and so of his health, and then to point out one way to do it." The distinctive value of the book lies in the extreme simplicity and practicality of its suggestions, and (what is perhaps even more important) the small cost which they will involve. The entire apparatus mentioned by Mr. Blaikie can probably be purchased for twenty dollars, and the expenditure of five dollars, or even less, would provide all that is really indispensable for such exercises as are essential to the maintenance of health and bodily vigor. Indeed, a very large proportion of the exercises especially recommended by Mr. Blaikie require no apparatus of any kind, consisting simply of "movements" for which

the muscles of the performer furnish the only requisites. Without being so multifarious or complex as to intimidate beginners, the exercises cover a wide range—suggesting special work for the fleshy, the thin, the old; for any given set of muscles; and what exercise to take daily—as (a) "Daily Work for Children," (b) "Daily Exercise for Young Men," (c) "Daily Exercise for Women," (d) "Daily Exercise for Business Men," and (e) "Daily Exercise for Consumptives." Mr. Blaikie particularly urges the importance of introducing systematic physical training into all schools for children, devoting an entire chapter to this subject, and suggesting the methods by which the best results may be obtained.

. . . . Of the fifteen chapters or sketches composing Mr. H. M. Robinson's "Great Fur Land,"* much the larger number have hitherto appeared in the various magazines or newspapers—several of the best of them in this "Journal." It will be seen from this that the book is neither a systematic treatise nor a continuous narrative, but rather a series of detached sketches, each complete in itself, and connected with each other only as depicting different phases or aspects of the same general subject. The subject, it must be confessed, lends itself with peculiar facility to this method of treatment, and it is probably due quite as much to the method as the matter that the book is so extremely readable. A consecutive and detailed narrative of the travels on which the work is based could hardly have failed to be tedious at times; and, on the other hand, a systematic description of the country and people would have brought the author into competition with several books which have already secured the public ear. By adopting the plan of independent sketches Mr. Robinson has been enabled not only to choose the more salient, picturesque, and attractive features of his subject, but to concentrate upon each sketch whatever pertinent material he had accumulated by personal observation or study. For this reason his work is entirely free from those dull and perfunctory pages which are inserted in most books of travel merely to maintain the continuity of the record; and the reader is freed from the usual necessity of piecing together bits from different portions in order to find out what the volume contains on any given topic. As to the scope of the book, it may be said in general terms to deal with the more picturesque phases of life in what is commonly known as the Hudson Bay Territory. In it the reader will find the best brief account with which we are acquainted of the organization, rules of service, and mode of operations of the great Hudson's Bay Company; intensely vivid and realistic pictures of the life of the *voyageurs*, traders, hunters, trappers, and Indians of that vast Northwest which is the arena of the Company's exploits; and exceedingly animated descriptions of such special episodes and incidents as a

* How to Get Strong and How to Stay So. By William Blaikie. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo, pp. 296.

* The Great Fur Land, or Sketches of Life in the Hudson's Bay Territory. By H. M. Robinson. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 12mo, pp. 348.

journey by dog-sledge, canoe-life, a voyage with the *voyageurs*, the great fall hunts, life in a Hudson Bay Company's fort, a winter camp, a half-breed ball, and the like. The more general description is enlivened by the introduction of illustrative incidents from the author's personal experiences, while as a background to the whole there is a wonderful series of pictures of that "kingdom of desolation" over which the Frost-king has extended his seldom-disputed sway. Readers of the "Journal" are already acquainted with Mr. Robinson's remarkably vivid and animated style; but the sketches taken together are much more effective than any one or two of them taken separately, and after reading them all the reader will be apt to agree with the author as to "the supreme picturesqueness of the Fur Land."

. . . . We infer from "Maid, Wife, or Widow?"* that Mrs. Alexander has recently resided for a period more or less prolonged in Germany, and, like a thrifty toiler in the fields of literature, has determined to utilize the impressions there received. The scene of the story is laid in the little Saxon village of Bergfelde, and the local color, which would otherwise be rather vague, is intensified by connecting the incidents with the Prusso-Austrian war of 1866, in which Saxony played so inglorious a part. For so thoroughly English a mind as Mrs. Alexander's, the experiment of portraying foreigners in a foreign land was at best a very dubious one, and viewed from this standpoint the attempt is more successful than would naturally have been expected. Judged, however, by her previous stories, written under more congenial and familiar conditions, the result is not so satisfactory. The character of the heroine is very charmingly drawn, and the love-passages between her and the Rittmeister von Steinhausen are in a high degree graceful and touching; but the foundations of the story are too fragile for the superstructure, and short as it is—it is a novelette rather than a novel—the effort on the part of the reader to maintain the proper interest in its development is like an attempt to stay the appetite with whipped syllabub. In fact there is just sufficient substance in the book for a magazine story of the customary length; and, in padding it out into a volume, the author conveys an impression of being engaged in the self-assumed task of making a tale of bricks without having accumulated the necessary quantity of straw. Nevertheless, portions of the story are very pretty and pleasing.

. . . . One of the most skillfully prepared and most useful of the excellent series of "Literature Primers" is the recently published "Primer of English Composition," † by John Nichol, Professor of English Language and Literature in the University of Glasgow. It deals in a brief but admirably luminous manner with all the principal requisites to

good literary composition, defining and explaining the elements of what is called style, and pointing out the mistakes which are most commonly made. The teaching is mainly by illustrative examples—the only way in which such teaching can be rendered really practical and effective—and the few general rules laid down are such as every writer would do well to keep in mind. The chapter on "Punctuation" is particularly good, and the author's style is itself an excellent lesson in the art of composition.

. . . . For a bit of clever fooling, hovering often along the perilous edge of downright nonsense, but sometimes attaining the heights (or depths) of genuine humor, Mr. Stockton's "Rudder Grange"* is a very successful performance. The reader is half the time in doubt whether he is laughing at or with the author; but, unless he is a very serious-minded person indeed, he will be apt to be kept laughing—which is the essential thing. Moreover, he will hardly lay the book aside without having become convinced that the author is capable of much better work—that it is a waste of power to apply so keen a perception of character, so dramatic a faculty for portraying it, and such versatility of literary resource, to the construction of mere drollery. Good burlesque is, of course, a very good thing, and in itself implies a high degree of skill; but in order to satisfy it should not deal with subjects and characters in a way to make us half regret that they are burlesqued. This Mr. Stockton does, we think, and we should be glad to meet Euphemia and her spouse under such conditions that we shall not be compelled to laugh at them.

. . . . In his "Old Creole Days" † Mr. George W. Cable has discovered (or invented) an entirely new literary lode, so to speak, and moreover has shown a very decided capacity for extracting its treasures. The Louisiana creoles of the beginning of the century are less salient and picturesque in their personalities than Bret Harte's California Argonauts, and less humorously stimulating than Mr. Leland's Pennsylvania Dutch; but they had a certain foreign and romantic charm which still lingers about their memory, and which Mr. Cable has portrayed with a vividness that may possibly lift them permanently into literature. The seven short stories or sketches which he has collected in the present volume—and which, we trust, are but the forerunners of more carefully matured work—are of very unequal merit; but they possess one quality in common—that of achieving very striking effects with very slender and apparently commonplace means. Nothing could be more unpromising at first glance than the personalities whom he introduces upon the stage; but, before many pages are perused, the reader will find himself aroused to something more than curiosity about them—to a genuine interest and sympathy. It is a pity that this interest is in the end

* Maid, Wife, or Widow? By Mrs. Alexander. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, pp. 267.

† Literature Primers. Edited by J. R. Green, M. A. English Composition. By John Nichol, M. A., LL. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo, pp. 128.

* Rudder Grange. By Frank R. Stockton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 16mo, pp. 270.

† Old Creole Days. By George W. Cable. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 16mo, pp. 229.

usually disappointed. The weak side of all the stories is the construction or plot, the author having an over-fondness for surprises and sensational *dénouements*, and not being willing to lead up to them by those gradual steps which can alone give them some semblance of naturalness and congruity. As a consequence, the story moves forward by jerks and jumps, and some of the transformations have the air of tricks of legerdemain. The details and incidents, however, are worked up with a realism which is very striking, and yet with a lightness and neatness of touch which mark the genuine artist. One would fain believe that the book is rather the promise of future achievement on the part of the author than the best of which he is capable; but, even as it is, it is no mere echo of other voices, but a contribution to American literature which has a distinct and native flavor. Of the stories comprised in the volume, one ("Posson Jone") appeared in this JOURNAL, and the others in "Scribner's Magazine."

... Mr. Green's "History of the English People"* grows more detailed and elaborate as it advances. The third volume is one of the largest of the series, but it only covers the years from 1603 to 1688. These years, however, were among the most eventful and important in English history, including the rise of Puritanism into a political force, the civil war between the Cavaliers and the Roundheads, the overthrow and execution of Charles I., the protectorate of Cromwell, the Restoration, and the Revolution of 1688. Seldom has a period so short had events of such moment and interest crowded into it, and no one will wish that Mr. Green's picturesque, vivid, and luminous narrative were a page shorter than it is. The volume is very handsomely printed, and contains a map of America in 1640, a map of Marston Moor, another of Naseby Fight, and a map of Europe with France as it was under Louis XIV.

... Couture's "Conversations on Art Methods"† is, as Mr. Swain Gifford remarks in his introduction to the American edition, essentially a painter's book; that is, it is not designed to entertain or enlighten connoisseurs or amateurs, but to afford practical help and encouragement to professional artists and art students. Of its value in this respect, Mr. Gifford's enthusiastic testimony is more trustworthy, of course, than any that could be offered by a lay critic; but the book becomes literature by rea-

son of the anecdotes, epigrams, and literary estimates interpolated by the author into his more technical expositions. The personal traits, oddities, and eccentricities of Couture are part of the gossip of Parisian *ateliers*, and the more picturesque and salient of these are very amusingly revealed in the "Conversations." Even for those who care nothing for art on its practical side, the book is quite worth reading for its half-unconscious disclosures of an original and piquant personality. It is perfectly certain that no one but a Frenchman could write exactly such a book; it is eminently probable that no Frenchman but Couture could have written it.

... The Messrs. Harper & Brothers have issued their Standard Library Edition of Hume's "History of England"* in six handsome volumes, uniform in size and style with Macaulay's "England" (previously mentioned), but bound in a rich shade of red. The issue is from new stereotype plates, the printing is excellent, and nothing could be more tasteful and attractive than the general appearance of the volumes. The first volume is prefaced with Hume's quaint story of his own life, and the last contains a copious index of one hundred and seventy-five pages. This work has been followed by editions in similar style of Motley's "History of the United Netherlands"† and "The Life and Death of John of Barneveld,"‡ the former in four the latter in two volumes, which are uniform with "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," published a few months ago. These editions are in every way admirable, the type is clear and large, the paper choice, the binding in that style of vellum cloth so much affected by book-collectors. Messrs. Appleton & Co. have also just issued, in form to match, an edition in six volumes of "The Spectator, with Prefaces Historical and Biographical by Alexander Chalmers." The issue of these *éditions de luxe* of standard authors is gratifying evidence that under all the prevailing mania for cheapness there is a taste for higher literature in artistic and worthy guise.

* The History of England, from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Revolution in 1688. By David Hume, Esq. A New Edition, with the Author's Latest Corrections and Improvements. New York: Harper & Brothers. In six vols. 8vo.

† History of the United Netherlands, from the Death of William the Silent to the Twelve Years' War—1609. By John Lothrop Motley, D. C. L., LL.D. In four volumes. 8vo. With Portraits. New York: Harper & Brothers.

‡ The Life and Death of John of Barneveld, Advocate of Holland, with a View of the Primary Causes and Movements of the Thirty Years' War. By John Lothrop Motley, D. C. L., LL.D. In two vols. 8vo. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers.

* History of the English People. By John Richard Green, M. A. Book VII. Puritan England. Book VIII. The Revolution. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo, pp. 451.

† Conversations on Art Methods. By Thomas Couture. Translated from the French by S. E. Stewart. With an Introduction by Robert Swain Gifford. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo, pp. 252.

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VIVIAN THE BEAUTY.

By MRS. EDWARDES,

AUTHOR OF "ARCHIE LOVELL," "OUGHT WE TO VISIT HER?" ETC.

CHAPTER V.

HEINE'S LOVE-SONGS.

"HEAVEN bless and save us—the master!" exclaims Ange, in a disappointed aside. "Mr. Wolfgang, your humble servant. You are unaware, sir, doubtless, that you rang at the *visitors'* bell? But for the lateness of the hour, we should have believed it to be a message from the Residenz."

"I apologize for my own identity," says Wolfgang, with good humor, and giving a quick look at the faces round the table. "My business at Leipsic Fair having ended unexpectedly soon," he adds, "I took the liberty of visiting Schloss Egmont on my road home.—Fräulein Jeanne, I have brought you a new lesson-book."

He deposits a little paper-covered volume beside the girl's plate—Heine's "Love-Songs" (the hardest lesson of Jeanne's life may, perchance, be learned between the lines of those pages); then, uninvited, draws up one of the coroneted Schloss Egmont chairs, and seats himself at the opposite end of the table to Mamselle Ange.

"Quite a relief to one's eyes," cries Lady Pamela, in her hearty voice. "That empty ghosts' place has been calling out, loudly, for an occupant—but five is the most impracticable of numbers!"

She glances with kindly welcome at the master's handsome, high-bred face; and Ange, unthawing, goes through a tardy ceremony of introduction: "Our very worthy friend and instructor, Herr Wolfgang, from Freiburg. Lady Pamela Lawless—Miss Vivash."

Up to this instant, Beauty's sleek head, at its best three quarters angle, has been studiously

posed for Wolfgang's benefit. She turns at the mention of her name, and gives him—not a straightforward look; Miss Vivash never opens any attack with the point-blank artillery of those pale eyes of hers—she gives him a downward bend of the white throat, a lowering of the lids, a smile furtive, momentary, but sweet, "luscious to the taste," as the dictionaries define the word, exceedingly. Mamselle Ange, with her most marked air of patronage, desires Hans to set another wineglass.

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Wolfgang, you shall taste our Affenthaler; I will take no refusal. You are looking warm after your journey—I know what third-class traveling must be—and of course the Affenthaler of Schloss Egmont is not *tischwein*, poor vinegar-stuff, such as they serve you in the Freiburg eating-houses."

She turns, with a Lord Burleigh signal to Hans, who discreetly fills the master's glass half full. Wolfgang, with the air of a connoisseur, holds the wine up to the light, then sets it down untasted.

"The Affenthaler has lost its color," he remarks, a little absently. "It should have been drunk years ago. These wines of the Margravinate have no old age."

"Mr. Wolfgang—sir!" cries out Ange, her very cap-ribbons standing on end at this outspoken heresy, "I understand you to give an opinion that our Affenthaler—"

"Is no longer in its freshest bloom of maturity. Precisely so. If you will let me counsel you, Mamselle Ange, try rather the Johannisburg. Even in Freiburg," says Wolfgang, with unruffled *bonhomie*, "even at our poor tables in the Freiburg guest-houses, the Rhine wines laid in by the late Count von Egmont are renowned."

Ange's soul is too shaken by such audacity

for her to answer. Taking bold advantage of her silence, the master turns to Elspeth, and bids her run down to the cellar for a bottle of Johannisburg. "Or, indeed, it were best that I see to its transport myself," he remarks, as the serving-maiden, with open mouth and eyes, stares imploringly at her mistress for orders. "Mamselle Ange, I fear that you must intrust me with the cellar-keys. One would tremble for the fate of our Johannisburg if 'twere left to the tender mercies of Hans or Elspeth."

And, ere Ange can recover her faculties sufficiently to contest the point, he is gone, Elspeth following—peony-red at having public attention centered on her, and with the kites' wings of her Sontagschleife seeming to stiffen and blacken as she walks.

"You are better off for visitors than I expected," observes Miss Vivash, condescending, for the first time since she entered Schloss Egmont, to address herself directly to Jeanne. "Mr. Wolfgang is a neighbor, you say?"

"Mr. Wolfgang is Jeanne's master," cries Mamselle Ange. "A painstaking creature and most moderate in his terms, whatever one may think of his manners. Considering that the child only began with him eight weeks ago, her progress is remarkable—indeed, for my part, I think they go too far. Girls shone in society, yes, and settled respectably in life, without Latin or Euclid, or Shakespeare readings, when I was young. But, you see, when little Jeanne takes one of her fancies, she can learn as quick as she likes. I have been grounding her, myself, in the Polite Branches since she was three years old; and still, until Mr. Wolfgang appeared—"

"Ah! little Jeanne took one of her fancies to Mr. Wolfgang, doubtless?" interrupts Vivian, with her slow smile, in her tone of suppressed banter.

"Mr. Wolfgang has made her work, at all events; I don't know in what the fascination lies," says our good Ange simply, "but there is certainly something about the man that forces you into obeying him. To begin at the beginning: I know no more of Mr. Wolfgang than I know of Adam, and had no idea of getting Jeanne a master (though Count Paul has always been most generous as regards her education), when, one fine evening, he appeared—"

"Mamselle Ange!" interrupts the girl, cringing with shame. "The history concerns ourselves only. You engaged Mr. Wolfgang as a teacher; he has fulfilled his engagement punctually. That is enough."

"Oh, not near enough!" cries Vivian ingeniously. "I do so love the details of these little family historiettes! You were speaking of a certain fine evening, mamselle" (and she turns with an air of suave impertinence to the housekeeper).

"You know no more of the fascinating Wolfgang than you know of Adam, although Count Paul had been most generous as regards Jeanne's education, when—he appeared."

"Yes, our first parent appeared," echoes Sir Christopher, in his thin, solemn voice. "The situation is worthy of Milton."

"It was toward evening, I know," says Ange, unconscious that she ministers, in her garrulity, to her guests' diversion and to Jeanne's torture. "I had been trying to settle up the haymakers' wages with Hans (the lad is as honest a *German* as breathed, but, take it which way one will, I can never come nearer him than a mark and some pfennigs in an addition sum) when Elspeth brought in a card: 'Wolfgang. English teacher, from Freiburg.' And before I could say yes or no as to whether I would see the man, he had followed her in. 'A poor student of good birth'; all your reduced people tell the same story; 'would teach English, mathematics, classics,' Heaven knows what besides, on the lowest terms, and sought my patronage—*my* patronage!—as a stepping-stone to the noble families of the neighborhood—"

"And you bestowed upon me the best of all patronage," cries Wolfgang, who, unseen by Ange, has at this moment reëntered the room. "You gave me Fräulein Jeanne for a pupil. Now for our Johannisburg." He is tenderly supporting a cobwebbed, wicker-swathed bottle on his arm. "We will see if the jade Rumor speaks true as to the contents of the Schloss Egmont wine-bins."

CHAPTER VI.

AT TWICKENHAM.

WITH a sense of relief so intense as to border on pain, Jeanne Dempster escapes, at length, into the cool, green quiet of the gardens.

Sky, earth, and air seem to greet her with a friendlier welcome than their wont. She can hear the mill-stream rushing downward from the Blauen Mountains, the tinkle of the distant cattle-bells; can hear the wild doves cooing themselves to rest among the forests. Away to the right, above a stretch of purple vineyard, she can discern the point of road where the other night, as on many a night before, she watched the master's figure disappearing in the starlight. The dim-kissed flower-borders smell sweet; already a rim of young moon shines, silver white, upon the lustrous heaven. Jeanne's new lesson-book, Heine's "Love-Songs," is in her hand. She opens it at hazard—say, rather, under the master's guidance, for a strip of paper marks a certain page:

"Maiden with the lips so rosy,
With the eyes so softly bright,
Sweetest maiden, I keep thinking,
Thinking of you day and night."

It seems to the girl that Wolfgang's voice reads aloud, first in German, then in extemporized doggerel English, as is his custom. She forgets her country-made dress, her coral beads, forgets the burning sense of shame in her own existence that, helped by Vivian's eyes, has tortured her during the mortal hour and a half of dinner. Another strip of paper guides her a page or two further on:

"The flowers, they prattle and whisper,
With pity my lips they scan.
Oh, be not unkind to our sister,
Thou pale-faced, woe-worn man!"

Jeanne Dempster reads the lines under her breath with a sense of pleasure such as no verse of poetry has ever yielded her before. Not heeding which path she takes, she makes her way loiteringly to the western terrace, pauses beneath the shadow of a thickly trellised arch of roses, and finds—a pair of arms outheld, ready to receive her.

"Mr. Wolfgang—sir!" she exclaims, starting back hurriedly from the threatened embrace.

The master takes possession of her hands. He bends down, and, with the air of one who well knows the language he is reading, peruses her face.

"Have you been busy during my absence as I desired, little Jeanne? Have you prepared plenty of Latin and Euclid for my return?"

"I have been busy among polishing-brushes, cobwebs, and beeswax," answers Jeanne demurely. "I have been working every moment of my time—for Count Paul, not for you."

"For Count Paul, not for me! Well" (with a movement of impatience), "what else should I expect? As well accustom myself, beforehand, to the inevitable! You feel rewarded already, I hope. Paul von Egmont's English guests come up to your expectations? You are charmed with London millinery, London wit, London beauty?"

Jeanne is mute; and Wolfgang, after a few moments' silent study of her face, repeats his question.

"To value millinery or wit aright one would need higher education than mine, sir." And now, with a sudden effort, the girl breaks free; she turns her head away from her companion. "Beauty speaks for itself. One needs no teaching to appreciate it."

"And Miss Vivash is exquisitely handsome, ausgezeichnet schön," remarks Wolfgang, lapsing, as he always does when a subject moves him strongly, into German. "And gracious,

condescending as she is handsome. The smile of a goddess, a throat of marble, a forehead—Fräulein Jeanne" (coming back, with a visible effort, from poetry to prose), "we are losing the light, such remnant of light as there is. Let us set to work at once."

"I have no work ready," she answers him shortly. "I have had other things to attend to than Latin and Euclid, and the loss of one evening can not matter to any one."

"You think so?" returns Wolfgang, taking her "lesson-book" from her hand. "When you are a few years older you will know how much the loss of one evening, of one minute, can matter under certain circumstances. As you have neglected more important studies, we can, at least, go through some German reading. Heine, as we have him here, will serve as an exercise."

He returns her the volume, opened at a fresh page—the "Ballad of Lurlei."

"I know not what trouble haunts me," repeats Wolfgang, looking over his pupil's shoulder. "Ah! here we have something that will do for us. Here we have a gem in simplest setting—a cameo in printing-ink. Turn your face to me—so, and give every word its due accent. When you have read the poem through, aloud, we can parse it."

And with this the lesson begins: Heine's passionate verse read falteringly in the pulse-stirring gloaming, by a girl of seventeen, her heart already feverish with the first throbs of jealousy, and under the tutorship of the man she loves!—

"I know not what thoughts oppress me,
And make me eerie and low,
A legend troubles and haunts me—
A legend of long ago!"

"I know not what thoughts oppress me," repeats Wolfgang, when Jeanne has stumbled through her parsing. "Grammar is not your strong point, mein Fräulein. Your nominatives and accusatives are shaky, your views as to subject and object reprehensible. But you know how to read poetry. Learn as much of Heine as you choose by heart for your next lesson, and—"

There comes the sound of a drawing voice, the crunch of steps is heard upon the gravel, and Lady Pamela and Vivian, arm-in-arm, approach slowly along the terrace.

Lady Pamela is habited in her favorite colors, red picked out with white, like a Queen Anne's mansion. Beauty's dress is of opal silk, tight-fitting as wax, shining, undulating, with every movement of her supple limbs. Miss Vivash wears an emerald bracelet—that has a history—on her left wrist; an emerald star—that has also

a history—in her classically sleek, ebon hair. The abundant outlines of her shoulders and throat stand out clear against the milky sky. The tender twilight refines the over-large lips, supplies a passing softness to the pale, cold eyes. It is one of the Hyde Park goddess's handsomest moments.

"How quite too delightful this is, Pamela! Such freshness, such purity, after our four months of London fever." She sees Wolfgang and his companion at a glance, and resolves, with the slakeless thirst for conquest that is in her, to pose on the instant, for the master's benefit. "Where can our good little Jeanne have vanished? Not a bad sort of child, truly, putting looks aside, and considering her plebeian surroundings."

"Plebeian surroundings—when she has the Herr Wolfgang for a master!" suggests Lady Pamela, with malice. (Is the feeling between Beauty and her chaperon one of hatred or of love? Are they friends or foes? I, who write, can not answer that question. That they stand toward each other in the relative amity of clever whist-partners; know when to lead through strong suits, or up to weak ones; when to throw away a card, *finesse*, call for trumps, or, if need be, revoke, is incontestable.) "I thought you considered him—"

"I consider that Mr. Wolfgang belongs to the aristocracy of intellect," remarks Beauty, with effusion. She has a little useful stock of such platitudes ever at command. "He has that look of strength one does so adore in a man about the forehead, and a manner that only wants the polish of high society to be charming."

At this point Wolfgang steps briskly forward out of the shadow. There is a kind of suppressed impatience in the movement, thinks Jeanne with a beating heart; yet that his vanity is pleasantly stimulated who shall doubt? Can flattery from lips carved on such a model as Vivian's fail of tasting sweet, whether the dose be administered intentionally or by hazard?

"Mr. Wolfgang! *How* you made me jump!" cries the chaperon. "I am so ridiculously nervous, such a martyr to timidity!" Lady Pamela Lawless rides as straight to hounds as any man in the shires, and during the present season went to a fancy-ball in the character of a hussar, spurs, boots, and all.—"Ah, you here, Miss Dempster? Suppose you lionize me a little about the premises? Miss Vivash is—Miss Vivash is fatigued after her journey, and will wait for us awhile on the terrace—I have no doubt, under Mr. Wolfgang's care."

Saying which, Lady Pamela puts her hand under Jeanne's arm; then, with good-humored force, leads the girl away into a side-path, leav-

ing Beauty in the possession of the field, and of Wolfgang.

"And pray what were you doing, Fräulein Innocence," she remarks, the moment they are out of ear-shot—"you and your good-looking Herr Tutor—alone in the dark?"

"I—was taking my lesson, madame," stammers Jeanne guiltily. "Only, as we did not expect my master till to-morrow, I had prepared no mathematics or Latin grammar, and so—"

"And so?"

"Mr. Wolfgang turned it into a reading-lesson. I had just finished Heine's 'Ballad of Lurlei' as you passed along."

"Mathematics—Latin—Heine! It strikes me forcibly, child, in spite of your modest airs, that you are a prodigy."

"It strikes me that you like to laugh at me, madame!—you and Miss Vivash, with your London ideas, London education—"

"Education!" interrupts Lady Pamela briskly. "Listen to my autobiography, little Jeanne, told in a dozen words, and be wise. I come of poor but not over-respectable parents, my dear, both of whom left this wicked world before I had well entered it, and, being an exceedingly hideous child, and portionless, was early trained by the relatives who had to support me in the way wherein I should go. 'Providence has been pleased to weight you heavily, Pamela,' Lord Vauxhall used to say, looking plaintively at my ugly face (Lord Vauxhall is my maternal grandpapa; he broke his first wife's heart, has shut up the second in an asylum, and takes off his hat with the best grace of any man in Europe). 'But we have the evidence of history to show that Providence may occasionally be outwitted. Miss Rebecca Sharp had green eyes and thin arms, yet she got on, all things considered, better than her fair but virtuous friend Amelia. For Miss Sharp, as you will do well to bear in mind, educated herself *on principle*.'

"With the spirit of generous emulation thus awakened," continues Lady Pamela, "I also educated myself *on principle*. My grandpapa in those days held a little back-stair appointment pertaining to royalty, and used to enliven his fireside with the newest court scandals and whispers of the clubs. This enlarged and strengthened my youthful mind. One of my uncles, until ruin and an Ostend lodging overtook him, affected jockeydom, and would give me a mount whenever any abnormally vicious three-year-old had to be broken to the habit. This set up my figure. For my *beau-idéal* in literature I had the wickedest of the weeklies, and Zola's novels; for my *beau-idéal* in art, the exquisite face enameling of my three maiden aunts, the Ladies Vauxhall. I learned to whistle rather prettily at the piano;

could tell a high-flavored story with almost as much point as my grandpapa himself; and at nineteen years of age—”

“The story surely does not end here?” Jeanne asks, as her companion stops short.

“At nineteen years of age,” goes on Lady Pamela, in a tragic voice, “I married poor Mr. Lawless, a Yorkshire squire, half a century older than myself, and a martyr to gout and jealousy. There came an interlude of dull country-houses, flannel bandages, and Othello-like scenes; and then, at two-and-twenty, I found myself launched in London life, free. From that date on, even my grandpapa has been proud of my progress. I am quick, like all *gamins* who have been town-tossed in their infancy, and can smatter about most things well enough for my station. Whatever subject is up—the latest imperial policy, the latest murder, pictures, bonnets, beauties, yes, or even the last volume of *Advanced Thought*, at the libraries—I have only to listen to the ideas of some cleverer person than myself for ten minutes, and then retail them, with a certain air of originality, as my own, at the next dinner-party I go to. I have no intellect, really.”

There is something touching in the way this admission is volunteered. Jeanne feels her heart beginning to thaw toward Lady Pamela.

“To literature I am honestly indifferent. Art I detest. Pictures cause a strain on the muscles of the neck which books, at least, do not. A good dinner, a Paris milliner, high-stepping horses, well-looking partners—these are thy gods, O Israel! These are the gods of Lady Pamela Lawless, and people must either take Lady Pamela Lawless as she is or leave her alone. In the majority of cases, they seem tolerably well disposed to take her as she is.”

Lady Pamela’s whimsical talk, whatever weightier qualities it may lack, possesses the fascination of suggestiveness. As she pours forth the flood of quick nonsense which she calls her “autobiography,” a whole new world opens itself *in posse* before Jeanne’s thoughts. Here, amid the wild solitude of the pine-forest, without young companionship, in a climate that for six months in the year holds her prisoner within the four walls of Schloss Egmont, the child’s existence (until the last eight weeks) has perforce been colorless, passive. A passage of Beethoven rendered by the village Philharmonic, the smell of April’s first violets, four little lines of Heinrich Heine’s—from sources like these have sprung the keenest pleasures of her lot. The sense of action, of personal participation in the great human comedy, is unknown to her; and, I must confess, the epitomized description of a highly-strung town life fires her imagination not unpleasantly. A Paris milliner, high-stepping horses, well-looking part-

ners!—in what does she, Jeanne Dempster, differ from her fellows, that such delights, had she but the chance of experiencing them, should charm her not?

“You have my portrait, drawn by my own hand, framed and glazed,” says Lady Pamela lightly. “In return, explain to me the reasons for your own existence. But in three words, Jeanne! People who live among fields are always beset by the frightful vice of prolixity. Who is Mamselle Ange? Who are you? What are your relations toward Paul von Egmont? And do you and the good-looking master talk of other things than Latin and mathematics in the twilight?”

For a second Jeanne’s presence of mind fairly forsakes her; then, “You must allow me more than three words for my answer,” she stammers out. “Who is Mamselle Ange? The question by itself would require a folio.”

“Then *please* leave it alone!” cries Lady Pamela with a yawn. “Leave Mamselle Ange among the clouds; she looks toppling off the edge of one already, does she not? Who are you? Do you live here? Do you mean to marry Mr. — the man with the Italian face and shabby clothes, who at this moment is falling violently in love with Vivian Vivash?”

Jeanne’s heart gives a great leap, then stands still. Far away, above the stiff-cropped juniper-hedges that bound the terrace, she can discern two figures pacing up and down, with many a pause and oft in the quiet starlight. On the instant, with the swift pessimism of seventeen, she accepts as fact the cruel probability of Wolfgang’s becoming Miss Vivash’s lover.

“Mamselle Ange has been Mamselle Ange, and nothing else, as long as I can remember. My mother died here, in the Black Forest. Schloss Egmont has been my home always, and—”

“And you will eventually marry the Herr Professor, of course,” cries Lady Pamela, with a yawn more prodigious than the last. “He will be none the worse husband, my dear, for having had his heart broken by Vivian in the mean time. China and men’s hearts are all the stronger for mending, and, if one is positively destined to come to grief, ’tis a consideration that one should do so in good company. Think of all the big-wigs, the dukes, poets, artists, bishops, who swell our Beauty’s list of victims!”

“Dukes, poets, artists, bishops, and Sir Christopher Marlowe,” suggests Jeanne, at hazard.

Lady Pamela Lawless turns her head aside sharply.

“Kit Marlowe is—a very good friend of both of us, nothing more. When Miss Vivash first rose to the surface in London, and I, thanks to

Lord Vauxhall, was promoted to be her chaperon—Beauty and the Beast our dearest friends were good enough to call us—we needed, I can tell you, as many a strong hand as might be found to keep us afloat. Kit Marlowe's was one of the strongest. In these latter days you must know, child, to have a profile has become a profession. The passport system is abolished in decent society, and warm manners and a cold heart will carry a pretty woman anywhere, provided the pretty woman chance to be the owner of a Job-like mate. The existence of a husband makes the sternest Cornelia feel that her girls are, in a certain sense, safe. 'These beauties are the pest of the age,' Cornelia will tell you sorrowfully. 'Still, I look upon them as a necessary evil, a kind of moral lightning-conductor. (Does not one see the creatures' names at all the court balls?) As long as Mr. Blank accompanies his wife—no further, of course, than the lower landing on the staircase—it is not for me to be censorious.' Vivian had no husband, Job-like or otherwise, and when first Lord Vauxhall pushed us into celebrity, mammas with families of daughters did look shy at us. It is a truth, flattering or not, about which there can be no manner of doubt—mammas with families of daughters did look shy at us."

"In spite of Sir Christopher Marlowe's friendship?" says Jeanne Dempster, as her companion pauses.

"Ah, that is a knotty point—Sir Christopher Marlowe's friendship. Some people declare that we have floated Sir Christopher, others that Sir Christopher has floated us. Why, this very last month—" (Lady Pamela stops short; she glances at the two distant figures on the terrace) "but for a miracle of mischance, Vivian would have made the best marriage of the season, thanks to Sir Christopher's good offices. You have heard of Chodd and Chodd? The thing is past and gone, and a count in hand is worth a Chodd in the bush; still, we may as well talk idly as be silent. My dear, the Chodds are the great Birmingham scissors-people. The Chodds are worth half a million of money. The Chodds are ambitious, weak as water where lords and honorables are concerned, and *deliciously* apoplectic. Chodd *père* took for his second wife my little cousin Lady Ermengarde Vauxhall, aged eighteen, and died—was ever such exemplary conduct heard of?—within a twelvemonth. Well, his son, Mr. Samuel Chodd (admire the solid richness of those good English consonants), met Vivian one fine afternoon among the rhododendrons at the Botanical and fell in love with her. I don't suppose he fell in love really—fancy a scissors-man in love!—but Sir Christopher, knowing and known of all men, walked Samuel up

and down for three quarters of an hour, in sight of half the fine ladies and gentlemen of London, and chalked out his line of conduct for him. Poor Chodd had not seen domestic bliss ensue, in his father's case, from the possession of an aristocratic wife. It was said Ermengarde addressed Mr. Chodd senior eight times, exclusive of the marriage-ceremony, during the eleven months in which he had the honor of being an earl's daughter's husband. So Samuel elected for beauty—a throat, a wrist on which to exhibit the Chodd diamonds; and under Kit Marlowe's guidance found it—in Miss Vivash."

"Who remains Miss Vivash still?"

"Ay. In that resides the moral of my story—who remains Miss Vivash still. Up to a certain point Samuel's conduct was simply perfect. He was as wax in the molder's hands, as the lamb led to the slaughter. Wherever we went in public, that was good for him, we allowed Samuel to go likewise. We gave him our photographs, we permitted him to supply us with bouquets and opera-boxes, and even allowed him to write as many checks as he chose for our tradespeople. Aided by Lord Vauxhall, we got his name into the fashionable prints as having dined at such a banquet or danced—Samuel's dancing!—at such a ball. The creature rewarded us with the usual black ingratitude of plebeian human nature. A little dinner at the Orleans had been organized by Lord Vauxhall to which Mr. Chodd could not be invited. (I had another engagement myself. It generally happens that I have other engagements on the occasion of grandpapa's Twickenham dinners.) Samuel took umbrage; gave himself airs of virtue, and us a sermon. 'The party was not a fitting one for *his* intended wife. He would allow her as much liberty as any honest-minded girl could desire, but he would not—no,' supplementing his opinions by the horriblest expletives, 'he would not allow her to go to a Twickenham dinner, got up by any disreputable old lord of them all, without himself.' Vivian heard him out with an air of quiet contrition, admired his moral sentiments, promised amendment for the future, and sent him away pacified, a moss-rosebud pinned by her own repentant fingers in his button-hole. And she went to the dinner at the Orleans! That dinner cost her dear. Samuel learned the whole truth next morning, wrote us a letter in the worst imaginable taste, but, alas! only too much in earnest, and started the same afternoon in his yacht for Lapland. Whenever he was more out of temper than usual, it had been a foolish jest of ours to say, 'Try Lapland.' On the morrow of the Twickenham dinner-party he followed our advice—with a vengeance."

Lady Pamela and Jeanne have by this time

made the entire circuit of the Schloss gardens. Suddenly, as the last accents of the Chodd tragedy die on Lady Pamela's lips, they come in sight of Sir Christopher Marlowe, outstretched upon the patch of smooth green turf that borders the moat, and violently flirting, in pantomime, with Elspeth, whose peony face bobs coquettishly backward and forward at one of the basement windows.

Sir Christopher springs, somersaults rather to his feet, on being thus discovered; advances with a fantastic kind of little Dundreary run; then sinks on his knees before Jeanne, in an attitude of stage despair, and lifts her hand to his lips.

The girl breaks from him, breathless with indignation.

"If these be London manners," she is beginning hotly—

"They be the manners of Kit Marlowe," cries Lady Pamela, with her careless laugh. "Sir Christopher is a licensed jester, my dear simplicity, and no one, even in squeamish Babylon, takes umbrage at him. In this generation of dullards, we are only too thankful to any harlequin who will wear the cap, and jingle the bells for us gratuitously.—Jingle them a little now, Sir Christopher! Dance a breakdown, sing a burlesque. Do something that shall make this miracle of propriety give a hearty human laugh."

"I would rather make the miracle of propriety thaw into a tender human smile," says Kit Marlowe. "A burlesque, indeed! I will melt Jeanne's obdurate heart by the most pathetic ballad ever written in the English language."

And then in a small, not unmusical tenor voice he trolls forth a verse or two from one of the latest songs (ironically called comic) of the music-halls. Long before it is over, Lady Pamela, whose yawns have ever advanced in a crescendo scale, has vanished.

"Take me under your protection, Fräulein Jeanne," says Sir Christopher, with solemn mock gallantry. "Accept my arm, teach me my way about the place, and let us endeavor, as far as may be, not to fall in love with one another."

Little Jeanne is too shy to say him nay. She rests her slender finger-tips on Sir Christopher's arm, accompanies him along every fragrant border, through every rose-embowered terrace of the vast old garden, and when, an hour later, they reënter the house, is in love—not so much with Sir Christopher Marlowe as with herself, and with the universe in which she holds an unimportant place!

Wiser heads, graver hearts than Jeanne Dempster's might well surrender to the airy gayety, the never-ending animal spirits of Kit Marlowe. He has the effect upon your nerves

of breezy morning sunshine, of May roses, of a brook's music, and, in common with most of nature's cheeriest gifts, asks nothing from you in return. Falling short of all the stern moralities, all the big aims of existence, living, in fact, "beyond the diocese of the strict conscience," he is really the very happiest, most happiness-giving of human creatures, a flesh-and-blood refutation of the pessimist philosophers, who now, in this nineteenth century, have migrated, after the fashion of their kind, from Germany to Oxford.

No moral dyspepsia, or feeling of his own pulse, no questioning as to whether life be worth living for Sir Christopher! Honest in his epicurean principles, he gathers honey, like the hymn-book bee, from every opening flower, and is content.

"The Mirabels and Dorimants of comedy," said Elia, "must not be judged in our every-day law-courts. They get out of Christendom into a land where pleasure is duty, and the manners perfect freedom; a happy breathing-place from the burden of a perpetual moral questioning."

Sir Christopher's friends—who that knows him is not his friend?—are well disposed to give him a like benefit of clergy.

"Little Kit Marlowe is a general benefactor," Lady Pamela Lawless has been heard to declare—"a tonic, *pro bono publico*, a pick-me-up for all who need. As well dissect a butterfly with a tomahawk, as well weigh sunshine (oh, yes, I know all about Mr. Crookes and the radiometer)—as well weigh sunshine in a grocer's scales, as apply rule-of-thumb measurement to the character and motives of Sir Christopher Marlowe."

And society—with a shrug of the shoulders, it may be, an elevation of the eyebrow, a whisper behind the fan,—society, on the whole, is disposed to indorse the sentiments of Lady Pamela!

CHAPTER VII.

BEWARE!

"SOCIETY! You have made vastly creditable social progress, Miss Dempster, considering the shortness of your apprenticeship—vastly creditable, in truth."

The dark oak walls of Count Paul's study are unilluminated by lamp or candle. Such light as the young moon yields falls full upon the boy's portrait, upon the marble heads of Goethe and Schiller above the book-shelf. Beside an open window Jeanne and her master, a foot or two apart, are deep in converse: Wolfgang, cigar in hand, upon a projecting ledge or balcony that surrounds the tower; Jeanne inside, her elbows

resting on the sill, her face outstretched to court the dewy, fragrant freshness of the night.

"It gives me pleasure to merit your praise, at last, sir," she remarks demurely. "During the last eight weeks I have worked, to the best of my belief, well. This is the first time you have been good enough to encourage me by such a word as 'progress.' I am grateful to you."

And, raising herself to her full height, she makes him a mocking little courtesy, then stands before the window with meek face, with arms crossed, as if in humility, upon her breast.

"Grateful?" repeats Wolfgang, coolly skeptical. "Yes, till to-night I might have been weak enough to credit you with such a feeling! I see you now as you are, Miss Dempster—open to sweet words, won by any idle coxcomb, by any cajoling voice that speaks, like the rest."

"We will leave gratitude alone, sir. I am flattered, if you like the expression better, by your high opinion of me."

"Flattered—by the talk of Sir Christopher Marlowe, the first empty-brained, eye-glassed popinjay who has happened to cross your path."

Although, on common occasions, the master speaks English admirably, his accents, the moment he is moved, take a cadence unmistakably Teutonic. At his pronunciation of the word popinjay, Jeanne smiles.

"In English, sir, it is not our custom to say *bobbingjay*. Excuse my want of politeness, but you have so often asked me to correct you, if need were, and these 'B's' and 'P's' are really stumbling-blocks to a *Chairman* tongue."

Wolfgang scans her for a few seconds, grimly silent. "Jeanne," he then begins, flinging away his cigar, and, with a quick spring, entering the study-window, "what did yonder poor little dandy find to say to you during the sixty minutes or more that you and he were walking about alone in the moonlight?"

"Sixty minutes? Is it possible? Why, they passed like a flash of light," cries Jeanne artlessly. "You can not think what pleasant speeches Sir Christopher Marlowe made; how thoroughly he intends to enjoy himself here, at Schloss Egmont, during the next fortnight!"

"And you were charmed by his intellect, the depth of his observations, the delicate originality of his wit?"

"What judge am I, sir?—I, who till Mr. Wolfgang came accidentally to the Schwartzwald, had never spoken to any man of higher culture than a wood-cutter! It would be more to the point for *you* to say, after two hours' experience, what you think of the wit and originality of Miss Vivash!"

The abrupt side-wind seems to take Mr. Wolfgang somewhat aback.

"Miss Vivash is—a miracle of touching frankness." The master has to consider within himself for some moments before pronouncing the eulogy. "She has passed through the furnace of publicity scathless—unworldly as she is beautiful, full of fine exalted feeling, full of romance, of sensibility!"

A bitter little laugh breaks from Jeanne's lips. With the story of Mr. Samuel Chodd, the Twickenham dinner, Lord Vauxhall—with Lady Pamela's budget of town scandal fresh in her recollection, this old-fashioned word "sensibility," as applied to Miss Vivash, is too much for her. A woman of the world will listen composedly to an unworthy rival's praise; Jeanne is seventeen! Indignation, vanity, quick shame, quicker jealousy, every honest emotion of her girlish heart may be read by him who runs. It takes a good many more than seventeen years to perfect human beings in that hardest of all hardly acquired virtues—magnanimity.

"Until to-night, Mr. Wolfgang, I have given you credit for common sense. I have thought you a trifle severe, perhaps, as to false quantities and shaky nominatives, but a sound critic in the main. I see you as you are" (successfully mimicking the tone of his former strictures on herself)—"a man open to sweet words, led by the first cajoling voice that flatters, like the rest."

"Miss Vivash is too discriminating to waste sweet words on a fellow like 'me,' says Wolfgang, with a certain air of restraint—"flattering enough that Miss Vivash should bestow time on me at all, in the absence of worthier associates."

"In the absence," says little Jeanne, turning her head aside, and playing a grand imaginary fantasia on the window-frame, "of—Lord Vauxhall, for instance."

The master watches her averted face narrowly.

"What nonsense are you talking about?" he asks her, in a tone of real displeasure. "Who has been filling your head with such subjects? Lord Vauxhall's is not a name that I choose—you understand me, Jeanne, that I choose—to hear from your lips."

"But Lord Vauxhall is Miss Vivash's greatest friend, sir—think of that!—the friend of a girl full of fine, exalted feeling, romance, sensibility! His first wife managed to break her heart, I am told; his second one has the ill luck to be shut up in an asylum. But his manners are perfect! Lord Vauxhall takes his hat off with a better grace than any man in Europe; and as to his Twickenham dinners—"

"Lord Vauxhall's domestic history! Lord Vauxhall's Twickenham dinners!" exclaims Wolfgang hotly. "And pray what have you, a

simple Black Forest maiden, to do with such things?"

Little Jeanne claps her hands; she dances, with wary speed, beyond arm's reach of the master.

"I have been listening to improving town talk for a good many hours, sir. It may be that I have a better memory for London scandal than I have for Latin verbs and propositions in Euclid. Lord Vauxhall" (dwelling with a child's perverse pleasure on the forbidden name) "is not unknown to you, it seems, by reputation? Did you ever, in the intervals of mathematical study, chance to hear of Mr. Samuel Chodd? Birmingham scissors-people, you know, weak as water about lords and honorables, and '*deliciously* apoplectic!' Samuel's papa married the Lady Ermengarde Vauxhall, and was considerate enough to die within a twelvemonth."

The master remains silent, his eyes fixed upon Jeanne's clear and guileless face. "You talk as if I were a dandy fresh, like your friend Sir Christopher, from Piccadilly," he remarks presently—"I, a penniless, itinerant teacher, hawking such poor brains as I possess about the country-side, or settling myself for a few months in a neighborhood, as the charcoal-burners do, if I can get a little chance employment from my betters. Rich scissors-people—Lord Vauxhall—Lady Ermengarde—I know just as much of such people as you knew yesterday, Fräulein Jeanne."

"Yesterday is not to-day, Mr. Wolfgang. I feel wiser" (her voice sinking a little), "oh, wiser by twenty years, than I did before our guests arrived."

"Too wise to come out for a last turn upon the terrace with me? The forest is overshadowed—the owls have left off calling to each other. In ten minutes more yonder black cloud will have reached the moon. Will you come?"

"Yes" is in Jeanne's eyes—on her lips; the spirit of contradiction is at her heart. "Mamselle Ange will want me in the guest-room, sir. I have no more time to waste. We are to have a grand reception to-night—the Herr Pastor and his wife, in addition to our English visitors—and perhaps the Frau Pastor will play us some dance-music, as she does at Christmas. I wonder" (with malicious show of interest) "if Sir Christopher Marlowe is too fine a gentleman to waltz?"

The master moves aside without answering; for a minute or more he watches the darkening western terrace—the terrace where five evenings ago little Jeanne told him Malva's history, where to-night he has played audience to the exalted feelings, the romance, the sensibility of Miss Vivash! When he looks round again his pupil is standing just within the open door, ready for flight.

"Mr. Wolfgang!"

"Jeanne!"

"You will not take it amiss if I relieve my conscience by giving you a word of warning?"

"How could I take amiss anything said or done by you?"

"Beware! beware!" sings the girl with mocking emphasis:

"I know a maiden fair to see—

Take care!

She can both false and friendly be—

Beware!"

With a quick flank movement Wolfgang makes for the singer; but, ere he reaches the threshold, Jeanne has fled. Far away along the vaulted corridor he catches a glimpse of the little elf-like figure, hears the echoes of her clear voice:

"She gives thee a garland woven fair:

It is a fool's cap for thee to wear—

Beware!"

CHAPTER VIII.

PAINT, PATCHES, AND POWDER.

"I SCORE a royal marriage, my best Frau Pastor, and make sure of my game."

The guest-room wears a look of company unknown in Schloss Egmont since the long-buried days when princes and prime ministers were wont to kneel at the Countess Dolores's feet. The chandeliers blaze with wax-lights; the moth-fretted satin curtains, the scantily gilt chairs and consoles, the pastel court beauties, are looking their bravest; and, in all the majesty of blue ribbon and many-colored flounces, Mamselle Ange conducts her reception.

"Village pastors and their wives never got beyond the servants' hall," Ange will tell you confidentially, "in the times when German society was society. In these revolutionary days no one knows where to draw the line." Besides, has not the Frau Pastor helped one with the made dishes, and does not all the neighborhood know that the poor soul is respectably connected—a sixteenth, or thereabouts, of patrician blood on the maternal side, and related by marriage to the most noble Herr Oberkammermeister at the Residenz?

The pastor is a large square man, with large square feet, incased in village-made shoes, that fit them—a pastor with dingy linen, a vast, blank forehead, a rugged voice, the manners of a Diogenes, and the heart of a little child! Like many another of his country's divines, Herr Pastor Meyer, during his thirty years of rural ministry,

has struck up *liaison* after *liaison* with the passing philosophers of the day. The works of men who have for their motto, "Il faut sabrer la théologie," lie openly on his study-table. His sermons are filled by turns with the rationalistic affability of Schleiermacher, and the cloudy mysticism, leading nowhere, of the Hegelites. Such of his week-day hours as he can spare from his pigs and mangel-wurzel, are occupied over a ponderous book, still in manuscript, on the "Evolution of Being out of not Being," or "The Blank at the Center of the Cosmos." He corresponds—'tis the innocent glory of his life to boast of it—with Haeckel, of Jena, and, to the scandal of Mamselle Ange, reads aloud the pamphlets of Büchner and Vogt—the popular "deifiers of matter"—with the same impartial gusto as he devours schinkenroh, sauerkraut, wurst, and pfannkuchen at his own tea-table.

The Frau Pastor is lean and wire-drawn as a metaphysical abstraction, the very converse of her spouse. It has been already said that the worthy pair visited Paris on their wedding tour. Frau Meyer dresses still as the Paris world, seen by provincial eyes, dressed in 'fifty-five: hair, or remains of hair, brought low upon the cheeks, voluminous skirts, hanging sleeves, and a crinoline. The good Frau Pastor, whose age may just fall short of the half century, wears also a necklace of mock pearls, a plume of marabout-feathers, an artificial rose, spectacles, and a touch of rouge! Yes—on the honor of a faithful historian—spectacles and rouge!

Is not taste, as some broad thinkers aver of conscience, a matter of latitude and longitude?

A Parisian—her forty years well struck—gives a shrug of the shoulders over her dead youth, then buries it decently in a shroud of black lace (haunted by a just perceptible pathetic odor of patchouli), for evermore. A German wreathes roses round the poor corpse's head, strings beads round its throat, bares its arms, smears a touch of red on its cheek-bone, and parades it boldly forth, in the glare of day, a distress to gods and men.

Does the Teuton woman or the Frank, pray, exhibit the more genuine philosophy?

"Yes, I score a royal marriage," cries Mamselle Ange, looking up from the card-table where she and the Frau Pastor are playing their accustomed game of six-and-sixty (the pastor, tired after his day's plowing, is sleeping the sleep of the just in an adjacent stiff-backed chair), "and I lead the king of trumps, six-and-sixty. This brings my score down to one."

Sir Christopher Marlowe, who is standing beside the card-players, assumes an air of liveliest interest.

"The game beats roulette and trente-et-

quarante hollow. In the days when I used to addle my head over books of averages at Monaco, I saw no excitement to come up to it. Twenty for a royal marriage, eleven for an ace, six-and-sixty counts one; and the longer you play the lower your score.—Some morning, when you are at leisure, Miss Dempster," he turns appealingly to Jeanne, "I shall ask you to unriddle for me the mysteries of six-and-sixty."

Do you know the game, reader? I speak from knowledge, solid, concrete experience gained during the lagging hours of many a German winter, when I call it the dreariest, lengthiest, hardest form of arithmetic that twisted human intelligence ever gilded over with the name of play. You start at a supposed score of nine; you clutch at a visionary six-and-sixty which you perpetually fall short of or overstep; you work back—through what interminable convolutions of kings, queens, and their marriages—to nothing; and when you are nothing, you have won! Cards, they say, were invented for the amusement of a mad French king. For the delectation of what doubly mad German König or Kaiser could the heart of man have hit upon the dull, difficult, interminable set of combinations styled six-and-sixty?

Mamselle Ange loves it with passion. The intricate, backward-moving score, the crooked twists and turns, the airy inconclusiveness of every detail of the game, possess, I doubt not, nice affinities with the constitution of her own mind. "Whist and chess are played by rule," she will say disdainfully. "They can be learned like a primer. At six-and-sixty you never know what is coming, or where you are; and, as the winning-point is zero, your hopes are kept up to the last." Often have Ange and the Frau Pastor been known to seat themselves at a card-table by two o'clock of a December afternoon, and play at six-and-sixty, losing their tempers and their pfennigs, alternately, till supper-time. Looking over their hands on such occasions, it has sometimes seemed to Jeanne that neither opponent was strictly correct in her play. Extraneous circumstances, however—the waning light, the drifting snow against the window-frame, the howling of the north wind in the forests—may have been to blame. And if there had been no little errors, where had been the disputes—the human element, the very salt and savor of the game!

"Yes, Jeanne can teach you the rudiments, Sir Christopher, although she is but a spiritless player. Jeanne knows the rules of six-and-sixty as well as I do. And perhaps," says Ange, "you might induce Miss Vivash to join you" (glancing across at the sofa on which Beauty is talking, in low whispers, with practiced slow smiles, to Wolfgang—Lady Pamela, in her due position as chaperon, at their side). "By starting from eigh-

teen, instead of nine, it could be turned into an exceedingly pretty *parti* for three, though of course the counting would be more complicated."

"A game for three," muses Sir Christopher, "to be played by Jeanne Dempster, Vivian Vivash, and Kit Marlowe! An exceedingly pretty *parti*; with a complicated reckoning, and Herr Wolfgang left in the cold.—Jeanne, my dear," in a tone of sudden mock alarm, "we must take care of our peace of mind, in earnest. I am not a bad-looking fellow if the popular voice may be believed, and you—"

Sir Christopher's words sink into a whisper; Jeanne's telltale face blushes and dimples; and Beauty, who all this time is watching them through half-closed eyelids, changes color. The defalcation of the least among her slaves, of the coldest among her discarded suitors, causes this woman pain more keen, it may be, than the pangs of worthy love. So nicely balanced, in the main, is the sum of human suffering.

"Come hither, Jeanne," she cries, turning away from Wolfgang, with her high-handed abruptness.—"You too, Sir Christopher. We are holding a council of war, Mr. Wolfgang and I—discussing the possibility of diverting ourselves, in this benighted place, until our host's arrival. The question is, What shall our diversion be?—Pamela, my dear, suppose you wake up sufficiently to vouchsafe an opinion."

"My opinion is in favor of skittles," says Lady Pamela, lazily unclosing a pair of sleepy eyes. "There is a capital alley in the garden—a Kegelbahn, as the classic vernacular of the country has it."

"You will never find a better game than six-and-sixty," cries Ange, "and I believe, with a little calculation, it could easily be turned into a round game. We might invite over the honorable ladies from Katzenellenbogen, and—"

"I mean to get up theatricals," interrupts Vivian, with the artless rudeness that her adorers pronounce to be irresistible. "The dear Princess gave me *carte blanche* to turn Schloss Egmont inside out, from turret to foundation-stone, and I intend to do so. 'No audience,' do I hear some malcontent remark? We will send invitations to every visitable person in the duchy of Baden.—There is a cavalry depot, you say, at Freiburg, Mr. Wolfgang? Then there are these Brummagen Highnesses at the Residenz." Ange glances ceilingward, as though to avert Heaven's wrath at the profanity. "And if the worst come to the worst" (drawing up her white throat), "one might order over spectators from London. 'First nights we attend, but never unbend,' of course. Still, a bored detachment from the Crutch and Toothpick would be better than no-

thing. We can get over dresses from England in three days, and we will fix the performance for the evening of Count von Egmont's return."

Vivian is really animated. A flush suffuses the dead whiteness of her skin; life comes into her pale eyes. At this moment you could imagine what she would be—*not* in the presence of the man who loved her, unless, indeed, that man's hands were filled with diamonds—but before a crowd of worshipers, mobbed in the park of a Sunday, the cynosure of all eyes in an exhibition-room beneath her own portrait. Publicity of some kind, of any kind, is a vital condition to her moral ozone, without which she can scarcely draw breath. Even at the project of theatricals in this dull old German house, before a visionary audience, the soul in her—I cancel the expression—the leading passion in her awakens, and with it her beauty. She glances amicably at the different faces round the room—on Wolfgang she looks as, surely, no woman so courted, so handsome, has ever looked yet.

"A count in the hand," according to Lady Pamela's dictum, "is worth a Chodd in the bush."

A poor professor in the hand, it would seem, is not too lowly for this siren's favors in default of worthier worshipers—or victims, as the case may be.

"Private theatricals! Paint, patches, and powder!" cries Sir Christopher, with a groan. "Don't have 'The School for Scandal,' Miss Vivash. I have played Charles Surface four times this season, and absolutely refuse to drink bumpers to the peerless Maria, or bring my ancestors to the hammer any more."

"And I refuse all old women's parts," cries Lady Pamela, waking up in earnest. "Yes, Vivian, dearest, I refuse. 'I do them so well—efface myself so admirably—show such an artistic spirit, such want of vanity, in making up for the character.' Yes, I know—I hear your good-natured compliments beforehand; but I am modest, and refuse. I do not intend to have my head turned anent my incomparable old women any more."

"If I am positively wanted—behold me!" says Wolfgang. "How could I disobey any order given by Miss Vivash's lips? But I must ask to be cast for a walking gentleman, or 'Enter servant, with candles.' My Anglo-Saxon is not of a quality for airing in public. My *B's* and *P's*"—with a cutting glance at Jeanne—"are altogether inadmissible for an English hero."

"Things look deliciously theatrical already," cries Vivian, still in high good humor. "Every actor discontented with his part even before his part is assigned to him. Sir Christopher Marlowe will delight no fresh audiences with his ge-

nial humor as the prince of spendthrifts; Lady Pamela Lawless refuses to hide her charms under wrinkles and whitewash." (An outside observer might cavil at this allusion to the personal endowments of Lady Pamela, than whom a plain-er woman never breathed; but, as I have already said, the affection between the two friends is of material too delicate for rough-and-ready analysis.) "Mr. Wolfgang is afraid of his *B's* and *P's*; I myself am the only well-disposed member of the troupe—consequently the only one whose decisions shall be final! We will act 'The Maid of Honor.'"

Miss Vivash leans back on the sofa, as much as is possible to lean on any piece of furniture in Schloss Egmont, and, folding her finely-cut arms, complacently begins to recite aloud:

"Can he guess that I love him, or have I been betrayed? I may avow that, were I disposed to bestow my hand on a gentleman of birth and breeding, I should consult only my own pleasure in the act."

"The Maid of Honor" is a little one-act comedy, in which, as theatre-going people know, Vivian, during the past season, has won laurels. Have not royal hands thrown her bouquets after its performance? Have not newspaper critics pronounced her an amateur O'Neil, a younger Dejazet—the bolder of the prints going as far as to hint that 'twere pity Miss Vivash's histrionic genius should not, like the beauty of her face, outstep the limits of mere amateur fame?

"And you, Miss Dempster," she goes on, turning to Jeanne, "would like to take a part, doubtless? Well, we will try to find something for you. The character of Laura, *alias* Cesario, with the points cut out, might be made to suit—might it not, Pamela?"

"I act Cesario myself, or I act nothing," says Lady Pamela. "Where is the good of possessing an hussar's dress if one may not bring it in, Hessian boots and all? You take the Duchess, of course. Jeanne must be the Maid of Honor. With her eyes, and her blushes, and her seventeen years, Jeanne will look the *ingénue* to perfection."

Vivian's pale glance travels slowly downward from the girl's face to her feet, then up again. Jeanne can feel the coral beads scorching once more into her throat. Once more she is conscious of her over-short sleeves, her over-broad shoes—of every inartistic, provincial item in her whole dress.

"Unfortunately, one has one's ideals! Lady Blanche Plantagenet acted with me last in Lady Clearwell's troupe, at Brighton, if you remember. When I think of the Maid of Honor I think of dearest Blanche. No doubt Miss Dempster would

be willing to do her best, and Evans could improvise some kind of dress that might pass as *poudrée* for her; still—"

"Blanche Plantagenet is the ugliest woman in England, and thirty-three," remarks Sir Christopher innocently. "True bill, Miss Vivash—matter of history. All the Plantagenets are as ugly as sin—no, as virtue. Some one help me with a metaphor. And as to her age, is it not recorded in the book? In the interest of art, for our credit among the Teutons, I hope Fräulein Jeanne will look as like herself, and as little like Lady Blanche Plantagenet, as possible."

"If there is any talk of theatricals," cries Ange, prudently covering her cards from her opponent as she glances round at the group of young people—"Jeanne, child, if Miss Vivash decides upon turning us out, from garret to basement, with play-acting, there will be no need to get over dresses from London. The Von Egmonts, time out of mind, have been merry-andrews (I am pleased to see that my poor wit so diverts you, Mr. Wolfgang), harlequins, poets, painters, play-actors! We have tinsel rubbish in the Fürstenzimmer alone to supply half the theatres in Germany. Theatricals!" muses Ange, her face growing overcast. "Ay, we were in the middle of theatricals when Dolores's death fell upon us. Paul and Salome were in their beds—for children were children in those days—and their mother had paint on her cheeks and roses in her powdered hair, ready to enter on the scene, when, in a moment, as all the doctors had foretold, she sank dead.—Jeanne, if Miss Vivash and her friends desire, you will show them the masquerading clothes of Dolores von Egmont just as they lie, heap above heap, in the Fürstenzimmer."

But Jeanne, ere half the tale is told, has made her exit, stealthily, from the guest-room.

CHAPTER IX.

A VILLAGE MARCHIONESS.

A SUDDEN revulsion of feeling has seized the girl; an awakening of vanity, dormant in her simple heart until to-day; a burning desire to get rid of her beads, her shoes, her plaits, and appear, at all costs, as an equal, a human creature of the same flesh and blood as Vivian, in Wolfgang's sight!

The entrance-hall, the vaulted corridors of Schloss Egmont are silent, shadowed. By such faint light as the casements, few and far between, admit, Jeanne flies swiftly up one flight of stairs, down another, up a third; then along a very labyrinth of winding passages to the Fürsten-

zimmer; a lumber-room now; in the days of former Von Egmont splendor the state or princely apartment of the house.

Legless chairs and tables, Flemish tapestries amid whose fine fabric successive generations of moths have run riot, the remains of Sèvres and Dresden hopelessly shattered, yet of quality so rare 'twould be a sin to throw them away; the shell of a hundred-year-old spinet; some pathetically tarnished children's toys—all the *disjecta membra* of the forsaken, masterless house are here.

Groping along from one dust-covered landmark to another, Jeanne makes her way to a bureau, large enough for a modern dressing-room, in which the theatrical-properties of the Countess Dolores, dead more than a quarter of a century ago, are stored. Jeanne Dempster knows these properties by heart. Bleeding nuns, Spanish duennas, French marquises, she can lay her hand, unerringly, upon the buskin or the sock, the fitting garb for comedy or tragedy, at will. The adjuncts, even to the smallest detail, are not wanting. On an upper shelf stands a mahogany dressing-case massive as a plate-chest, metal-cornered, with the initials of the Countess Dolores worked in silver on the lid. In this are ranged hair-powder, patches, paint; scent-bottles from which the sweetness has not quite evaporated; a needle, even, threaded with faded silk; an artificial rose-bud, to have been worn, perchance, on that last night when, amid music, dancing, masking, the final curtain went down, with a run, upon the Countess Dolores's life!

Under common circumstances little Jeanne would have held this dressing-case sacred. Scores of times she has looked over its disordered contents, but fearfully, shrinkingly, with the coward's courage, the ghostly creeping of the flesh which children of a certain temperament shrink from, yet court. Vanity, however, like these fathers of families, is capable of all. Aided by the moon, that just now shines fitfully through a rift of inky clouds, she selects a Louis Quinze costume that suits her fancy; then, bearing the dressing-box in her arms, dances away to her own room, lightsome as any little moon-sprite of the Wald, to dress. To dress! April-cheeked reader of seventeen, looking forward to your first breakfast, opera, ball, your first appearance in any guise upon the platform of life's great comedy—you know the meaning of the word!

And the costume is rigidly accurate. In these days of imitation and veneer, we smack of Manchester even in our travesties; our velvets are cotton-backed, our brocaded Pompadours calico. Our forebears carried a kind of conscience into their very follies, did their pleasures on a solidier scale than we have heart for. The

uplooped tunic is of blue-and-silver damask, the product doubtless of some Spanish loom brought originally to Schloss Egmont in the young bride's trousseau. Richest Valencia lace sets off the throat and sleeves. The clocked silk stockings, high-heeled shoes, embroidered Castilian fan—all in their way are artistic, all are genuine.

Hastily lighting the candles on her dressing-table (homely Black Forest "dips"; there is not an item of needless extravagance in Ange's housekeeping), Jeanne sets to work on her own transformation; snatching a fearful joy as every moment brings her nearer to possible rivalry, divides her, by a wider gulf, from the Jeanne she knows. Hastily she piles up her plenteous locks, in a fashion learned from pastel court-goddesses, above her forehead. She powders, she rouges; puts on a couple of patches; exercises herself a short space over the furling and unfurling of her fan before the glass; then, ere courage has had time to cool, runs down, with step as hurried as the perilous nature of her head-gear allows, toward the guest-room.

Ruddy-cheeked Elspeth, meeting the little figure unexpectedly in a half-lit corridor, screeches aloud, drops on her knees, and signs herself with the sign of the cross. A peasant, reared among the demon-haunted valleys of the Black Forest, looks upon apparitions as among the common facts of life. In a house turned upside down by London ladies, their lovers and their maids, what can be simpler to Elspeth's mind than that some poor Gräfin's ghost should walk, perturbed! As Jeanne catches a vision of rouged and powdered marchionesses reflected in perspective from the paneled steel mirrors that line the hall, her own heart begins to beat uncomfortably. When, she reaches the door of the guest-room she stops short, uncertain—yes, after her fingers touch the lock—whether to enter or fly. Elspeth's emotion is scarcely a test of the effect she may produce upon an educated audience. She may be unlike Jeanne Dempster, yet neither beautiful nor artistic. How if Vivian, by a glance, should cover her with ridicule—if she should see cool disgust on Wolfgang's face!

As Jeanne hesitates, Fate, in the person of Sir Christopher, cuts off the possibility of retreat. Sir Christopher, suddenly unclosing the door of the guest-room, sees, recognizes her.

"Lady Teazle!" he exclaims, taking possession of both the girl's little, cold hands—"Lady Teazle, by all that's wonderful!" Then leads her straight under the fullest light of the chandeliers—leads her, blushing, shrinking (yet with a child's arch vanity showing delightfully through her paint, through her shyness), into the presence of them all.

And the expression of Wolfgang's face is not

one of disgust. Thus much Jeanne feels rather than sees, as she stands, Sir Christopher still doing showman, with every eye fixed upon her, every tongue criticising her transformation.

"Ausgezeichnete! Wunderschöne!" exclaim the good Herr Pastor and his Frau in chorus.

"Wunderschöne!" repeats the master, in a lower key.

"Wonder Jane—certainly!" echoes Sir Christopher. "Janet, the wonder of the world. All languages are intelligible when the text of the sermon is a woman's beauty."

Beauty! At the word, Miss Vivash rises to her feet. Then, adjusting her *pincenez*, that lawful recognized weapon of impertinence, she bestows a stare of cold curiosity upon Jeanne Dempster's shrinking figure.

"Quite too amusing, really, if one were going to get up that sort of thing—charades—fairy stories—transformation of the Ugly Duckling! Unfortunately, my talents do not lie in the direction of burlesque."

"A delicious bit of porcelain," cries Lady Pamela, with her off-hand good nature.—"Sir Christopher, pray put yourself in a fitting attitude as pendant.

'They are only Dresden china fair,
That little He and She.'

Sir Christopher, laying his hand upon his heart, declares he has been to fancy balls, to private theatricals, to everything of the kind the season has produced, *ad nauseam*; yet, after all, has had to come to the Black Forest to see how charming a really pretty girl can look *poudrée*—dashed if he has not!

Miss Vivash drops him a stately courtesy. If a look could kill, Sir Christopher's harmless span of existence must, on the instant, come to sudden end.

"We accept the compliment, literally! Sir Christopher Marlowe has been this season *ad nauseam* to fancy balls, at which *we* have given him dances; has acted this season *ad nauseam* in private theatricals with *us*! And now Sir Christopher Marlowe has come to the Black Forest to see how well a really pretty girl can look *poudrée*—dashed if he has not!"

"Remarks made on the subject of rush-lights can not include the sun," says Sir Christopher with grave gallantry. "Perfection has no rivals."

"You have given utterance to a very elegant sentiment, sir," cries Ange, warming at the mere ring of a copy-book aphorism. "When I was young, I always said we commonplace girls had more to dread from each other than we had from the toasts—they called the beauties 'toasts' in those days, Miss Vivash. Now, there was a con-

nection of my own, quite a celebrity, a Miss Carlton Jarvis—"

"No, we are not going to act a burlesque," interrupts Miss Vivash, with her fine, native breeding. "So I fear our village marchioness must be pronounced out of court. If we require Miss Dempster's talents at the last, Evans, my maid, can run her up a suitable dress in a couple of hours."

She moves a contemptuous step or two away; then, pausing, glances back across her shoulder at Wolfgang. If it be your custom, reader, to gaze at idle moments into the London photographers' windows, the Vivian glance, the Vivian shoulder, must alike be familiar to you.

"You possess the delightful talent of *not* singing, I think, Mr. Wolfgang?" (Beauty's imitation of the class of Vere de Vere is one of the most diverting caricatures extant to him who has a humorously disposed soul. She drawls, droops her eyelids, raises her brows; is familiar, chilling, impertinent, by turns; and succeeds—much as Goldsmith's two town madams succeeded when they swam, sprawled, languished, frisked, in vain rivalry of Olivia Primrose's natural grace and high spirits.) "Well, if you do not sing, you can play a waltz, surely, or whistle one. I suppose you never heard Lord Albert de Montmorenci whistle dance-music? Something must positively be done to keep me from falling asleep."

"Wenn der young beeblies might waltz, so play I, ach, my Gott, yes!" cries good Frau Meyer, bustling across to the instrument. "Herr Professor Wolfgang, I invite you, in ze Fräulein's name, for von tanz."

The Frau Meyer's dance-music dates from an even earlier year than her hair-dressing. She thunders forth Strauss's "First Set," the "Original Polka," and the "Elfin Waltzes," with a will, the Herr Pastor performing an *ad libitum* drum accompaniment with his feet. Her time, however, is good; the guest-room floor is waxed and polished to a nicety. Ere a couple of minutes have sped, chairs and tables are pushed aside, and little Jeanne, with Sir Christopher's arm round her waist, is whirling wildly through space.

Lady Pamela, who seems accustomed to play fifth wheel in the coach, chats with Ange in a corner. The beauty and Herr Wolfgang stand side by side near the piano.

"I have come to the Black Forest to see a really pretty girl *poudrée*, and I have come to the Black Forest to get a really good waltz." So runs an insidious whisper of Kit Marlowe's as he and Jeanne make their first pause for breath. "The moralists account it among my sins that I turn life into one long joke—a joke, so they say, without a point. Jeanne" (tenderly), "I will make you a confession. I should be quite content to

turn life into one long waltz with you for my partner."

"Frau Meyer for ever playing the 'Elfin Waltzes,' the Herr Pastor for ever beating time with his Sunday shoes. What an earthly paradise!"

"Our Beauty, our Hyde Park goddess, dances as she does everything—divinely," muses Sir Christopher, giving a glance across the room at Vivian. "If ever you come to London, little Jeanne, if you are lucky enough to penetrate to the very heart and bull's-eye of fashion, you may witness a refined aristocracy struggling together—elderly earls treading on each other's toes, dowager duchesses balancing their sixteen stone on rickety ballroom chairs—in vain efforts to behold Miss Vivash dance. These things are above my head. As a plain, humble-minded man, I feel that I could in the main be content with lower excellence—a lily-of-the-valley, a violet by a mossy stone, a Black Forest brier-rose—"

They have by this time moved a few steps nearer to the instrument, and Jeanne can hear Miss Vivash's voice. In her eagerness to catch Wolfgang's answer the girl forgets to listen to the end of Sir Christopher Marlowe's flowery compliments.

"It is quite nonsense for you to refuse me! As if a German could be out of practice in waltzing! Come, Mr. Wolfgang, make no more vain excuses. I am not in the habit of going on my knees, I can tell you."

("On her knees!" repeats Sir Christopher, *sotto voce*. "No; that is a charge her worst detractors would scarcely bring against our Beauty!")

"I give you a last chance. Make up your mind to accept or refuse me before I count five. One, two, three—"

And Wolfgang's arm encircles the wasp-like waist.

Vivian pauses for a moment before starting; not noticing Jeanne, not noticing an opposite mirror, hung at such an angle that Wolfgang can see the reflection of her own face. She pauses, gives a meaning glance across at Lady Pamela, the tip of her nose pointing heavenward; then with her morsel of a lace handkerchief dispels some imaginary dust from the master's threadbare coat-sleeve before resting her hand upon his arm.

Brief is the contemptuous action, quickly followed by dulcet whispers, by goddess smiles. But the master has seen it; and Jeanne—ah, how the child's heart throbs, how her blood boils at the slight! Is Wolfgang so much of a philosopher, she asks herself, so infatuated, so dead already to self-respect, as to let this insult to his poverty pass by unnoticed?

Miss Vivash's waltzing is the perfection of

trained art. More spontaneous grace, more poetry of movement, you will see exhibited at any village festival among the Black Forest peasant-maidens. But grace, poetry, may not be the qualifications most in vogue in London ballrooms. During a pair of seasons Vivian has been forced, as fifty years ago Lord Byron worded it, to "waltz for a living." Her sinuous, gliding movements, her pose of head and shoulders, are, I doubt not, in accordance with modern æsthetic taste, a simple case of supply meeting demand: who shall cavil at them?

"Miss Vivash deserves the *salon* to herself," says Jeanne, drawing back gravely from Sir Christopher's side. "It is well for me to take a lesson, well to see how goddesses—I mean how people who go to court-balls—hold up their trains."

"You have no train to hold," answers Kit Marlowe; "and, while you live, you will never be a goddess. Rein in your ambition, little Jeanne," he adds. "Goddesses are articles of luxury—articles whose manufacture costs over-dear in the nineteenth century, take my word for it."

Miss Vivash swims languidly round the room twice, exertion enough, doubtless, with such a partner, before such spectators; then, sinking in a posture that artists of a certain school have told her is "classic" on the sofa, she lifts her eyes, a sleepy fire in their pale depths, full upon the master.

"You have not often in your life danced a waltz like that, Mr. Wolfgang?"

The words are nothing. The manner is that of a queen who, having bestowed some hazardously great favor on a subject, would fain recall him by a glance, a tone, to a sense of the gulf that lies between them.

"I have danced few waltzes of any kind," answers Wolfgang, with humility, "and such partners as I have had have been Bauer-mädchen. Confess, Miss Vivash, you find my step barbarously German, do you not?"

"Barbarously German!" repeats Vivian, with a little laugh, prettily learned, coming from no region near the heart. "We are accustomed, at court, I can assure you, to partners of every nation in Europe, to German most of all, naturally—from our family connections. Indeed, among the higher classes of society, nationalities do not exist. Everybody waltzes alike."

As Vivian speaks, Wolfgang reviews her charms impartially: the soulless brow, the pale, voluptuous eyes, the studied abandonment of pose and limb. Then he glances across the room at the Ugly Duckling, at the transparent, primrose face of little Jeanne. It is in moments seemingly trivial as this one that men's fates are decided for them.

"And you will pay me no compliments, Miss Vivash? I can not aspire to be compared to court-partners or the higher classes of society, but you might, at least, raise my hopes by telling me I have not trodden on your toes or torn your gown."

"I invite you for the first waltz on the even-

ing of our theatricals, Mr. Wolfgang. Does that give you hope enough?"

"Just enough to keep me alive in the interval," says Wolfgang, with emphasis.

And Vivian hides her face away behind her fan. It is the nearest approach ever made by the Popular Beauty to blushing.

(To be continued.)

LEAVES FROM THE LAURELS OF MOLIERE.

IN the time of Louis le Grand there stood on the banks of the Seine, on the site now known as the Place Napoléon III., the famous Hôtel Rambouillet. Its noble owner married, somewhere about 1630, a woman of high birth, amiable disposition, and of cultivated tastes, named Catherine de Vivonne. Everything which refinement, luxury, and wealth could suggest was to be found in the *salons* of Madame de Rambouillet, who took especial pains to attract thither all the celebrities of her time. Among her votaries were La Rochefoucauld, Jean Chapelain, the Abbé Cotin, the oracle of *politesse* Voiture, Jean Louis de Balzac, the poet Segrais, Madame de Sévigné, her correspondent Bussy Rabutin, the mother of the great Condé, his sister Madame de Longueville, and others whose claims to remembrance have long since been surrendered. Such were the *dilettanti* who assembled ostensibly to criticise literature and art, men and manners, but really to take their places in the history of Jean Baptiste Poquelin. The fame of these social gatherings spread through France, and an invitation to the Hôtel Rambouillet became an object of ambition. But the difficulty of obtaining an *entrée* must have been considerable, for we have it on the authority of one of its members that it was absolutely necessary to be acquainted with that nadir of research, "*le fin des choses, le grand fin, le fin du fin*," and also to be introduced by one of its members, known by the title of "*le grand introducteur des ruelles*." But in spite of the rigor of these ordinances a vast concourse assembled daily within the Hôtel Rambouillet, where they talked a great deal of dialectical nonsense. They gravely debated, like John of Salisbury, on the most frivolous subjects. Deep research was employed in order to guess the most inane riddle. Interminable speeches were delivered relative to the metaphysical attributes of love; and every variety of sentiment, human and divine, was discussed with a ludicrous refinement of expression, and a pompous parade of learning. In the words of La Bruyère, the

members of this hermaphrodite areopagus "left to the vulgar the art of intelligible speech." Abstruse subjects led to others even more obscure, over which this precious society cast the mantle of enigma; each sally of wit being greeted with rounds of applause. It was not necessary to be gifted with either good sense, a good memory, or, indeed, the humblest capacity, in order to shine at these *réunions*; it only needed a certain amount of wit, and that of no high order. The customs which prevailed in this Valhalla of folly were not less extraordinary than the discourse of its members. The women affected an exaggeration of romantic sentiment. It was their custom to address one another in terms of endearment, such as "*ma chère*," "*précieuse*," designations by which the whole *coterie* became gradually known throughout France. These "*précieuses*" do not appear to have reserved their buffooneries exclusively for the Hôtel Rambouillet, where they were understood, for we learn from a contemporaneous author that they kept up their "customs" even in their own homes. They slept during the best hours of the day, and paid ceremonious, not to say inconvenient, visits at nightfall. They lisped in conversation; and, to the scandal of their godfathers and godmothers, exchanged their Christian names for those of pagan divinities. During the *séances* each goddess sat enthroned in a gorgeous alcove, within whose mystic depths she was wont to ponder on things æsthetic, or worldly. To heighten the absurdity of her situation, she was constantly attended by one of the sterner sex who, in his capacity of *alcoviste*, bore the inspirations of her genius to the surrounding alcoves. "*Les précieuses*," says the Abbé Cotin, himself a member of this *coterie*—"les précieuses s'envoyaient visiter par un rondeau ou un énigme, et c'est par là que commençaient toutes les conversations."

One night during the summer of 1659—a memorable year in the annals of genius—while the "*précieuses*" were in conclave assembled, and rounds of applause hailed the explosion of

an impromptu, the door of this temple of Reason suddenly opened to admit a young man of middle height, dark complexion, and grave deportment, clad in the picturesque *bourgeoise* costume of the period. Madame de Rambouillet, who was seated on her throne at the far end of the room, rose to receive her visitor, and, by way of making him feel more at his ease in a strange company, overpowered him with the volubility of her flattery. He who stood momentarily abashed in the midst of this throng of tuft-hunters and dolts, who formed the "cynosure of neighboring eyes," was none other than the comedian Molière—he who afterward dealt the death-blow to the dunces of his epoch. At this time Molière was but known as the manager of an itinerant troupe, and as a man who, in addition to considerable histrionic power, had also evinced a talent for composition. He was welcomed by Madame de Rambouillet as the author of "L'Etourdi" and "Le Dépit Amoureux," and as such took his place among the celebrities of his time. It is well for both England and France, I had almost said for the common sense of the civilized world, that two such men as Gifford and Molière had the courage and the genius to crush, each in his own time, that hydra of bathos who periodically threatens to devour reason. That which William Gifford effected, in the early part of this century, by the publication of his merciless "Baviad and Mæviad," Molière achieved more than two centuries before him, with the "Précieuses Ridicules." But the venture of Molière was of a far more courageous nature than that of Gifford. The latter was an author of renown, and a man of good position in the republic of letters. The former, on the other hand, was but a poor comedian from the provinces, who had come to Paris in search of the fortune he had failed to find elsewhere, and who depended for his success very much upon the patronage of the very *coterie* whose extravagances he, on public grounds, so bitterly resented. A few months after his reception by Madame de Rambouillet, Molière made his triumphant assault upon the false taste and follies of his time. The title of his play excited general curiosity; there was a great demand for places. *Ménage*, himself a member of the society so severely handled by Molière, was present at the first representation of "Les Précieuses Ridicules." He tells us* that Mademoiselle de Rambouillet, her sister Madame de Grignan, and the whole of the Rambouillet *coterie* attended. Its opening scenes were received with silence. None knew whether to be offended or not—whether to ignore the taunt or to repel it. At length an old man rose

slowly from his seat, and in a voice trembling with enthusiasm, cried: "Courage, Molière! Voilà la véritable Comédie!"* The truth of these words has indeed been echoed by posterity. *Ménage* was so satisfied with the success of the piece as to be certain of its effect on the public. On leaving the theatre he seized Chapelain's arm, and exclaimed: "We are both guilty of the follies which have been satirized with so much power and good sense; henceforward we must burn what we have adored, and adore what we have burned." These words were amply verified. Molière's *chef-d'œuvre* dealt a fatal blow at the Hôtel Rambouillet—people began to see the absurdity of the situation, and the "précieuses" were laughed into obscurity. The success of this piece was so great, and so urgent were the demands for admission, that on the second representation the company doubled its prices. To the applause of society that of the court was soon joined, and the fame of Molière spread to the Pyrenees. Molière was astounded at this unexpected triumph. He is said to have exclaimed: "I need no longer study Plato or Terence, nor pore over the fragments of Menander—henceforth I will study the world."

Although "Les Précieuses Ridicules" did not entirely extirpate all the pedantic nonsense which characterized the literary clique at which it was leveled, it greatly diminished the buffoonery which prevailed at the Hôtel Rambouillet. A few blue-stockings survived all the ridicule their conduct had provoked, and gave Molière an excuse for that second assault so successfully made in his charming comedy, "Les Femmes Savantes."

Toward the close of 1660, Molière's theatre, the Petit Bourbon, which had grown so popular under his guidance, was pulled down in order to make room for the colonnade of the Louvre. This would have been a serious blow to its proprietor had not Louis XIV. graciously placed at his disposal the Salle of the Palais Royal, constructed by Cardinal Richelieu for the representation of his doleful tragedy "Mirame," a play which not only cost its author a fabulous sum of money, but fatally affected his reputation as a man of wit.† Here also, after Molière's death, were given the first of those lyric tragedies now known as operas. Alas! alas! this memorable theatre, associated with the fame of both Racine and Molière, has since those palmy days been twice rebuilt and as often destroyed by fire. Here Molière produced no less than thirty of his comedies, and here he struck the first sparks of that Promethean fire which burns for him eter-

* "Ménagiana," edition 1715, vol. ii., p. 65.

* Grimarest, p. 36. "Mémoires sur la Vie et les Ouvrages de Molière," p. 24.

† Taschereau, vol. i., p. 51. 1825.

nally. Within this little theatre, also, in times when England was drunk with joy at the restoration of the Stuarts, the unhappy consort of Charles I. witnessed the first representation of "L'Ecole des Maris."

In the autumn of 1661 Molière produced "Les Fâcheux," whose conception furnishes an example of the fertility of his genius and its rapidity of execution. After the first performance of this play, while the King and Molière conversed apart, the latter doubtless receiving his august master's compliments, a certain Monsieur de Soyecourt, his Majesty's *grand veneur*, happened to pass. "Look!" whispered the monarch, "there is a character whom you have not yet drawn." The hint was not lost on Molière, who, without making any reply, in less than twenty-four hours introduced a new scene into his play at the expense of the gentleman above named. The King, who appears to have been somewhat vain of his wit, was highly gratified at the thought that he himself had furnished the suggestion, and at last began almost to regard the piece as peculiarly his own. Madame de Sévigné has immortalized Soyecourt by an anecdote which gives us a notion of the great original. "On one occasion," says this talented authoress, "while Monsieur de Soyecourt was passing the night in an apartment with several other courtiers, this personage persisted in talking platitudes with one of his companions until the small hours of morning. This would not have been so objectionable, but that he would shout all he had to say at the very top of his voice. Another gentleman, who seems to have been more inclined to sleep than to listen, at last exclaimed, reproachfully: 'Eh! morbleu! tais-toi; tu m'empêches de dormir.' 'Est-ce que je te parle à toi?' naively retorted Monsieur de Soyecourt."

But the *grand veneur* had his deserts—his victim was avenged, and the world laughed merrily when this "grand original" figured as the chasseur in "Les Fâcheux." This piece appears to have been composed, got up, and performed within a fortnight—a performance which fully justified the couplet of Boileau:

"Rare et sublime esprit, dont la fertile veine
Ignore, en écrivant, le travail et la peine."

We now come to an incident in Molière's career to which brief allusion must be made. Though fortunate in his success as a comedian, as an author, and in the possession of patrons, he was correspondingly unfortunate in his domestic affairs. When forty years of age he married a girl of seventeen, named Armande Béjart, a member of his troupe. Disparity in age, and the temptations to which this young and hand-

some actress was exposed, rendered this marriage unhappy. Taschereau doubts whether they enjoyed so much as an hour's contentment; but this at least is certain—Molière's imprudent and heartless neglect of his bride fostered the coldness, and strengthened the dislike, which subsequently paved the way to mutual infidelity. Though historians have condemned the conduct of Madame Molière, they touch with gentleness the errors of her husband, for whom they are pleased to advance the hackneyed plea of genius—a title which only his personal enemies have ventured to deny him. Moore has told us that genius has its prerogative—an assertion which it is not in my power to question. But this at least is certain—that genius, by reason of its luster, should be doubly circumspect in its conduct. It should remember with what eagerness the world watches for every divergence from the paths of virtue, and how loud are the condemnations of the envious. It may be asked, What constitutes genius? Despite the brilliant examples which adorn our literature and that of other lands, we are told that the faculty pertains not less to the quiescent than to the active power. Byron, in "The Prophecy of Dante," says:

"Many are poets who have never penned
Their inspiration, and perchance the best:
They felt, and loved, and died, but would not
lend
Their thoughts to meaner things; they com-
pressed
The god within them, and rejoined the stars
Unlaureled upon earth. . . ."

It may then be presumed that genius belongs to that undefinable and often uncreative humanity which lives before its time. To rise, like Molière, above the fashions, the prejudices, and the follies of our contemporaries constitutes a prophetic nature; and *prophecy* is as near an approach to what men call "genius" as it is possible for humanity to attain.

In the summer of 1662 Molière, in his capacity as "valet de chambre du roi," followed Louis le Grand to Lorraine. He was at this time pondering over a comedy which was to assail hypocrisy, and the following anecdote may not be out of place: The King was in the habit of restricting himself, during his campaigns, to one repast a day. On a certain evening—albeit one of the days set apart by the Church for fasting—the King felt so hungry that he resolved to break his rule. Being sociably inclined, Louis invited his old friend Bishop Péréfixe to keep him company. The Bishop, however, put on a sanctimonious air, and, drawing himself up to his full height, not only coldly declined the King's invitation, but took occasion to inform his Ma-

jesty that it was not his custom to regale on fast days. This reply excited the risible muscles of the courtier, who, in spite of every endeavor to suppress his laughter, attracted the King's notice. When the Bishop retired Louis was fain to know the cause of his courtier's merriment. "Sire," replied the culprit, "your Majesty need not be anxious on the score of the Bishop's appetite"; whereupon he proceeded to give minute details of a sumptuous repast which the prelate had that day enjoyed, and at which he, the offender, had been present. At the mention of each *plat* the good-humored Louis exclaimed, "Le pauvre homme!" varying the tone of his voice in a manner irresistibly comic.

This incident was not lost on Molière, who happened to be present, and eighteen months afterward Louis XIV. beheld himself reflected in the amusing scene between Orgon and Dorine. This trifling circumstance, which made the Prince in some measure instrumental to Molière's glory, materially assisted in removing the proscription which a nation of hypocrites had contrived against "Tartufe."*

When Molière returned to Paris, he was waited on by a youth, manuscript in hand, who begged the favor of an audience. The generous comedian, with outstretched hand, received the ominous roll, and scanned it narrowly. It was poor stuff, we are told—a tragedy founded on a fable—heavy, spiritless, motionless; but Molière read it through, and highly praised its author.

"You are young," said he, "and you have a future; be patient; labor will reward you with success. But stay—one can not live on flattery; I see you are not rich: accept this little sum, and *au revoir*." The little sum was one hundred louis-d'or—the young man Racine.

The condition of comedians in the seventeenth century has been characterized as infamous. Even the acknowledged genius of Molière was insufficient to override the popular prejudice against his profession. He had to submit to endless annoyances at the hands of his associates at court, who never failed to make him feel his position acutely. It was one day brought to the notice of Louis that some of his attendants had gone so far as to refuse to sit at the same board with Molière. His Majesty resolved forthwith to instruct them in politeness. He caused the great comedian to be summoned, and, much to every one's surprise, invited him to dine at his own table. Immediately in front of the King was a chicken, a wing of which he politely handed to Molière, reserving its fellow for himself. The courtiers were dumfounded at this unusual condescension.

"You see me," said the King to those present—"you see me occupied in giving Molière something to eat, for I understand that he is not deemed fit company for my attendants." This lesson had the required effect, and Molière was ever after welcome to dine when and where he pleased. The King's evident partiality for Molière earned him the respect of the whole court, where his popularity rose to a height only equaled by his fame abroad. Louis commissioned him to write a comedy for the amusement of the royal household. The result of this command was "Le Mariage Forcé"—a play founded on an incident in the career of De Grammont—in the performance of which not only the court, but the King himself joined. Louis XIV. figured in the ballet, a proceeding which provoked the satire of Racine, who in "Britannicus" addressed the King as follows:

"Ignorez-vous tout ce qu'ils osent dire?
Néron, s'ils en sont crus, n'est point né pour l'empire."

During the Versailles *fêtes* of May, 1664, Molière presented for the first time his inimitable comedy "Tartufe." The vein of hypocrisy runs deeper, perhaps, at court than in any other section of society, and the mirror which Molière now held up to nature gave dire offense to his audience. The author of "Don Juan" has well said: "In these days the profession of hypocrite possesses marvelous advantages. Hypocrisy is an art wherein imposture commands respect; for, though it may be discovered, none dare say a word against it. All other vices are exposed to censure, every one is free to attack them; but hypocrisy is a privileged vice, which shuts the world's mouth with its hand, and revels in sovereign impunity."

Molière was held up to the vengeance of both God and man as an atheist. The popular clamor against "Tartufe" was irresistible, and its author was compelled to withdraw it after the first performance. In justice to Louis XIV., it must be stated that this persecution against Molière entirely failed to command his sympathy. Though compelled by public opinion to prohibit the performance of "Tartufe," the King made amends by promoting Molière's troupe to the envied position of "comedians to the King," and attached Molière to his person, with an annual salary of seven thousand francs.

It is interesting to note that up to the middle of the seventeenth century, soldiers were admitted to theatres without payment. This privilege was obviously unjust to the people, who, owing to the scant accommodation at command, were frequently unable to find seats. Molière, on behalf of his players, appealed to the King for

* "Œuvres de Molière, avec les Remarques de Bret," 1773.

reform in this particular, and his request was granted.

But the soldiers rebelled. They came in large bodies to the door, and demanded admission. The door-keeper at the Palais Royal, of course, protested; but, being at length compelled to yield, he threw down his sword and cried, "Miséricorde!" It availed him not. The soldiers, infuriated by his previous resistance, drew their sabers and cut him to pieces. Over his body they entered the theatre, and went in quest of the actors. It was resolved to subject men and women to similar treatment. The first person they met was a youth named Béjart, who was disguised as an old man for the piece about to be played. With great presence of mind Béjart exclaimed: "Gentlemen! at least spare an old man of seventy-five, who can at best have but a short time to live." They were not deceived, but his wit calmed them; and at this moment Molière came upon the scene. In a few words, and without the slightest sign of fear, he pointed out the danger of disobeying the lawful commands of the King, and by his manner so impressed the rioters that order ensued. But the excitement was not so easily allayed. The actors fled through every hole and alley. One prodigious personage, Hubert by name, contrived to pierce a hole, through which he promptly forced his head and shoulders, leaving the rest to chance; "but," says Grimarest, "jamais le reste ne put suivre," so the wretched man was reluctantly drawn back into the theatre by his comrades.

Molière, who leveled his satire against humbug in every form, did not spare the doctors. Indeed, from all accounts, the medical profession gave ample cause for sarcasm. Though pathology was, in the seventeenth century, but little understood, its deficiency was veiled by the vilest affectation of wisdom. The "medicine-man," mounted on a mule, paced up and down the streets, gabbling Latin and Greek to those foolish enough to consult him. Whenever he deigned to use his native language, he managed so to interlard his speech with scholastic bombast and scientific expressions as to render himself unintelligible. The following verse conveys a just notion of the class to which Molière so successfully devoted his attention:

"Affecter un air pédantesque,
Cracher du grec et du latin,
Longue perruque, habit grotesque,
De la fourrure et du satin,
Tout cela réuni fait presque
Ce qu'on appelle un médecin!"

Molière followed the example of De Montagne, and wounded the susceptibilities of the "faculty" not only in "L'Amour Médecin" and

"Le Malade Imaginaire," but in several other comedies. All Paris laughed with Molière, and the quacks had a bad time of it. In order to give some idea of the insults to which these unfortunate wretches were subjected, I will repeat an anecdote which has been pronounced authentic, and the truth of which there is no reason to doubt. One day while Guénaut, physician in ordinary to Louis XIV., was driving in his coach through the streets of Paris, he happened to be detained by a block of carriages. The driver of a public vehicle, who knew Guénaut by sight, bawled out to his fellows: "Laissons passer monsieur le docteur; c'est li qui nous a fait la grâce de tuer le cardinal." A remark which reminds us of the words inscribed by some Roman wag over the door of Adrian's physician—"Here dwells the liberator of his country."

In the last year of a life passed in combating hypocrisy, Molière, broken in health and spirits, expressed himself thus: "Un médecin est un homme que l'on paie pour conter des fariboles dans la chambre d'un malade jusqu'à ce que la nature l'ait guéri ou que les remèdes l'aient tué" *—words which show with what tenacity he clung to the convictions he had so often expressed in his comedies.

Close to the little Gothic church at Auteuil, which soon, alas! will be leveled with the ground, there stands a villa. This house, though "new vamped," as our fathers would have said, is as interesting as the church itself. Here, on sultry summer nights, came Molière, Boileau, Lafontaine, Chapelle, Racine, and others whose names have been inscribed on the tablets of Fame. Chapelle appears to have been the leading spirit at these gatherings; his rollicking humor and unflagging wit cast a charm over a society whose conversation might otherwise have been a trifle too learned. Chapelle had a great fault, however, and one which, to a certain extent, annoyed his companions. He was too fond of his bottle—a weakness for which he was once taken seriously to task by Boileau. They met in the street. Chapelle appeared convinced of the truth and justice of Boileau's admonition. He promised to give his friend's warning serious attention, but in order, as he said, to talk more at their ease, he invited Boileau to enter a house close at hand, which chanced to be a cabaret. Chapelle, according to custom, ordered a bottle of wine—then another—which was in due course followed by a third. While thus employed he kept on replenishing Boileau's glass, which the good man, wholly absorbed by his own homily, as promptly drained. The result might have been foreseen. When every invective against "inflaming wine—

* Grimarest, p. 74.

pernicious to mankind," had been exhausted, neither the moralist nor his auditor could stand! Such was Chapelle, the gayest dog in that giddy company. Such was Molière's most intimate friend; one who loved him truly, and who stood by him through every blast of affliction, every curse of prejudice, to the very last. Of the revelry which ran riot in that little villa at Auteuil I have not the space to speak. Let the reader turn to the glowing pages of Voltaire, Grimaire, and Saint-Marc, pages which will amply reward him for the trouble.

I have already briefly alluded to Molière's generous conduct toward young Racine—generosity which has been rarely equaled and never surpassed in the history of letters. It was that sympathy of kindred genius which courts rather than fears rivalry. We have seen Racine admitted by Molière to the intimacy of Boileau, Lafontaine, and the great spirits of that great age, favors for which Molière had a right to expect something like gratitude. But I regret to say that the only return made by Racine consisted in the record, after Molière's death, of a scandal, the truth of which impartial history has abundantly disproved. I should not have mentioned this baseness, but that it forms a particle of that mosaic of human existence, whose completeness would be marred by the absence of a single stone. It may be a worthless pebble in itself, and yet its presence is required in order to form a somber contrast to the glory of Molière. Generosity is the child of genius. Molière's benevolence was not confined to any particular object, it was the outcome of a nature easily susceptible to compassion. On one occasion, having been importuned by a poor comedian named Mondorge for means to rejoin his troupe, Molière gave him twenty-four pistoles and several splendid theatrical costumes. On another, while driving with Charpentier, a poor man at the roadside implored his charity. Molière unhesitatingly threw him a piece of money, and drove off. The carriage had gone some distance when Charpentier observed the mendicant running after them, making violent gestures. They ordered the coachman to pull up. When the poor man arrived, breathless, he exclaimed, "Sir, you are probably not aware that you gave me a louis-d'or—I am come to return it." "Stay, my friend," replied Molière, "en voilà un autre." As they drove off he whispered to Charpentier, "Où la vertu va-t-elle se nicher?"

On August 5, 1667, "*Tartufe*," which had for so long been proscribed, was for the first time publicly performed under its new title, "*L'Imposteur*." It received enthusiastic approval, a circumstance which so disconcerted all the *tartufes* in Paris that they once more prevailed upon

Parliament to interdict its performance. This satire was all the more pungent on account of Molière selecting the Abbé de Roquet for delineation in its principal rôle. This individual, afterward elevated to the bishopric of Autun, was one of Madame de Longueville's admirers, and famous for his profligacy. Fielding has well said: "Let a man abuse a physician, he makes another physician his friend; let him rail at a lawyer, another will plead his cause gratis; but let him once attack a *hornet*, or a priest, both nests are instantly sure to be upon him." This was a case in point. Without an instant's hesitation the entire priesthood of France rose like a mighty wave against Molière, and swept his obnoxious satire from the stage. The clamor raised against its immorality was as incessant as causeless. Its sole offense consisted in a too merciless exposure of the cant and hypocrisy rampant at the time. In after years Molière had his revenge. "*Tartufe*" revived, never more to die, but to form an eternal monument of genius. "*L'Avare*" and "*Les Femmes Savantes*" followed close upon the footprints of "*Tartufe*." Avarice, that "fine old gentlemanly vice," and the pedantry to which I have elsewhere alluded, gave the indefatigable satirist ample scope for derision. The upper and middle classes, ever at variance, were never more estranged from each other than at this time. Not only did they view the fitness of life from opposite standpoints, but the natural jealousy which exists between them was heightened by a want of that sympathy which only a community of interests can awaken. The gallants who infested court and society dissipated without hesitation the heritage of their fathers. They sought fortune at gaming-tables, and wasted what was left of their leisure in the pursuit of amorous intrigues. The middle class, on the other hand, were for the most part content to pass their days in seclusion. They learned to read and write, not for mental culture, but for the purpose of promoting mercantile ventures, and passed their lives storing up riches, wherein they saw the only chance of happiness. It was essentially an age of avarice, and the ridicule hurled at Harpagon was but an appeal to reason. The miser's grief at the loss of his money-chest has afforded, and will continue to afford, merriment to posterity. This play, in 1733, was imported into England by Fielding, who infused much genuine wit into his adaptation. The "*Avare*" pleased instantly, and had a long run on the English stage.

"*Les Femmes Savantes*" forms a sequel to "*Les Précieuses Ridicules*," to which it is in every respect superior. The characters Trissotin and Vadius, drawn from life—the former Abbé Cotin, the latter *Ménage*—might, with but little

change of dress and scene, figure among the poetasters of to-day :

"Savez-vous en quoi Cotin
Diffère de Trissotin ?
Cotin a fini ses jours,
Trissotin vivra toujours."

The success of this piece was so palpable, and the state of Molière's health so precarious, that his friends urged him to give up the stage and devote himself exclusively to composition.

The Académie Française offered to make him a member, and commissioned Boileau to ascertain his views. "Votre santé," said Boileau, "dépérit, parce que le métier du comédien vous épuise ; que n'y renoncez-vous ?" "Hélas !" replied Molière, with a sigh, "c'est le point d'honneur." The point of honor consisted in not abandoning those poor actors who relied solely on him for their daily bread.* It was this point of honor to which Molière clung to the last, that he so frequently urged as an excuse for wasting his abilities on compositions which were sometimes unworthy of his genius. "If I worked for honor and glory," he said one day, "my works would have a different tendency. But it behooves me to address the groundlings in suitable language, and to keep them amused in order to support my troupe. Lofty sentiments and purity of style would be a mere waste of time—my poor comedians would starve."

Molière's last work, "Le Malade Imaginaire," appeared in the early part of 1673. Its success was not for one moment doubtful. At its fourth representation Molière, who so admirably sustained the chief character, Argan, burst a blood-vessel. The audience noticed the change in his demeanor, but the courage of Molière carried him through the piece. When the curtain fell on the last scene of this inimitable comedy its author sank exhausted to the ground. Four porters bore him gently to his house in the Rue de Richelieu, where he remained for some hours insensible. With returning consciousness sprang a desire to make his peace with God, and Molière bade his attendants summon the pastor of St. Eustache. This divine not only refused his services, but sternly forbade his assistants to visit the dying comedian. After considerable delay a priest was found, but the good man only reached his post to find Molière speechless. Those precious moments which precede death had been wantonly wasted. That priceless consolation which lightens the heart of its burdens was denied to the man who had scourged the hypocrites and empirics of his time. Molière,

left to struggle against Death and Doubt on the very threshold of the grave, at length quitted the confines of passion and prejudice on February 17, 1673. He was not alone. At his side stood two Sisters of Charity, whose gentleness in this supreme hour amply requited the generosity which, we are told, they never failed to awaken in the author of "Tartufe."

One would have supposed the Church to have reached the limits of persecution when it denied its consolations. Not so. The Archbishop of Paris—Harlay de Champvalon—whose debaucheries were the common talk of the town, and the tenor of whose life was a scandal to his order, absolutely refused to sanction the last rites of the Church. He decreed that Molière be buried like a dog. History says: "Le comédien vertueux ne put trouver grâce auprès de ce comédien hypocrite." Chapelle's indignation knew no bounds. He hurled the weight of his genius at the altar of prejudice, and flooded the town with a torrent of reproach. The following verse was written at the time :

"Puisqu'à Paris on dénie
La terre, après le trépas,
A ceux qui, pendant leur vie,
Ont joué la comédie,
Pourquoi ne jette-t-on pas
Les bigots à la voirie ?
Ils sont dans le même cas."*

By the King's order this decree was in some measure set aside, and the Archbishop consented to Molière's burial on condition that his body be taken direct to the cemetery without resting at the church. This seemed like a concession, but the wily prelate had his little plot already hatched. He gave strict orders to the pastor of St. Eustache to refuse his ministry, and at the same time caused a rabble to assemble at Molière's door, so as to prevent the coffin passing down the street. Molière's widow, whose despair may well be imagined, appealed to the rabble in vain. She was at length advised to throw a few "broad pieces" to the crowd. She did so, and showers of *sous* to boot. The effect was miraculous ! Not only was the coffin permitted to pass unmolested, but the mob—which a moment before had vowed to obstruct—now turned its head toward Montmartre, and solemnly followed the body to its haven. In addition to these mercenaries, one hundred persons, mostly his friends, each bearing a lighted torch, reverently escorted the mortal remains of Molière in silence to the grave.

Cornhill Magazine.

* "Mémoires sur la Vie de Racine," 1747, p. 121.

* "Récréations Littéraires," Cizeron-Rival, p. 72.

THE FRENCH PLAY IN LONDON.

ENGLISH opinion concerning France, our neighbor and rival, was formerly full of hostile prejudice, and is still, in general, quite sufficiently disposed to severity. But from time to time France or things French become for the solid English public the object of what our neighbors call an *engouement*—an infatuated interest. Such an *engouement* Wordsworth witnessed in 1802, after the peace of Amiens, and it disturbed his philosophic mind greatly. Every one was rushing to Paris; every one was in admiration of the First Consul:

“Lords, lawyers, statesmen, squires of low degree,
Men known and men unknown, sick, lame, and
blind,
Post forward all like creatures of one kind,
With first-fruit offerings crowd to bend the knee,
In France, before the new-born majesty.”

All measure, all dignity, all real intelligence of the situation, so Wordsworth complained, were lost under the charm of the new attraction:

“’Tis ever thus. Ye men of prostrate mind,
A seemly reverence may be paid to power;
But that’s a loyal virtue, never sown
In haste, nor springing with a transient shower.
When truth, when sense, when liberty were flown,
What hardship had it been to wait an hour?
Shame on you, feeble heads, to slavery prone!”

One or two moralists there may still be found, who comment in a like spirit of impatience upon the extraordinary attraction exercised by the French company of actors which has just left us. The rush of “lords, lawyers, statesmen, squires of low degree, men known and men unknown,” of those acquainted with the French language perfectly, of those acquainted with it a little, and of those not acquainted with it at all, to the performances at the Gaiety Theatre—the universal occupation with the performances and performers, the length and solemnity with which the newspapers chronicled and discussed them, the seriousness with which the whole repertory of the company was taken, the passion for certain pieces and for certain actors, the great ladies who by the acting of Mademoiselle Sarah Bernhardt were revealed to themselves, and who could not resist the desire of telling her so—all this has moved, I say, a surviving and aged moralist here and there among us to exclaim, “Shame on you, feeble heads, to slavery prone!” The English public, according to these cynics, were exhibiting themselves as men of prostrate mind, who pay to power a reverence anything but seemly; we

were conducting ourselves with just that absence of tact, measure, and correct perception, with all that slowness to see when one is making one’s self ridiculous, which belongs to the people of our English race.

The sense of measure is certainly not one of Nature’s gifts to her English children; but then we all of us fail in it, we have all of us yielded to infatuation at some moment of our lives, we are all in the same boat, and one of us has no right to laugh at the other. I am sure I have not. I remember how in my youth, after a first sight of the divine Rachel at the Edinburgh Theatre, in the part of Hermione, I followed her to Paris, and for two months never missed one of her representations. I will not cast a stone at the London public for running eagerly after the charming company of actors which has just left us, or at the great ladies who are seeking for soul, and have found it in Mademoiselle Sarah Bernhardt. I will not quarrel with our newspapers for their unremitting attention to these French performances, their copious criticism of them; particularly when the criticism is so interesting and so good as that which the “Times” and the “Daily News” and the “Pall Mall Gazette” have given us. Copious, indeed! Why should not our newspapers be copious on the French play when they are copious on the Clewer case, and the Mackonochie case, and so many other matters besides, a great deal less important and interesting, all of them, than the “Maison de Molière”?

So I am not going to join the cynics, and to find fault with the *engouement*, the infatuation, shown by the English public in its passion for the French plays and players. A passion of this kind may be salutary if we will learn the lessons for us with which it is charged. Unfortunately, few people who feel a passion think of learning anything from it. A man feels a passion, he passes through it, and then he goes his way and straightway forgets, as the Apostle says, what manner of man he was. Above all, this is apt to happen with us English, who have, as an eminent German professor is good enough to tell us, “so much genius, so little method.” The much genius hurries us into infatuations; the little method prevents our learning the right and wholesome lesson from them. Let us join, then, devoutly and with contrition, in the prayer of the German professor’s great countryman, Goethe, a prayer which is more needful, one may surely say, for us than for him: “God help us, and enlighten us for the future; that we may not stand

in our own way so much, but may have clear notions of the consequences of things!"

To get a clear notion of the consequences which do in reason follow from what we have been seeing and admiring at the Gaiety Theatre, to get a clear notion of them, and frankly to draw them, is the object which I propose to myself here. I am not going to criticise one by one the French actors and actresses who have been giving us so much pleasure. For a foreigner this must always be a task, as it seems to me, of some peril; perilous or not, it has been abundantly attempted, and to attempt it yet again, now that the performances are over and the performers gone back to Paris, would be neither timely nor interesting. One remark I will make, a remark suggested by the inevitable comparison of Mademoiselle Sarah Bernhardt with Rachel. One talks vaguely of genius, but I had never till now comprehended how much of Rachel's superiority was purely in intellectual power, how eminently this power counts in the actor's art as in all art, how just is the instinct which led the Greeks to mark with a high and severe stamp the Muses. Temperament and quick intelligence, passion, nervous mobility, grace, smile, voice, charm, poetry—Mademoiselle Sarah Bernhardt has them all; one watches her with pleasure, with admiration, and yet not without a secret disquietude. Something is wanting, or, at least, not present in sufficient force; something which alone can secure and fix her administration of all the charming gifts which she has, can alone keep them fresh, keep them sincere, save them from perils by caprice, perils by mannerism: that something is high intellectual power. It was here that Rachel was so great; she began, one says to one's self as one recalls her image and dwells upon it—she began almost where Mademoiselle Sarah Bernhardt ends.

But I return to my object—the lessons to be learned by us from the immense attraction which the French company has exercised, the consequences to be drawn from it. Certainly we have something to learn from it, and something to unlearn. What have we to unlearn? Are we to unlearn our old estimate of French poetry and drama? For every lover of poetry and of the drama, this is a very interesting question. In the great and serious kinds of poetry, we used to think that the French genius, admirable as in so many other ways it is, showed radical weakness. But there is a new generation growing up among us—and to this young and stirring generation who of us would not gladly belong, even at the price of having to catch some of its illusions and to pass through them?—a new generation which takes French poetry and drama as seriously as Greek, and for which M. Victor

Hugo is a great poet of the race and lineage of Shakespeare.

M. Victor Hugo is a great romance-writer. There are people who are disposed to class all imaginative producers together, and to call them all by the name of poet. Then a great romance-writer will be a great poet. Above all are the French inclined to give this wide extension to the name poet, and the inclination is very characteristic of them. It betrays that very defect which we have mentioned, the inadequacy of their genius in the higher regions of poetry. If they were more at home in those regions, they would feel the essential difference between imaginative production in verse and imaginative production in prose too strongly to be ever inclined to call both by the common name of poetry. They would perceive, with us, that M. Victor Hugo, for instance, or Sir Walter Scott, may be a great romance-writer, and may yet be by no means a great poet.

Poetry is simply the most delightful and perfect form of utterance that human words can reach. Its rhythm and measure, elevated to a regularity, certainty, and force very different from that of the rhythm and measure which can pervade prose, are a part of its perfection. The more of genius that a nation has for high poetry, the more will the rhythm and measure which its poetical utterance adopts be distinguished by adequacy and beauty. That is why M. Henry Cochin's remark on Shakespeare, which I have elsewhere quoted, is so good: "Shakespeare is not only," says M. Henry Cochin, "the king of the realm of thought, he is also the king of poetic rhythm and style. Shakespeare has succeeded in giving us the most varied, the most harmonious verse which has ever sounded upon the human ear since the verse of the Greeks." Let us have a line or two of Shakespeare's verse before us, just to supply the mind with a standard of reference in the discussion of this matter; we may take the lines from him almost at random:

"Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their withered hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul."

Yes, there indeed is the verse of Shakespeare, the verse of the highest English poetry; there is what M. Henry Cochin calls "the majestic English iambic." We will not inflict Greek upon our readers, but every one who knows Greek will remember that the iambic of the Attic tragedians is a rhythm of the same high and splendid quality.

Which of us doubts that imaginative production, uttering itself in such a form as this, is

altogether another and a higher thing from imaginative production uttering itself in any of the forms of prose? And if we find a nation doubting whether there is any great difference between imaginative and eloquent production in verse and imaginative and eloquent production in prose, and inclined to call all imaginative producers by the common name of poets, then we may be sure of one thing—namely, that this nation has never yet succeeded in finding the highest and most adequate form for poetry. Because, if it had, it could never have doubted of the essential superiority of this form to all prose forms of utterance. And if a nation has never succeeded in creating this high and adequate form for its poetry, then we may conclude that it is not gifted with the genius for high poetry; since the genius for high poetry calls forth the high and adequate form, and is inseparable from it. So that, on the one hand, from the absence of conspicuous genius in a people for poetry, we may assert the absence of an adequate poetical form; and on the other hand, again, from the want of an adequate poetical form, we may infer the want of conspicuous national genius for poetry.

And we may proceed, if our estimate of a nation's success in poetry is said to have been much too low, and is called in question, in either of two ways. We may compare the production of Corneille and Racine which we are said to underrate, we may compare it in power, in penetrativeness, in criticism of life, in ability to call forth our energy and joy, with the production of Homer and Shakespeare. M. Victor Hugo is said to be a poet of the race and lineage of Shakespeare, and I hear astonishment expressed at my not ranking him much above Wordsworth. Well, then, compare their production, in cases where it lends itself to a comparison. Compare the poetry of the moonlight scene in "Hernani," really the most poetical scene in that play, with the poetry of the moonlight scene in the "Merchant of Venice." Compare—

" . . . Sur nous, tout en dormant,
La nature à demi veille amoureuxment"—

with—

" Sit, Jessica; look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold!"

Compare the laudation of their own country, an inspiring but also a trying theme for a poet, by Shakespeare and Wordsworth on the one hand, and by M. Victor Hugo on the other. Compare Shakespeare's

" This precious stone set in the silver sea,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England"—

or compare Wordsworth's

" We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
Which Shakespeare spake, the faith and morals
hold
Which Milton held . . . "

with M. Victor Hugo's

" Non, France, l'univers a besoin que tu vives!
Je le redis, la France est un besoin des hommes."

Who does not recognize the difference of spirit here? And the difference is, that the English lines have the distinctive spirit of high poetry, and the French lines have not.

Here we have been attending to the contents of the verses chosen. Let us now attend, so far as we can, to form only, and the result will be the same. We will confine ourselves, since our subject is the French play in London, to dramatic verse. We want an adequate form of verse for high poetic drama. The accepted form with the French is the rhymed Alexandrine. Let us keep the iambic of the Greeks or of Shakespeare, let us keep such verse as

" This precious stone set in the silver sea"

present to our minds. Let us take such verse as this from "Hernani":

" Le comte d'Onate, qui l'aime aussi, la garde
Et comme un majordome et comme un amoureux.
Quelque reître, une nuit, *gardien peu langoureux*,
Pourrait bien," etc., etc.

Or as this from the same:

" . . . Quant à lutter ensemble
Sur le terrain d'amour, *beau champ qui toujours*
tremble,
De fadaïses, mon cher, je sais mal faire assaut."

The words in italics will suffice to give to us, I think, the sense of what constitutes the fatal fault of the rhyming Alexandrine of French tragedy, its incurable artificiality, its want of the fluidity, the naturalness, the rapid forward movement of true dramatic verse. M. Victor Hugo is said to be a cunning and mighty artist in Alexandrines, and so unquestionably he is; but he is an artist in a form radically inadequate and inferior, and in which a drama like that of Sophocles or Shakespeare is impossible.

It happens that in our own language we have an example of the employment of an inadequate form in tragedy and in elevated poetry, and can see the result of it. The rhymed ten-syllable couplet, the heroic couplet as it is often called, is such a form. In the earlier work of Shakespeare, adopted or adapted by him even if not altogether his own work, we find this form often employed:

"Alas! what joy shall noble Talbot have,
 To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
 Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
 That sundered friends greet in the hour of death.
 Lucy, farewell; no more my fortune can,
 But curse the cause I can not aid the man.
 Maine, Blois, Poitiers, and Tours are won away,
 'Long all of Somerset and his delay."

Traces of it remain in Shakespeare's work to the last, in the rhyming of final couplets. But because he had so great a genius for true tragic poetry Shakespeare dropped this necessarily inadequate form and took a better. We find the rhymed couplet again in Dryden's tragedies. But this vigorous rhetorical poet had no real genius for true tragic poetry, and his form is itself a proof of it. True tragic poetry is impossible with this inadequate form. Again, all through the eighteenth century this form was dominant as the main form for high efforts in English poetry; and our serious poetry of that century, accordingly, has something inevitably defective and unsatisfactory. When it rises out of this, it at the same time adopts instinctively a truer form, as Gray does in the "Elegy." The just use of the ten-syllable couplet is to be seen in Chaucer; as a form for tragedy, and for poetry of the most serious and elevated kind, it is defective. It makes real adequacy in poetry of this kind impossible; and its prevalence, for poetry of this kind, proves that those among whom it prevails have for poetry of this kind no signal gift.

The case of the great Molière himself will illustrate the truth of what I say. He is by far the chief name in French poetry; he is one of the very greatest names in all literature. He has admirable and delightful power, penetrativeness, insight; a masterly criticism of life. But he is a comic poet. Why? Had he no seriousness and depth of nature? He had profound seriousness. And would not a dramatic poet with this depth of nature be a tragedian if he could? Of course he would. For only by breasting in full the storm and cloud of life, breasting it and passing through it and above it, can the dramatist who feels the weight of mortal things liberate himself from the pressure, and rise, as we all seek to rise, to content and joy. Tragedy breasts the pressure of life; comedy eludes it, half liberates itself from it by irony. But the tragedian, if he has the sterner labor, has also the higher prize. Shakespeare has more joy than Molière, more assurance and peace. "Othello," with all its passion and terror, is on the whole a work animating and fortifying; more so a thousand times than "George Dandin," which is mournfully depressing. Molière, if he could, would have given us Othellos instead of George Dandins; let us not doubt it. If he did not give Othellos to us,

it was because the highest sort of poetic power was wanting to him; and, if the highest sort of poetic power had been not wanting to him but present, he would have found no adequate form of dramatic verse for conveying it, he would have had to create one. For such tasks he had not power; and this is only another way of saying that for the highest tasks in poetry the genius of his nation appears to have not power. But serious spirit and great poet that he was, Molière had too sound an instinct to attempt so earnest a matter as tragic drama with inadequate means. It would have been a heart-breaking business for him. He did not attempt it, therefore.

The "Misanthrope" and the "Tartufe" are comedy, but they are comedy in verse, poetic comedy. They employ the established verse of French dramatic poetry, the Alexandrine. Immense power has gone to the making of them; a world of vigorous sense, piercing observation, pathetic meditation, profound criticism of life. Molière had also one great advantage as a dramatist over Shakespeare; he wrote for a more developed theatre, a more developed society. Moreover, he was at the same time, probably, by nature a better *theatre-poet* than Shakespeare, he had a keener sense for theatrical situation. Shakespeare is not rightly to be called, as Goethe calls him, an epitomator rather than a dramatist; but he may rightly be called rather a dramatist than a theatre-poet. Molière—and here his French nature stood him in good stead—was a theatre-poet of the very first order. Comedy, too, escapes, as has been already said, the test of entire seriousness; it remains, by the law of its being, in a region of comparative lightness and of irony. What is artificial can pass in comedy more easily. In spite of all these advantages, the "Misanthrope" and the "Tartufe" have, and have by virtue of their poetic form, an artificiality which makes itself felt, and which provokes weariness. The freshness and power of Molière are best felt when he uses prose, in pieces such as the "Avare," or the "Fourberies de Scapin," or "George Dandin." How entirely the contrary is the case with Shakespeare; how undoubtedly is it his verse which shows his power most! But so inadequate a vehicle for dramatic poetry is the French Alexandrine that its sway hindered Molière, one may think, from being a tragic poet at all, in spite of his having gifts for this highest form of dramatic poetry which are immeasurably superior to those of any other French poet; and in comedy, where he thought he could use the Alexandrine, and where he did use it with splendid power, it yet in a considerable degree hampered and lamed him, so that this true and great poet is actually most satisfactory in his prose.

If Molière can not make us insensible to the inherent defects of French dramatic poetry, still less can Corneille and Racine. Corneille has energy and nobility, Racine an often Virgilian sweetness and pathos. But while Molière, in depth, penetrativeness, and powerful criticism of life, belongs to the same family as Sophocles and Shakespeare, Corneille and Racine are quite of another order. We must not be misled by the excessive estimate of them among their own countrymen. I remember an answer of M. Sainte-Beuve, who always treated me with great kindness, and to whom I ventured to say that I could not think Lamartine a poet of very high importance. "He was important to *us*," answered M. Sainte-Beuve. In a far higher degree can a Frenchman say of Corneille and Racine, "They were important to *us*." Voltaire pronounces of them, "These men taught our nation to think, to feel, and to express itself" (*Ces hommes enseignèrent à la nation à penser, à sentir et à s'exprimer*). They were thus the instructors and formers of a society in many respects the most civilized and consummate that the world has ever seen, and which certainly is not inclined to underrate its own advantages. How natural, then, that it should feel grateful to its formers, and should extol them! "Tell your brother Rodolphe," writes Joseph de Maistre from Russia to his daughter at home, "to get on with his French poets; let him have them by heart, the inimitable Racine above all, never mind whether he understands him or not. I did not understand him when my mother used to come and sit on my bed, and repeat from him, and put me to sleep with her beautiful voice to the sound of this incomparable music. I knew hundreds of lines of him before I could read; and that is why my ears, having drunk in this ambrosia betimes, have never been able to endure common stuff since." What a spell must such early use have had for riveting the affections; and how civilizing are such affections, how honorable to the society which can be imbued with them, to the literature which can inspire them! Pope was in a similar way, though not at all in the same degree, a forming and civilizing influence to our grandfathers, and limited their literary taste while he stimulated and formed it. So, too, the Greek boy was fed by his mother and nurse with Homer; but then in this case it was Homer!

We English had Shakespeare waiting to open our eyes, whensoever a favorable moment came, to the insufficiencies of Pope, but the French had no Shakespeare to open their eyes to the insufficiencies of Corneille and Racine. Great artists like Talma and Rachel, whose power as actors was far superior to the power as poets of the

dramatists whose work they were rendering, filled out with their own life and warmth the parts into which they threw themselves, gave body to what was meager, fire to what was cold, and themselves supported the poetry of the French classic drama rather than were supported by it. It was easier to think the poetry of Racine inimitable when Talma or Rachel was seen producing in it such inimitable effects. Indeed, French acting is so good that there are few pieces, excepting always those of Molière, in the repertory of a company such as that which we have just seen, where the actors do not show themselves to be superior to the pieces they render, and to be worthy of better.

"Phèdre" is a work of much beauty, yet certainly one felt this in seeing Rachel in the part of Phèdre. I am not sure that one feels it in seeing Mademoiselle Sarah Bernhardt as Phèdre, but I am sure that one feels it in seeing her as Doña Sol. The tragedy of M. Victor Hugo has always, indeed, stirring events in plenty, and, so long as the human nerves are what they are, so long will things like the sounding of the horn in the famous fifth act of "Hernani" produce a thrill in us. But so will Werner's "Twenty-fourth of February," or Scott's "House of Aspen." A thrill of this sort may be raised in us, and yet our poetic sense may remain profoundly dissatisfied. So it remains in "Hernani." M. Sarcey, a critic always acute and intelligent, and whom one reads with profit and pleasure, says that we are fatigued by the long speeches in "Hernani," and that we do not appreciate what delights French people in it, the splendor of the verse, the wondrous beauty of the style, the poetry. Here recurs the question as to the adequacy of the French Alexandrine as tragic verse. If this form is vitally inadequate for tragedy, then to speak absolutely of splendor of verse and wondrous beauty of style in it when employed for tragedy is misleading. Beyond doubt M. Victor Hugo has an admirable gift for versification. So had Pope. But to speak absolutely of the splendor of verse and wondrous beauty of style of the "Essay on Man" would be misleading. Such terms can be properly used only of verse and style of an altogether higher and more adequate kind, a verse and style like that of Dante or Milton. Pope's brilliant gift for versification is exercised within the limits of a form inadequate for true philosophic poetry, and by its very presence excluding it. M. Victor Hugo's brilliant gift for versification is exercised within the limits of a form inadequate for true tragic poetry, and by its very presence excluding it.

But, if we are called upon to prove this from the poetry itself, instead of inferring it from the

form, our task, in the case of "Hernani," is really only too easy. What is the poetical value of this famous fifth act of "Hernani"? What poetical truth, or verisimilitude, or possibility has Ruy Gomez, this chivalrous old Spanish grandee, this venerable nobleman, who, because he can not marry his niece, presents himself to her and her husband upon their wedding night, and insists on the husband performing an old promise to commit suicide if summoned by Ruy Gomez to do so? Naturally the poor young couple raise difficulties, and the venerable nobleman keeps plying them with *Bois! Allons! Le sépulcre est ouvert, et je ne puis attendre! J'ai hâte! Il faut mourir!* This is a mere character of Surrey melodrama. And Hernani, who, when he is reminded that it is by his father's head that he has sworn to commit suicide, exclaims:

"Mon père! mon père!—Ah! j'en perdrai la raison!"

and who, when Doña Sol gets the poison away from him, entreats her to return it—

"... Par pitié, ce poison,
Rends-le-moi! Par l'amour, par notre âme immortelle!"

because

"Le duc a ma parole, et mon père est là-haut."

The *poetry!* says M. Sarcey; and one thinks of the poetry of "Lear." M. Sarcey must pardon me for saying that in

"Le duc a ma parole, et mon père est là-haut"

we are not in the world of poetry at all, hardly even in the world of literature, unless it be the literature of "Bombastes Furioso."

Our sense for what is poetry and what is not, the attractiveness of the French plays and players must not make us unlearn. We may retain our old conviction of the fundamental insufficiency, both in substance and in form, of the classic tragedy of the French. We may keep, too, what in the main has always been the English estimate of Molière: that he is a man of creative and splendid power, a dramatist whose work is truly delightful, edifying, and immortal; but that even he, in poetic drama, is hampered and has not full swing, and, in consequence, leaves us somewhat dissatisfied. Finally, we poor old people should pluck up courage to stand out yet, for the few years of life that remain to us, against that passing illusion of the turbulent young generation around us, that M. Victor Hugo is a poet of the race and lineage of Shakespeare.

What are we to say of the prose drama of

modern life, the drama of which the "Sphinx" and the "Etrangère" and the "Demi-Monde" are types, and which was the most strongly attractive part, probably, of the feast offered to us by the French company? The first thing to be said of these pieces is that they are admirably acted. But then, constantly, as I have already said, one has the feeling that the French actors are better than the pieces which they play. What are we to think of this modern prose drama itself, the drama of M. Octave Feuillet, and M. Alexandre Dumas the younger, and M. Augier? Some of the pieces composing it are better constructed and written than others, and much more effective. But this whole drama has one character common to it all; it may be best described as the theatre of the *homme sensuel moyen*, the average sensual man, whose country is France, and whose city is Paris, and whose ideal life is the free, gay, pleasurable life of Paris. Of course there is in Paris much life of another sort too, as there are in France many men of another type than that of the *homme sensuel moyen*. But for many reasons, which I need not enumerate here, the life of the free, confident, harmonious development of the senses, all round, has been able to establish itself among the French, and at Paris, as it has established itself nowhere else, and the ideal life of Paris is this sort of life triumphant. And of this ideal the modern French drama, works like the "Sphinx" and the "Etrangère" and the "Demi-Monde," are the expression; it is the drama, I say, of the *homme sensuel moyen*, the average sensual man. It represents the life of the senses developing themselves all round without misgiving, a life confident, fair, and free, with fireworks of fine emotions, grand passions and *dévouement*, lighting it up when necessary.

We in England have no modern drama at all. We have our Elizabethan drama. We have a drama of the last century and of the latter part of the century preceding, a drama which may be called our drama of *the town*, when *the town* was an entity powerful enough, because homogeneous enough, to evoke a drama embodying its notions of life. But we have no modern drama. Our vast society is not homogeneous enough, not sufficiently united, even any large portion of it, in a common view of life, a common ideal, capable of serving as basis for a modern English drama. We have apparitions of poetic and romantic drama (as the French, too, have their charming *Gringoire*), which are always possible, because man has always in his nature the poetical fiber. Then we have numberless imitations and adaptations from the French. All of these are at the bottom fantastic. We may truly say of them that "truth and sense and liberty are flown." And the reason is evident.

They are pages out of a life which the ideal of the *homme sensuel moyen* rules, transferred to a life where this ideal does not reign. For the attentive observer the result is a sense of incurable falsity in the piece as adapted. Let me give an example. Everybody remembers "Pink Dominoes." The piece turns upon an incident possible and natural enough in the life of Paris. Transferred to the life of London, the incident is unreal, and its unreality makes the whole piece, in its English form, fantastic and absurd.

Still that does not prevent such pieces, and the theatre generally, from exercising a great attraction. For we are at the end of a period, and have to deal with the facts and symptoms of a new period on which we are entering; and prominent among these fresh facts and symptoms is the irresistibility of the theatre. We know how the Elizabethan theatre had its cause in an ardent zest for life and living, a bold and large curiosity, a desire for a fuller, richer existence, pervading this nation at large, as they pervaded other nations, after the long mediæval time of obstruction and restraint. But we know, too, how the great middle class of this nation, alarmed at grave symptoms which showed themselves in the movement, drew back, made choice for its spirit to live at one point instead of living, or trying to live, at many, entered, as I have so often said, the prison of Puritanism, and had the key turned upon its spirit there for two hundred years. It forsook the theatre. The theatre reflected the aspiration of a great community for a fuller and richer sense of human existence no more. It came afterward to reflect the aspirations of "the town." It developed a drama to suit these aspirations; while it also recalled and reëxhibited the Elizabethan drama, so far as "the town" wanted it and liked it. Finally, as "the town" ceased to be homogeneous, the theatre ceased to develop anything expressive. It still repeated the old with more or less of talent, but the mass of the British middle class kept quite aloof from the whole thing. I remember that, happening to be at Shrewsbury twenty years ago, and finding the whole Haymarket company acting there, I went to the theatre. Never was there such a scene of desolation. Scattered at very distant intervals through the boxes were some half dozen chance-comers, like myself; there were some soldiers and their friends in the pit, and a good many riff-raff in the upper gallery. The real townspeople, the people who carried forward the business and life of Shrewsbury, and who filled its churches and chapels on Sundays, were entirely absent. I pitied the excellent Haymarket company; it must have been like acting to one's self upon an iceberg. Here one had a good example, as I thought at the time, and as I have often thought

since, of the complete estrangement of the British middle class from the theatre.

What is certain is that a signal change is coming over us, and that it has already made great progress. It is said that there are now forty theatres in London. Even in Edinburgh, where in old times a single theatre maintained itself under protest, there are now, I believe, over half a dozen. The change is not due only to an increased liking in the upper class and in the working class for the theatre. Their liking for it has certainly increased, but this is not enough to account for the change. The attraction of the theatre begins to be felt again, after a long interval of insensibility, by the middle class also. Our French friends would say that this class, long petrified in a narrow Protestantism and in a perpetual reading of the Bible, was beginning at last to grow conscious of the horrible unnaturalness and *ennui* of its life, and was seeking to escape from it. Undoubtedly the type of religion to which the British middle class has sacrificed the theatre, as it has sacrificed so much besides, is defective. But I prefer to say that this great class, having had the discipline of its religion, is now awakening to the sure truth that the human spirit can not live right if it lives by one point only; that it can and ought to live by several points at the same time. The human spirit has a vital need, as we say, for conduct and religion; but it has the need also for expansion, for intellect and knowledge, for beauty, for social life and manners. The revelation of these additional needs brings the middle class to the theatre.

The revelation was indispensable, the needs are real, the theatre is one of the mightiest means of satisfying them, and the theatre, therefore, is irresistible. That conclusion, at any rate, we may take for certain. But I see our community turning to the theatre with eagerness, and finding the English theatre without organization, or purpose, or dignity, and no modern English drama at all except a fantastical one. And then I see the French company from the chief theatre of Paris showing themselves to us in London—a society of actors admirable in organization, purpose, and dignity, with a modern drama not fantastic at all, but corresponding with fidelity to a very palpable and powerful ideal, the ideal of the life of the *homme sensuel moyen* in Paris, his beautiful city. I see in England a materialized upper class, sensible of the nullity of our own modern drama, impatient of the state of false constraint and of blank to which the Puritanism of our middle class has brought our stage and much of our life, delighting in such drama as the modern drama of Paris; the emancipated youth of both sexes delighting in it; the new and clever newspapers, which push on the work of emanci-

pation and serve as devoted missionaries of the gospel of the life of Paris and of the ideal of the average sensual man, delighting in it. And in this condition of affairs I see the middle class beginning to arrive at the theatre again after its abstention of two centuries and more; arriving eager and curious, but a little bewildered.

Now, lest at this critical moment such drama as the "Sphinx" and the "Etrangère" and the "Demi-Monde," positive as it is, and powerful as it is, and pushed as it is, and played with such prodigious care and talent, should too much rule the situation, let us take heart of grace and say that as the right conclusion from the unparalleled success of the French company was not that we should reverse our old notions about the tragedy of M. Victor Hugo, or about French classic tragedy, or even about the poetic drama of the great Molière, so neither is it the right conclusion that we should be converted and become believers in the legitimacy of the ideal of the life of the *homme sensuel moyen*, and in the sufficiency of its drama. This is not the occasion to deliver a moral discourse. It is enough to revert to what has been already said, and to remark that the French ideal and its theatre have the defect of leaving out too much of life, of treating the soul as if it lived at one point or group of points only, of ignoring other points, or groups of points, at which it must live as well. And herein the conception of life shown in this French ideal and in its drama really resembles, different as in other ways they are, the conception of life prevalent with the British middle class, and has the like defect: both conceptions of life are too narrow. Sooner or later, if we adopt either, our soul and spirit are starved, and go amiss, and suffer.

What *are* we to learn, then, from the marvelous success and attractiveness of the performances at the Gaiety Theatre? what *is* the consequence which it is right and rational for us to draw? Surely it is this: "The theatre is irresistible; organize the theatre." Surely if we wish to stand less in our own way, and to have clear notions of the consequences of things, it is to this conclusion that we should come.

The performances of the French company show us plainly, I think, what is gained—the theatre being admitted to be an irresistible need for civilized communities—by organizing the theatre. Some of the drama played by this company is, as we have seen, questionable. But in the absence of an organization such as that of this company it would be played more; it would, with a lower drama still to accompany it, almost if not altogether reign; it would have far less correction and relief by better things. An older and better drama, containing many things of high merit, some things of surpassing merit, is

kept before the public by means of this company, is given frequently, is given to perfection. Pieces of truth and beauty, which emerge here and there among the questionable pieces of the modern drama, get the benefit of this company's skill, and are given to perfection. The questionable pieces themselves lose something of their unprofitableness and vice in their hands; the acting carries us into the world of sound and pleasing art if the piece does not. And the type of perfection fixed by these fine actors influences for good every actor in France.

Secondly, the French company shows us not only what is gained by organizing the theatre, but what is meant by organizing it. The organization in the example before us is simple and rational. We have a society of good actors, with a grant from the state on condition of their giving with frequency the famous and classic stage-plays of their nation, and with a commissioner of the state attached to the society and taking part in the council with it. But the society is to all intents and purposes self-governing. In connection with it is the school of dramatic elocution of the *Conservatoire*, a school with the names of Regnier, Monrose, Got, and Delaunay on its roll of professors.

The Society of the French Theatre dates from Louis XIV. and from the great century, and has traditions, effect, consistency, and a place in the public esteem, which are not to be won in a day. But its organization is such as a judicious man, desiring the results which have been by this time won, would naturally have devised; and it is such as a judicious man, desiring in another country to secure like results, would naturally imitate.

We have in England everything to make us dissatisfied with the chaotic and ineffective condition into which our theatre has fallen. We have the remembrance of better things in the past, and the elements for better things in the future. We have a splendid national drama of the Elizabethan age, and a later drama which has no lack of pieces conspicuous by their stage-qualities, their vivacity, and their talent, and interesting by their pictures of manners. We have had great actors. We have good actors not a few at the present moment. But we have been unlucky, as we so often are, in the work of organization. In the essay at organization which we had, in the patent theatres with their exclusive privilege of acting Shakespeare, we find by no means an example, such as we have in the constitution of the French theatre, of what a judicious man, seeking the good of the drama and of the public, would naturally devise. We find rather such a machinery as might be devised by a man prone to stand in his own way,

and devoid of clear notions of the consequences of things. It was inevitable that the patent theatres should provoke discontent and attack; they were attacked and their privilege fell. Still to this essay, however imperfect, of a public organization for the English theatre, our stage owes the days of power and greatness it has enjoyed. So far as we have had a school of great actors, so far as our stage has had tradition, effect, consistency, and a hold on public esteem, it had them under the system of the privileged theatres. The system had its faults, and was abandoned; and then, instead of devising a better plan of public organization for the English theatre, we gladly took refuge in our favorite doctrines of the mischief of state interference, of the blessedness of leaving every man free to do as he likes, of the impertinence of presuming to check any man's natural taste for the bathos and to press him to relish the sublime. We left the English theatre to take its chance. Its present impotence is the result.

It seems to me that every one of us is concerned to find a remedy for this melancholy state of things, and that the pleasure we have had in the visit of the French company is barren, unless it leaves us with the impulse to do so, and with the lesson how alone it can be rationally done. "Forget"—can we not hear these fine artists saying in an undertone to us, amid their graceful compliments of adieu?—"forget your clap-trap, and believe that the state, the nation in its collective and corporate character, does well to concern itself about an influence so important to national life and manners as the theatre. Form a company out of the materials ready to your hand in your many good actors or actors of promise. Give them Drury Lane Theatre. Let them have a grant from your Science and Art Department; let some intelligent and accomplished man, like our friend Mr. Pigott, your present Examiner of Plays, be joined to them as Commissioner from the Department, to see that the conditions of the grant are observed. Let the conditions of the grant be that a repertory is agreed upon, taken out of the works of Shakespeare and out of the volumes of the Modern British Drama, and that pieces from this reper-

tory are played a certain number of times in each season; as to new pieces, let your company use its discretion. Let a school of dramatic elocution and declamation be instituted in connection with your company; it may surprise you to hear that elocution and declamation are things to be taught and learned, and do not come by nature, but it is so. Your best and most serious actors" (this is added with a smile) "would have been better if in their youth they had learned elocution. These recommendations, you may think, are not very much; but, as your divine William says, they are enough; they will serve. Try them. When your institution in the west of London has become a success, plant a second of like kind in the east. The people *will* have the theatre; then make it a good one. Let your two or three chief provincial towns institute, with municipal subsidy and coöperation, theatres such as you institute in the metropolis, with state subsidy and coöperation. So you will restore the English theatre, and then a modern drama of your own will also, probably, spring up among you, and you will not have to come to us for pieces like 'Pink Dominoes.'"

No, and we will hope, too, that the modern English drama, when it comes, may be something different from even "The Sphinx" and the "Demi-Monde." For my part, I have all confidence, that if it ever comes, it will be different and better. But let us not say a word to wound the feelings of those who have given us so much pleasure, and who leave to us as a parting legacy such excellent advice. For excellent advice it is, and everything we saw these artists say and do upon the Gaiety stage inculcates it for us, whether they exactly formulated it in words or no. And still, even now that they are gone, when I pass along the Strand and come opposite to the Gaiety Theatre, I see a fugitive vision of delicate features under a shower of hair and a cloud of lace, and hear the voice of Mademoiselle Sarah Bernhardt saying in its most caressing tones to the Londoners: *The theatre is irresistible; organize the theatre!*

MATTHEW ARNOLD, in the *Nineteenth Century*.

ART AND CRITICISM.

IN a very entertaining pamphlet, a well-known painter, Mr. Whistler, propounded not long ago his day-dream of a golden age. All would be well, he told us, with art and artists, if only the men of letters could be induced to leave them alone. From such a consummation we are at present singularly far removed. There never was a time when so much was written about art and artists as is written now. In the shape of ephemeral comments on the exhibitions of the day, or of historical studies on the schools and masters of the past, or of discursive essays and exhortations having the fine arts for their text and point of departure—in one of these shapes or another, English literature has of late years been full of the subject.

That literature should thus employ itself is very natural. As the works of fine art, meaning by the word the higher manual arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture, are of all human achievements the most tangible and abiding, so they are among the most interesting and most attractive; and to define the nature of their interests and attraction, to furnish such guidance and information as may help a reader to profit by this great branch of man's activity, and to receive from the works of these arts the best they are capable of giving, is as legitimate a literary task as any other. It is a task, at the same time, which calls for special aptitudes and special study, and has methods and difficulties of its own. Let us consider for a moment what those methods and difficulties are. Since literature is not in truth likely to leave art alone, what, let us ask, in dealing with the works of art, are the aims which literature should keep in view, and the errors which it should avoid?

And, first, of contemporary criticism, or literature as concerned with the works of living artists. This may at first sight seem a much simpler matter than historical criticism, in which literature concerns itself with the works and schools of the past; and simpler, indeed, it is in one particular. Contemporary criticism does not make the same call as historical criticism on the industry of the critic in examining monuments and ascertaining facts; it does not, in a word, require him to know as much. But in other particulars it is far harder to write justly and to the point about the work of your own, than about that of former generations. In historical criticism it is easy to be dispassionate—you are not prepossessed by personal sympathies, by the conflicts of theories and rivalries of groups; it is easy to

see things as they are—your judgment is not confused by the currents of momentary favor and neglect, or by the influence of the fashions amid which you have grown up; it is easy to keep a just sense of proportion—time has already brought the objects of your study into something like their true relations toward each other and their age. Whereas in contemporary criticism, to be dispassionate, to keep a just sense of proportion, and to see things as they are, apart from fashion and prepossession, are matters of very considerable difficulty indeed.

Unluckily this difficult task is one to which many have been accustomed to address themselves without pausing to consider whether they were qualified, either by aptitudes or study, to perform it. "Art-criticism" has on the whole been conducted so much at random, that a shade of ridicule and discredit has attached itself to the very word. Both before and since the days of Thackeray's genial creation, F. B., the "art-critic," has been an accepted type of the person who pronounces with a light heart on matters which he has been at no pains to understand. We all know in what kind of consideration the business is usually held by artists themselves. Not to make too much of the views of Mr. Whistler, who is a humorist and pushes things far, we may read how Mr. Poynter, in his volume of lectures lately published, denounces "the ordinary newspaper ignoramus"; saying that "as a rule English art-critics start on their career by criticising the exhibitions, and trust to time and chance for learning something about art," and quoting with satisfaction an indignant protest once made by the French painter, Ingres, to a similar purport. Nor can it be said that the disesteem in which newspaper criticism is thus held by artists is without warrant, though certainly it had more warrant twenty years ago than now. It has come to pass from a variety of causes, and not least from the stimulating power exercised by a master of letters, Mr. Ruskin, that a greater amount of intelligent interest is now directed to the works of art in England than was ever directed before; and this interest naturally reflects itself in current criticism. Vagaries, indeed, occur; as when our old friend the "*Pall Mall Gazette*," a journal which within the last five years had been most honorably distinguished for its competent treatment of matters of this kind, the other day amused its readers by suddenly changing its tone, and denouncing some fancied faults in the works of Mr. Burne-Jones

in language of the greatest extravagance. We must remember, however, that the ideals of that painter, being ideals of delicacy rather than of strength, are displeasing to the morbidly robust; and for the paroxysms of aggrieved robustness due allowance must be made. Besides, the outbreak in question was not a fair example of the newspaper criticism of the day.

Criticism of a more temperate and clear-sighted kind is not wanting; and for such criticism, with reference to the works of living artists, there is abundance to do. In comparison with the literary fine arts of poetry and romance, in comparison even with music, the manual fine arts play as yet but a small part in our English civilization. Painting is the best understood of those arts, and in painting a great, and, as we said, a constantly increasing number of persons are interested. But of the multitudes who interest themselves in painting, and flock to the yearly exhibitions, the interest of a great many neither goes, nor professes to go, beyond the curiosity and amusement of the hour. It is not the pictures in the exhibitions that they care for, but the life, the greetings, and the gossip. And even of those who really care for the pictures, and are anxious to understand and enjoy them, few feel that they can perfectly understand and enjoy them unaided. It is common, though not so common as it was, to find in persons otherwise full of cultivation a real insensibility, acknowledged or unacknowledged, to the effects and pleasures of this art. Picture-blindness in a greater or less degree—the condition of those who have not the faculty or the habit of seeing and feeling for themselves what there is to see and feel in the combination of lines and colors before them—is certainly the condition of the majority. The only cure for picture-blindness lies in habitual and rightly directed looking, and it is the business of criticism to teach people how to look. Comparatively few people are able of themselves to receive and discriminate the visual impressions offered by the works of art, with the accuracy and sensitiveness necessary to their right enjoyment; but most can apprehend the force of words. Criticism employs words to assist and reinforce visual impressions; and the mission of criticism, as applied to the works of art, is fulfilled when it has defined and analyzed the qualities of the object before it in the way best calculated to help a reader to see them for himself.

This may seem but a humble office to claim for the critic of art, who is apt to give himself airs, and to address his observations less to the public than to the artist, whom he tells of his faults, admonishing and putting him right with much frankness and confidence. But criticism

of this kind, even where it is just, is generally thrown away. Artists are not, in fact, much influenced by any criticism except by that of their brother artists; they know that they possess powers and dexterities which the critic does not possess; and each of them in his way is generally conscious of devoting those powers and dexterities to the production of the best which it is in him to produce. The artist, by the very nature of his vocation, is more likely than other men to be continually doing his best. His vocation is simply to produce a representation or report of something which he has noticed and preferred in life and nature, or imagined concerning the things transcending life and nature; and as his representation or report has no ulterior object except to delight and impress, so there is everything to induce him to make it as delightful and impressive as he knows how. Nay, it may be said, his work *has* an ulterior object—to sell; and of course it is true that an artist may, for money's sake, be false to the ideal within him, or that petty cares may drag him down, or that he may have mistaken his vocation, and his best be after all not worth having. But even so, the criticism of those who can not do as much as he does, will have little direct influence in changing his way of work. Criticism may, indeed, indirectly affect the practice of artists, by drawing favor away from work that is trivial or mistaken, to work that is serious and in the right direction; by opening the eyes of readers to faults to which habit had made them indulgent, or excellences which they could not have found out for themselves; in a word, by helping to form the public taste, and to create, so to speak, a market for the best kinds of things. But it is essentially to the public, and not to artists, that the critic has to address himself—to those who know less than he does, and not to those who know more.

The question next arises, What kind and amount of knowledge entitles a person to criticise the works of art at all? Two extreme views are held on this question. According to the one, it is absurd for any person not a practical painter to give an authoritative opinion about a picture at all; according to the other, painting is an art which addresses not specialists only, but every one, and about which, therefore, every one has a right to form and to express an opinion.

If the first of these views were true, and only painters had a right to speak about painting, then the public would have to do without guidance of any kind in the matter, since members of the same profession are in good feeling debarred from expressing dispraise of one another. Moreover, though on the technical points on which alone a painter himself wants advice, the criticism of another painter is the only criticism worth

having, yet the kind of criticism wanted for the public is a kind which painters are very seldom qualified to give. For the public, what is wanted is a criticism that shall be able to sympathize with the most various ideals, and to define, interpret, and do justice to the most opposite kinds of excellence; whereas an artist, if he has a true vocation for his art, is generally so constituted as to see life and nature under special aspects, and in a manner personal to himself. Those aspects he can not choose but report; according to that manner, he can not choose but work; and it is the most difficult thing in the world for him fully to sympathize with the aims of a brother artist who sees life and nature in a different light. Once or twice, indeed, in a generation, there appears a painter accomplished in his art, yet without personal instincts or predilections strong enough to narrow his sympathies; and these are the ideal critics. Sir Charles Eastlake, in England, and M. Fromentin, in France, may be mentioned as distinguished cases in point; but as these men were working artists, so they necessarily abstained from contemporary, and limited themselves to historical, criticism.

The second view, according to which the natural man is competent, without study or experience, to judge and to express his judgment of works of art, is one that hardly needs discussion. The judgments so formed and expressed are, in fact, worth no more than the utterances of inexperience are worth on any subject whatever. Let them be heard with courtesy, but by no means with deference. The faculty of the eye for accurately and sensitively discriminating the qualities of the combination of lines and colors before it, both in themselves and in relation to the natural objects which they are intended to recall, is, as we have said, a comparatively rare faculty, and one which comes to most people only by cultivation. If any one proposes to instruct others concerning pictures or works of art in general, the first thing of which he has to make sure is that he be not himself, like the majority, half or three parts picture-blind. The chances are that he is so, unless he has made the pleasures of fine art a large and serious portion of the pleasures of his life, and unless he has spent much time and trouble in the pursuit and discrimination of those pleasures. In the practical matter of buying a work of art or a curiosity, no one would offer advice who was not conscious of having trained his eye to the perception of those niceties—those minute material differences of form, color, substance, and surface—which distinguish a genuine thing from a false, an original from a copy, and which to the untrained eye are imperceptible. The beauty and excellence of a work of art depends on visible conditions almost as subtle,

though not the same, as those which determine its authenticity or its spuriousness; and to appreciate them with certainty, and at once, demands powers of observation almost as thoroughly trained. Why, then, should we listen to the judgment as to what is beautiful or excellent in art, of persons who have never trained their powers of observation or appreciation at all, and to whose judgment we should never listen for a moment as to what was genuine or false? We have the right to ask from any one who wishes to be heard on these things that he should do more than go through the exhibitions each year, having perhaps frequented the studios of a few friends in the interval, and write down whatever crosses his mind during the progress. We have the right to ask, at least, that the study of the works of art shall have been a real part of his life, that he shall have taken trouble to educate his eye, and that he shall have steadied and prepared his judgment for the appreciation of contemporary work in the familiarity of that of other days and other schools.

Starting with this for the least amount of qualification which will be required of him, the critic has next to be on his guard against his own literary ambition. If he is to be useful in his proper capacity, he must remember that his writing is but auxiliary to the works of that art which he criticises. The artist is the creator and inventor, the critic is but the commentator and exponent; and an indifferent poem, picture, or statue is a higher achievement than the criticism which points out why it is indifferent. Fine art, whether manual or literary, reports directly concerning life and nature; criticism only interprets and characterizes the report, and makes it more intelligible and better known. If any one has great and new things to say concerning life and nature, let him say them in the appropriate artistic or didactic form; let him be a writer of poetry or romance, an essayist, or a moralist. But if he only has things to say concerning art, let him be careful to keep to the point. In discussing, in any given case, the artistic result into which the materials of life and nature have already been worked up by another, let the critic keep his attention fixed on the actual qualities of the work before him, and on the precise message which the artist has intended to convey. The temptation is very great to wander, and to make excursions of his own into life and nature in directions not relevant to the case.

It is impossible to lay down a law for genius; and the greatness of Mr. Ruskin's achievement in literature depends, it may be said with truth, on nothing so much as on the very range and frequency of his excursions, on the rousing and illuminating utterances concerning life and na-

ture to which the consideration of the works of art continually draws him on. But the greatness of a writer's general achievement is not the measure of his contributions to sound criticism; and even of Mr. Ruskin it is surely true that his interpretations of the works of art would, as such, have been more just and final had he been able to keep them more severely to the point; while for writers not of genius the observance of this law is essential. To observe it is a matter of no small self-denial; since the considerations suggested by a work of art, but not relevant to its true appreciation, are often the considerations most effective to write and pleasant to read about. This is not true of the works of literary art, which deal with life in its sequence and duration, with the stir and movement of thought, passion, and event; things which criticism can always discuss in an interesting way. But it is true of the works of painting and sculpture, which deal not with the stir and movement of life, but with its stationary aspects, imprisoning visibly for ever some crisis of event or passion, or perpetuating some felicitous moment of repose. In the works of these arts the point of the performance, the value of the message conveyed, lies precisely in considerations which are not the best to write about. The ideas or story represented must not tempt the critic away, as they are very apt to do, from the mode of their representation. By the mode of representation I mean the aspect of the work as it meets the eye; its general character and conception, the types and expressions of the personages, their arrangement and composition, the beauty and justice of the design and color, the conduct of light and shade, the charm or want of charm of the parts and of the whole, their relations to natural fact, their harmony among each other, their degrees of finish or neglect, of force or refinement, the particular fashion of the presentation and quality of the execution. It is in these visible and palpable terms that painting delivers its report of life and nature, and upon their quality in each case that the power and significance of the report depend. But these are things which it is far from easy to write about without being vaguely technical on the one hand, or luxuriantly descriptive on the other, and in either case uninteresting.

If, instead of sticking carefully to the point, and running thereby the risk of failing to interest, a critic determines to interest at all costs, he may very easily do so by writing, not about the picture itself, but about thoughts more or less closely connected with it. But then he will have forfeited his reason to exist; he will not have performed his proper function of interpreting the works of art to those who can not sufficiently judge of them for themselves; and, in the long

run, his criticisms may be injurious to art itself. Finding that the public are led to care only about the story or the ideas presented in a picture, artists may attend only to these, and neglect the quality of the presentment. It is not long since this neglect of the essence of the artist's business was the prevailing characteristic of English art. Let us take a case in point, the case of a picture which is typical of many, and which had in its day so famous a success that to disparage it now can hurt nobody—I mean Mr. Frith's "Railway-Station." The principle upon which a picture like this is painted is the principle of putting together as many episodes and anecdotes as the scene will hold, of a kind which everybody can recognize, and about which, when recognized, it is easy to write and entertaining to read. But criticism, in thus entertaining the reader with a narration of the episodes in the scene, draws him altogether away from the main point—namely, the presence or absence of pictorial power and refinement in their visible presentment. And if about the qualities of pictorial power and refinement neither critics nor the public trouble themselves, why then should the artist?

The class of subject which Mr. Frith dealt with in this and some other famous pictures is one perfectly legitimate for art to treat. There are schools of criticism, indeed, which maintain that the only legitimate enterprise of art is to represent the modern world as it really is. We shall certainly not join the cry of those who, in France or elsewhere, uphold this doctrine, and declare that no other art is genuine or worth attempting than that which devotes itself to *la vérité vraie* and *la vie vivante*—that is, to the literal rendering of facts without compromise or embellishment, and to the representation of life in its daily agitation and commonness. To say this is, on the one hand, to deny the rights of the imagination, and on the other to forget that painting, with its limitation to a single point of time, has, after all, but a feeble hold on the bustle of life and its realities. But without joining the fanatics of realism and modernism, we can at least welcome their experiments when they are made with a due regard to the conditions of the art. A most interesting series of such experiments, depending entirely on qualities proper to the painter's art, and offering little temptation to the excursions of literary criticism, has been shown this season in London. I allude to the exhibition of M. de Nittis, an accomplished Italian master who has lived both in Paris and in our own country, and has caught and turned to pictorial account the physiognomy of modern cities with a justice and an insight that hardly any other painter of similar subjects has equaled.

One picture was taken at the level of the Thames beneath one of the great railway-bridges, and showed the very color and flow of the muddy tide overshadowed by the black mass of the bridge; bringing out with admirable effect the grimy grandeur of the great black girders overhead, their hard outlines softened with straggling waifs of black smoke, while across a space of open, copper-colored sky on either hand drifted trails of more black smoke and white steam from passing engines. In another picture we looked from the parapet of the Thames Embankment in a fog; and the value and power of the work depended entirely upon the subtle sense of space and mystery expressed in the color of the dense atmosphere, with its shifting gleams of lilac or coppery light, and in the perfect physiognomical truth of the three laborers who were represented, with precisely the right measure of force, definition, and value in the atmosphere, as they leaned smoking on the parapet, and a gleam from the sky caught the wreaths which issued from their pipes. A third exhibited the very life of the city crowd as it may be seen on any wet day looking across from the Mansion House toward the Bank of England. But in all this medley of rich passengers and poor, policemen and shoeblacks, crossing-sweepers, cabs, vans, and omnibuses with their freights and drivers, in all this familiar turmoil of human life and character the artist has not thought it worth while to introduce a single episode the narration of which could render entertaining a literary description of the picture. An artist in literature, dealing with the same scene and the same human materials, might naturally have found in it suggestions for a hundred stories; he would have thought of the fortunes and destinies of the actors before and after their momentary appearance in the crowd, and his imagination would have woven for them in the past and future dramas without number. But the painter is not concerned with their past or future, but only with their momentary appearance and visible relations. Each type is an admirable and unforced study of English character, physiognomy, attitude, and, if the critic wishes to convey a sense of the excellence of the work, it is these points he must drive home in words as he best can—these, and the surprising justness of observation and rendering by which the retreating figures are dimmed and softened in the atmosphere, and the architecture and gas-lamps receive their exact value against the sky, and the colored wares on the wagons and umbrellas of the omnibus-drivers serve as points of color amid the grayness and the wet.

Granting, then, that the first thing to be required of critics of art is the faculty of sight and

judgment, whereby he is saved from praising or blaming at random, and the second, the habit of literary self-denial, whereby he is on his guard against writing that which shall be readable but irrelevant, what is now the third thing which we shall require of him? The third thing is that he shall be, so far as possible, impartial. This does not mean that his writing shall never be controversial, since false tendencies and unfounded pretensions may need to be discouraged, and since for new and unfashionable kinds of excellence it is impossible, without controversy, to gain recognition. But it does mean that he shall be quick to appreciate not one kind only, but all kinds of real excellence.

It is unreasonable to quarrel about matters which have no practical consequences; but controversy is so much the habit of our lives, and we are so eager to impose our predilections by argument and theory, and still more our aversions, that we often refuse to recognize more than one kind of artistic excellence at a time. The theory to which I have already alluded, the theory of the fanatical realists and modernists, who will have it that all art is obsolete and false which is not modern and realistic, is a signal case in point. This theory has been defended with great force and ingenuity, and with reference to the works of literature as well as to those of the manual arts, over and over again in France, and chiefly by those whose views on the new functions of art are bound up with their views on the new order of society. But all such exclusive theories are obviously shallow. Ever since the proscriptions of the Catholic ages were broken down by the revolutionary Dutch school of the seventeenth century, the aims of modern art have become diverse and many-sided, and diverse and many-sided they will continue to the end. Some minds will be most impressed by the actual life round about them, and their reports will be nothing but reports of life and nature as they literally are. Others will be most impressed with the thoughts and imaginations of the past, and their reports will be reports, based only on what is choicest in life and nature, of things imagined as existing in a brighter world. The tendency of modern life is to assume aspects less and less capable of yielding occasion for the more potent and enchanting effects of art. The great departments of portrait and landscape will always remain; but the collective life of our communities can yield at best, if they are to be quite literally represented, some such results as we have described in the works of M. de Nittis. Interesting as these results are—full of truth, animation, atmosphere, admirably just and accomplished as records of the passing hour—yet capable of giving the best pleasures of art they

are surely not. Art, to give its best pleasures, must surely deal with beautiful materials, and work them up in beautiful combinations; and beauty is precisely the element wanting in the ordinary aspect of modern London streets and London skies. It is, of course, true that since the revolution, by which art in the seventeenth century asserted its freedom, and made itself secular instead of sacerdotal, artists have no longer the privilege of dealing exclusively with materials of beauty. That the images of art should be beautiful, or at least that they should aim at beauty, was natural in days when artists had no other business than to embody in forms of visible perfection the imagined objects of a fervent and universal worship. Nowadays the business of art is extended to the whole world of life, humanity, and experience; and the increased range and variety of the reports which it is thus enabled to yield us, may well make up for some decline in their splendor and charm. Moreover, we may expect to find individual artists whom temperament and predilection, instead of usage and prescription, may still lead back into the world of the past, or out into the world of dreams—worlds which they are free to people exclusively with shapes of beauty, and whence they will bring us reports colored with the special intensity of personal vision and special fervor of private emotion. Such temperaments are likely, in the modern world, to be the exception; but, if any such appear, let us be prepared to recognize them, to enter into their aims, and do justice to their performances.

A remarkable instance of such a temperament, and one to whose performances contemporary criticism found itself at first quite unprepared to do justice, is that of our own countryman, Mr. Burne-Jones. As soon as this artist began to exhibit, those most versed in the unprejudiced study of art perceived that his work, with many shortcomings due to imperfect training, combined in a very high degree some of the qualities most rare in modern painting, as personal vividness of imagination, beauty and richness of linear design, splendor and harmony of coloring. Nevertheless, it was received with acrimonious derision by nearly all the newspaper critics. This attitude was not due to the influence of any exclusive theory like that which has at various times possessed the extreme partisans of modernism in France: matters of this kind are not debated with the same eager intelligence here as there, nor do sections frame and follow up their war-cries with the same promptitude and passion. What people disliked in the work of Mr. Burne-Jones was partly its strangeness—any attempt at the more potent and enchanting effects of painting, such as were common in

an earlier age, had a strange appearance in the exhibitions of those days; partly the technical shortcomings which it at first undoubtedly presented; but most of all that which was its greatest proof of power and originality, its strong individual color—or what we have called personal vividness of conception. The ideals of Mr. Burne-Jones, as we have said already, are ideals of delicacy rather than of strength; his types are types of tenderness and wistfulness rather than of prowess and joy; the eyes and mouths that he habitually draws are sad rather than merry; his figures are tall and slender rather than sturdy or exuberant. So has every imaginative painter in history been governed by ideals of a special cast, and instinctively preferred and created one order rather than another of permanent human types and expressions. Within the range of his imaginative preferences, the art of Mr. Burne-Jones displays no languor or monotony, it is rather full of a fiery energy, and inexhaustible in combinations of various richness and grace. But to all this a certain order of critics still show themselves blind. These are the victims, not indeed of a reasoned polemical theory, but of a prepossession which is more fatal than any reasoned theory to the proper appreciation of the works of art. Their prepossession is this, that to be healthy is the first and only duty of man. And certainly to be healthy is an excellent and necessary thing. But when healthiness is too susceptible and too self-conscious, too eager to parade itself and too anxious to detect the signs of malady in others, we can not help suspecting that there is something wrong. In private life we are all acquainted with the feeble and diminutive type of personage who is always inviting us to test the condition of his biceps, and exhibiting feats of prowess upon fire-irons or door-panels. There is nothing that so much reminds us of this personage as the critic who, seeing in the works of a painter the characters of wistfulness and tenderness which I have described, but seeing nothing more, is instantly on the alarm, and cries out in the name of health against what he imagines to be signs of feebleness and debility. These are what I have called the morbidly robust critics.

"Perhaps," writes one such, with a fine irony, "there is something higher in art than the love of beauty—the love of disease and languor and despair." Let him reassure himself, there is nothing higher in art than the love of beauty; only, if he was more accustomed to study the characters of art, and to fit expressions and actions in a picture with their appropriate names, I think he would feel that the words disease, languor, and despair were here in no sense to the point. The most curious instance, however,

of the exaggerations of this temper is that which I have already quoted from the "Pall Mall Gazette." Mr. Burne-Jones paints a picture of Venus touching into life the statue fashioned by Pygmalion, and the picture is one of very remarkable grace and beauty; the figures admirably designed and drawn, their interlacing arms and hands especially; a lovely expression of dawning consciousness, awe, surprise, and tender appeal in the countenance of the awakened statue; the color fair and pale, but as full as an opal of variety and play. But alarmed robustness has no eye for these things, and can only declare, in its heated language, that the feet of Venus are revoltingly ill-drawn, with a great toe like a tinker's thumb; that she is a hollow-eyed poor creature, wearing an expression of dolorous commiseration merely absurd considering the occasion—and so forth; expressions which, their style apart, describe nothing really to be seen in the work in question. Another picture of Mr. Burne-Jones's this year was an Annunciation, the power and complete accomplishment of which has been acknowledged by artists of schools, aims, and tendencies the most opposite to his own. This time our critic was not content with fanciful descriptions of the action and expression of the figures, but propounded a new theory of the Annunciation to suit his purpose. He was scandalized at finding the Annunciation represented as what he called a "deplorable business," or "sad event"—meaning thereby that the Virgin was pale, with looks of rapt and humble expectancy, not unmixed with a foreboding dread—and evidently thought it inconsistent with robust art to take any but a jovial view of the occasion. In happy ignorance of the whole mass of Christian sentiment and tradition of Christian art in the conception of this subject, he ventured to refer in his support to the first chapter of St. Luke—to which, however, if he had taken the pains to turn, he would have found at the point in question the words, "*And when she saw him, she was troubled at his saying.*"

When criticism is betrayed into extravagances of this kind, it is the sign not merely of picture-blindness and prepossession, but of that mistake of criticism as to its own true office and powers to which I have above adverted—the mistake, namely, of supposing that it is the mission of a critic to dictate to the artist how his work ought or ought not to be conceived. Criticism addresses itself to the public, and defines and characterizes the objects submitted to it; but to instruct and put right the artist, imposing upon him aims and ideals other than his own, is a task beyond its scope. By all means let criticism note and analyze the special characters presented by the work of any master or any school;

let it observe, and, if it thinks proper, deplore, the limitations of individual power; but in demanding from the creative artist qualities the reverse of what it happens to be his to give, criticism simply wastes its breath. It is only in contemporary criticism that writers fail to recognize this truth. In historical criticism a writer would gain small attention who should spend his time in deploring that Perugino had not the light and shade of Rembrandt, or that the Venetians did not draw with the chastened outline of Raphael. There has been one painter of genius whose canvases, whatever their subject, exhibit always a prodigal and splendidly ordered riot of the limbs and countenances of exuberant women and athletic men, a redundancy of physical energy and joy. There may be such a painter again, and, if he appears, let us hope he will receive as ready a welcome from the critics of the robust school as he certainly will from the supposed admirers of disease and despair in the works of Mr. Burne-Jones—I mean, of course, Rubens. In the gallery at Dresden two pictures of Rubens are placed side by side—a Bacchus with his tiger, and a Jerome doing penance in the wilderness. The subjects are the most opposite in the world; but Rubens, with his genius for the painting of mighty thews and sinews, for rich carnations and the riot of life, and with his total disinclination for all that is ascetic or emaciated, has painted his Bacchus and his Jerome as though from the same brawny model, and with an equal strength of frame and splendor of bronzed and glowing flesh-color. A critic of Rubens would never trouble himself to point out or to condemn this, because for the reader who knew anything of the master it would be a matter of course, but would dwell on the special faults or excellences of the two pieces taken as examples of the master's genius working within its known limits. To do the same is an obvious rule for contemporary criticism also.

To inquire into the springs and connections of any vein of sentiment in art is always an interesting, though usually a very difficult, thing. It will some day be a task for criticism to trace and analyze, if it can, the reason why the best reports brought in our own time from the world of the past and the world of dreams are tinged, over all their beauty, with a shade of unsatisfied desire and sadness. In the mean time, to denounce them as unhealthy and describe them amiss does no good to any one. The signs of real unhealthiness in painting are flaccid design, livid color, deadness to the loveliness of the world; and the work of Mr. Burne-Jones exhibits qualities the very reverse of these. Besides, controversy breeds controversy, and those who see the beauty of the thing denounced are sometimes

tempted to speak wildly in their turn. For instance, I think it does harm—more harm, perhaps, than nonsense about tinkers' thumbs and deplorable events—when a writer in "The Spectator," in praising the Annunciation, speaks of his "intense disinclination to dwell upon its merits in detail," and says of certain strictures, "It may well be that these things are true, but for us there only exists the poem, which made our heart beat and our eyes moist—" This may show that the writer has felt the power of the work before him, but it is certainly not criticism.

In pausing thus over the pictures of M. de Nittis and those of Mr. Burne-Jones, we chose our instances at the two opposite extremes of contemporary painting—the extreme of literal modernism and the extrémé of visionary and poetical invention. Between these two extremes the great majority of painters move in fields in which the principle of representing natural facts as they are is blended in various degrees with the principle of selecting and enhancing them, of investing them in the colors of the imagination or of history. It is the business of criticism to study and define with sympathy whatever is sin-

cere and whatever is well done along the whole range of the efforts of the artistic spirit. The ordinary critic, as it seems to me, can only justify his existence—he can only fulfill his true function of helping people to receive from the works of art the best they are capable of giving—if he follows the lines and keeps clear of the temptations of which we have spoken. Having first taken due precautions against picture-blindness, let him next, without neglecting the ideas or story embodied in a picture, yet dwell above all upon what are not nearly so agreeable to dwell upon—the qualities of their embodiment; let him keep his sympathies open to excellence of all kinds; let him seek, not to dictate aims and conceptions to the artist, but to characterize with precision the aim and conception of the artist himself, to recite clearly and without exaggeration what he thinks good and what less good, to make a picture live to the mind of the reader both in its intellectual and its material qualities, and to put it in its proper place with reference to others with which it comes into comparison.

SIDNEY COLVIN, in *The Fortnightly Review*.

THE SEAMY SIDE.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

AUTHORS OF "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," "BY CELIA'S ARBOR," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOW A YOUNG MAN MAY PROSPER.

MENTION has been made of one Jack Baker, capitalist, successful merchant, and private friend of Stephen Hamblin, envied and admired by the coterie of the Birch-Tree Tavern. In the capacity of Stephen's adviser and confidant, he has something to do with this story, which is an excuse for relating the history of his rise and greatness. Another excuse is that it is a most instructive history. Marmontel was nowhere more moral. It is so moral that it has half a dozen morals. And, as I have ever held it a great mistake to put the moral at the end instead of the beginning, I append all six morals in this place so that my readers may see how beautifully this Jack, who killed the monstrous giant of poverty and servitude, may be moralized to suit the special difficulties of these latter days.

The first moral is that everything is possible to him who dares.

The second, that the world at large, and especially the genial and confiding manager of your bank, is ready to meet you half way in taking you at your own estimate.

The third, that in this world you only have to help yourself. Piles of money are lying about; the man who makes his own pile is invariably succeeded by a fool who asks for nothing but a certain originality of audacity in the adventurer who deprives him of his share.

The fourth, that the proverb *ex nihilo nihil fit* only applies to natural philosophy, the properties of matter, and so forth. It has nothing whatever to do with credit. The man who wants most gets most. It is the bold pauper who becomes rich, if he begins early. Further proof of this axiom may be sought in the chronicles of the City.

The fifth, that smartness still lingers among the English, and still commands success.

There is a sixth which we reserve for the sequel. It is left for the readers of the *Higher Thought*, as Paul Rondelet says, to find out for themselves.

Jack Baker was at this time about two-and-thirty years of age, a good dozen years younger than Stephen Hamblin. His father began and ended as an employee in a great City house. He was a model clerk; he possessed all the clerical virtues: he was respectful, punctual, obedient, honest, trustworthy; as he was never called upon to take any serious responsibility, he was never troubled with ideas; yet his talk was entirely about money, and he admired financial *coups* much as a stage-carpenter admires a play, being perfectly ignorant how they were designed and carried through. He brought up his only son—most City clerks have at least a dozen sons—to regard the City as the only arena profitable for English youth. The professions, the army, the navy, the colonies, had no attraction for young Jack Baker: he was “to go into the City,” for that he was specially set apart in infancy; he had no sympathy for deeds of daring adventure and heroism; his heart never warmed for self-sacrifice or patriotism; as a child he turned aside from St. George and the Dragon, and loved to hear of Dick Whittington. When he grew older his favorite reading was of men who have made their fortunes in the City from small beginnings. And when he was old enough to understand things better, he recognized the fact that the Lord Mayor was a poor creature, stripped of his civic robes of office, compared with such a man as Mr. Anthony Hamblin, whose house on Clapham Common he saw every half-holiday, when he played upon that hospitable heath.

When Jack was fifteen, and was a tolerable proficient in arithmetic, commercial English, and clerkly handwriting, he fulfilled the purposes of his birth and existence by entering, as a junior clerk, the house of Sandal, Wood & Company, silk-merchants.

For twelve years he remained a clerk in this establishment. His life during this period resembled that of most other City clerks, except that he indulged in no wild courses: did not bet, did not drink, did not scatter and lavish his little income, did not fall into debt, did not acquire a bad reputation; on the contrary, his reputation steadily grew in the house and out of it: he became known for a shrewd, trustworthy young fellow, who could manage a thing without making himself a fool over it; and he was unlike many of his fellows in this respect, that he did not marry when his salary reached the magnificent sum of a hundred and fifty pounds a year. As regards his manner of living it was necessarily simple, yet he managed to secure as much

enjoyment as could well be got out of so limited an income. He did not waste his money in joining any young men's improvement society, nor his time in following any line of study, and he cared nothing at all for lectures, scientific, literary, political, or musical. His tastes lay in quite a contrary direction. He knew many barmaids, haunted many billiard-rooms, was frequently seen at music-halls, and smoked a meerscham pipe all the evening. This was the kind of life he liked after office-hours. It did him no harm, because in these places he was on his natural level, higher than which he never cared to rise; and because, being a young man of no imagination, strong common sense, and rather a cold temperament, he never exceeded and never committed any of those follies which cling to a man's reputation, are not easily shaken off, and sometimes drag him down in the long run. Topsy at the Green Dragon, or Polly at Quelch's, or Lotty at the Princely, sometimes thought, no doubt, that Jack Baker was so carried away by admiration as to be ready to make a serious offer. But the young lady was greatly mistaken, for Jack was not such a fool. At the same time the society of Topsy, Polly, or Lotty, always, of course, with the bar between them, was pleasant to this young man of the City, and supplied the place of ladies' society. For with ladies Jack was not at his ease.

Moreover, he nourished ambitions, which was another reason why he should not commit the usual clerky error of an early marriage.

His father was old; there was a good sum put by; with that sum he would perhaps be able to start for himself, if only in a small way. Meantime he was rising in the firm; he knew the country customers; he knew the travelers and the commission agents; he was known to the merchants of Shanghai and their clerks; he knew men who could introduce business, and he had the sense to hold his tongue and keep his own counsel.

When Jack was twenty-seven or so, his father died, leaving him the sole heir of his little savings. These he found, all charges deducted, to amount to the sum of £3,142 6s. 10d., which he placed, at first, on deposit account in the London, Southwark & Stepney Joint Stock Bank. He then resigned his post in Sandal, Wood & Co., and taking a small office in a court leading out of Eastcheap, started for himself as a silk-merchant. He passed a very active first year: he ran about asking for orders like an advertising tout; he hunted up the country customers whom he had met at Sandal & Wood's; he remembered that an old schoolfellow was a clerk in Shanghai and wrote to him; he lived with the greatest frugality; and, though

he did very little business, he was cheerful, relied on promises, and hoped for better times.

After a year he made up his books and found that he had lost a little by the first twelve months. This was discouraging.

In those days he used to go to the Birch-Tree Tavern for early dinner, and there made acquaintance with Alderney Codd and his friends. He greatly admired their ingenuity, and puzzled himself to discover why it was that with so much talent there was not a decent hat among them all, nor a shirt-collar whose edges were not frayed.

They were undoubtedly clever, these ingenious contrivers of schemes and companies. He used to sit silent among them, listening. Nothing, however, was ever let fall by any of them which could be of practical benefit to himself in the silk-trade. Unluckily, no one of the whole set had ever turned his attention to silk.

One afternoon, however, the man who looked like a sailor propounded sententiously a general proposition. He said:

"Whoever wishes, in this world, to succeed wants only one thing." He looked round to see if any were rash enough to disagree with him. "If it is to be president of a South American republic, which is open to any man with cheek enough to bowl over the man in the chair and sit in it himself, or to become a great merchant, or to be thought a great financier, it's the same thing that is wanted, and that is—pluck."

Jack received this theory without criticising it, and went back to his office.

Among his papers was a three-months' acceptance that morning received from a country draper. He took this to the bank and asked to have it discounted.

"You may leave it," said the manager, dubiously. "I will tell you to-morrow. But it can't be done under four and a half.

The bank rate was three and a half.

Jack had still on deposit most of his three thousand pounds. He concluded, therefore, to let the bill wait.

When he got home he found an answer to his letter to the old friend at Shanghai. Friend had gone into business as a broker on his own account. He wrote facetiously, regretting that Jack was not in a position to back him; if so, *what* a game they could have on, they two together; he at Shanghai and Jack in London! That silk was going up for a certainty, and now was the time—and so on.

Jack read the letter, put it down with a sigh, and spent his usual evening with Lotty and Polly and Topsy, who served him his moderate potatoes, and exchanged with him those epigrams, those quaint and original conceits, those madri-

gals in prose, those quips and merry jests which constitute the charm and poetry of barmaid conversation. Then he went home and retired to bed and to sleep. It was not unusual with him to go to sleep, but in this case it led to important results.

At two o'clock he sat up with a start, and looked about the dark room half frightened. He had been awakened by a dream. He dreamed that the man who looked like a sailor had come all the way from the Birch-Tree Tavern to his bedside in order to repeat to him, with warning finger, "Whether you want to be President of Bolivia, or a great and successful merchant, all you want is—pluck!"

He rubbed his eyes and stared in the darkness. He could see nothing but the dim outlines of furniture. The man who looked like a sailor was not there. No one was there; but the voice of his dreaming still rang in Jack's ear. He slept no more. At six he rose, feverish and dazzled. He had been "alone with his thought" for four hours; it was too much for him. He was not an imaginative young man, and yet perhaps for that very reason, because he had so seldom contemplated anything beyond the present, the prospect dazzled him.

At half-past ten, with cheeks a little white, but with assured and confident bearing, Jack walked boldly through the outer office of the bank into the manager's room. Yesterday he had, so to speak, sneaked in with his country draper's little bill at three months.

"I want," he began, in a clear, ringing voice, very different from the groveling hesitation of a man who presents a doubtful little bill for discount, "I want a credit of twenty thousand pounds. I am shipping silk at Shanghai."

"Sit down, Mr. Baker," said the manager blandly. "Yes—you are shipping silk. Yes—our terms are eight per cent."

That was all. In one moment, without hesitation or questions, the business was as good as concluded. Jack walked out of the bank with reddened cheek and brightened eye. He wanted to get into his own office, and sit down to realize that his fortune was made or marred by this bold venture.

The nature of the transaction was simple. Jack did not borrow twenty thousand pounds at eight per cent. Not at all; no money was exchanged; he borrowed credit at that rate; he bought and shipped to England silk to the amount of twenty thousand pounds in his own name: if silk went up, there would be a profit; if silk went down, there would be a loss; if the former, he would pay the bank sixteen hundred pounds and pocket the rest; if the latter, he would pay the differences *and* the sixteen hun-

dred pounds out of his own capital of three thousand pounds. It will be seen that the margin for safety in case of a fall was small.

There was no loss; Jack's correspondent was right; there was a large profit, for silk went up.

Jack was prudent; he let the profit remain in the bank, continued to live frugally, but next time he asked for a credit of thirty thousand pounds, which was also granted him.

That operation again was successful.

Another and yet another succeeded. Jack's name became favorably known. Jack's capital was trebled. His ventures were larger.

He took larger offices and engaged more clerks. He had made already a good business of the speculative kind, which report magnified into a great business of the safe kind.

He next gave up the modest lodgings in Bloomsbury which had hitherto contented him, took chambers in the West End, joined a new proprietary club (where he made the acquaintance of Stephen Hamblin), took to playing whist there, and of course, because his temperament was cool, and his memory good, and he never forgot a card, always won; bought a horse and rode in the park; remembered that he had a second name, and wrote on his card, "Mr. J. Bunter Baker." In other matters he lived exactly as he had always done, without the least desire for the society of ladies, conversing with Polly, Lotty, and Topsy aforesaid, and raising golden visions in the minds of those young persons; and even continuing on affable terms with his old associates, still mostly clerks, and envious beyond measure of a success which their want of pluck made impossible for them. At his West-End chambers he gave little dinners, to which he invited his new friends, Stephen Hamblin, the manager of the London, Southwark and Stepney Bank, and others. The wine he gave them was choice; after dinner, it was not unusual to have a little lansquenet, baccarat, loo, or perhaps an *écarté* pool. But Jack Baker was too wary to lose his head over cards, and generally came out of the *mêlée* a winner.

To these dinners, it is needless to add, Mr. J. Bunter Baker did not invite his former friends. It was enough that he should stand them drinks at the bar; it was, indeed, all they asked. Tears rose to the eyes of those honest fellows when they thought of the magnificence to which one of their number had soared. Like Baker *père*, deceased, they were satisfied to contemplate success from afar, without dreaming that it might be their own case. But then they never had that vision of the night—they never heard that voice which said, "Whether you wish to be president of a South American republic or a successful merchant, one thing only is wanted—pluck."

It is, indeed, one of the most remarkable circumstances attendant on success, that, while all the world envies the successful man, not one in a hundred considers how he himself might win that same success by following parallel lines.

As for the Birch-Tree Tavern, Jack Baker, as we have seen, did not forsake that festive place. Luncheon was to be had there as well as anywhere else, and perhaps a wrinkle might be picked up among those inventors of schemes and contrivers of companies. And it was not unpleasant for a man of Jack Baker's coarse fiber to be received with deference; a respect due to the man who has made money was paid him in full measure, and even ostentatiously; the newest schemes were explained, the latest ideas were aired, for his benefit; the house, so to speak, played up to the capitalist; Jack Baker, who had made his own fortune, was ready to make that of everybody else. When will men understand that he who wants to make his fortune must do it by himself?

Stephen Hamblin did not commit the error common among vulgar practitioners of his school. He did not, that is, confide his case to the hands of a petifogging solicitor. He took it to a firm of the utmost respectability, told the whole exact truth, and only asked that the affair should be pushed on as rapidly as possible. This done, he felt easier. The fight would come off; the sooner the better. Let it come. About the issue he felt generally, though there were times of doubt, pretty confident.

He dined at the club with Jack Baker. After dinner, in the smoking-room, he talked darkly about what was going to happen. Presently he opened up the matter more fully.

"What I mean," he said, "what I meant yesterday is, that I am myself the claimant to the whole of my late brother's property."

"Phew!" Jack Baker whistled. "The whole? Why, it is—how much—a quarter of a million?"

"More," said Stephen. "We have now found out that he never married. It is, of course, hard upon the girl."

"Oh, hang the girl!" Jack replied, with his ready laugh. "Number one comes first. And, of course, if it isn't her own, she can't have it. When do you come into possession?"

"That I do not know. My lawyers will ask for letters of administration. The other side may possibly ask for time, in order to prove the marriage, or they may choose not to fight. I can not tell."

"Oh—h!" Jack's face fell. "They may choose to fight. And suppose they win?"

Stephen lay back in his chair, crossed his legs, and laughed gently.

"My dear boy, how *can* they win, when I hold in my hands proof—not documentary proof, which would satisfy a court of law, but moral proof—that my brother never was married at all?"

"Have you? Then that's all right, and I congratulate you with all my heart."

They shook hands.

"You have not done so badly yourself, Jack."

"Well, no," he replied, stroking his chin. "Not so very badly, considering my opportunities. But a quarter of a million! Mon Dew! as the French say. Who can compare with that? What I complain of, however, is having anything to do at all. Why weren't we all born rich? Why don't we live in the good old days when they had slaves, and all they had to do was to enjoy life?"

"Perhaps," Stephen suggested gloomily, "we might have been born slaves ourselves."

"That," Jack acknowledged, "would have been the very devil."

"Now, Jack," said Stephen, leaning forward, and speaking seriously, "I have told you of my prospects. Let me tell you something more. This is, of course, perfectly confidential."

The club smoking-room was quite empty at their end of it.

"Go on, old man."

"Anthony's death came at an awkward time for me. He and I were in a good big thing together, though his name was not mentioned, and it's come to grief. My money is locked up here and there, I have lost a devil of a lot lately; and, in fact, I want to raise money until I get possession."

"Security?"

"First of all, the estate itself. If that won't do, any amount of bonds and scrip."

It is almost needless to say that Anthony had never speculated with Stephen in his life, and equally needless to say that the only "scrip" in Stephen's possession consisted of "pictures," chiefly from Honduras, certain South American republics, and sundry bogus American railways, got up by pirates on both sides the Atlantic.

"I would rather not go to my banker's," Stephen went on. "Can you help me to a private lender—anybody—a friend of your own would do?"

Jack nodded, and went on quietly sucking his cigar in silence for a few minutes. Then he made up his mind and spoke.

"I don't suppose," he said, "that a sensible man like yourself, and a man of the world like yourself, would go in for a claim which you weren't pretty sure of carrying through. Nothing short of certainty would justify you in

breaking with your family, supposing, as you say, they consider the thing as an act of hostility. I believe, on your own showing, that you are bound to win. And I don't mind risking something. Still, it is a risk. You will have to pay for the risk."

"Certainly."

"I will lend you a thousand, Hamblin," he went on slowly, "on condition of your paying me back two thousand on the day that you get your brother's estate."

Stephen laughed.

"Only cent. per cent.," he said. "Never mind. I don't want any one to know how my affairs have been dipped of late. I accept, Jack. You can make it a couple of hundred in cash, and eight hundred in a three months' bill. My dear boy," he added with feeling, "when I do come into my brother's money we will have such a caper, you and I together, with a friend or two, as you shall remember all your life. Hang it! One *must* be five-and-forty to enjoy things properly."

CHAPTER XVII.

HOW THE BATTLE WAS BEGUN.

ALDERNEY CODD, the news of Stephen's claim having reached him, fell into a doubt and quandary the like of which he had never before experienced, because he saw that he must take a side. For quiet people, trimmers, friends of both camps, undecided thinkers, uncertain reasoners, and philosophers who change their views with the wind, it is most grievous to have to take a side. Suppose, for instance, they were to disestablish the Church; suppose there was to be a civil war between republicans and royalists; suppose your paternal uncle, from whom you had expectations, held one view firmly, while your maternal aunt, from whom also you had expectations, took the other side forcibly, what then, reader, would your own feelings be? Such, however, was Alderney Codd's position. On the one hand, his long and early friendship with Stephen; the memory of a thousand youthful freaks and extravagances; the habit acquired in youth, and still maintained, of regarding Stephen as an adviser, and, in a sense, his superior; the familiarity of his associations with him—these were on one side; on the other were his respect and his loyalty to the Hamblin name, gratitude to the memory of Anthony, duty to his daughter, and the belief that Stephen's position was a wrong one.

He was torn with conflicting emotions. If he considered the thing from a practical point of view, it was difficult to discern which was the

safe side to take. For if Stephen gained the day, and he should be found in the enemy's camp, what then? Or, if Alison should be victorious, and he were a partisan of Stephen, with what face could he greet her again?

He was finally determined by perfectly disinterested considerations. The sight of Anthony's coat hanging before his eyes determined him.

He lost no time in acting upon his resolution. First, he repaired to Clapham, where he sought an interview with Alison and tendered his allegiance; this once offered and accepted, he felt easier and more comfortable in his mind, and sought Stephen at his chambers.

Poor Alderney! He had been so many times to those familiar chambers; he had spent so many evenings in them; he had smoked so many pipes, cigars, and cigarettes; he had imbibed in them so prodigious a quantity of intoxicating drinks; he had been always welcome there. And now he was about to say that he could never come there any more. Stephen, he knew, was not, from a high moral point of view, a good man. Quite the contrary. But then Stephen was always a friend of Alderney's, and one forgives a great deal in those whose friendship has lasted for thirty years or so. Perhaps, too, his own standard of morality was not of the highest. And Stephen was one of the Hamblins, to know whom was to gain a certain distinction at the Birch-Tree. Now, all that fabric of friendship, pride, and distinction was to be rudely shattered.

"Come in, Alderney," cried Stephen in his most cheery voice; "come in, man. I haven't seen you for a month, have I? Come in."

Alderney turned very red.

"The fact is, Stephen," he stammered, "I have come—have come—in fact, to tell you that I have heard of your claim, and that I—in fact—I entirely disapprove of it."

"Do you, Alderney, and why?"

"Because Alison is Anthony's daughter; because out of gratitude—"

Stephen's face clouded over.

"Come, Alderney; don't be sentimental, and don't be Quixotic. No one would be such a fool as to let go a quarter of a million of money—his own, too."

"But it is not your own: it is Alison's."

"I say that it *is* my own. I say that Alison's mother was never married."

"You can not prove it."

"It is for her, on the other hand, to prove the contrary. If there was a marriage, it can be proved with the greatest ease. But there was none."

For an instant Alderney wavered.

Stephen saw his look of irresolution.

"I suppose," he said, "that you feel you

ought to support Anthony's daughter. Well, the feeling does you credit. Support her by all means. But not to the extent of injustice, Alderney. Don't you see that the estate, since there was no marriage, is all mine? Can you blame me for merely taking what is mine?"

"Yes," said Alderney, plucking up his spirits, "I blame you for bringing scandal upon the family. What need to rake up the past? Even supposing your allegation to be true, which I do not believe, what good does it do to let all the world know it? Why, I hear they offered you five hundred a year for life, solely for taking charge of Alison for one year. I'd have done that job, Stephen, for a quarter of the money. Five hundred pounds a year!"

"A splendid sum, isn't it?" Stephen sneered; "a fair equivalent for ten thousand a year. Don't be an ass, Alderney. Scandal on the family, too, because one of them is proved never to have married. Rubbish!"

"Then I will say more, Stephen. I think that respect for Anthony's memory, if not consideration for his child, ought to have prevailed upon you to prevent this misery from falling upon her."

Alderney folded his arms firmly as he took his stand.

Stephen, as usual, lost his temper.

"Very well," he said; "I've heard what you came to say, and now, if you have nothing more to say, you may go. Of course you understand, Alderney, that any little assistance which I could have offered as the head of the Hamblin family will be withheld if you choose to ally yourself with my enemies."

"I understand," Alderney replied sadly, thinking of his poor hundred pounds a year, and wondering how that little income was to be supplemented for the future. "Good-by, Stephen; shake hands before I go, old man. I am more sorry than I can tell you to be obliged to take this line; but Anthony and his daughter must come first. You will change your mind yet, and withdraw your claim."

"I will do nothing of the kind."

"Then, Stephen, I hope to God that you will be defeated! That would be better for you than to win, and to feel all the rest of your life that you were eating the bread of Anthony's orphan."

Stephen made an impatient gesture.

"Come, shake hands," Alderney repeated, holding out his own.

"No," said Stephen, turning his back upon him; "I only shake hands with my friends."

Alderney Codd withdrew. His life-long friendship with Stephen was at an end. More than that, he reflected with bitterness that Stephen held in his hands the whole scheme for the for-

mation of the Great Glass Spoon Company, by which he had hoped to make another *coup*. Well, it could not be helped. No doubt Stephen would float that company and do well with it.

For reasons which will presently appear, Stephen did not float the company.

Alderney next went into the City, and called at the office in Great St. Simon Apostle. He could not have arrived at a more lucky moment, for a great family council, called together in haste, was just meeting to consider the best course to pursue. The Dean was there, the Colonel was there, the two partners, the family lawyer, and Gilbert Yorke. Alderney sent in his name, and was invited to join this Hamblin parliament.

The proceedings were opened by Augustus, in the private office of Anthony Hamblin, deceased, in a little speech.

"You all know," he said, "that our cousin Anthony left no will; you all know that he maintained a profound silence on the subject of his marriage. We have now to tell you, Dean, and you, Colonel, that Stephen Hamblin, asserting that there was never any marriage at all, is about to claim the whole estate. We have asked you together in order to confer on the best manner of meeting that claim. Mr. Billiter is so good as to give us the benefit of his legal opinion. Mr. Gilbert Yorke has as good a right to be present as any of us, for he is engaged to Alison—"

"Pardon me," said Gilbert, reddening to the roots of his hair, "Alison will not hear of any engagement, she says, until she can meet the world without having to blush for her mother."

"That does her credit," said Augustus, and the Dean applauded. "Very well, cousins, we think that an effort may be made to establish the fact of this marriage; and of that fact, I am sure, no one here can entertain the least doubt."

No one did.

"Mr. Yorke has very kindly offered," he went on, "to give up his whole time for the search, which may possibly be long and tedious. He abandons his practice at the bar—"

"Pardon me again," said Gilbert, "my practice is nothing. I have no practice. All I give up is the waiting all day long in chambers for briefs which never come."

"Well," said Mr. Billiter, with a twinkle of his ferret-like eyes—"well, there's a very pretty fortune depending upon the success of that search. Don't fire up, young man; lovers never do think of fortunes. We all know that; and Miss Hamblin is a most beautiful and well-conditioned young lady, and we give you credit for entirely disinterested feelings."

"Allow me, too," said Alderney, "to offer my own humble services. In the present depressed state of the City, my usual financial work

has almost stopped. I have not engineered a new company for a twelvemonth." Everybody smiled; Alderney's companies were well known. "I am comparatively free, and shall be glad to give whatever services I can to the cause of my benefactor's daughter. I never knew her mother; but we may say, I am sure, in the words of the poet, '*Matre pulchra, filia pulchrior*.'"

Alderney had touched the right chord. Anthony Hamblin, the worthy head of the house, had been, in one way or the other, a benefactor to everybody in the room. The Dean thought of days before the Deanery came to him, when his boys would certainly not have gone to Marlborough but for Anthony; the Colonel thought how his two boys, in the Engineers and Artillery, would certainly never have got to Woolwich had it not been for Anthony; the two partners thought of numberless acts of kindness in the old days when all were young together; even the old lawyer owed something to this universal benefactor, this dispenser of kindness, this secret doer of good deeds. A hush fell upon them for a moment; then the Dean cleared his throat, which had gone suddenly a little husky.

"We must accept your offer with gratitude, Cousin Alderney. Yes, yes, our benefactor's daughter must not look in vain to her cousins for help."

"I concur," said William the Silent.

"I have just come from seeing my cousin Stephen," Alderney went on. "I thought it right, before breaking off the friendship which has always existed between us, to go and make some sort of appeal to his better nature. I know," he added, with a blush, "that our friendship has been marked by many a youthful folly, which one may repent of, but which one—one—in fact—always looks back to with some degree of pleasure." The Dean looked professionally grave. "I told him then that I would have neither part nor lot with him in this matter."

"Very good," said Augustus approvingly.

"When I considered," Alderney went on, "that I actually had on at that moment the very coat which Anthony lent me, I could have no other feeling but indignation and astonishment. And, in addition to the coat"—he drew out a leather pocket-book full of papers—"I had with me, come back to me after many days, an actual I. O. U. of my own, given by me to Anthony twenty years ago—twenty—years—ago"—he repeated this with great pathos—"for five-and-twenty pounds." He handed it to Augustus with pride. "Stephen found it among the papers. It is not often that one's good deeds return in such a manner. Gentlemen, I give you my word that at this moment I only regret that the document represents so small a sum. I wish

it had been for ten times the amount. However, at the time I did my best."

There was a beautiful confusion between self-interest and the finest kind of generosity which moved all present.

"Very good," said Augustus. "Now let us consider the position from a common-sense point of view. Here is Mr. Billiter to correct us if we are led astray by an over-natural prejudice in favor of poor Anthony. We have this fact against us: there is not anywhere the slightest mention of marriage or love-affair in Anthony's letters or diaries. Yet the latter are kept with the greatest care, and in the most minute detail."

"As there must have been at least love-passages of some kind," said the Colonel, "does not that prove intentional omission?"

"I think it may. We need not, therefore, be discouraged at the outset by this omission. As the Colonel says, there must have been love-passages, probably letters. These are all probably destroyed; concealment was intentional."

"Men in my profession," said Mr. Billiter, "are not likely to believe blindly in anybody. It is the seamy side which we generally have placed before us. At the same time, I knew Anthony Hamblin from his childhood upward. I seem, like yourselves, to have known him most intimately—say from hour to hour. And if I were going to choose a man in whose virtue and honor I would believe, that man would be Anthony Hamblin."

"I concur," said William the Silent, for the second time.

"Having said so much," Mr. Billiter went on, "I come to the next point. Are we ready to carry this investigation throughout? Are we prepared for whatever may turn up? Of course, something will. It is impossible that a child should be born, a mother die, a man marry, without leaving some trace or other, which we shall be able to light upon after careful investigation!—Are you prepared, young man?"—he fixed his bright eyes upon Gilbert, who bore the shock without flinching—"to face all consequences?"

"I am!" Gilbert replied. "The truth can not be so bad for Alison to bear as the present uncertainty, when every chance allusion, every thought, any accident, puts the doubt before her, and makes a fresh demand upon her faith in her father. Let us, in Heaven's name, learn the truth!"

"Good!" said the Dean.

"Very well, then," observed Mr. Billiter dryly, "we are all agreed, we think, that Anthony Hamblin will come well out of it; we hope he will. If he does not, we are prepared to surren-

der the high opinion we had formed of his virtue and accept the consequences. You, gentlemen"—he turned to the partners—"you are more deeply concerned than even Alison herself."

"We are," said Augustus. "But the House would stand even such a shock as that which you contemplate." He meant if Stephen should withdraw his money.

"Then we return to the question," said Mr. Billiter, "What are we to do?"

Nobody spoke for a time. Then Alderney lifted up his voice:

"Advertise!" he said. "Go on advertising!"

Augustus groaned.

"We advertised everywhere when Anthony was drowned. One would like to avoid the agony column of the 'Times' if we could."

"There is no possible avoidance of publicity," said Mr. Billiter. "The Court of Probate will be asked for letters. We shall have to oppose. We shall have to state why we oppose. The court does not sit with closed doors. There will be a great deal of talk about it before we have done, I fear. Of course it is disagreeable to quiet people to be talked of in every newspaper in the kingdom."

Alderney was already at work with paper and pencil.

"It is nothing less than horrible," said Augustus, "that our name—the name of Anthony Hamblin—should be mixed up in such a vulgar difficulty as an uncertain marriage."

He spoke as if the fierce sunlight of fame should shine upon every action of a Hamblin and make it known to the people.

"Nothing in the world like an advertisement," said Alderney, working away. "You spend a guinea in the 'Times,' and another guinea in the 'Guardian.' All the parish clerks in all the parishes in the country are immediately set to work in hope of getting the reward. You ought to stimulate them by offering a high reward. Now, then, will this do?"

"TWO HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD!" That is not too much, is it? No! 'Two Hundred Pounds Reward.—Wanted, the Certificate of Marriage of Anthony Hamblin, merchant of Great St. Simon Apostle, City of London, and Clapham Common, with some person unknown. It is believed that the marriage took place in or near London, about twenty to twenty-three years ago. The above reward will be paid on receiving a certified copy of the register.' That sounds well," said Alderney. "Two hundred pounds will make them work. But that is not enough. We must have another advertisement to find out Alison's mother. Here it is:

"TWO HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD.—

Whereas, Anthony Hamblin, deceased, formerly merchant, Great St. Simon Apostle, City of London, and Clapham Common, is believed to have contracted marriage some twenty to twenty-two or three years ago, with a person unknown; the above reward is offered to any one who will give such information as will lead to the discovery of the person and the place and date of marriage; and any persons who are cognizant of the marriage, who are connected with the wife of Anthony Hamblin, or who lost any female relation by flight, elopement, abduction, or disappearance about that time, are requested to communicate full particulars to the undersigned."

Here followed the name and address of the solicitors.*

"There," said Alderney, with great satisfaction, "that will fetch the house—I mean, wake up the church."

"Very clearly put," said Mr. Billiter. "It is a pity that you were not made a lawyer, Mr. Codd."

Alderney smiled. This was the sort of tribute to his intellect that he enjoyed.

"Thank you, Mr. Billiter. But—*quid Romæ faciam?* Yet, if ripe scholarship and an intimate acquaintance with Latin literature could be of use in that profession—but I fear it is too late."

"There was a Mrs. Duncombe," said Gilbert, "who took charge of Alison for six or eight years. Should we not get hold of her?"

"Good," cried the intelligent Alderney, grasping more paper; "the very thing. Mrs. Duncombe by all means. Another advertisement. Two hundred—no, hang it!—five pounds reward will do for her. Mrs. Duncombe will be easy enough to find. There is no mystery about her, at any rate. 'Five Pounds Reward.—Wanted, the present address of Mrs. Duncombe, who for eight years had charge of a little girl at Brighton—initials, A. H.' And now I look upon our case as complete—quite complete."

Alderney looked about him as if the work was already done.

"We will advertise, then," said Augustus. "Is there no other way of working? Can we not use some private inquiry-office?"

They all had the old-fashioned respect for detectives, thinking they could solve any mystery. But Alderney shook his head. His faith was not so great.

"They can do nothing more than other men," he said. "Gilbert Yorke and I will be your best detectives. They get up the facts of a case just as we have done, and then advertise. That is just exactly what we are doing. And then they sit down and wait for replies—any one can do that."

"And now," said Gilbert, "for our own individual work. If Mr. Billiter will allow me, I will receive all the answers to the advertisements and report progress whenever any discovery takes place."

"And I," said Alderney, "will begin at once a private search in all the London parish registers. When I have gone through those, I will tackle the suburban churches. After that—but that is as far as we shall get."

"All this, Alderney," said Augustus, "will require money. You must not give us your time for nothing—at least, you must let us pay your expenses."

Poor Alderney blushed. He really had no employment for his time at the moment, for no one, up to the present, had shown any desire to join in the promotion of the Great Glass Spoon Company. And there were five weeks to quarter-day, and, to meet all expenses for those five-and-thirty days, there was no more than the sum of five-and-thirty shillings, with a silver watch, a gold chain, a gold medal once won at college for a theological essay, and two rings. These articles of jewelry spent the latter part of every quarter-day in charge of an obliging person who received them in trust, so to speak. Sometimes they remained "in" for a good six months, during which interval Alderney only knew the time by looking in bakers' shops, or the stations of the Underground Railway; by the pangs of hunger, and by the diurnal phenomena of nature.

Had it not been such an unfavorable time for him, he would rather have done the work for nothing. But poor men can not do generous and self-sacrificing things. He could not refuse the proffered money. And when Augustus, at parting, pressed into his hand a piece of paper which, as a rapid glance showed Alderney, was worth exactly fifty pounds, he was affected almost to tears.

"Your resemblance, Cousin Augustus," he said, "to our poor Cousin Anthony deceased, becomes every day more marked. *O si sic omnes!*"

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOW THE COURT WAS HARD TO PERSUADE.

THE tendency of humanity, in this its fallen state, to believe everything that is evil of each other has been often illustrated by the ingenious tribe of poets and novelists. The Hamblin cousinhood may, in all future ages, be cited as another and very remarkable case in point. The thing had only to be asserted in order to be immediately believed; and yet it was in direct contradiction to everything the world had previously

held and acknowledged. Stephen said it was so. Stephen had always been the black sheep; Anthony had always been the respected chief of the House; yet Anthony's character was swept away by one single assertion of Stephen's. Enjoyment of the kind which is caused by surprise was also felt in the situation. Here was a striking example of the uncertainty of fortune: here was a turning of the wheel: here was a sudden sprawling in the mud of those who had been perched in apparent security on the highest point. No such reverse of fortune had ever befallen the Hamblin family, except, perhaps, in the case of that member of it who being on a voyage of adventure in the Indian Ocean, had his ship scuttled, and was himself made to walk a most uncomfortable and suicidal plank laid down for him by pirates of Sumatra. It was something the cousins felt, but did not express the feeling in words, something for the annals of the family, in the interests of morality and philosophy, to show such a beautiful example of the instability of human greatness as that of Alison Hamblin. The case of Cræsus himself, although he saved himself at the last moment by an artful conundrum, could not have furnished his cousins, nephews, nieces, and marriage-connections with a more fertile topic of daily talk than the situation of Alison, the once fortunate, the beautiful Alison, provided for the family circle.

The female cousins pretended not to believe the story, out of deference to the partners, who were stout in their repudiation of Stephen's claim. But they *did* believe it at heart, and they whispered to each other words of doubt, pity, and suspicion, which served as an encouragement in belief. And the more they opened their eyes, raised their eyebrows, made round O's of their mouths, shook their heads, wagged their curls, lifted their shoulders, spread out their hands, and whispered words, the more they came to regard the story as not only probable, but certainly true.

No one liked Stephen. It was a fashion in the family to regard him as their least enviable possession. For his sake, and by means of his example, all Spaniards were supposed by the Hamblins to be profligate; how else to account for his extraordinary divergence from the recognized standards? All other Hamblins had done well: there were Hamblins in the church, Hamblins in the army and navy, Hamblins at the bar, Hamblins in medicine—it was a part of the family tradition that a Hamblin should turn out well. And here was one who had never done any good at all. No Hamblin could contemplate without emotion the picture of Stephen the prodigal, Stephen the spendthrift, Stephen who was actually not satisfied with one fatted calf, but went

on working his unrepentant way through a dozen of those toothsome creatures.

It was, however, instructive to mark the difference which the new position of things produced. One may not love the Heir Presumptive, but one must pray for the King. It became a subject of serious, even prayerful, consideration with the cousins whether they ought not to call upon Stephen, so long neglected. One or two did actually leave cards at his chambers in Pall Mall. Stephen found them and threw them behind the fire. He was completely indifferent to the action of his relations. They had long since passed out of his thoughts: they did not enter into any part or relation of his life. If he thought of them at all, it was as forming part of the family which had treated him with neglect, and whom in return he would humble if he could.

He lost no time, however, after the final interviews and explanations with the partners, in putting his case into the hands of a firm of solicitors, who were known to be able and active men.

"I want," he said, after putting the points as clearly as possible—"I want the business pushed on with all dispatch. You understand I claim the whole of my brother's estate as his sole heir."

"Yes. The case, as you present it, has weak points, Mr. Hamblin."

"You mean that my brother may have married. Rest assured that he never did. Let them search every register in England. I *know* that he never married. I am as certain as that I am standing here."

"But—the young lady—she must have had a mother."

"Account for her mother as you will. My brother never married."

Nothing short of the clearest documentary proof could shake Stephen's belief on this point. So far, he was perfectly and entirely sincere.

"There is another point. The Court, when we ask for letters of administration, may refuse to consider your brother's death as proved. Let us, however, make out the affidavit."

They went before the nearest commissioner, when Stephen took the necessary oath, and filled up the form:

"In the goods of Anthony Hamblin deceased,

"I, Stephen Hamblin, of Sandringham Chambers, Pall Mall, Gentleman, applying for Letters of Administration of the personal estate and effects of Anthony Hamblin, late of Great St. Simon Apostle, City of London and Hooghly House, Clapham Common, deceased, do hereby make oath that the said deceased was drowned on the third day of January, one thousand eight hundred and — —, in the River Serpentine, Hyde

Park, and that the personal estate and effects of the said deceased, which he anyway died possessed of, or entitled to, and for or in respect of which Letters of Administration are to be granted, exclusive of what the said deceased may have been possessed of or entitled to as a Trustee for any other person or persons, and not beneficially including the leasehold estate or estates for years of the said deceased, whether absolute or determinable on a life or lives, and without deducting anything on account of the debts due and owing from the said deceased, are under the value of three hundred thousand pounds to the best of my knowledge, information, and belief."

To which were appended the signatures of claimant and witnesses.

"This application," said the lawyer, "must be lodged on Thursday. Fortunately, we are in time, and on Tuesday week we shall make our motion in court. You will give us as many particulars as possible, Mr. Hamblin. We must make our case a strong one at the outset."

It was then Tuesday. There was, therefore, a fortnight to wait. Stephen, tolerably ignorant of the English law, thought he had only to ask for the letters of administration, and then to step at once into possession. At the worst, he fancied the Court might possibly grant a short delay of two or three months, while the other side looked about for proofs of the marriage. He waited impatiently for the fortnight to pass.

The day came at last. He found himself in the court.

Counsel for the complainant, in opening the case, said that, as had been stated in the affidavit, the deceased, Anthony Hamblin, had met with his death at the late deplorable accident on the 3d of January last, when, by the breaking of the ice, fifty persons had been suddenly drowned. The case presented the peculiarity that the body was never, and had not up to the present moment, been recovered. The Court might, therefore, be of opinion that the death was not proved. But the family, in the hope that he had not been drowned, had taken every possible step, offering very large rewards, and advertising in the most likely manner to attract the attention of people. Mr. Hamblin was a man of strongly-marked individuality, easily recognizable; it was impossible that he should be still living unknown and unrecognized. He left his home on the morning of the 3d of January: he told his servants that he should be home to dinner as usual: he was seen on the banks of the Serpentine half an hour or so before the occurrence of the accident: he was carrying his skates with him: he spoke to an officer of the Royal Humane Society, of which institution he was a liberal supporter: he announced his intention of going on the ice: he

took off his heavy coat, and gave it to the man to keep for him: and he went away in the direction of a man who let chairs and adjusted skates for hire. Half an hour after his conversation with this officer the ice gave way, and two hundred people were suddenly submerged. A great many were drowned, and a great many bodies were subsequently recovered, but Mr. Anthony Hamblin's body, as already stated, was not found. In the evening the man carried the coat to his private residence, but he had not come home. There was no ground for any other supposition than that of death. He was a man universally respected and loved, a man of great wealth, a most successful merchant, a man of very steady and regular habits, no longer young; a man of happy disposition, with no enemies, no anxieties, no mental troubles; a man who enjoyed life, a man possessed of strong *physique*, free from ailments or sickness of any kind.

Stephen Hamblin, his client, the only brother of the deceased, on hearing the sad news, at once took up the position of guardian to his brother's child. With regard to this child, there had always been a mystery about her. Anthony Hamblin, until ten years before, was believed by all to be a bachelor. He suddenly, however, at that time, appeared at home with a little girl aged nine years, whom he introduced simply as his daughter. He explained that her mother had been dead for many years, and offered no other explanation on the subject. Nor was any other asked: and, if his cousins had misgivings, these were easily appeased by consideration of the blameless life always led by the deceased.

On his death, however, the discovery that there was no will led to an attempt on the part of Stephen Hamblin to clear up the mystery connected with Miss Hamblin's birth. This investigation, commenced at first in the interests of the young lady, and after consultation with her, led Mr. Stephen Hamblin to surprising results. He found from the diaries and journals of the deceased, which, coupled with his own recollections of his brother's life, accounted fully for almost every hour of the past thirty years, that there could have been no marriage at all. In that case, Stephen Hamblin was sole heir, and Miss Hamblin had no legal claim to any portion of the estate.

When these facts were fully established in his own mind, and not before, Stephen Hamblin sought his late brother's partners, and communicated them in a friendly spirit. He was not received, however, with the spirit that he expected. However, whether the petition was to be opposed or not, his client, in asking for letters of administration, desired it to be clearly understood that his intention, after acquiring the

property to which he was entitled, was to recognize his brother's child, and to provide for her with liberality.

The counsel went on to describe the property in general terms. The real property consisted of a large house and grounds, known as Hooghly House, standing on Clapham Common, and a house standing in a small park in Sussex. There was also a considerable estate in house property, partly in the City of London, where the Hamblins had been merchants for two hundred years, and partly in the southern suburbs. Mr. Anthony Hamblin also, as chief partner in the firm, had a very large stake in the business. The personal property amounted to about two hundred and fifty thousand pounds in various stocks, securities, and investments. In addition, there was a valuable library, a collection of pictures, with furniture, objects of art, *bric-à-brac*, and so forth, the results of several generations of wealth. The whole would probably be sworn under three hundred thousand pounds.

The counsel for the petitioner then summed up his case. The proofs, which he held sufficient, to the mind of any unprejudiced person, that there never had been any marriage, were found in the very careful and minute diaries kept by Anthony Hamblin, in which every detail of expense, occupation, employment, and engagement, were scrupulously entered. These not only contained no mention of any marriage, but left no room for any marriage. Although his death had been announced in every paper, and, by reason of the accident which caused it, had obtained the widest publicity, no one had as yet stepped forward to claim relationship with the young lady on her mother's side. The great family Bible, in which were entries of the births and deaths of six generations of Hamblins, which formed, in fact, a complete genealogical table of the family, contained no entry of the marriage of Anthony or the birth of his daughter Alison. This omission was very extraordinary.

There were a few witnesses to call. The first was the man Harris, whose evidence was simple and straightforward. He believed Mr. Hamblin was drowned with the rest. He could not see how any one could think otherwise. The body had never been found. It might have been among the rest, but he did not think that likely. There were two or three bodies unidentified, but their clothes had been kept.

Then the footman, Charles, deposed that his master had told him in the morning, before he went out, that he should be at home as usual.

Augustus Hamblin testified to the regular habits and freedom from care of his late cousin. He, too, expressed his conviction that Anthony Hamblin had been drowned.

The Court did not want to hear any more evidence on the subject. The Court would pass on to consider the nature of the claim set up by Mr. Stephen Hamblin.

Then the counsel for the other side was able to begin.

He said that up to a certain point he was prepared to acknowledge all the statements made by his learned brother. There was no will to be found; most likely none had been executed. There was no mention anywhere of a marriage. There was not any entry of his own marriage or the birth of his daughter in the family Bible. All this was quite true. As regarded the disinterested action of Mr. Stephen Hamblin, in seeking to prove himself the heir to so large a property, he was only desirous to state that Mr. Stephen Hamblin had proved his liberal intentions by offering this young lady, brought up to regard herself as the heiress of a very large fortune, a hundred pounds a year. But as regards the silence, he would submit that the question was altogether begged by his learned brother. There was one point quite undisputed by all; Miss Hamblin was the undoubted daughter of Anthony Hamblin. Not only did she possess certain strongly marked peculiarities common to all the Hamblins, but she was most curiously and remarkably like her grandmother, Mr. Hamblin's mother, who had been a Spanish lady. Very well, then. Here was a daughter, acknowledged as such by all; here was an intentional and marked omission of all mention of the child's mother in diaries and family records. What were they to infer? Two things were possible. The one view which his learned brother had adopted, and one which, he would submit to the Court, was the more probable because more honorable. It was this: the late Mr. Anthony Hamblin had been from boyhood of singular purity of life. Few men could look back upon a course so blameless, so free from reproach, as his. It was a life open to the eyes of all. There was nothing to conceal, nothing to be ashamed of. Above all, there could be no skeleton in the cupboard. His friends believed, one and all, implicitly in the purity and nobility of the life which had been so suddenly and fearfully taken from their midst. They believed that Anthony Hamblin was married. They were confident that, if investigation were made, proofs would be found. They put forward the daughter, Alison Hamblin, as the heiress, and they asked that time should be allowed to enable them to make the research.

The Judge said that this was a case in which he was not called upon to grant time for the purpose asked, viz., to prove the marriage. It did appear remarkable, and in some men it would

be suspicious, that no mention had been made at all of the young lady's mother. On the other hand, the supposed deceased gentleman had evidently borne the highest character. Why, then, had he thought proper to leave unexplained the circumstance of his daughter's birth? Meantime, however, he was not satisfied with the proof of the death of Anthony Hamblin. He should require further proof.

Stephen's counsel asked how long a period would satisfy his lordship.

The Court replied that he could not tie himself down to any time; there had been cases in which men had been missed for years and had then returned—cases in which men had gone to sea, run away from debts or imagined annoy-

ance, and taken assumed names. There were many possible reasons for hiding. No man's life was wholly known; no man's sanity could be altogether relied on. He would adjourn the case; the parties could come before him at any time should they get additional or conclusive evidence. If no more was found, he would hear them again in a twelvemonth, or perhaps two years. The estate could be in the mean time administered by Mr. Anthony Hamblin's solicitors, the houses and gardens kept up as before, and a sufficient sum allotted for the young lady. And he would advise that the most diligent search should be made by both sides, if they could act in concert, for the discovery of the name and connections of the missing mother.

To be continued.)

CONSPIRACIES IN RUSSIA.

III.

I.

MUCH astonishment has been expressed of late, by those who are too apt to forget the main facts even of contemporary history, that under "so benevolent a prince as Alexander II." the most fearful conspiracies should have become rife. This view of the situation shows a misconception of the whole system of government in Russia, and more especially of the character of the ruling Autocrat, as it has been formed by his education and by the ever-worsening course of his reign. For the proper understanding of what has occurred within the last twelve years or so, we must consequently go back for a moment to Alexander's early training and antecedents. No despotic system can be judged without a knowledge of personal facts relating to its bearer. A sketch of the character of Alexander II. and of his strange acts of "benevolence" will make it clear to the commonest comprehension why his antagonists should at last have met him by wild deeds of conspiracy.

Alexander's arbitrary bias may be said to have been inherited in his blood. A disposition, originally, perhaps, less severe than that of Nicholas, was darkened and vitiated in him from his early days. Custine already remarked the expression of deep melancholy in the Grand Duke; and all those who have seen Alexander II. since have been struck with his sour and sullen morosity. No smile ever lights up this "humane" Czar's face. His uneasy glance is that of the misanthrope; his brow seems overcast as

with the lowering shadow of a tragic fate. The harsh way in which he was brought up by his martinet father, without the slightest regard for his somewhat delicate health, no doubt laid a foundation for this pensive sadness, which under a pernicious court atmosphere, and with the terrible recollections crowding about his family history, gradually changed into the fierceness of the tyrant.

Poor royal humanity is sometimes strangely led up to its task in life. Almost from infancy the sickly boy had to don the soldier's uniform. All joyous sprightliness was crushed out of the infantine heir of a barbarous imperialism. His education by the crowned corporal who happened to be his parent appeared to aim mainly at making him physically and in character as rigid as a ramrod. By nature of a sensuous bent, he had to undergo all the ordeals of barrack-room practices which Nicholas held to be the proper sum and substance of human life.

The stern nature and teaching of that typical tyrant came out one day in a striking manner during the early boyhood of Alexander. Even imperial children do not seem to be able to shake off the dark historical recollections that hang about the Winter Palace. In the manner of children they will make a ghastly sport of them. Once, when they were in a specially jocular mood, Alexander, in company with his brother Constantine and some comrades, in play enacted—as youngsters in their apishly imitative mood will do—one of the most hideous scenes that concluded a previous reign. The throttling of

the Emperor Paul was the subject! Alexander, standing for Paul, was assaulted and thrown down by his brother, who knelt upon his chest. With the aid of the sportive accomplices a cord was passed round the victim's throat. It is said that young Constantine took a malicious pleasure in putting into this semblance of strangulation rather an unexpected deal of energy.

"For mercy's sake! For mercy's sake!" Alexander cried, with half-stifled voice, and at last with a fearful yell.

Nicholas, hurrying out from his room, beheld the spectacle before him in deep consternation. When the matter was explained to him, he severely reproofed and actually punished his eldest born. "It is not worthy of an emperor," he said, "to call out for mercy!"

This well-authenticated anecdote has been told by writers who expressed the most adulatory sentiments toward the present Czar. It is to be found in Castille's highly flattering biography of Alexander II., published about the time of his accession to the throne. The incident, loathsome as it must appear to every sensitive mind, strikingly paints both the gloom that always hangs about the Russian Court and the kind of education given by Nicholas to his offspring.

The youthful despotic propensities of Alexander may be seen from an account given by another of his admiring biographers, Mr. J. G. Hesekiel. This writer enthusiastically swings the censor before Nicholas as "The Iron Knight of Legitimacy" and "The Invincible Champion of Government by the Grace of God." (I may mention, in passing, that Mr. Hesekiel has done the life of Prince Bismarck into similar adulatory prose.) At the age of fourteen, he relates, the boy prince, Alexander, in going through a state-room of the palace, was respectfully greeted by the assembled high dignitaries of the empire, senators, generals, and so forth. They all rose and bowed before the heir-apparent. The boy's vanity being flattered, he purposely came back several times, expecting the graybeards on each occasion to rise and salaam before him. When he found that they thought they had done their duty by the first salutation, he angrily complained against them to his father. Nicholas, however, blamed the son for his unreasonable exaction. This vicious arrogance of the boy ripened afterward into the haughtiness of the despot, being but slightly mitigated by a naturally melancholy disposition, which sometimes gave the appearance of comparative softness.

Of Constantine, the second son of Nicholas, there is a further characteristic anecdote on record. It is to be found even in publications otherwise marked by servile feelings toward the Court. We all know at what a supernaturally early age

the purple-born are appointed to high titular positions in the state administration or in the army. In Russia, where the "right divine of kings to govern wrong" is pushed to its most logical or illogical consequences, this royal custom flourishes to excess. At the mature age of eight Alexander was appointed Chancellor of the University of Finland. His brother Constantine was nominated in early youth High Admiral of the Fleet. One day Constantine, between whom and his elder brother there was little love lost, had Alexander arrested because he had come on board ship without special authorization. Something of the sentiment of Franz Moor, in Schiller's "Robbers," seems to have animated Constantine in his youth. He was often heard to utter a malediction against the law of heredity. He declared that, being born when his father (Nicholas) was already on the throne, he (Constantine) had a better right of succession than Alexander, who had been born when Nicholas was only a grand duke. He further said that, after the death of Nicholas, he would contend against Alexander with the object of partitioning the empire.

These may seem trifling occurrences—mere freaks of childhood. They would certainly be so regarded in countries where the nation practically possesses self-government, and the crown is mainly an ornamental cipher, or where the sovereign privilege is at least largely circumscribed by the parliamentary power. It is different in an empire like Russia, with its murderous dynastic antecedents. There the personal character of the princely personages is of the utmost importance; for a youthful freak or hideous trick may point to a coming horrible event. In olden times, previous to the Tartar dominion, Russia passed through the so-called Appanage Period of Separate Principalities, when the empire was actually partitioned. The feuds which then tore the various branches of the Rurik family greatly facilitated the Mongol conquest that weighed upon the country for centuries. With the condition of Russia such as it was until lately, and still is for that matter, a bold attempt on the part of a prince second in birth could not be said to be beyond the range of possibility. Even now we hear of a deep estrangement between the ruling Autocrat and the Czarewitch, reaching even to such an extent that for a moment there was an intention of arresting the latter.

Nothing has come of the childish threat of the Grand Duke Constantine, who to this day fills the post of Admiral-General of the Russian Fleet. Still, the incident alluded to has its value. When a whole nation is disinherited from political rights, a younger member of the ruling house,

of violent and ambitious temper, may easily take the idea into his head of altering, by a palace plot, the very basis of the empire for his own special benefit. What looks like boyish play may in time to come turn into a tragedy. These dangers, characteristic of all autocracies, can only be done away with by the introduction of a settled order of constitutional law, conferring the chief power in the state upon representative bodies.

II.

THE death of Nicholas, shortly before the end of the Crimean war, remains to this day enshrouded in darkness and doubt.

His proud spirit had been deeply humiliated by a series of defeats. He who once posed as the arbiter of the destinies of Continental Europe had been beaten, not only by the Western allies, but, before that, even by the Turks single-handed. He wrathfully avowed that "he had been deceived as to the state of public opinion in England." The messengers of the Peace Society, the language held by the organs of the Manchester school, had emboldened him to try to realize the secular dream of Russian despots—namely, the conquest of Constantinople. The disenchantment he experienced gave even his iron frame a terrible shock. Yet his haughty temper forbade him to entertain offers of, still more to sue for, peace. Those surrounding him, including his nearest by kinship, were afraid of angering the ruthless man by unwelcome counsel.

At the same time vague murmurs were heard in society against the absolutistic *régime* which had led Russia to the brink of utter ruin. From the southern part of the empire, where opinion, since the days of Cossack and Ukraine independence, had always been the most advanced, threatening tales came up of a spirit of rebellion among the peasantry, upon whom the relay duties and other hardships connected with the war weighed most heavily. There was a universal feeling that the removal of Nicholas from this world's stage would be a blessing.

In the midst of this darkening situation men learned that the Czar was slightly indisposed; immediately afterward, that he was—*dead*. He had only taken a cold; but the illness—as the manifesto of Alexander II. afterward said—"developed itself with incredible rapidity." The manifesto added, "Let us bow before the mysterious decrees of Providence!"

Was the mystery a real or merely an apparent one?

Abroad a rumor quickly spread of foul play having once more taken place in the Winter Palace. In the German and the Danish press—for instance, in the Copenhagen "*Fædrelandet*,"

and the Berlin "*National Zeitung*" and "*Volks-Zeitung*"—surmises were openly uttered that the Russian Emperor had died from poison. Not a few thought he had fallen a victim to a palace plot in the interest of the maintenance of the dynasty which was endangered by his obstinacy. In a medical journal of this country it was shown that the bulletins concerning the course of his illness were, at all events, quite at variance with well-known physiological laws. In a lithographed pamphlet—attributed to Dr. Mandt, the physician-in-ordinary to Nicholas—it was alleged that the Czar, in a fit of life-weariness, had himself asked for strychnine, and forced his physician to prepare it for him. A noted Russian writer, Mr. Ivan Golovin, in a book published at Leipsic about eight years ago,* refers to the statement of this pamphlet. He himself remarks that the reason for the head of the Emperor having been covered up, when lying in state, was, that his features were so terribly disfigured by the poison as to render it advisable to conceal the face.

It is impossible to unravel the truth. This much can, however, be said beyond mere probability, that, if Nicholas had not been suddenly taken away, the contrast between his iron rule at home and his continued defeats on the field of battle would have roused a spirit of rebellion and mutiny very similar to that against which he had to contend in the ensanguined streets of the capital at the beginning of his reign. As it was, men expected that his successor would prove more pliant. The prevailing feeling of dissatisfaction did not, therefore, at first assume a revolutionary shape.

Perhaps it was a consciousness of being surrounded by men who watched him closely which made Alexander II. speak out in rather a peremptory tone in his manifesto of March 2, 1855. Monarchs who fear an attack upon their sovereign privileges often seek to terrify their would-be antagonists by bold language. "I hereby declare solemnly," Alexander said, "that I will remain faithful to all the views of my father, and *persevere in the line of political principles* which have served as guiding maxims both to my uncle, Alexander I., and to him. These principles are those of the Holy Alliance. If that alliance no longer exists, it is certainly not the fault of my august father." The fling against Austria, which had half taken the side of the Western allies in the Crimean war, and the covert reference to Prussia, which had refused making common military cause with Russia, was unmistakable.

So far as public opinion existed then, or could make itself heard in the Czar's empire,

* "*Russland unter Alexander II.*," Leipsic, 1870.

the impression of this manifesto was a highly unfavorable one. Its allusions to the maintenance of the political principles of Nicholas and to the maxims of the Holy Alliance were little relished—all the less so, because there was not a word about coming reforms. Military preparations were continued. The whole country seemed to be destined to become a military camp. No prospects were held out either of the emancipation of the serfs, or of the admission of any section of the nation to a share in the government.

Soon, however, Alexander II. had to alter his tone. The wave of public discontent rising ever higher, while the Russian arms suffered defeat after defeat, peace had to be concluded, and the full stringency of the despotic rule could no longer be maintained. Gortchakoff was substituted for Nesselrode in the chancellorship. At that time this was almost considered progress—so unspeakably degrading was the slavery of the nation, and so apt are men in their despair to catch at a straw.

Gortchakoff, nevertheless, pronounced the famous saying, "*La Russie ne boude pas; elle se recueille!*" The old war policy had been scotched, not killed. Scarcely had the army returned from the campaign before Government busied itself with a well-studied plan for a network of railways, not in the commercial but in the strategical interest. With the same object of an ulterior return to the aggressive war policy, Alexander II. sought an interview with Napoleon III. soon after the conclusion of the Crimean war. Piedmont, also, was diplomatically approached in a remarkably friendly manner. England was to be isolated. Revenge was to be ultimately taken against her. Between all these significant though somewhat weak attempts, the new Czar addressed to the marshals of the Polish nobility at Warsaw his threatening words: "Before all, no dreams, gentlemen! . . . If need be, I shall know how to punish with the utmost severity; and with the utmost severity I mean to punish!" (*Avant tout, point de rêveries, messieurs! . . . Au besoin, je saurai sévir, et je sévirai!*)

Thus the autocratic vein strongly stood out even in this more sickly type of a barbarous autocracy. It is the fashion at present, at least among some who take the name of "philosophical Radicals" in vain when they courtesy before a Machiavellian tyrant, to dwell with admiring pride upon the philanthropic character of Alexander the Benevolent. All the cardinal virtues are his. He is the liberator of the serfs, the deliverer of down-trodden nationalities, the educator and friend of the people—a monstrous paragon of princely perfection. The truth is, that this Czar, albeit lacking the nerve of his sire, has from

early youth shown the full absolutistic bent. Dire necessity only brought him to the accomplishment of some reforms. But the evidence before us clearly shows that in this he acted on the well-known lines of despotic calculation, and that he never did good without the intention of thereby preventing what to him appeared to be the greater evil for his position as an irresponsible autocrat, by the so-called "grace of God."

III.

So deeply shaken was the empire by the events of 1853-'56, that Alexander did not dare for several years—in fact, not until 1863—to ordain any fresh recruitment for the army. This necessity greatly diminished the oppressive power of the Crown. At the same time, public opinion showed signs of a threatening unrest. An "underground literature," as it was called, began once more to express the ideas of the better-educated, progressive classes. Among the troops, the "Songs of the Crimean Soldiers," by Tolstoy, an artillery-officer, made a great stir. Count Orloff, then Minister of the Police, wrote to the commanding General in the south that he should silence these rebel songs. The General somewhat bluntly replied, "Please come yourself, and try to silence them!"

Among the secret publications then in vogue there were some political poems of Pushkin, hitherto only known in clandestine manuscript form. Pushkin is often called, with a great deal of exaggeration, the Russian Byron, whereas others will only let him pass as a Byron travestied, wanting in originality, like most of his Russian brother-poets of the end of the last and the beginning of this century. At all events, one of Pushkin's utterances containing the words—

"I hate thee and thy race,
Thou autocratic villain!"—

does not lack in allusive clearness. Secretly printed abroad, his writings were largely propagated at Alexander II.'s accession. Again, men like Lawroff—who, ten years later, was imprisoned as a suspect, after Karakasoff's attempt against the life of the Czar—had celebrated the advent of the successor of Nicholas with such ironically questionable sentiments as this:

"Be proud, ye Russian men,
Of being the slaves of a Czar!"

Writers of comedies, novelists, delineators of the life of the people, ultra-realistic and cynical describers of the criminal classes, arose in rapid succession, whose tendency, one and all, was to show to what a state of corruption Russian society, from top to bottom, had come under the famous "Champion of Order," the dreaded Nich-

olas. That Czar had been in the habit of speaking of Turkey as the sick man. Russia was now shown to be the sick man. Neither did St. Petersburg, Moscow, nor the other chief towns, alone serve as a theme for this kind of semi-political literature. "Provincial Sketches" also came out in a similar strain. These publications obtained an ever-increasing success among those classes—few in number, it is true—which were able to read. A whole "Revelation Literature" sprang up, dealing with cases of governmental corruption. The censorship could not be upheld any longer against these writers with the strict severity of the previous reign. A beaten absolutism had to do things a little more cautiously; and the watchful eyes of men hitherto treated like slaves quickly found out, with the rapid glance and intuition of the oppressed, that it was safe to "dare it on" a little more than they would have dreamed of doing before the end of the Crimean war. Truly, those Liberals in this country who now denounce that war as a mistake and even a crime, do not know, or do not care to remember, what a relief it brought to Russian Liberals themselves.

Soon after the death of Nicholas, desires, until then only muttered, were publicly expressed for the recall and the amnesty of the martyrs of the conspiracy and the insurrection of December, 1825. Pestel, Ryleieff, Bestujeff-Rumin, and the other leaders, had been strung up on the gallows. Many of those transported to Siberia had died a miserable felon's death in the lead-mines. Brought up in the lap of luxury, they ended like galley-slaves, because they had loved freedom more than wealth and ease. It is reported of one of the political prisoners, a nobleman, that he died in Kamtchatka with a chain round his neck, fastened to the wall. Others had been sent to the Caucasus, which in Russia was long ago said to be "not so much a frontier as a graveyard." There they had fallen in a hateful war against brave, independent mountain tribes, as the unwilling tools of an aggressive tyranny. Still, some of the sufferers were yet alive—among them men of the foremost families of the country. They had to be allowed to come back. They came—mere shadows and ruins of their former selves. But their decrepit condition was the most telling evidence of the infamy of the tyrant who had fortunately passed away.

In the *salons* of the upper classes these suffering witnesses of a terrible past received lavish proofs of admiration. Men would listen with sympathetic avidity to the tales of horror told by them. All those present at such a gathering made it a point to be profuse toward the martyrs with little attentions such as only women ordinarily receive from the other sex. Thirty years—

a long time—had passed since the armed struggle in the streets of St. Petersburg. Now, all of a sudden, memories were revived. Political tendencies, which some imagined had died out, came up afresh among a younger generation, for whom the "December Conspiracy" was surrounded with a poetical halo. There was danger in the air for the autocratic principle.

Count Rostoptchin, the same who ordered the burning of Moscow in 1812, said in 1825 he could not understand that attempt at a revolution. He "could understand the French Revolution, because there the ordinary citizen wished to become an aristocrat, but he could not conceive aristocrats wishing to become simple burghers." That was the version of a cynical though otherwise clever member of the nobility, who was unable to comprehend the spirit of self-sacrifice for noble aims showing itself even among the wealthy and the "noble" by birth. However, had Count Rostoptchin only been capable of feeling the degradation under which the Russian aristocracy itself lies in its relations with a despotic crown, he might, even from his own point of view as a mere man of the world, have found a reason for the uprising of independent characters among men of his own rank.

IV.

THE more cultured and wealthier classes again came to the front as political agitators, at the accession of Alexander. They wanted to throw down the Chinese wall which Nicholas had built around them—if it is not an insult to the Chinese to compare the wall they erected as a protection against barbarism with the barrier set up by Nicholas against Western ideas of culture and freedom. At first, Alexander II. did not hold out any hope of reform. Driven to straits, he busied himself with throwing a sop to public opinion by various small relaxations in administrative matters. They were small enough; and they were given with a niggard hand.

Any one taking a survey of the earlier part of the reign of Alexander II. must see that the main object of his government was to foil the tendency toward the introduction of parliamentary institutions, which was sullenly but perceptibly making its way among the better educated section of the nation; that, with the view of attaining this reactionary end, he pursued the traditional despotic policy of approaching the lower classes on the one hand, and engaging the country in fresh warlike enterprise abroad on the other. Foiled in Europe by England and France, he throws his armies, after the conclusion of the peace of Paris, with renewed fury upon the Tcherkess tribes. They had long barred the

way of Russia toward Asia Minor and Persia, thereby insuring the safety of India from that side. Now Schamyl, the hoary-headed warrior-prophet, is compelled to surrender in his last mountain stronghold. From his lofty Alpine home, which is filled with the renown of his romantic deeds, he is carried a prisoner to St. Petersburg, there to be stared at by the crowd of decorated slaves of autocracy.

With this "pacification" of the Caucasus, the Czar obtained the unimpeded use of the high-road leading into Asia Minor. He then struck a blow against the independent tribes on the eastern shore of the Caspian. With the Court of Teheran he entered into relations calculated to threaten Turkey with a double danger from the Asiatic side, in case of a renewal of war. Again, he enlarged his empire, at the cost of China, by filching territories as extensive as some of the greatest European countries. In what once was Independent Turkistan, his armies overran one khanate after the other, thus coming nearer and nearer to India from the northwest. There is a striking war-picture by Vereshagin, with a pyramid of skulls as its center—a very Golgotha of the horrors of massacre; but Russian monarchs, in their ceaseless career of conquest, out-Tartar the Tartar in the fiendishness of their atrocities. Witness the order given by General Kaufmann, the pampered tool of Alexander II., in these Turkistan campaigns: "*Kill all; spare no age or sex!*" Witness also the death-dance that took place when his Majesty, the crowned head of Holy Russia, the magnanimous champion of religion and humanity, made his victorious entry into Plevna,* carousing there jubilantly, while the Turkish wounded lay unattended in the town for fully two days—a helpless mass of men, dying in raving agony.

I have anticipated for a moment the course

* "The day and night of the battle passed, and the sufferers received no food or water, and their festering wounds were undressed. The following morning the Russians entered and took possession, and made the day one of rejoicing with the visit of the Czar and the imperial staff; but this celebration of the event, however short it may have seemed to the victors, was a long season of horrible suffering for the wretched, helpless captives who stretched their skeleton hands in vain toward heaven, praying for a bit of bread or a drop of water. Neither friend nor foe was there to alleviate their sufferings, or to give the trifle needed to save them from a painful death, and they died by hundreds; and before the morning of the third day the dead crowded the living in every one of those dirty, dimly-lighted rooms which confined the wounded in a foul and fetid atmosphere of disease and death. It was only on the morning of the third day that these wretched, tortured creatures had been left to their fate, that the Russians began the separation of the living from the dead."—("Daily News" letter from Plevna.)

of events. In glancing at the reign of Alexander II. the eye involuntarily runs over the full panorama of tyrannic outrages. From the time of the wholesale proscription of the Tcherkess and Abchasian tribes to the heart-rending horrors committed against Toork populations and wounded Ottoman prisoners of war, there has been, in his career, a perfect climax of inhumanity. Conferences for the professed humanization of warfare were with him only the hypocritical precursors of fresh barbarities. But it is not necessary to forestall events. Enough was done in the way of atrocities even in the earlier years of his rule.

Between the conquests made in the Caucasus and the annexations on the Amoor or in central Asia, Alexander II. bullied, and at last put down by unspeakably cruel means—even as did his predecessor—the national aspirations of unhappy Poland. Like Nicholas, he kept the road to Siberia alive with the wretched convoys of unfortunate exiles. Even in the Baltic provinces, whence the Russian Government draws so many able administrators, diplomatists, and military leaders, whose capacities might be employed in a better cause, he began a system of persecution against the German population, of so galling a nature that it threatened, in course of time, to alienate that very mainstay of the public administration. The special towns' charters of the Baltic provinces were infringed. The German tongue, hitherto possessing full privileges, was threatened. A process of Russification was attempted—the superior civilized element being pushed and annoyed by the inferior and barbarous one.

These acts of the earliest years of the reign of Alexander II. have to be kept in mind, in order to understand that humanitarian motives were not the ruling ones in the final adoption of the serf-emancipation measure. On his death-bed Nicholas is stated to have said to his son: "Thou hast two enemies—the nobility and the Poles. Emancipate the serfs; and do not allow the Poles any constitution!"

It is impossible, with the mystery which envelops the last days of Nicholas, to know whether these words are authentic. At all events, Alexander did not give back to the Poles the constitution they possessed until 1830. Nor did he grant a constitution to the Russians either. He emancipated the serfs—but not before the principles which had actuated the conspirators of 1817-'25 once more began to show themselves among the upper strata of society; and in passing his measure he mainly sought to deprive a restive nobility of some of its influence, and to take the wind out of the sails of those liberal agitators who would have made the abolition

of bondage the outcome of the establishment of a freely chosen legislature. When, finally, the Poles, counting upon a corresponding movement in Russia, resolved upon that heroic though desperate rising which by anticipation I alluded to in the last article, such fresh cruelties were practiced by Alexander II. against the vanquished victims that every human heart worthy of the name must shudder at the mere recollection of them.

From those days, however, the conspiratory movement in Russia began to assume larger proportions. What I have said in the preceding pages goes far to explain the violence by which that movement has latterly been characterized.

V.

PARTLY from the aggressiveness which is the natural bent of a despotic military monarchy, partly from the wish to check the home-growth of liberal sentiments by frequent bloodletting abroad, the Government of Alexander II. has tried to meet the danger which has been gathering round the autocratic system by lighting up foreign wars. Central Asia has served him for that purpose. So has Turkey. The flag of ambition was flaunted before public opinion as soon as there was a revival of the opposition tendency in internal affairs.

An attempt at opening up the whole Eastern Question was made as early as 1870, when France and Germany were locked together in deadly embrace. The confidential dispatches and cipher telegrams exchanged in 1870 between Mr. de Novikoff, the Russian Ambassador at Vienna, and Mr. Ionin, the Russian Consul-General at Ragusa, which fortunately came to light some years ago, have fully proved that even then Muscovite policy busied itself with getting up a phantom insurrection in Herzegovina preparatory to an attack upon Turkey. Nor is it a secret that a Bulgarian committee of insurrection, affiliated to Russia, had been in existence in Bucharest for years previous to the late war. All these propagandistic intrigues were in a measure designed to occupy some of the more active minds in Russia, who hesitated between home reform and Panslavistic ambition.

The Czar has indulged in his warlike enterprises, but he has deceived himself in his calculations as regards home policy. All his frightful spilling of blood abroad has not been able to prevent the formation and extension of what is called the Nihilist Conspiracy. Side by side with his wars, the Secret League has grown apace, overshadowing all his glory. So extensive have the ramifications of that conspiracy become that the liveliest interest is now awakened as to its origin and its earliest germs.

In the nature of things it is impossible, at present, to speak with full certainty on this subject. The Russian revolutionists, being engaged in a desperate struggle, have neither the leisure necessary for writing such statements, nor is it their interest to go into details. Judicial inquiries have lifted, here and there, some corner of the mysterious winding-sheets in which the secret *Vehme* is enveloped. But more light can only be expected after the conspiracy has been entirely crushed, in which case, however, owing to the heroic silence which its adherents generally maintain, a great deal of knowledge will for ever be buried in the grave, or the fuller clearing up will come when, as I would fain hope, this fierce struggle ends with a triumph, whether complete or partial, of the cause of freedom.

Even under the iron rule of Nicholas, there were, many years after the St. Petersburg insurrection of 1825, still some faint traces of secret societies, in which the spirit of Pestel and Murawieff was continued. One of these occult leagues was that of Petrascheski, detected in 1849, whose members were sentenced to forced labor and to banishment to Siberia. A nearer approach to the plebeian element than was observable in the conspiracies of 1817-'25 characterized this later association. Altogether the more educated classes gradually began to seek closer contact with the people at large.

This task was in so far facilitated by the tyrannical Czar-Pope Nicholas, in that he not only trod under foot that portion of the nobiliary class which aimed at a constitutional share of the political power, but also persecuted the various dissenting sects in the most barbarous fashion.

Under an outward gloss of official orthodoxy, Russia is eaten up with a chaos of sects. The Raskolniks, or Old Believers, profess to be the real Church; yet the simplest civic rights were always denied to them. Besides those Old Believers, numerous other sects exist. They in their turn are surrounded by a strange fringe of "Runners," "Jumpers," "Flagellants," "Self-Mutilators," and other eccentric or anti-social pests which crop up most thickly in the dank shadow of an obscurantist despotism, whose very roots, however, they gradually destroy and encroach upon. Persecuted men often seek solace in wild hopes and prophetic beliefs, which, if strongly nurtured by agitation, are apt to imperil the persecutor. Under Nicholas, the persecutor of all dissenters, popular seers occasionally arose, who in their occult meetings predicted from the book of Esdras that, after the reign of Nicholas should be over, the monarchy would fall down under his son, and that "the people then would be happy and free."

Such a state of feeling in the lower and more

backward social strata rendered it at all events easier for would-be reformers of the conspirator type to enter into closer contact with the plebeian element. Though educated men could not have any sympathy with the mystic views and tone, they found a practical ally in the sullen dissatisfaction which drove dissenters to opposition against the Government. So it was under Nicholas. So it still is under Alexander II. It may suit the sacerdotal Ritualists, who would fain establish a connection of High Church Anglicanism with the official orthodoxy of the East, to promote the aggressive policy of the Czar. But English Dissenters, who prize their freedom from clerical trammels, might remember that autocracy in Russia represents all that is worst in political as well as in religious fields. Besides upholding the Stuart doctrine with the means of a Genghis Khan and a Tamerlane, it pretends, in church matters, to a Papal authority, crushing the Bible Christian, the eccentric mystic, and the religious rationalist with an equally heavy hand—and, if need be, as in the case of the Greek Uniates under Alexander II., with the Cossack knout.

In the educated class of Russia, two very different political currents are observable: the one inclining toward Western liberalism, while the other cultivates the nationalist sentiment under rather antiquated forms. The "Westerners," "Europeans," or "Liberals," are often regarded by the more stolid adherents of Katkoff as men lacking in patriotism. Between these two parties—if we could speak of parties in a country which has no ordered public life—a third group is observable: the Panslavists, many of whom pursue, under a liberal mask, aims favorable to the aggrandizement of czarism. Not a few of the Panslavists are in reality mere Government tools. Others, who, like Aksakoff, began as independent workers in the Panslavist cause, finally yielded to Government temptation; but after a while even they were found to be too much imbued with reforming ideas, and consequently were placed under police surveillance.

The great mass of the Russian people has nothing to do with Panslavism; it does not even know what it is. The idea of a Slav brotherhood is foreign to it. It can be made, by much priestly preaching, to take a sort of bigoted interest in alleged co-religionists who are said to be ill-treated by "unbelieving Turks"; but the interest and the understanding do not go beyond that. Such is the distinct statement made lately by one of the best observers, Ivan Turgeneff, the novelist, in a conversation with a German writer. As to the revolutionary party in Russia, it has more and more become estranged from the Panslavistic tendency—so much so that at present it stands in direct opposition to it.

Alexander Herzen,* who favored the Panslavistic cause, could still speak, retrospectively, of Russian czars as being "Robespierres on horseback"—an expression of so doubtful a value that it rather reminds us of the pseudo-revolutionary language of Napoleonism than of the purer democratic principles. Herzen's idea being that Constantinople should become the capital of a great Russo-Slav empire, we can easily understand that he should have represented Muscovite history under such a deceptive garb. Bakunin also was a Panslavist for a time, but of a different type, aiming as he did at a loose democratic federation of the various Slav tribes. The impossibility of this federation all those will acknowledge who think it equally chimerical to form a Romanic federation between nations so dissimilar in origin, history, language, and aspirations, as are the Italians, the French, the Spaniards, the Portuguese, the French-speaking section of the Swiss, and the Roumans of Moldo-Wallachia and Hungary. Or would it be less chimerical to try to form a Teutonic federation among Germans, Dutch, Danes, Swedes, Norwegians, Icelanders, German-Swiss, Englishmen, North Americans, and the various English colonies?

Nihilism, on its part, has nothing in common with those Panslavist intrigues which mainly cover an imperialist ambition. Nihilism, as at present known, is, in fact, the very negation of such dangerous ambitious schemes.

The first Nihilist Society, properly speaking, is said to have been founded by Russian students about the year 1859. German works on philosophy and natural science were then much in demand, as forbidden fruit among the aspiring youths of Russia. The books not being allowed to pass the frontier, stray copies were smuggled in, and lithographed translations passed from hand to hand. The Agricultural College of Petrovski, near Moscow, is considered to have been one of the first places where young men became imbued with such advanced ideas. In this neighborhood the Netchaieff tragedy was enacted. Among literary men, Tchernitcheffski was one of the first who became a "Nihilist." He suffered for it by being banished to Siberia.

* There is a notion in this country that Herzen, at one time, was banished to Siberia, and lived as an exile there. The idea is founded on a book of his, published in German and English, under the title of "My Exile in Siberia." Herzen, however, was never banished to Siberia, but only interned for a time at Perm, which is several hundred miles from the Siberian frontier, and later at Novgorod. There, as a Government official, he had to sign the passport documents of those who were transported to Siberia. He left Russia, and lived abroad in voluntary exile when he wrote his works of Panslavistic propagandism under socialist colors.

The word "Nihilist" is, however, a somewhat misleading one. It was conferred at first as a nickname. Afterward it was adopted (like the name of the *Gueux*) in a kind of dare-devil mood; and has covered, ever since, a great many varieties of political and social discontent, as well as of philosophical radicalism. There are Nihilists who, from the sheer hopelessness engendered by a tyranny lasting a thousand years, have come to cultivate a philosophy of despair, of disgust, and of destruction, without troubling themselves as to the constitution of the future. These are men that profess a wish to do away with all state organizations, for the sake of a morbid individualism. Others there are who, in the semi-revolutionary vein of Comte, incline toward a socialist collectivism in a rather Utopian, not to say hierarchic, form. To them the word "Nihilist" is scarcely applicable.

Strictly speaking, the word "Nihilist" covers, at most, a small group of persons of a brooding and impracticable temper, such as is sometimes created under the darkest tyrannies. It may be doubted whether the majority of those who use the dagger and the revolver without compunction against the vile *shirri* of an intolerable despotism would call themselves Nihilists, or even Socialists. The greater number of the members of the secret leagues are believed to hold views not far removed from those which have found a practical expression in some freely constituted countries. The violent means employed are, with many, only the outcome of a feeling of revenge easily to be understood under the circumstances; or else they are regarded as a dire necessity in insurrectionary warfare. True, there have been Russians abroad who spoke of "abolishing the family and property." But nothing warrants the assumption that this is the principle of the Nihilists in Russia itself.

If either mere anarchy or a system of barrack communism be the object of the majority of the men and women whose deeds have of late riveted the attention of all Europe, it is hard to comprehend that these conspirators should have secured so many friends among classes which by education and position can not possibly have any sympathy with mere destructive or Utopian schemes. Of the existence of numerous friends of the Nihilists in the higher classes there is, however, no doubt. Thus only can the hold be explained which the occult propaganda of this *hic et ubique* conspiracy has obtained upon the commonwealth.

VI.

I HAVE mentioned the participation of women in the present desperate struggle. Students, lawyers, officers, government officials, landed proprietors, merchants, all kinds of men of the

more educated or well-to-do classes, have been found to be mixed up with the "Nihilist" conspiracy. By far the most characteristic feature, however, is the share which women have taken in the late startling events. When women thus actively and enthusiastically step forth in a revolutionary or national movement, even to the extent of sacrificing their lives, it is always a sign of a people's feelings being wrought up to the highest tension. So great a strain upon the more delicate nature of the fairer sex can not be borne very long. It is only at a time of extreme crisis that the unusual event occurs; and Russia is now at the very acme of such a crisis.

We have seen, in succession, Vera Sassulitch, a captain's daughter; Sophia Löschern von Herzfeld, a lady of high rank; Nathalie von Armfeldt, the daughter of an imperial counselor; Mary Kovalevski, who also ranks as a noble; Katharina Sarandovitch, the daughter of a *tchinovnik*, or official; and several more, of equally prominent position, playing in the revolutionary contest a most remarkable part. They have suffered imprisonment; they have risked their lives; some of them have been condemned to hard labor. One of them was sentenced to be shot—but this latter decision even the Czar, though having to wage war against women, dared not carry out. This extraordinary mixing of the female sex in a widely ramified conspiracy is of so phenomenal a character that a sketch of the educational and emancipatory movement which led up to it may well be here in its place.

By way of contrast, let us first look into times which seem to lie ages behind us, but which are yet in the recollection of a great many.

When Gogol wrote his "Dead Souls," not quite forty years ago, the education of young ladies in Russia was conducted on wonderful principles of "finishing." Young ladies—said Gogol, with cutting satire—receive, as is well known, a very good education. Three things are looked upon, in the establishments to which they are sent, as the pillars of all human virtues: namely, first, a knowledge of the French language; secondly, the piano; thirdly, domestic economy, which consists of the embroidery of purses and other objects of surprise. "Our present time," he added, "has shown itself most inventive as regards the perfection of this educational method; for in one establishment they begin with the piano, and then go on to French, concluding with the domestic economy alluded to; whereas in another school the embroidering of purses forms the introduction, upon which French and the piano follow. It will be seen that there is much difference in the methods."

Gribojedoff also, in a telling comedy, has some striking sarcasms on the superficiality and hollow

frivolousness of the education of girls of the upper classes. "We bring up our daughters," he says, "as if they were destined to be the wives of the dancing-masters and the buffoons to whom we intrust their instruction." Now and then a reformer started up, but in a very curious fashion. One of the earliest was Tatjana Passek, the cousin of Alexander Herzen, of whom a writer, who adopts the signature of "Borealis," in the Berlin "*Gegenwart*," says that, in consequence of the straitened circumstances of her father, she was compelled to open a Young Ladies' Establishment in a provincial town. Intelligent, but without any solid knowledge, she herself relates in her memoirs how she taught ancient history off-hand, chiefly by means of a lively imagination. She even critically expounded the philosophical systems of Greece and Rome without knowing or understanding them. Her hand-book for Greek history was "*The Travels of Young Anacharsis*." There was no system or connection in what she taught, but the sprightliness of her delivery made up for the defect. "When we came to the history of Sparta, we became so enthusiastic for the Lacedæmonian girls that we tried to imitate their hardened style of life, washing ourselves with cold water, promenading with bare feet, doing gymnastics, drinking no tea, and ceasing to cry. When I look back upon these performances, I wonder how my pupils remained in good health." The same lady reports that the friends of her youth, disgusted with the hollowness of drawing-room life, had endeavored to satisfy their emancipatory inclinations by donning men's dress, indulging in Amazonian tastes, and secretly frequenting taverns where, with their aristocratic small hands, they jubilantly raised the foaming cup.

So much for girls' education in the higher strata. As to the immense mass of the Russian population, they were left to rot, intellectually, in utter neglect. The school system in some Western countries—including central and southern Italy before 1859-'60, France, and even England until a few years ago—was bad enough. In Russia it was simply non-existent. The private educational establishments and grammar-schools in a few towns, which were destined for the more well-to-do middle class, were sorry copies of the few Government institutions. I have before mentioned how, under the present reign, a movement for a more liberal education arose, which, however, soon led to students' tumults and to severe police measures. In girls' education, too, a progressive movement was initiated. For a short time it was said that the Empress herself, whose German origin inclined her to that view, would assume its protectorate. But soon it was seen that Government mainly busied itself

with bureaucratic regulations, while the foundation of the girls' schools, for which these extensive and often harassing regulations were framed, proceeded with extreme slowness. In fact, the regulations were there; but in most cases the schools were wanting.

Meanwhile, the aspiring girlhood of Russia threw itself with avidity upon the new sources of knowledge, scant as they were, which had at last been opened to it. The Minister of Public Instruction, Golovnin, who was in office between 1861-'66, promoted, in his quality of an opponent of the classical method of education, by preference the study of natural science. Hence a realistic tendency—often verging upon the harsh and the crude—became the prevailing tone. Girls, sick of the idleness and the conventional frivolities of social life, eagerly devoted themselves to scientific pursuits, both as students at the new academies and as subscribers to the courses of lectures which were getting into vogue. The very antagonists of the more extreme "emancipatory" practices acknowledge that the greater number of these lady-students, who soon were driven to seek for an opportunity of acquiring knowledge at a foreign university—that is, at Zurich—distinguished themselves by much diligence and talent, as well as by a spirit of personal sacrifice in regard to worldly comforts.

At the same time it must be averred that some of them, yielding to an exaltation and eccentricity easily aroused in womankind, mentally overbalanced themselves as it were, and began to assume hideous mannish and hermaphrodite ways. The close-cropped hair, the unnecessarily spectacled face, the short tight jacket, the cigar, and the frequenting of public-houses were unpleasant outward signs; but far more deplorable was the cynic tone. These were and are the sad excrescences of an otherwise laudable aspiration; but it may be hoped that in course of time the excrescences will disappear. The sooner the better, else the best friends of the progressive tendency among womankind will turn away from it in sorrow and anger at the unsexing of the sex, whose tenderer nature—in Schiller's words, let us hope not quite antiquated—is destined to "weave wreaths of heavenly roses into the earthly life."

However, all the odd eccentricities, all the sad contempt of the natural and recognized forms of beauty, delicacy, or even decency, into which some may have allowed themselves to be betrayed by their eagerness to throw off intolerable intellectual fetters, must not render us unjust to the sounder aspect of the movement. Nor can those vagaries prevent us from giving a due meed of admiring praise to the heroism displayed by those nobly aspiring women with whom the

exaggerated manner is more an outward form, while their self-sacrificing deeds in the cause of the freedom of the nation and the welfare of the neglected masses show the true humanity and nobility of their heart. "Dead souls" they are not. The fire of enthusiasm is within them.

VII.

AFTER this rapid general survey of the condition of mind of the more advanced women in Russia I come to the tragic story of Vera Sassulitch. It is a story typical of the base cruelty of autocratic government—typical also of the results such a system must needs produce.

The victim and heroine of that ever-memorable tragedy was not, at first, a member of any secret organization. Far from it. At the age of seventeen, Vera, then a mere schoolgirl, had made the acquaintance of another schoolgirl, whose brother was a student. In the course of this innocent girlish friendship she was induced to take care of a few letters destined for the student Netchaieff, who afterward played a part in the revolutionary movement. A "Nihilist" Miss Sassulitch, at that time, certainly was not. Her whole ambition centered in the wish of passing her examination to qualify herself for a governess, which she did "with distinction."

Netchaieff's democratic connections having been denounced by a traitor, whom he thereupon slew, the schoolgirl of seventeen, who had known his sister, and him through her, was thrown into prison as one "suspected" of conspiracy. There was not a shadow of proof against her. No accusation was even formulated against her. Nevertheless she was kept, *for two long years*, in the Czar's Bastile—an eternity of torture for a captive uncertain of her fate. These were the words which her counsel, Mr. Alexandroff, addressed to the jury, when, later on, she was tried for an attempt upon Trepoff, one of the most hated tools of despotic profligacy:

The time between the eighteenth and the twentieth year—these are the years of youth when childhood ceases; when impressions lasting for life are most powerful; when life itself appears yet spotless and pure. For the maiden it is the most beautiful time—the time of budding love—the time when the girl rises to the fuller consciousness of womanhood—the time of fanciful reverie and enthusiasm—the time to which, in later days, as a mother and a matron, her thoughts will yet fondly turn. Gentlemen of the jury, you know in the company of what friends Vera Sassulitch had to pass her best years. The walls of a casemate were her companions. For two years she saw neither mother, nor relations, nor friends. Sometimes she heard that her mother had come and had given a message of greeting. That was all she was allowed to learn. Locked up with-

out occupation within the walls of a prison! . . . Everything human concentrated in the single person of the turnkey who brings the food! . . . The monotonousness only broken, now and then, by the call of the sentinel who, peering through the window-bars, asks, "Prisoner, have you not done any harm to yourself?" or by the rattling of the locks and door-bolts, the clack of guns shouldered or grounded, or the dreary striking of the hour in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. . . . Far, far away from everything human! . . . Nothing there to nourish the feelings of friendship and love; nothing but the sympathy created by the knowledge that, to the right and to the left, there are fellow sufferers passing their wretched days in the same way. . . . Thus it was that, in the depth of her solitude, there arose, in Vera Sassulitch, such warm-hearted sympathy for every state prisoner that every political convict sufferer became for her a spiritual comrade in her recollections, to whom she assigned a place in the experience and the impressions of her past life.

During the two years that Vera was kept in dungeons under a mere suspicion she was twice only subjected to a secret inquiry—"judicial," if that is a word applicable to these dread inquisition procedures. At last she feared she was forgotten. Nothing whatever having come out against her, she was finally set free, and went back to her heart-broken mother, only to be suddenly rearrested ten days afterward! For a moment, in spite of a two years' bitter experience, she childishly thought there was some mistake. But the horrible truth of her situation soon broke upon her. One morning she was seized in prison, and, without being allowed to take even a change of dress or a mantle, transported by gendarmes to a distant province by way of banishment. One of these gendarmes threw his own fur over her shivering shoulders, or else she might have perished on the road.

I will not go here through the whole "infernal circle" of her sufferings and involuntary migrations, which I have elsewhere described more fully. I will not relate how she was "moved on" from one place to the other; the only variety in her treatment consisting of an occasional return to prison. Eleven years had thus altogether elapsed when at last, in those vast dominions of the Czar, and amid more thrilling events which began to crowd upon public attention, she seemed to be really forgotten. In this way she managed clandestinely to go back to the capital, whence again she started for Pensa. It was there that by chance she learned from the "Novoje Vremja" ("New Times") the infamous treatment of Bogoljuboff, a political prisoner, by the chief of the police at St. Petersburg, the vile and universally despised Trepoff, the personal, intimate, and pampered darling of Alexander II.

The flogging practices of this tyrannic head

of the "Third Section" are still in every one's recollection. In referring to the knouting applied to Bogoljuboff, Vera Sassulitch's counsel gave the following description :

The sufferer whose human dignity is to be insulted knows not why he is to be punished. He thinks indignation will lend him strength to resist those who throw themselves upon him. But he is grasped by the iron grip of jailers' hands; he is dragged down; and, in the midst of the regular counting of the strokes by the leader of the execution, a deep groan is heard—a groan not arising from mere physical pain, but from the soul's grief of a down-trodden, outraged man. At last, silence reigned again. The sacred act was accomplished!

It was the brooding over such disgrace and affront to which a political prisoner had been subjected in the very capital, by an official whose department is under the Czar's direct control, that pressed the weapon of revenge into the hands of a tender woman—not so much for her own past miseries as for those of a still suffering fellow man.

Trepoff had been attacked by Vera Sassulitch in his own cabinet, in the very midst of his minions. The jury which tried her was composed almost exclusively of Aulic Councilors and such-like titled dignitaries. Prince Gortchakoff sat among the audience; so did the pick and flower of the upper classes of St. Petersburg. Who could doubt, in presence of the open avowal of the accused, that the verdict would be "Guilty"?

Strange to say, even among the officially faultless remarks of the Public Prosecutor there were some curious admissions. "I, for my part," Mr. Kessel said, "fully believe the statements made by Vera Sassulitch. I believe that facts appeared to her in the light in which they have been placed here; and *I am ready to accept the feelings of Vera Sassulitch as facts.* The Court, however, is bound to measure these feelings, as soon as they are converted into deeds, by the standard of the law." Through the summing up of the Judge there ran a strong vein of interpretations favorable to the accused. "An accused person," he remarked, "could certainly not be looked upon as an infallible commentator on the event with which he or she was connected. At the same time it had to be noted that criminals were to be divided into two groups—those who are led by selfish impulses, and who, therefore, in the majority of cases, try to mask the truth by lying statements; and those who commit an act from no motive of personal profit, and who entertain no wish to hide anything of the deed they have done. You, gentlemen of the jury, are in a position to judge how far the statements of Vera Sassulitch merit your confidence,

and to which type of transgressors she most nearly comes up."

This was a clear hint to any intelligent jury; and the jury of Aulic Councilors were intelligent men. Going over all the details of the case, the Judge made a great many more remarks in the same spirit. The audience, who had frequently cheered the eloquence of counsel to such an extent that the President of the Tribunal had to warn them, were on the tiptoe of expectation. When the foreman brought in the verdict: "No; she is *not* guilty!" the Hall of Justice—for justice had for once been done—rang with enthusiastic applause. Vera Sassulitch was borne away in triumph.

In the streets, however—and here we come once more upon all the dark and terrible ways of autocracy—there ensued a fearful scene. An attack was made upon the coach in which Vera Sassulitch was to be carried home—apparently with the object of getting her once more into police clutches. There was a clash of swords and a confused tumult. Gendarmes and police broke in upon the mass of people, who wished to protect her. Shots were fired. A nobleman and relation of Vera, Grigori Sidorazki, lay dead in the street. A lady also, Miss Anna Rafailowna, a medical student, writhed on the ground, wounded. The victim of so much prolonged persecution had herself mysteriously disappeared. Afterward, an order for her rearrest, marked "No. 16," and dated from the Secret Department of the Town, came to light—evidently through information given by an affiliate of the Revolutionary Committee within the police administration itself. This occult connection of sundry officials with the leaders of the democratic or Nihilist conspiracy explains why Government should so often have been hampered in its efforts to suppress that organization.

The verdict of "not guilty," in the case of Vera Sassulitch, has been followed by several similar ones—a strong proof of the sympathy felt among the town populations, at least, with the aims of the revolutionists. Franz von Holtendorff, a well-known legal authority in Germany, wrote on the case above detailed: "Far more significant than the verdict of the jury is the fact that that verdict, in spite of its contrast to the existing law, has received the approval, as it appears, of the whole Russian press, of the whole of the upper classes, and even of the circles of Russian legists. I have had personal occasion to convince myself that prominent officials of the Russian Empire gave their applause to that verdict." Again, Dr. Holtendorff said:

In Russia, the feelings of right and justice, which are systematically and artificially kept down and re-

pressed, and which have no outlet in public life, concentrate themselves with their full weight in the verdict of a jury. That which the press had no liberty of saying during long years is given vent to in the debates of a court of justice. An accusation is raised on account of a deed which, though punishable as a crime in itself, has been produced and nurtured by a system of administrative arbitrariness and gross ill-treatment that stands morally deep below the deed in question—a system of corruption which can not be attacked legally, nay, which enjoys all the honors the state can award. And who can help it if an injustice committed day after day, in the name of the state, without any expiation, weighs more heavily upon the public conscience than the act of a single person who, boldly risking his or her own life, rises with a feeling of the deepest indignation against so rotten a system of government? It is but too natural, this wrathful utterance of the popular voice, when it declares that a high official, who, trusting in the practical approval of the imperial favor, ordains corporal punishment according to his arbitrary caprice against defenseless prisoners, is guilty of a greater offense than he who feels driven, by a passionate notion of justice, to constitute himself, of his own free will, an avenger of the public conscience. . . . If, in a state afflicted with political sickness, the institution of the jury had fallen so deep as to work with the mechanical certainty of a military court, and to heed nothing but the points of view of jurisprudence, without being touched by the current of moral aspirations, thus merely registering, with Byzantine obedience, the paragraphs of a code of law; such a phenomenon—keeping, as it would, the Government in a dangerous error as regards public life—would be far more reprehensible than that verdict of “not guilty” by which a whole system of government was practically condemned.

The Russian Government system Herr von Holtzendorff, who personally belongs to a very moderate political party, brands as “a system of arbitrary police ordinances, and of the virtual sovereignty of the Adjutants-General of the Czar—a system of administrative deportations, of despotic arrestations, of press-gagging—a swash-buckler’s government.” Another German writer of some distinction, Dr. Henry Jaques, observes:

Where an absolutist monarch rules in arbitrary manner, without any limits to his power, the jury becomes the only representative organ of a people utterly bereft of all political rights. In such a case, a jury is indeed entitled to speak, before all, the language of the people, the language of its aspirations toward freedom, which must be heard before everything else, if the nation is to acquire its true rights. Even as, in the *Iliad*, the orphaned Andromache says to the parting Hector—“Thou art now father, brother, and dear mother to me!”—so the Russian people may say to its jury: “You are now legislators, judges, and the source of mercy at one and the

same time to me! In you there reposes the one and all of my political hopes, of my political rights!”

Noble words, but vain hope! First of all, it is not correct to say that Vera Sassulitch had been judged by a jury under a political charge. For political crimes, or accusations, no jury has ever existed under Alexander II. Vera Sassulitch was charged with what government chose to consider a *common* crime; hence only she was brought before a jury. For political offenders, or what government chooses to regard as political offenders, packed tribunals have always been assigned. Happily, government overreached itself in the case of Vera Sassulitch, feeling too secure in the loyalty of its own Aulic Councilors.

Secondly, no sooner had the trial resulted in a verdict of “not guilty,” than Count Pahlen, the Minister of Justice, who thought the jury were, of course, quite a safe one, was dismissed. Thirdly, a ukase went forth, withdrawing from the cognizance of juries even cases of “common crime,” when such crime was directed against one of the Czar’s officials. Fourthly, fresh regulations were framed for a change of the jury system, as well as for the discipline of lawyers acting for the defense. Fifthly, in the teeth of the verdict given in favor of Vera Sassulitch, a fresh trial was ordered, to be held in a country town, at Novgorod, as soon as she could be recaptured. Finally, Alexander the Liberal, seeing that all ordinary procedures were of no avail, instituted a state of siege and drum-head law for political offenders over a large portion of his empire.

These are the desperate doings of a despotism maddened by an ever-active host of enemies. It is usually the beginning of the end.

VIII.

If any more proofs were wanted of the “benevolent” character of the government of Alexander II., they might be found in the increase, year by year, of the deportations to Siberia. They are reckoned to be now four or five times more numerous than under the galling system of Nicholas. Political banishments have enormously augmented under his successor. So has the number of the prescribed loose and vagabond class of ordinary criminals, or suspects, who are frequently whisked off to Siberia—for the sake of clearing “society,” as it is called—when the criminals often become mixed up with the political exiles in an indistinguishable mass. This is the very refinement of torture, applied by the agents of a brutal despotism against men generously striving for a reform of the state and of society.

The arbitrary deportations are decreed by the “Third Section,” or Secret Police, which is under the Emperor’s personal direction. Formerly, this

dreaded office had the power of administering corporal punishment, in secret, to persons of the upper classes, male or female. At the Sassulitch trial, the counsel for the defense made a dark allusion to this practice, which created a deep impression in court. It was a reference to a whipping-machine once in use, and of which some of those present—ladies as well as gentlemen—may have had personal experience. A correspondent has given the following description: The suspected person, who could not be brought to trial, but whom it was intended to castigate, would be invited to call at the office of the Secret Police. After a few moments' conversation with the dread functionary, the floor would suddenly sink beneath the visitor's feet, and he would find himself suspended by the waist, all that part of the body below it being under the floor, and concealed from view. Then invisible hands and equally invisible rods would rapidly perform their duty—the trap-door would rise again—and the visitor would be bowed out with great courtesy, and go home, carrying with him substantial marks to remind him of his interview.

Though this more than Oriental custom has been abolished, enough remains of barbarity to explain why successive chiefs of the hated police *Hermudad*—Trepoff, Mesentzoff, and Drentelen—should have been the mark of the bullet of popular revenge. A Russian writer says:

A history of the secret doings, of all the horrors and crimes perpetrated by this disgraceful institution, would fill up many volumes, before the contents of which the most sensational novels would appear tame and shallow. There is scarcely any sphere of public or private life which is exempted from the irresponsible control of this Inquisition of the nineteenth century. The verdict of a court has no value whatever for the Third Section. Not only acquitted political offenders are as a rule transported, administratively, to some distant town of the empire, but even the judges themselves, when they are considered to have passed too lenient a verdict, are liable to be forced into resigning their office, and to be then *exiled in company with the very prisoners who had stood before them!*

Lest this description should appear to be overdrawn, I may quote from the letter of the St. Petersburg correspondent of an English journal, which is certainly not unfavorable to the government of Alexander II. The letter was written after the recent proclamation of a state of siege. And the writer says:

As proofs and instances, not so much of martial law as of the repressive measures adopted (in many cases by ordinary administrative agency without the machinery of martial law), I may mention that at

the present time, as I am well informed, *more than six hundred persons of the privileged classes are under arrest, to be deported to Siberia without trial.* In one of the temporary governor-generalships in the south of the empire (Odessa) sixty privileged persons have been already sent to Siberia without trial, and two hundred persons of this class are under arrest to be judged. So great is the number of persons of this category to be escorted that a practical difficulty is said to have arisen in connection with their deportation. A noble, or privileged person, who has not been judicially sentenced, when sent to Siberia by "administrative process" (as it is called—i. e., by the orders of the Third Section, or Secret Police), must be escorted by two gendarmes, it being against the laws to manacle a privileged person who is uncondemned. It appears that there are not gendarmes enough thus to escort the number of persons to be deported, and the Ministry of Secret Police has, I understand, proposed to get rid of this difficulty by sending the privileged persons fettered like ordinary criminals. . . . The Third Section, or Secret Police, which is in its proceedings essentially *extra leges*, claims to act independently of any other department of the empire. This institution, which lays hold of suspected persons, whether justly or unjustly suspected, and consigns them to Siberia at its pleasure, savors more of Asiatic lawlessness than of enlightened European rule, such as it must be the desire of all in authority to see established throughout the empire. . . . I have myself met with respectable, honorable men who have been arrested and imprisoned, in some cases for a few weeks, in other cases during months, *followed by years of exile in Siberia, without any charge being brought against them;* and it is the possibility of this recurring to them, or to others, that constitutes a Reign of Terror.

The above description is from the correspondent of the "Daily News." Clearly it is a very pleasant position to be a "privileged person" in Russia. It marks its occupant, by preference, as a possible candidate for exile to Siberia; the more cultivated classes being essentially those which constitute the active element of political dissatisfaction.

Of the treatment of political exiles in Siberia, as it has been carried on for a long time past, I have before me a thrilling description from the pen of Mr. Robert Lemke, a German writer, who has visited the various penal establishments of Russia, with an official legitimation. He had been to Tobolsk, after which he had to make a long, dreary journey in a wretched car, until a high mountain arose before him. In its torn and craggy flank the mountain showed a colossal opening similar to the mouth of a burned-out crater. Fetid vapors, which almost took away his breath, ascended from it.

Pressing the handkerchief upon his lips, Mr. Lemke entered the opening of the rock, when he found a large watch-house, with a picket of Cos-

sacks. Having shown his papers of legitimation, he was conducted by a guide through a long, very dark, and narrow corridor, which, judging from its sloping descent, led down into some unknown depth. In spite of his good fur, the visitor felt extremely cold. After a walk of some ten minutes through the dense obscurity, the ground becoming more and more soft, a vague shimmer of light became observable. "We are in the mine," said the guide, pointing with a significant gesture to the high iron cross-bars which closed the cavern before them.

The massive bars were covered with a thick rust. A watchman appeared, who unlocked the heavy iron gate. Entering a room of considerable extent, but which was scarcely a man's height, and which was dimly lit by an oil-lamp, the visitor asked, "Where are we?" "In the sleeping-room of the condemned! Formerly it was a productive gallery of the mine; now it serves as a shelter."

The visitor shuddered. This subterranean sepulchre, lit by neither sun nor moon, was called a sleeping-room. Alcove-like cells were hewed into the rock; here, on a couch of damp, half-rotten straw, covered with a sackcloth, the unfortunate sufferers were to repose from the day's work. Over each cell a cramp-iron was fixed, wherewith to lock up the prisoners like ferocious dogs. No door, no window anywhere.

Conducted through another passage, where a few lanterns were placed, and whose end was also barred by an iron gate, Mr. Lemke came to a large vault, partly lit. This was the mine. A deafening noise of pickaxes and hammers. There he saw some hundreds of wretched figures, with shaggy beards, sickly faces, reddened eyelids; clad in tatters, some of them barefoot, others in sandals, fettered with heavy foot-chains. No song, no whistling. Now and then they shyly looked at the visitor and his companion. The water dripped from the stones; the tatters of the convicts were thoroughly wet. One of them, a tall man, of suffering mien, labored hard with gasping breath, but the strokes of his pickaxe were not heavy and firm enough to loosen the rock.

"Why are you here?" Mr. Lemke asked.

The convict looked confused, with an air almost of consternation, and silently continued his work.

"It is forbidden to the prisoners," said the inspector, "to speak of the cause of their banishment!"

Entombed alive; forbidden to say why!

"But who is the convict?" Mr. Lemke asked the guide, with low voice.

"It is Number 114!" the guide replied, laconically.

"This I see," answered the visitor; "but what are the man's antecedents? To what family does he belong?"

"He is a count," replied the guide; "a well-known conspirator. More, I regret to say, I can not tell you about Number 114!"

The visitor felt as if he were stifled in the grave-like atmosphere—as if his chest were pressed in by a demoniacal nightmare. He hastily asked his guide to return with him to the upper world. Meeting there the commander of the military establishment, he was obligingly asked by that officer—

"Well, what impression did our penal establishment make upon you?"

Mr. Lemke stiffly bowing in silence, the officer seemed to take this as a kind of satisfied assent, and went on:

"Very industrious people, the men below; are they not?"

"But with what feelings," Mr. Lemke answered, "must these unfortunates look forward to the day of rest after the week's toil!"

"Rest!" said the officer; "convicts must always labor. There is no rest for them. They are condemned to perpetual forced labor; and he who once enters the mine never leaves it!"

"But this is barbarous!"

The officer shrugged his shoulders, and said: "The exiled work daily for twelve hours; on Sundays too. They must never pause. But, no; I am mistaken. Twice a year, though, rest is permitted to them—at Easter-time, and on the birthday of his Majesty the Emperor."

IX.

CAN we wonder, when we see the ultra-Bulgarian atrocities practiced in Russia, that "Terror for Terror!" should at last have become the parole of the men of the Revolutionary Committee?

I will not go over the harrowing details of the events of the last seven or eight months; they are still fresh in every one's remembrance. The only measures that could stay this destructive contest was systematically withheld by the Czar, who will not permit the slightest display of popular sentiments within the lawful domain of representative government. Many years ago a distinguished French writer described the Russian system as "a tyranny tempered by the dagger." Alexander, too, himself is fully aware of this tragic concatenation of events. He is even known to have often, in the very beginning of his reign, expressed a feeling of fear lest his own end should be a violent one, like that of so many of his predecessors. The attempts of Karakasoff and Berezowski have lately been repeated by Solovieff. While strongly condemning the deed

of the latter, even the Conservative "Standard" felt called upon, by the dangers of the situation at large, to make the following comments, which possess a lasting interest :

It would be well if this painful incident could be disposed of by a homily upon individual wickedness and individual perverseness. Unhappily, it is but too certain that not only the deed itself, but the peculiar circumstances attending it, are closely related with the existing condition of a considerable section of Russian society. We are obliged to add that this condition is closely connected, in turn, with the form of government and the methods of administration that prevail in that country. . . . In spite of the emancipation of the serfs from the condition of territorial slavery, the Russian people have made little visible progress in the acquisition of political freedom. The Czar is still an absolute sovereign ; his ministers still remain responsible to no will but his, and their agents have to answer only to their superiors for the manner in which they exercise authority. . . . The sanguine youth of the nation, eager for a career, and burning for activity, finds itself debarred from any course of distinction save that of arms, or that official existence which too often places men in Russia in antagonism to their own countrymen. . . . The old method of government—of police supervision, of private espionage, of imprisonment, of exile, of political silence—has been tried, and the result is discontent and extensive conspiracy. We fear that even the confession of sensualistic atheism by Solovieff will not prevent his memory from being cherished by thousands of his countrymen. They will forget everything, save his desire to endow them with more freedom. Whatever his faults, they will consider that he perished in their cause, and *what they will be most disposed to blame will be the unsteadiness of his hand and the uncertainty of his aim.*

The "Times" also, while pleading for Solovieff's execution, acknowledged the fact of the sway of czarism being rotten to the core, in the following words : "It can not be disputed that whole classes in Russia are penetrated almost to desperation with a sense of social oppression and wrong. . . . A social condition like this is the natural soil in which the brooding temperament which seeks a remedy in assassination is nourished."

When all the safety-valves are closed, nature takes its revenge, and ever and anon occasions the inevitable outburst. Russia is at present under a state of siege from St. Petersburg to Moscow and Warsaw, from Kiev to Kharkov and Odessa. An army of porters, about fifteen thousand strong, must watch the streets of the capital day and night ; and policemen are set to watch the watchers. Under General Gurko, the crosser of the Balkans, who is now Vice-Emperor, the last lines of legality have also been

crossed—if the word "legality" applies at all to Russian institutions. He is invested with unlimited powers, in the place of the disheartened tyrant. The very grand dukes are under his orders. Arrests among officers of the army have been the immediate consequence of General Gurko's satrap rule. In several cases, compromising letters and prints were discovered, and executions both of officers, like Lieutenant Dubrovinn, and of privates, have followed. The gallows are in permanent activity. But perhaps the most significant feature—and a promising one too—is the order issued, under court-martial law, that in all the barracks a list of the soldiers' arms is to be drawn up, and to be handed over to the police ! This is the strongest sign of a suspicion against the army itself ; and on the army the whole power of czarism reposes.

When we hear of the arrest of a Senator, of a Director of the Imperial Bank, of Professors, of the son of the Chancellor of the dreaded "Third Section," of the wife of the procurator of a military court, of the nephew of the Chief of the Secret Police, and many other such cases, we are driven to the conclusion that, in spite of its furious acts of repression, the autocratic system has become untenable—that it must sooner or later fall. Like the Roman Emperor, Alexander II. might be glad if revolt had but a single neck. But is it possible for him to imagine that there exists but one party of malcontents ? Do not the very arrests just mentioned belie such an assertion ?

Conspirators are laid hold of by the Czar's *shirri* together with men who would not think of armed resistance. Despotism is frightened, in fact, by the very shadows on the wall. Even the Slavophil and Panslavist parties—still the ready instruments of aggressive policy—have both become imbued with constitutional ideas that look like sacrilege in the eyes of the Pope-Czar. The revolutionists of "Land and Liberty" (*Zemlja i Wolja*) ; the Socialist Jacobins who follow the doctrines of "The Tocsin" ("Nabat") ; the Nihilists, properly speaking ; and the moderate constitutionalists, are all alike the enemies of the present form of government. In some districts the peasantry have risen ; and, remarkable to say, the first troop of Cossacks that was led against the insurgents refused to fight them. These are portents whose gravity can not be mistaken.

Ten years ago, when the Napoleonic empire still stood erect, I said, in an article on "The Condition of France," in the "Fortnightly Review" :

A mighty change is undoubtedly hovering in the air. There may be short and sharp shocks and coun-

ter-shocks for a little while ; but, unless all signs deceive, the great issue can not be long delayed. The calmest observer is unable to deny the significance of the electrical flashes occasionally shooting now across the atmosphere. It is as if words of doom were traced in lurid streaks, breaking here and there through the darkened sky. We are strongly reminded of the similar incidents which marked the summer of 1868 in Spain. Those incidents were then scarcely understood abroad ; yet they meant the subsequent great event of September. Even so there are now signs and portents in France—only fraught with a meaning for Europe at large.

This was published in December, 1869. In the following year, September, 1870, Bonapartist rule was a thing of the past.

Czardom, on its part, may play out its last card by embarking upon a fresh war. It will

only thereby hasten its doom. Though in Russia concentrated action, for the sake of overthrowing a system of government, is surrounded with greater difficulties than in France, I fully expect that the day is not far distant when autocracy must either bend by making a concession to the more intelligent popular will, or be utterly broken and uprooted. "Terror for Terror!" is a war-cry of despair ; but on such a principle a nation's life can not continue. The moment may come when the tyrant will be driven to bay in his own palace. And loud and hearty will be the shout of freemen when that event occurs—of the men striving for liberty in the great prison-house of the Muscovite Empire itself, as well as of all those abroad who have still some pity left in their hearts for the woes of a host of down-trodden nations.

KARL BLIND, *in the Contemporary Review.*

A DIALOGUE ON HUMAN HAPPINESS.

IT was a morning of magical beauty toward the close of February. A breeze breathed inland from the sparkling ripples of the Mediterranean as buoyant and fresh as they were ; and Nice seemed to glance and float in the luminous haze that bathed it, like an unreal vision in the depths of an enchanted mirror. Its gay and motley world, however, was as unenchanted as possible ; a long line of carriages, for Monte Carlo, was extending, for its benefit, the entire length of the railway-station ; and many were the startling toilets to be seen studding the platform, and many the complexions of what seemed a preternatural fairness. Among this strange crowd moved the popular Mrs. Fitzpatrick, still the confidante of men, although past fifty, and still caressed by every woman whose affection is a comfort, or whose acquaintance is a distinction. Her day's prospect was something far less vulgar than the gaming-tables—it was a breakfast with Lady Di at the Villa Godwin, close to whose lovely gardens is a small station, a mile or two on this side of Monaco. A few other guests from Nice were, she knew, going also ; and she was scanning the crowd, in hopes of detecting some of the favored ones. Her sensitive taste was very quickly startled by a dress of purple velvet, embroidered with golden sunflowers ; and she was indulging gently in the reflection so common with all of us, "What people there are in the world !" when the lady of the sunflowers rapidly came up to her, and proved to be no less

a person than Mrs. Crane, the beauty. Last June, at a fancy fair in London, Mrs. Crane had sold cigars at ten guineas apiece, and Mrs. Fitzpatrick thought that, though not in her own set, "she was all very well at Nice." Mrs. Crane, too, who by no means despised the appearance of respectability, or the company, in public places, of unimpeachable people, would by no means let Mrs. Fitzpatrick pass ; and a greeting took place of the most comfortable cordiality. What, however, was the latter lady's surprise, on asking if her companion was going to Monaco, to learn that, like herself, she was bound for the Villa Godwin ! "So come with me, my dear," Mrs. Crane added. "We have monopolized a saloon-carriage ; and there are our party standing in front of it, with your cousin, Phil Marsham, taking charge of us."

"Ah, there the boy is !" said Mrs. Fitzpatrick, with a smile of meaning, and a familiar nod to him. "And so, my dear, Phil is another of your friends, as well as poor Di !"

"Yes," said Mrs. Crane gayly. "Mr. Phil and I are sworn friends, of a good three weeks' standing ; and we have hardly a thought that we don't share by this time. But as for Di, as you call her, I never set eyes on her till yesterday, at Monte Carlo, when Mr. Phil and Lady Otho introduced us ; and, as we can never let a day pass without a turn at the tables, we have been asked to take the Villa Godwin by the way. We go on, in the afternoon ; dine at Monte Carlo ; stay

for the concert; then row back in a boat by moonlight with Countess Marie, whose singing is the divinest thing I ever heard in my life, and of whom your cousin could tell you a great deal more than I can; and then we wind up our proceedings with the Nice fancy ball, which, unless my foresight fails me, will be of the *most* curious description. But now," Mrs. Crane went on, "be a good woman, and tell me all about Lady Di; she has long been a name to me, but nothing more than a name, and I hate going to people's houses without knowing something about them—I mean about their relations; for else one never knows where one is, and is sure to commit one's self in one way or another."

"It seems to me," said Mrs. Fitzpatrick, "that Phil Marsham knows too much about too many ladies. I can answer for it, at any rate, that he knows something about poor Di, so you had best ask him. I *must* go and speak for a moment to dear Lady Otho."

Mrs. Fitzpatrick was always close to the right people. She could not help it. It was not that her heart was bad, but that her instinctive tact was exquisite. And now, her hand in another moment—her gentle, truthful, caressing hand—was, almost before she knew it, upon Lady Otho's muff, and a low coo of confidences had begun instantly.

Once in the saloon-carriage, Mrs. Crane had her way with Marsham. "Who is she?" and "What is she?" she was saying. "You must tell me all about her. And is she a great friend of yours? I can tell you this much, at any rate: she looks more like Venus than Diana."

"Her name is not Diana," said Marsham, "but Diotima."

"Dio—what?" said Mrs. Crane.

"Diotima," repeated Marsham slowly. "She is a strange person, with a strange name. You have of course heard of her father, old Lord Wastwater?"

"Heard of him! I knew him too, for my sins. I met him at Sandown the day before he died. He made eyes at me for half an hour incessantly; he thanked Heaven that, though he was past seventy, he was still susceptible to the charms of a pretty woman; and he promised to send me next week a copy of verses made in my special honor."

"Ah!" said Marsham gently; "his career was the saddest thing I ever knew in my life. He began in a very different way from the way he ended in. He was full of ambition and high aims once as a student and a poet. He translated Greek poetry, and he studied Greek philosophy; and with his clear, eager eyes, that I have often heard about, he impressed every one as a youth of the greatest promise. But at thirty his

change came. He put his dreams away from him, and exchanged them for what he called realities. He came out of his seclusion; he gave up his Plato in favor of play; and just as his first master had taught him to despise his riches, so his second helped him to get rid of half of them. Still his early tastes in a great measure clung to him; and though he built the place we are now going to on purpose that he might be near the gaming-tables, yet his library and his statues will show you that he was a student and a man of taste to the end. And there, for her mother died early, he taught this child of his. He taught her, or had her taught, Greek and Latin, and some smattering of theology, for the Godwins are stanch Papists; and he completed her education by dragging her with him into half of the fast society in Europe. She is the strange child of a strange parent; and much of her fate and character seems written in the name he gave her."

"And who," said Mrs. Crane, "may Diotima have been, if you please?"

"She was a mysterious woman of whom we read in Plato—to me the most fascinating of all classical characters. Who she was is wrapped in mystery; but I picture her to myself as a sort of George Sand of antiquity. It was she who taught Socrates of the nature of love, of which she is supposed to have been a professor in more ways than one. Besides that, she is supposed to have been a priestess; and the gods loved her so well that, at her prayer, they would stay a pestilence. Fancy her, half saint and half sinner—the wise woman at once of prayer and pleasure, whom the wisest of the ancients found more wise than himself!"

"As far as I can understand," said Mrs. Crane, "you are not giving your friend a very brilliant character."

"As far as what *we* mean by character goes," said Marsham, "I believe her to be without reproach; and that, considering the way she has been brought up, is wonderful. I would stake my life on her honor. But think of the way she has lived, and the strange influences out of which her thoughts and her tastes have been woven. Think of the set of men and women from whom, to a certain extent at least, her tone must have been taken—the extravagant debtors, the gilded paupers, the reckless love-makers! Her faith and her conscience, it is true, have kept her taintless; but in her natural and unregenerate heart she is, I think, half pagan and half Bohemian; and, though she does not hate good, yet naturally she does not fear evil."

Mrs. Crane, who was herself a gilded pauper, was for this reason, and perhaps for certain others, not much pleased by these remarks. "Of

course," she said, "I can not tell who Lady Diotima may have been; but she has certainly lost her looks, even if she ever had any."

"Ah!" said Marsham, "very likely you think so. But Lady Di is essentially a man's beauty. And even men don't think her a beauty at first. But she has the ambushed charm that does all the more execution, because at first you do not perceive it; and still, though her cheeks are faded, and her eyes have a few faint lines round them, it is 'terrible as an army with banners,' lying in wait for you among autumnal brushwood."

"Men like you, Mr. Marsham," said Mrs. Crane, with a tone of pique in her voice, "are very transparent creatures. You are devoted to Lady Di, or at least you have been. Indeed, Mrs. Fitzpatrick told me as much, when I was talking to her just now on the platform."

"My cousin," said Marsham, laughing, "is a born match-maker; so you must not pay a moment's attention to what she says. No, my praise of Lady Di is quite disinterested. It is true I have known her *very* well. But then is not that as much as to say that I am not in love with her?"

Marsham said this with such frankly genuine carelessness that Mrs. Crane's good temper at once returned to her. "Well, I admit," she said graciously, "that Lady Di does dress to perfection. She has the prettiest boots I ever saw—I must ask her where she gets them), and the prettiest hands too; only she never takes her gloves off. And, whether she can conquer or no, her dress could show any woman that she at least wishes to do so."

The party were now alighting at the station; and, as they were walking down a short reach of road to the villa-gates, Mrs. Fitzpatrick again joined Mrs. Crane and Marsham.

"I think, Philip," she said with a sort of reproof in her voice, "I heard you tell Mrs. Crane that Lady Di was in heart half a pagan. I must set your companion right there. Di is as good a Christian as any of us. Her great charm to me is that she is a Catholic without bigotry. She believes, I've no doubt, firmly in her own faith. In fact, there is much of it that is so beautiful that a mind like hers must cling to it if possible. But she knows that to be good and genuine is of more importance than creeds: she does not care two straws for the Pope; and she likes a book all the better if it has not been written by a Papist. But," she added, making the others pause and look behind them a moment, "do you see, high up the hill, among the gray olives, just over the zigzag mule-track, and beyond the gleaming cottages, where a little chapel stands, among its black cypresses? Well, there Lady

Di climbs daily, and says her prayers in solitude, in a dim, musty twilight, among faint smells of incense; and then meditates on the rusty crosses in the graveyard, and looks out over the endless levels of the sea. How can you," she said to Marsham in a low, tender tone, "speak as you did of the only woman who has ever really loved you?"

Marsham's only reply was a soft, genial laugh, which showed his cousin at once that her words had no meaning for him. "Men are very stupid," she said to herself, softly. "Poor Di! and stupid—stupid Philip!"

Meanwhile, under the shadow of mimosas, palms, and cypresses, a long, winding carriage-drive had brought them to the villa, and there Lady Di received them in a large marble hall. A man, who had been told that her face had a charm lurking in it, might have detected the charm at once; and her general aspect, even if he had not been told, might have warned him unconsciously to expect it. Her long, plain dress of tight-fitting gray velvet not only showed all the curves of her perfect figure, but her own knowledge of their perfection also; and there was a sense about her as she moved and spoke—not indeed of coquetry, she was too serene and too confident for that—but of the subtle *abandon*, perceived like a faint perfume, of a woman accustomed, if not to love, at any rate to have love made to her. Nor did at breakfast this impression wear off. Not a word did she utter about philosophy or Greek poetry; and her only allusion to religion was to say that her Italian *conciierge* hoped to cure his rheumatism by applying a painted woodcut of St. Joseph to it. She talked much to Marsham, with animation, but, as Mrs. Fitzpatrick observed, without a sign of tenderness. She spoke with gayety and interest of the gossip of Nice and Monte Carlo; she touched on several doubtful histories with a mixture of familiarity and delicacy; and she won golden opinions of Mrs. Crane, first as to her wisdom, by saying that marriage was a mistake, and then as to her taste, by describing how she had once been to a fancy-ball as Rosalind. The entertainment seemed altogether to be a complete success. Conversation was quick and sparkling all round the table; and long before a break-up was needful regrets were to be heard that there need be any break-up at all.

"He was a wise man, Lady Di," exclaimed Lord Surbiton, a poet, a diplomat, and a dandy of the last generation, laying a jeweled hand on his heart, and repressing a hollow cough—"he was a wise man who said that the climax of civilization was the getting together a certain number of knees under one piece of mahogany."

"Or two pairs of lips," said Marsham, "on a single ottoman."

"Or fifty pairs of hands," said Mrs. Crane, "round a single *trente-et-quarante* table."

"Any savage can love," said Lord Surbiton, "and any savage can gamble; but it is only civilized man that can really talk. And, therefore, a charming and accomplished hostess, who alone can make conversation possible, is, properly speaking, the high-priestess of civilization."

"Now, come, Lord Surbiton," said Lady Di, "and let us consider that for a moment. We have all of us here to-day been, no doubt, most charming. But has one of us uttered a serious thought, or said a single thing worth remembering? Our talk would seem very pointless, I'm afraid, if it were written down."

"Precisely, my dear lady," said Lord Surbiton, "and for this reason: In fine conversation the mere words are but a small part of it. The magic of these depends on that viewless world of association that is born and dies with each special day and company. They are like a spell, an incantation; they evoke, they do not describe; like other spells, they are effectual only in a charmed circle; and, like other spells to outsiders, they are apt to sound mere gibberish. And this is the reason why fine dialogue in books can never be what is called *natural*; for art has to concentrate into one mode of expression what in real life is conveyed to us by a thousand. And, even then, how often the result is a failure! What poet's art," he went on, preparing a sigh, that made his satin necktie creak—"what poet's art can supply the want of a woman's living eyes, or the personal memory of one's own relations with her?"

"Surely," said Lady Di, "if, as you say, any savage can make love, any savage can make eyes also. And you, Lord Surbiton, ought to be above such savagery."

"You mistake me," said Lord Surbiton, who had meanwhile been fixing his own hollow eyes upon Mrs. Crane. "I said that any savage could love; not that every savage could make love. The latter is a rare social accomplishment. The former is a universal private misfortune."

"Yes," said Lady Otho, pensively, with a charming expression of sadness, "I suppose love on the whole does cause more sorrow than happiness. If girls never fell in love, they would never run away from their husbands, and then half the misery one hears of every year would be spared one."

"And yet, my dear," said Mrs. Fitzpatrick, "life would be a very shallow thing without its sorrows."

"All sorrow is experience," said Lord Surbiton, "and goes to make us into men and women

of the world. Passion," he coughed out slowly amid a general silence, "is a great educator; but its work only begins when it itself has left us. I have observed, and I think with truth, in one of my own romances, that a woman of the world should always have been, but should never be, in love. She should always have had a grief, but she should never have a grievance. She should always be the mistress of a sorrow, but never its servant. The happiness of society, as I have observed in another place, is based on the pains of private or domestic experience. But our hours," he added, "of such perfect happiness are, alas! as fleeting as they are exquisite; and, as we are most of us on our way to Monte Carlo, your musical clock, Lady Di, warns us that we must soon be moving."

"I said just now," said Lady Di, "that we had none of us uttered anything worth remembering. You, Lord Surbiton, have at any rate freed us from that reproach."

"If I have," said Lord Surbiton, "I am sincerely sorry. The best conversation is never worth remembering. It is a delicate rose that will not survive for an instant the stalk it grows on. It is a fine champagne, that sparkles and rejoices us for the moment, but whose excellence we are never so sure of as when we find it has left no trace of itself next morning."

"And if true conversation," said Marsham, as the company were rising, "is like good champagne, true love is like bad. False and true taste equally well at the moment, and we only detect the true when we find that it has made our heads ache afterward."

"Very well put," said Lord Surbiton, with a low chuckle, as Marsham was helping him into a huge overcoat, lined with splendid sables. "You are coming with us, Mr. Marsham, are you not?"

"Are you?" murmured Lady Di, who was standing close beside him. "I had hoped you would have staid with me for an hour or two, for I want your help so very much in the library."

Marsham looked doubtful and disappointed; but Lady Di was invincible in such small social manœuvres; and in a few words with Lady Otho the whole thing had been settled.

"And what," said Mrs. Crane confidentially, "will Countess Marie think of you, Mr. Philip, when she promised to sing your boat-song to-night as we came home on the water?"

"Never fear about that," said Marsham. "You are to pick me up here at the landing-stage at the bottom of the garden; and, meanwhile, give my friend my best remembrances, and tell her I've staid behind here to discuss theology."

"I thought," Mrs. Crane whispered, "it was flirtation you staid behind for, and not theology!"

"I never knew," he answered, "that the two had much in common. However, I suppose, on second thoughts, all false and useless things have a certain family likeness."

"Well, upon my word," said Mrs. Crane to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, as they were strolling slowly toward the station, "though I have seen many male flirts in my day, I never saw so busy a one as Mr. Philip, your cousin."

"I'm sorry to hear it, my dear," said Mrs. Fitzpatrick, with real feeling.

"See, Mr. Marsham," said Lady Di, as she brought him into the long, quiet library, "I still keep my old tastes, and I still spend half my morning here. You know this room, don't you? It was here I first had the pleasure of meeting you. That was six years ago; and I remember to this day how I first saw you, as you came from your father's yacht, appear between those two tall cypresses. You were surprised, were you not, to find a student and a would-be poetess in what, at first sight, as you confessed afterward, you took for a young Parisian adventurer? However, I dress more quietly now. Is not that your opinion?" She had put on since breakfast a gray velvet hat that matched her dress, and that made her look five years younger; and she leaned back against a bookcase, conscious of an attraction which she felt she exercised. "Ah!" she went on in a few moments, "those were happy days. We were brother and sister for a whole cloudless fortnight. You were the very thing that at that time I wanted—a companion of my own age and tastes. Do you see that book in white vellum? That is the very Æschylus over which you smiled to find me poring. And now," she said, as she motioned him to a chair, "sit down by my writing table, and wait patiently while I read you something."

"Good heavens!" cried Marsham, as he watched her take from a drawer a locked manuscript-book, "how well I recollect that dull-blue binding! You had some scraps of mine inside it once, I believe—bits of translation I did from the plays we read together."

She held up her delicate hand to enjoin silence. "Listen," she said tenderly; "this is how the sea-nymphs sang to the bound Prometheus in his solitude, as they floated up to him, not from a yacht on the blue sea's surface, but from their coral caves far down under it:

*'Sufferer, fear not; love hath sent us:
Yearning with compassion, we.*

*We have stilled our father's tongue, fain to
prevent us,*

*We have left our clear homes in the blue deep
sea.*

*We have traveled far
In our wingèd car
For thee, for thee!*

*'For through our still, wave-dripping grottoes
rang*

*A hideous, brazen clang,
Breaking our noonday dreamings in our peace-
ful sea.*

*With unsandaled feet,
Breathless and fleet,
To our wingèd car we sprang,
For thee, for thee!'**

"Do you remember that?" she said, with a quiet look at Marsham. "Listen again, then. You must surely be flattered at hearing your own verses. You sent me this from Genoa. It is out of the "Agamemnon"; and it is, strangely enough, the last passage we ever read together:

*'Woe to the proud house! woe
To the proud house, and the mighty men there-
of!*

*Desolate are the palaces; for lo,
From them the presence is gone forth of love.
And he is left astonished at his lot,*

*And silent—our lone lord;
Dishonored, yet he speaks no swelling word,
Stricken, he revileth not.*

*Only it seems we have a ghost to king,
Our king is changed in such wise—yea, so grown
More sad than any living, fleshly thing:*

*For even like a ghost's to look upon
(So deeply, deeply, he
Sickeneth by reason of his desire extreme
For her beyond the sea)*

*His goings, to and fro, and gazings seem.
Nor can his home of marble any more
Please him, nor all its wealth of wrought device
That found such favor in his eyes of yore;
Nor precious toil of cunning statuary
Seem any longer fair,*

*To those strange, changed, unhappy, hungry
eyes,*

*Because of that one great love-famine there.
Also through all the dismal wastes of night
In feverish sleep he sees*

*Many dream-Helens—phantom semblances,
Sad with a vain delight—
Yea, verily, vain, vain!*

*Lo, the man thinketh she hath come again
In truth, and feels the healing of her face.
When, in a moment, lo, it hath taken flight,
Far in the dark, down slumber's secret ways.'*†

She read the verses beautifully, and as if her voice loved to linger on them. Marsham listened

* "Prometheus Vincitus," 127-137.

† Æschylus, "Agamemnon," 400-415.

with a friendly tenderness, half sad, half genial; but his companion was apparently looking for signs of some deeper feeling. A look of disappointment flitted across her face; and, with a slight change of manner, she took him out into the garden. "Let us come," she said, "to our old seat—our old seat under the citrons and the oranges—"

"The oranges like gold, in leafy gloom."

Under the orange-trees they sat down together in silence. "Do you find me much changed, Mr. Marsham?" she at last said abruptly.

In her face he did find her changed; and that was all he was thinking of. But he could not say this to her; and so he answered "No."

"Perhaps," she said, with a faint smile, "that is because you have not cared to observe me closely. But I have observed you; and you are changed, at any rate. No, not in your face, for as far as that goes you look fresher than ever, and far less thoughtful—or perhaps it would sound better if I said, thought-worn. Tell me," she added presently, "do you ever write any poetry now?"

"I have written," he said, "a few jingling rhymes for music; but, except that, nothing for five years. But wait, let me beg you wait for a single moment, while I watch the delicious orange-leaves, as they move and murmur over me, against the clear, delicious sky. Let us have a moment's golden silence—as golden as those 'happy, hanging orange-orbs.'"

He leaned back with his face turned upward, and watched with a dreamy intensity the sky, the fruit, and the foliage. "Yes," he exclaimed suddenly, again turning to his companion, who had been watching *him* as he had been watching the orange-trees; "you are right. I am changed. I have forfeited by this time all claims on the friendship I once had from you. You liked me once because I was young and impetuous, and because I would quote poetry by the hour to you. Now, I have no eagerness, no enthusiasm left in me; and without that there is no poetry possible."

"And yet," she said, "you looked happy enough this morning; and, whenever I hear of you, I hear of you as enjoying yourself."

"Ah!" he answered, "but I did not tell you I was miserable. I should be a far more interesting person if I were, both to myself and others. But I have not even energy enough to be embittered or disappointed. Life, I find, is not the thing I thought it was; but I feel no anger at it, because it has deceived me. I merely smile at myself for having been the victim of the deceit. Where is my anger, where is my hate gone? Some of my old spirit would return if I could

only recover these. Can you advise me, Lady Di, how to recover my anger?"

"Would it not be more to the purpose," she said hurriedly, "if you asked how to recover your love? If you had ever been really in love, you would not—"

"Have occasion, you would say, to lament that my disappointment was not bitter enough to me."

"Do not laugh," she said gently, "for I am speaking to you with all earnestness. If you had ever really loved, life would never seem a blank to you. It might, indeed, be bitter; but even in the bitterness there would be something holy; and you would never, never sink to the shallow *ennui* that you now say oppresses you."

"It is not so," said Marsham, getting more animated; "for I know what love is, and that, too, has failed me. It has failed me like the rest of life, and for the same reason. It is but the fragment of a far greater loss. When you knew me I was full of romance. You little guessed," he added with some feeling, "how full." Lady Di flushed crimson, and her breath came quickly. "But you knew me," he went on, "not, as we both of us thought, in the sunrise of my maturer manhood, but in what really was the sunset of my youth, and of the faith that my youth had lived on."

Lady Di fixed her eyes on him with a look of soft compassion. "My poor friend," she said, "you are very young still, and all this dejection means merely that you have not found the right person. You have lost your faith in God, have you? It is a great misfortune, doubtless. But many true-hearted men and women have suffered the same; and have loved each other none the less, perhaps even the better for it. And your case, if you please, can of course be the same as theirs. If you will only learn of me, I may, I think, be able to help you. I have heard of the life you lead, of the idle selfishness and the frivolity of it; of your perpetual restless search after its shallowest pleasures. I have heard of the people you associate with—of the women like Mrs. Crane, and of the men like Lord Surbiton. I have watched to-day your manner among them; and the picture I had formed of you is, I see, a true one. Yourself, your affections, and your interests are as light as a butterfly's wings, but as weak and as inconstant also. You are moving through the world without one earnest thought to guide, or without one earnest work to anchor you. Is it in that way, do you think, that faith is to be recovered? If you would ever believe in the supernatural, you must first give your affections some stake in the natural. Or," she continued, looking into his eyes inquiringly, "if your hour has not yet come, if you have not yet dis-

covered the woman that will wake up all your sleeping manhood, you can at least do what is the other half of your duty—you can work for all those depending on you; you can help to promote their happiness."

"I am a rich man now," said Marsham, "and, as you say, I have many depending on me. But how do you think I behave toward them? To you I seem only an idler, and a pleasure-seeker. You know nothing of the dull and weary hours that I give to business; the dull and weary weeks that I spend at my own place in the country; the petty, wretched details with which I occupy myself, that I may do what is called 'my duty' by all to whom I can be of any help."

"Is this indeed so?" she said. "And do you mean to say that you find no pleasure in the—in the thought that you are making others happy?"

"If I did not do what I could," he said, "I should be certainly miserable. But, to do all I can, does but save me from that, and preserve me on the dull, dead level of painlessness. I am not enthusiastic even about my own life. Why should I be enthusiastic about the lives of others?"

"You are right," she said—"you are right. If you can see nothing in this life worth winning for yourself, and nothing in this life that it would make you miserable to miss, your labors for others will be but the dull round of a treadmill. Our own inner lives and loves must be the light of our world for each of us; and if the light, my friend, that is in us be darkness, oh, how great is that darkness! But I do not yet despair of you. Some day or other, you will learn to love, and then the whole aspect of things will change for you. The old sense of life's worth and solemnity will come back again; you will again be eager, again an enthusiast, and again, perhaps, a poet."

"I have told you," said Marsham, "that I have known love already, but it had for me none of that magic power that you give it credit for."

"Tell me," said Lady Di tremulously, "when was that? Was it before you knew me, or was it afterward? You said you were more full of romance when I knew you first than perhaps I suspected."

"I was indeed," said Marsham, "for, the very time I was here, I knew the very feeling that you say would save me, but which in reality has done so very little. I was in love—in love as deeply, as madly, as ever you could recommend me to be."

She looked at him with a bewildered expression. "But why," she said, after a pause, "did you tell me nothing of this? Did I not deserve your confidence? Were you afraid to be quite

open with me? O my friend, do not be afraid of me."

"Surely," said Marsham, "I told you all I could. All the subjects that had any common interest for us, I discussed freely with you, as brother would with sister. But brothers are shy of telling sisters their love-affairs; and so I was shy with you."

For some moments she was mute. Suddenly the fashion of her countenance changed, as his meaning dawned on her. "And so," she began, "you were in love with some other woman—with the lady, I mean" (she corrected herself angrily), "who had the honor to lose your affections as soon as she had completed to you the full gift of her confidence! Indeed, Mr. Marsham, if your affections are of that kind, I do not wonder they have failed to reveal the earnestness and value of life to you. And so you flatter yourself you were in love, at that time—really in love, do you? My poor friend, you make me smile to see how you deceive yourself. I should have thought that a schoolboy would have known life better. That poor phase of feeling you were then passing through, I had known and done with three years before. Time was when I left my heart behind me at every country-house I staid at; but it was sure to come after me in a day or two, like a sponge-bag or a washing-bill; and, foolish girl though I was, I never really thought that trifling to be love. Myself, I have never loved. But I know that I know what the passion is, because I am so sure I have never felt it: and so sure also that you have not. Why, at the very time you speak of, were not you loitering here with me, finding pleasure in my society, and hanging over every word I uttered?"

"And why should I not?" said Marsham. "You were a woman of taste and intellect. You had thought, and read, and discriminated, and I could discuss things freely with you that I could with no one else. What, according to your view of the matter, are the contents of a true lover's vows? When he says to a woman, 'I love you,' does that mean also, 'You understand all my thoughts?' or does it else mean, 'I will never harbor or utter a thought that you are incapable of understanding'? Why, it takes two or three people to understand even the meanest personality. And, because one woman had my genial sympathy, can this show you that another had not my love?"

"Heavens!" she said impetuously, "do you know so little as to think that were a man in love really he could endure to be absent, without necessity, a day from the woman he was in love with? No: he is never happy when away from her. All amusements, unless she shares them, are vapid; and to give to another one of the in-

ner thoughts of his heart would, he feels, be sacrilege. They are all sacred to her; they are all precious for her sake. They are flowers in the garden of his soul which he plucks lovingly, one by one, for her, and for her only, and which he labors to keep sweet and taintless, that she may lay them in her own bosom."

"If that is love," said Marsham, "I have not only never known it, but I hope I never may know it. The woman I loved could not read Greek plays: you could. And will you say I was not in love, because I was not prepared to renounce for ever all sympathy in so refined and so harmless a taste as the Athenian drama?"

"This is not a matter," she exclaimed, "for reason and logic. The kingdom of love does not come with observation. Your heart, not your head, must reveal it to you. But if you have no heart, as you are doing your best to convince me, then God help you! Why, love in the inner world is what the sun is in the outer; and, if your inner world is a sunless one, I could no more show you that life was a precious thing than I could show you that the sea was blue at midnight."

"Reason," said Marsham, "can not kindle love; but reason assuredly can quench it."

"Nonsense!" she cried contemptuously.

"What man can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?"

"You can not by reason," he said, "cure love as a caprice; but the love which is a caprice only is not the love you speak of. And love as an absorbing and life-long devotion, which takes into itself a man's whole ambitions and emotions—love like this, reason assuredly can quench—for those at least who have no faith to sustain them. Such love, you say, is the sun of the inner world. You are mistaken. It is not the sun, it is the moon. The moon is human affection, but the sun is divine faith. You, who are a Catholic, forget all this; for you know nothing of the loss from which others are suffering. But, to offer love to those who have lost religion, is to tell the poor to eat jam-tarts, when they cry to you that they have got no bread."

"I forget nothing," she said angrily. "I am a Catholic, it is true, and I trust I value my religion properly. But religion has nothing to do with the present question. You are beginning the matter at the wrong end. If you want to be a religious man, you must first be a man; and you are not a man if you do not know how to love. How will you love God whom you have not seen, if you do not love your brother whom you have seen?"

"That does but mean," he replied, "that if the tree is healthy it will bear fruit; not that we

can have fruit without having a tree to bear it. You are confounding two things. Love is either a sacrament or a self-indulgence. If it be the former, the very essence of it is that it points to something beyond itself; and its power, in that case, must die if our belief in that something ceases. If it be the latter, it is a feeling only—"

"A feeling only!" she exclaimed; "yes, indeed, it is a feeling only, but a feeling so rapturous and so sacred that it needs nothing beyond itself, except our thanks to the God who gave it—God the giver, who at such times willingly stands aside, that his children may enjoy together this precious and most perfect gift."

"Surely," said Marsham, "this is a strange view for you, a Catholic. You profess a faith which teaches you that the one thing really worth our living for is the love, not of woman, but of God; and, though human love is indeed recognized, and blest by it, yet for those who would be perfect it points out a more excellent way."

"We can not all be saints," she said; "it was not meant we should be. But it is the same intense and fervent nature that is common both to the lover and the saint: nor was there ever a great saint, who, had he but just fallen short of sanctity, would not have been a great lover instead."

"I think St. Paul," said Marsham, "would smile if you told him that; so, too, would St. Augustine; and they, both of them, I believe, are high authorities with you."

"They are," she said; "but they lived in different times from ours, and we never can judge them by our own standards. Catholic though I am, I believe as firmly as any freethinker that an increasing purpose runs through the ages, and that, with the process of the suns, the thoughts of men widen. Love as we know it—as it has pleased God we should know it—was not known in the days either of St. Paul or of St. Augustine. It has been a growing revelation made to the modern world; and to me, who believe in God, it seems a strange instance of his providence, that just at these present days, when men are denying the supernatural, he should have made it up to them by disclosing to them how divine is the natural."

"You might as well say," he replied, "that he made up to them by the moon for the complete extinction of the sun."

"Not the extinction," she said, "but the withdrawal merely. Surely the moon shines for us, whether we believe the sun exists or no."

"Yes," he said, "but the inner universe is not like the outer. Over the outer we have no power, but over the inner universe we have. This last is for each one of us, in part, our own creation; and just as it was the Spirit of God that

brooded over the chaos of matter, and fashioned out of it this fair order, so is it in each one of us the spirit of faith in God that broods over the chaos of the affections and fashions out of them the feelings which you call so holy. When a man loves a woman as you think he ought to love her, does he love her body only, or her soul also? Does he not look on her as a being who, though she is bound to him, yet is bound also to something above himself? Does he not feel that the woman's soul, as Goethe says, leads him upward and onward?"

"He does," she interrupted; "and can you understand all this so well, and yet not see what a pearl of price is in this life offered you?"

"But what will happen," he said, "suppose we believe there is no Soul, that there is no Above, and that there is no Beyond? This it is that the modern world is believing. And the sensation in this case, that we are moving upward, is of no more meaning or value than the feeling in a dream, that we are falling miles downward, when in reality we are all the while in uneasy rest upon our pillows. Again, I tell you, you are confusing two things; you are confusing love the sacrament with love the self-indulgence. The latter will last its day without any religious faith, it is true; just as the bread and wine of the Eucharist have taste and being for believers and unbelievers equally; but it depends on your belief, and not on your natural senses, whether you think it worth while to make your heart clean to receive them."

"Say no more," she exclaimed impetuously, her voice at one moment almost breaking with some ambiguous feeling; "you are talking about what you know nothing of, and you are trying to hide your want of all natural affection under the pretense of a desire for an affection above the natural. You have never known love. You are too mean and shallow-hearted to be capable of it."

"Just now," he replied, "I believe that I belied myself, or rather I did not care entirely to confess myself. Lady Di, I have known the feeling you speak of in all its glad and in all its sad intensity. For days I have gone almost fasting, and for nights almost sleepless, for the love of one woman. Her being seemed to have entered into mine—her thoughts into my thoughts. She was a viewless presence for me in the flowers, in the windy mountains, and in the moonlight as it lay floating on the midnight ripples. When the very veins in my temples throbbed, and I felt their pulses, it seemed to be her blood that was beating in them."

"And yet," exclaimed Lady Di bitterly, "all the time you felt this for another woman, you could loiter here with me—to all appearance

quite absorbed in my company, and hanging almost like a lover on every word I uttered. It is lucky, Mr. Marsham, that my affections were never set upon you. God save me from the insult of devotion such as yours, which is distracted from its professed object by even attractions so poor as mine, and which is equally false and contemptible in either case."

"Surely, Lady Di," said Marsham, looking into her eyes softly, "you should not be hard on me for the collapse of any affection when it was caused in a great measure by your own charms, and by your own large sympathies. It was you who helped to shatter my poor ideal by showing how much there was in womanhood that my ideal did not comprehend; and, as I gradually grew to see this more clearly, I seemed like a man waking from a fevered dream. I seemed to be finding myself and my sane judgment again, which I had so long lost."

He stopped. She took her eyes from his; her head drooped, and she remained for a long while thoughtful. It is strange by what simple magic the world of a woman's heart is not seldom governed—how a word will turn the whole sea of her thoughts from sweet to bitter, and from bitter again to sweet! When Lady Di spoke once more, her manner was wholly changed. She laid her hand upon Marsham's arm, and said sweetly and regretfully: "Forgive me; I have been very hard on you. Your hour is not yet come, my friend; and that is all. But it will come soon, I feel a strange assurance; and it may come too, perhaps, when you are least expecting it."

She rose, as she said this, with a slight shudder. "It is turning chilly," she said. "Suppose we go in-doors. At sunset it is so much colder than at night."

In-doors Marsham was half annoyed and half relieved to discover that an old maiden lady in spectacles, once Lady Di's governess, and now her companion, had meanwhile made her appearance from the upper regions, and was to give dullness and propriety to what else would have been a *tête-à-tête* dinner. She at any rate prevented a renewal of the delicate and embarrassing discussions that had occupied the afternoon; and for this both of those who had taken part in them were not ungrateful. Lady Di's indignation and anger seemed quite laid at rest; and she conversed with a brightness and an eagerness which, when she appealed to Marsham, seemed to carry a subtle caress with it. After dinner the moon had risen. The night was mild and splendid. "I will come out with you," said Lady Di, "and we will watch for your friends from Monaco. Before long we may expect their boat at the landing-stage."

They stood together, leaning on a pale balustrade, with the glittering sea below, and the fronds of a tall palm feathering dark above them. Lady Di, as Marsham felt sure she would, returned almost instantly to the old topic.

"My brother," she said, "if I may still call you by the old name, my old interest in you has never waned; and it was because that interest was so genuine that I just now spoke so harshly. Do not be angry with me because I was shocked at the state you had sunk to. I was shocked only at it, because it was so unworthy of yourself—you who are by nature so faithful and so generous, and (though you yourself may not know it) so passionately and so nobly affectionate." Unperceived by his companion, Marsham smiled slightly. She went on in hurried, earnest accents: "Some day, it may be soon, the power of loving that seems so lost to you will return, I know it will; and then the life that you now despise will become transfigured to you. Scales will fall from your eyes, and you will see it in all its solemn value. You will but 'cross a step or two of dubious twilight'; then a new glory will break on you, 'which never was on sea or land'; and you will stand amazed and in reverent rapture at the changed landscape—at

'. . . the novel

Silent silver lights and darks undreamed of."

Bear with me a moment longer. You say you have lost faith. My friend, I can sympathize with you there: I, too, at times, have wellnigh lost mine. But, as my hope in another life grew fainter, my belief in this one grew only the more passionate. I am now speaking to you not as a Catholic. Forget that I am one. My religion has nothing to do with the truth that I am trying to teach you. I am speaking to you but as a woman simply, with a woman's natural affections, and a woman's natural insight. I am showing you how you can know what life *is*; and how you only despise it now from rejecting the one thing in it that is of value."

"And can all love in this way?" said Marsham.

"All," said Lady Di. "God be thanked, even the meanest of his creatures."

"But do you think," said Marsham, "that they would so love even if they could? My sister, if I may give you the counterpart of the kind name you give me, I am one—and I say this in all seriousness—who would not so love even if he could. And it is you—your own charming self—who have taught me to feel this, and have neutralized your own gospel. The fascination that your company had for me those years ago was its calm and its coolness—the utter absence from it of that very feeling which you would have me

again suffer from. Love to me was a hot atmosphere; it made my life like a fevered dream; it distorted everything out of its true proportions. It lured me to think a woman perfect who my judgment told me was not perfect. It was a physical, an intellectual, and an emotional tether to me."

"Mr. Marsham!" she exclaimed, in a voice almost inaudible. She pressed her hand to her forehead, and felt the few lines which she knew were written on it deepened by a sudden pain. She moved a pace or two away, and murmured to herself in a broken whisper:

"'He loves not hollow cheek and faded eye!

Yet, O my friend, and would you have me die?'"

Marsham could hear nothing of this; but he was utterly taken aback by the intensity of her feeling, though the exact nature of it never crossed his mind.

"I could never have dreamed," he said, "that you took life thus seriously. To me you always seemed the embodiment of a light, delicate cynicism, half contemptuous and half regretful. You seemed to look at things with a mixture of irony and tenderness which to me was peculiarly piquant and attractive, but which I could never have believed compatible with such earnestness as you show now. How could I think that a woman who would countenance Mrs. Crane, who could lightly discuss a scandal either with or about Lord Surbiton, who could move among the most doubtful topics with the delicate ease that only comes of familiarity—how could I think that such a woman was in reality the solemn believer in the most severe and intense form of all human affection?"

"Are you so poor an observer of human nature as that?" she answered. "I am not of the world, but I still am *in* it; and I know it too well to be surprised at its ways. But I estimate its men and women at their true worth; and, for this reason, I can hardly restrain my tears at the thought that you are rapidly becoming one of them."

"And so you think that from them," said Marsham, "the true value of life is hidden?"

"Hidden!" she echoed, with her head averted. "They do not even dream of its existence! Lord Surbiton is a man of genius, and he once, doubtless, had the eye to see. But he consecrated what might have been his affections to his own dissolute self-indulgence, and what still is his genius, to his own contemptible vanity. Did you hear him mouthing out at breakfast that 'every savage can love'?—as if, when a man did truly love, he were not at once, in the deepest sense, civilized, no matter how lowly his lot, or how seemingly poor his education."

"And yet," said Marsham, "there *are* savages, and there *are* men and women of the world also. And now, my friend, let me ask you one thing. When you tell me that man's life *is* solemn and *is* precious, what meaning do you attach to the words? Is there any more meaning in them than in saying, as a general statement, that men are worth a million of money? Some men are millionaires, it is true; but most men are not. In the same way some men may find in life the solemn value you speak of, but many men do not, as you yourself declare to me. What, then, of those who do not? I am speaking to you, remember, not as a Catholic, but as a woman with no religious faith at all. How will you make me believe in the spiritual riches of life in any more comforting and universal way than you can make me believe in its material riches? Lord Surbiton and Mrs. Crane are both of them human lives. If human lives can be so valueless, how can you say as a fact that human life is of value?"

"It *might* be—" she began.

"Yes," he answered; "every French private *might* be a field-marshal. Take any soldier as he marches into battle, and you can truly say that each one *may* be saved. But what, for a creedless woman, does *may* be or *might* be mean? A man can not live his own life in two ways. He is what he is; and he is nothing but what he is. And if life is only holy and solemn because a man, as a fact, attains the fruition in it of perfect happiness, and happiness of a certain sort, what worthless dogs must the vast majority of our kind be! Lady Di, consider this too. Suppose that every human being had it in him or her to love as you say they should love, what will you say of the cases where the love is not returned?"

"I say," she replied, "that despite the intense, the life-long anguish that rejection brings, it is better to have longed for that highest happiness, even though it may for ever be denied one."

"If the value of life," said Marsham, "is gained by a fruitless longing for what makes it valuable, is not a beggar rich only because he longs for riches? Is not a starving street-boy filled only because he stares into a cook-shop window?"

"Stop," she cried. "Mr. Marsham, I beseech you stop! The world is full of mysteries. Why turn the probe round in the painful wound? Do not think of what others can not do, but of what you can do. You are not excused from choosing the right, because it is not open to all, as it is to you, to choose it. You are not your own," she went on. "Should another ask your heart of you, you owe it to yourself and her to give

it, not to keep the treasure of it laid up in a napkin. You know not the crime that you might commit by doing so. I have a friend who has loved a man long, but she has met with no return from him. My poor friend—I know her and her sorrows well; and I know that love unrequited, or withdrawn if half given, makes a woman spiteful and embittered. All the milk and honey of her nature turn to gall; and, besides hating the man she ought to love, she ends by despising herself, whom she ought to reverence. But you," she said, something of the old bitterness for a moment coming back to her, "you will make no sacrifice for another. Your love is given utterly to this idle, aimless life—this life, not of love, but of love-making, not even of pleasure, but of pleasure-seeking. See—there is the boat coming for you. You must go now. Go—go. The night is getting chilly. You can not stay longer, and I am too tired to again face the party. Alas, my friend! I can wish you nothing worse than that you may continue a life like this. But go. I shall see you soon again—shall I not? And think over meanwhile what I have said to you."

"I fear you will not see me again for some time," he said. "You say I give up nothing I delight in. I do delight, I confess it, in this idle life here; and yet to-morrow I am going to give this life up. My place is already taken by the mid-day train to-morrow, and the morning after I shall be in the fogs and frosts of England. Business, and business not of my own, but of others—of others whom I still try to help, but for whom I feel no affection—calls me away; and I choose to obey the call. Do not fear for my sake. I am not unhappy, though I am not happy, and I try to do my duties, though I make no solemn face while I am doing them. In England, in June, perhaps we may meet again; and if meanwhile happiness should come to me in the form of love, it will be so much the better for me, for we all welcome happiness; and I will ask you to congratulate me on the un hoped-for treasure. But, if it does not, I shall remember with gratitude your interest in me all the same; and will only ask you not to waste your compassion on one who knows how to give a frolic welcome both to thunder and to sunshine, and whose worst crime it is, that he cools, with light amusements, brows that might otherwise be often aching."

He said good-by to her, but she hardly answered him. In another instant he was gone, and the voices of his friends soon mounted up to her as he was entering the boat. Lady Di remained motionless as a statue, leaning on the balustrade. "Going!" she moaned to herself. "Far off—gone—to-morrow!"

She was remaining lost in thought, when she

was startled by a few chords struck suddenly on a guitar, the sound of which floated up to her, clear from the surface of the water. "There was some woman," she exclaimed—"I remember they said so now—that was going to sing one of his songs as they rowed home! and has he the heart to ask it of her? Can he see nothing? Can he understand nothing?"

She did not move. She stood there as if petrified, with her lips half parted.

"Saxea ut effigies bacchantis constitit Evoc."

She was fearful and yet expectant of the woman's voice—the voice of the Countess Marie—of which she had often heard, but with which she had never dreamed of having such associations. Soon it came; and there came mixed with it a splash of oars, and a tinkling of the faint guitar-strings. The voice seemed to rise from the bosom of the moonlight, and so light and liquid, so ærial and so plaintive, were the sound and melody, that they might have come from some soulless mermaid or siren; and seemed expressive half of exultant buoyancy, half of extreme sadness:

*"Hollow and vast starred skies are o'er us,
Bare to their blue profoundest height.
Waves and moonlight melt before us,
Into the heart of the lonely night.*

*"Row, young oarsman, row, young oarsman;
See how the diamonds drip from the oar!
What of the shore and friends? Young oars-
man,
Never row us again to shore.*

*"See how shadow and silver mingle
Here on the wonderful wide bare sea;
And shall we sigh for the blinking ingle—
Sigh for the old known chamber—we?*

*"Are we fain of the old smiles tender?
The happy passion, the pure repose?*

*True, we sigh; but would we surrender
Sighs like ours for smiles like those?*

*"Row, young oarsman, far out yonder,
Into the crypt by the night we float;
Fair faint moon-flames wash and wander,
Wash and wander, about our boat!*

*"Not a fetter is here to bind us,
Love and memory loose their spell;
Friends of the home we have left behind us,
Prisoners of content, farewell!*

*"Row, young oarsman, far out yonder,
Over the moonlight's breathing breast;
Rest not. Give us no pause to ponder;
All things we can endure, but rest!*

*"Row, young oarsman, row, young oarsman!
See how the diamonds drip from the oar;
What of the shore and friends? Young oars-
man,
Never row us again to shore!"*

Lady Diotima could not distinguish the words; but she stood listening for the last faint sounds till long after they had become inaudible. Then she turned and walked slowly back toward the villa. Tears fell slowly from her eyes. She started to find herself shaken with a convulsive sob. "Life indeed," she cried bitterly, "has a perfect happiness for all of us, if we only long for it, no matter whether or no we win it!" Then once more she turned toward the sea, and to the silver track on which she knew the boat was floating, and exclaimed, half aloud, in the still, flower-scented night air, as she looked:

*"And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part:
You, as your business and desire shall prompt
you—*

*For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is—and, for my own poor part,
Look you, I will go pray."*

W. H. MALLOCK, in the *Nineteenth Century*.

THE CITY OF ROCKS.

MANY remote sections of the far West teem with natural curiosities that are unknown to any persons save a few hardy tourists, Indian hunters, or those daring pioneers that leave no field untried that promises them either the glittering gold or pastures for their cattle. Idaho is specially prolific in these landscape wonders, owing to its geological formation and physical outlines, it being either a level, monotonous plain, or a series of rugged hills and snow-clad mountains heaped together in apparent confusion, with here and there a small basin-like valley nestling far down at their base.

Having been subject to an overflow of the fiery sea that swept over an area of three hundred thousand square miles of the Pacific region in the misty past, and again to the compression and denudation of the glacial period, it unites in many places huge boulders, the very opposite of each other in character and origin. It is no unusual occurrence to meet immense crags of granite covering a mountain-side, and, at their base, trap rocks that look as fresh as if they were emitted only yesterday, ranged in irregular lines, like the moraines of the Alps. The result of this amalgamation is to produce, in several instances, petral formations, as fantastic as they are unusual. Of these the most remarkable is the so-called City of Rocks, situated in eastern Idaho, some thirty-five miles from the western frontier of Utah.

During my ramblings through that region, I heard much of its unique character, and the close resemblance it bears to a city both in outline and construction, so I resolved to visit it to see how near the work of erratic Nature could approach the work of man, and to learn if it was in reality the celebrated wonder it was deemed to be. Taking the stage at Boisé City, the small though energetic capital of the Territory, a ride of three weary days brought me to the City of Rocks Station, where I rested for the night. The country traversed during this tedious journey was the most barren I ever saw, for nothing met the eye in any direction except vast plains that extended in wearily unbroken lines to the snowy peaks that glittered amid the deep blue of the distant horizon. Not a shrub was seen, except the omnipresent deserts of purshia, linosyris, artemisia, and kindred plants, and their monotonous hue, united with the droning silence of the scene, rendered the landscape oppressive in its dullness. Animal life was even absent, with few exceptions, the only vestiges of animated nature visible being a few chipping sparrows, the Pa-

cific snow-bird, and some sage-hares. The latter were numerous enough in some sections, and furnished a means of breaking the tedium of the trip by presenting themselves as targets for a revolver that would never hit the spot aimed at. They, of course, escaped unscathed, but they were evidently a little scared by the noise, judging from the way in which they flew over the ground at the apparent rate of ten or twelve miles a minute. The only trees visible *en route* were the Western juniper, which grew in sparse hillocks in sections far apart, and an occasional cottonwood, or a vagrant pine that had strayed from its Alpine retreat to the banks of a rivulet.

The only houses met were a very few primitive log cabins which some seedy bachelor or border family had erected until the virgin soil could furnish them the means of building something better. Certain parts of the country, especially those near streams, are said to produce good wheat and barley, but the difficulty of procuring water, and the expense of irrigation, must keep the region closed until increasing population in the East sends its crowding multitudes farther West in search of bread and elbow-room. The country is, therefore, as new as it possibly can be; and, to those who would know what nature is without the presence of man, it affords an ample field for study and speculation. The little hamlet at which I took up my quarters is the only one for a distance of many miles where the traveler can procure food and shelter, for not even all the stage-stations can supply persons with a bed. Though as uninviting a halting-place as one would care to know under ordinary circumstances, yet, placed as I was, it was exceedingly welcome. Being situated in a narrow opening in the mountains, and surrounded principally by the ubiquitous sage-brush and artemisia, it had an air of solitude and isolation that was felt immediately. It had accessories of civilization, however, that proved its proximity to somewhere, for a couple of cows grazed close by, and the cheerful voice of a woman singing resounded within. The cabin itself was like those peculiar to the West, being formed of logs notched into one another, and having the interstices plastered with alkali-mud. The interior was as simple as the exterior; but the presence of a small bit of carpet near the bedroom-door proved that its occupants had not lost all their ideas of neatness and comfort. One could not expect any luxuries in such a place, so I was not a little surprised to find on the dinner-table an

excellent repast of ham, fresh eggs, preserved fruits, the inevitable hot biscuit, and some rich milk, which would have been delightful were it not for its sage-brush flavor. Being the only visitor, except the taciturn stage-driver, I received a monopoly of the kindness and conversation of the host and hostess, and was rewarded for my descriptions of city life by sketches of pioneer life, so thrilling and apparently truthful that if some of the "penny dreadful" writers knew them they would have material enough for at least ten years upon which to found the most startling and sensational stories. The host, who had lived in the far West from early boyhood, and had undergone all the mutations of a pioneer's life, was thoroughly well up in Indian craft and character, and many a tale did he relate of the diabolical cruelty and the untiring vengeance of the red-man.

It was rather late at night when we retired; and I had scarcely sunk in slumber before visions of raiding, yelling Indians awoke me with a start. That it could not be a mere dream or a nightmare that aroused me so suddenly, I felt certain; so I listened attentively for a few seconds, but I could hear no sounds save the beating of my own heart. I was beginning to chide myself for a display of nervousness to which I was a stranger, when a most unearthly series of howls made me bound to my feet in sudden alarm, for the violent noise seemed to come from beneath the window of my bedroom. It was not apparently of human origin; but what it was, or whence it sprang, I could not determine. The driver, who slept in the same room, did not move, though he must have heard it; and his quietude restored me to a tranquillity formed of apprehension and a feeling of shame that I had shown any alarm. The howls became at length so unbearable that I shook the sleeper rather lively, and asked him if he were dead not to hear such a demoniacal yelling.

"Oh, yes," was the quiet response; "they are coyotes a-howling for fun because the moon is bright; but, if you don't like their singing, just give them two or three shots from your revolver, and you bet they'll scatter. I don't mind them myself—I'm used to them; but, as you don't, let them have a dose or two of lead."

I was about to comply with his instructions, when he jumped up suddenly, and, holding his hand in a manner to indicate silence, listened intently for a few moments.

"Something is up," said he, vehemently; "them coyotes have shut up all at once. I guess there are some thieving or prowling Injuns around, or they wouldn't dry up so soon."

At his suggestion, I dressed rapidly, and, taking a revolver in my hand, we both went out

the back door, and met the host as he emerged from his room, rifle in hand.

"Injuns?" said the driver. "Yes, on a steal," said the other. Moving along the shadow of the wall, we gained a position whence we could see up and down the road for quite a distance. After listening intently, and straining our eyes for a few minutes, we saw a cloud of dust rising along the path to the north, and heard the heavy clattering of many unshod horses as they trotted over the ground. Before they came as far as our cabin, they turned suddenly to the right; and, in ten minutes after the head of the column changed its course, we saw a body of mounted Indians, of the Snake tribe, aligned in the form of a crescent, bringing up the rear. When they passed out of sight, we felt much relieved, for we feared they were going to make a raid on the stock belonging to the ranch, and force us to a fight in its defense. This interesting incident took away all notions of sleep; so it was late in the night before we fell into a restless slumber, for we did not know but that some prowlers from the main body had remained behind to do a little stealing on their own account, and these we expected to pay us a visit. The result of this uneasiness was that we were awake by daylight, and breakfasted by the dim light of a tallow-candle. The meal was scarcely finished before a brawny, rough-looking horseman came thundering at the door to learn if we had seen the red thieves passing that way. To an affirmative response, and a query of who they were, he replied that they must be renegades from the Snakes and Bannocks who were on a horse-raid, and that they had probably driven their captures toward Montana. Without waiting for further inquiries he dashed away over the plain to rouse the widely scattered farmers who had lost their stock, and to organize them for a pursuit of the robbers.

When the sun was well up in the sky I slung a rifle on my shoulder, to meet any possible contingencies, and started out to visit the rock-built city some three miles distant. The road that led to it was well defined, it having been used for many years by the overland emigrants to Oregon and California long ere the iron steed dashed westward to the Pacific. A walk of one mile over the plain brought me to a range of granitoid hills, which were densely clad with shrubby juniper and a few coppices of the mountain mahogany. These hills guard the vale in which the city reposes, and the only opening through them is a narrow path which separates two huge bowlders of granite, called most appropriately Sentinel Rocks, for they tower far above all their congeners and overlook a large area of country. From their summit the daring emigrants who sought the new El Dorado caught a glimpse of a

strange land in the distant west, which was to form a final resting-place for many of them. These huge crags, which have an altitude of perhaps three hundred feet, according to local speculation, are covered from base to pinnacle with the names and places of residence of pioneers, and in many instances the date of their arrival at that locality. These brief autobiographies are printed with black axle-grease, and, the compositors being amateurs at the printing art, their work resembles hieroglyphics at a distance. What it lacks in elegance, however, it compensates for in durability, for nothing but the disintegration of the rocky parchment by the action of weather and time can erase it. From these towers high walls of broken granite extend westward for several miles in a semicircular outline, but to the east dome-shaped hills supplant them. The division between the many-peaked range of boulders and the juniper-clad hills is arbitrarily defined near the Sentinels, the result apparently of opposing currents of water in the post-glacial period. Passing through the gateway made by the crags, a walk of three minutes brought me to the brink of the valley containing the city.

This valley, which seemed to have an area of about eight square miles, was evidently formed by erosion, judging from the huge, ragged masses of feldspathic granite that loom up in nearly every direction, and the planed outline of the surrounding hills. Many of the crags were occupied by large numbers of sparrow-hawks, and their incessant screaming and flitting was the only sign of life present to disturb the droning silence that reigned all around. The landscape visible was quite uninteresting, the only objects in view that could please the eye being confined to a dingle of the mountain mahogany that skirted the base of the rocks. This tree is a pleasant addition to such a scene, as it presents an arboreal appearance, having a port not unlike that of an apple-tree at a distance. It grows in clumps, and averages about thirty feet in height and six inches in diameter. Owing to its great density and hardness, it is known as iron-wood to the mountaineers, who manufacture it extensively into canes, it being unavailable for any other purpose. Its habitat seems to be confined to these arid mountain plains, where no shrub can thrive unless it is very hardy and able to draw subsistence from the most meager soil. Below these groves the artemisia again appeared and covered the ground as far as the eye could see. The scene viewed from my elevated position was wild in the extreme, and produced a feeling of loneliness that was excessively oppressive.

After carefully reconnoitering the ground with a field-glass to see that no savages were idling their time there, I moved across the valley, and

in half an hour reached the suburbs of the famed city I so earnestly sought. These were composed of several isolated granitoid boulders, but the only one possessing any importance was Register Rock, a massive crag that rises to an altitude of perhaps one hundred and fifty feet, and has a circumference of about three hundred yards. This is one mass of names, initials, dates of arrival, places of abode, and the physical condition of the pioneers who visited it, up as late as 1870. Every person passing it was evidently determined to make the fact known to the travelers that followed; for even the crevices, which seem impossible for man to penetrate without the aid of a ladder and much labor, are densely covered with cognomens. Many nations and nationalities are represented on this lithological tome, as if the writers wished it to be the perpetuator of their names. Yet New York and Missouri have precedence of all States and countries in numerical representation. The dates commence with the discovery of gold in California in 1849, and extend down to 1870, but none appear later than this year, owing to the completion of the Pacific Railway. Some of the Argonauts specified that they were going for gold to the enchanted land in the distant west, but that they would return when they had collected the glittering store they sought. As the tourist gazes on this silent record, how vividly it portrays to him the character of those who made it! What courage, endurance, and daring it represents, and even what sorrow, for many of those who blithely inscribed their names and hopes on this weather-beaten scroll had left all they held dear in life behind, and many, alas! never returned, as the numerous, lowly roadside graves too readily attest. An effort to recall the shadowy forms of those who passed that way to the foreground of memory developed clouds of faces as dissimilar in character as they possibly could be, yet they were homogeneous in thought, for gold! gold! was the aspiration of all. For that they forsook friends, kindred, family, and risked hope, happiness, and even life. And the result—had they found it? Who knows? One inclined to reverie could muse for many days on the lessons of this silent yet expressive monument; but, amid the oppressive solitude that surrounded him, his general deduction would be that the mania it depicted amounted to little in life after all, and that gold should not be the highest aspiration of man. I have often noticed that when excitement surrounds a person his first thought is action, no matter what the consequences may be; but amid the droning silence of some lonely glen or the awe-inspiring sublimity of a cloud-piercing mountain-peak, the thoughts assume a pessimist character, and the greatest effort of man resolves

itself into something so pygmy as to be scarcely worthy of consideration, or perhaps into mere nihilism. Such were my feelings when gazing on the stony tome, notwithstanding the fact that the people whose names it contained had established an empire unprecedented in richness, opened up unknown phases of life, and developed a literature as new as it was strange in incident and strong in contrast. My reverie over, I moved onward a few yards, and came suddenly upon the city. At a first glance it seemed to be a mere mass of granite crags huddled together without order or system, and certainly resembled, to my eyes, at least, anything but a city. After gazing at it steadily for a few minutes, I began to note its outline more in detail, and to separate its angles and curves into their proper positions, and by this means I was enabled to get a fair idea of its general character.

That the formation of the rocks is both quaint and picturesque was evident in a short time, but the striking resemblance which it is said to bear to a city did not impress me as quickly. By trying to make comparisons, I found that I could soon single out—or I thought I could—the towers, domes, minarets, and castellated ruins of a mediæval city, and the cabins, shanties, and *tepees* of the residents of the Western borders. The appearance of the place is certainly very striking, owing to the many-shaped outlines of the crags, and their arrangement and distribution. Yet I felt somewhat disappointed, owing to the highly gilded tales I had heard of its wonderful approach to the work of man. I could see no streets in any direction, except that indicated by a small rivulet whose course through the rocks was marked by a thin line of foliaceous shrubbery. Moving closer to it, I soon learned a lesson in optics, by being promptly made aware that reflected light from many objects produces a visual chaos that it is impossible to bring into order. What seemed to me a mere confused mass of crags at a distance, on nearer approach resolved themselves into the actual forms I had tried to depict by force of imagination, so that my surprise as well as my pleasure was by no means insignificant. While still inferior to the ideal I had formed in my mind, yet I certainly felt amply repaid for the labor and time I had expended in reaching this natural city.

The area of the city proper is perhaps two square miles. It occupies a niche in a mountain-side, and this causes the rocks to look quite small at a distance, owing to the altitude of the background; but when beside them their towering forms and massive foundation impress one immediately. I clambered through and over them in every direction, but I could find very few names impressed upon them, the pioneers evi-

dently thinking them too far from the highway to be useful as monuments. While rambling among them I startled a large herd of antelopes, but, as I did not expect to meet any life in such a locality, they were lost among the numerous labyrinths before I could get a shot at them. I learned, subsequently, that large numbers of these animals frequent the city during the summer, as it affords them plenty of food and water, and a safe retreat from the wolves, which constantly harass them in more exposed situations. Even the young can escape their enemies in this spot, unless they are fairly hunted down by superior speed. Having exhausted the resources of the place, I moved to the granitoid mountain in the rear, and from its summit had a fine view of the panorama spread out below. The sun was now low, and his rays, glinting the top and struggling through the crevices of the crags, caused them to resemble more closely the old architectural structures of Italy, with their unexpected angles, curves, towers, and gables, which seem to have been hurled together in the most inextricable confusion.

Wearied with my day's rambling, I was returning to my hostelry in a listless manner, when, in passing out of the city by a new route, I was startled by the appearance of three men, who were digging a hole at the base of a huge crag. I certainly did not expect to meet any of the human family in this wild and lonely retreat, and, least of all, white men, so I was not a little surprised at the apparition. I looked around for their camp, but could see nothing resembling it except a roll of blankets, on which three revolvers, ready for prompt use, and three bowie knives in their scabbards were laid. Their work and accessories looked very suspicious, and this induced me to watch them with keen interest, to learn, if possible, what could be the motive for indulging in such seemingly strange proceedings. After carefully surveying my surroundings, I selected a large rock which overlooked their position, and, climbing with much difficulty to its summit, I laid my rifle on a line with their heads, and prepared to await developments. I supposed they were robbers, engaged either in digging for, or preparing to bury, some treasure; and this suspicion was heightened by their costume, and the fact that all wore Mexican spurs, although I could see no horses. I waited and watched for half an hour, but seeing them busy as ever I concluded they were miners engaged in prospecting for gold; and this induced me to descend from my hard perch and approach them, but not without taking the precaution to move cautiously, so as to make as little noise as possible, to keep between them and their weapons, and to have my rifle ready for instant use in case

my presence was considered an intrusion. By moving carefully, and taking advantage of every shelter afforded by rock and shrub, I was within ten yards of them ere I was detected; but that was no sooner done than the three jumped out simultaneously, and attempted to run for their pack. Receiving a peremptory command to halt or accept the consequences, they complied reluctantly, and a conversation ensued which, in less than five minutes, caused a suspension of all hostile intentions, and ended in our shaking hands, and laughing at the scare we had all enjoyed.

From their conversation I learned that they were prospecting for a large treasure said to have been buried somewhere near the city, about two years previously, by a party of highwaymen, who had robbed the Montana stage, which contained the mails, and Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express-box, said to hold many thousand dollars in gold-dust. The exact amount was supposed to be one hundred and sixty thousand dollars. The freebooters were subsequently caught, tried, and sent to the California Penitentiary for life; and while there, one of them, who did not expect to live long, told an official of the prison, who had shown him some kindness, where the treasure was buried. He sought it assiduously for several weeks, but could not find it. A company of capitalists in San Francisco then went to search for it, but after spending several thousand dollars, and two years' time, they were compelled to retire as unsuccessful as their predecessor. The party whom I met were the next to undertake its recovery, and, though they had been digging in every possible direction for two months, they had found no trace of it. They had tried divining-rods, throwing stones at random and digging where they fell, scattering water over the ground with a full sweep of the pail, and digging where it ended; they had even tried dreaming about it;

receiving the first moonbeams of the evening over their right shoulder and choosing the spot where they first struck the earth; and, as a last resource, had consulted a clairvoyant or spiritualist, and they were then digging in the spot which they supposed she recommended. They were very sanguine of success in their last effort; but it is needless to add that it proved a failure, so the treasure remains undiscovered to this day, though many have sought it. This incident was the only feature previously lacking in the picture to give it the air of wild romance which so readily accorded with the lonely landscape, so I was not a little pleased to encounter it for its artistic effect alone. Thanking the men for their very interesting tale, I bade them a good evening, and went on to the station. I left there the next morning, and wended my way into southern Utah, where I tarried a few months; and while there I heard that another expedition, with a capital of ten thousand dollars, and accompanied by a spiritualistic medium, had been organized to search for the treasure; but thus far its recovery has not been announced.

The tourist passing through Idaho will be repaid by a visit to this rude, wild, and rock-built city; but as it lacks grandeur, or beauty of surroundings, it will never be a Mecca for those lovers of nature whose tastes incline them to gentleness and warmth of color. Being devoid of any pleasing accessories of gorse or coppice, luxuriant verdure, or brilliant flowers, having nothing in reality to present, except eccentric masses of cold, gray, dull granite and whitish-green clumps of artemisia, it leaves an impression of weariness on the mind that is felt for some days after a visit. Its silence is oppressive, and this, combined with its tattered, dismantled look, causes one to associate it with wolves and bats and ghostly owls.

J. MURPHY.

POEMS.

DULCE EST DESIPERE.

A LATIN STUDENT'S SONG OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.*

CAST aside dull books and thought !
 Sweet is folly, sweet is play :
 Take the pleasure spring hath brought
 In youth's opening holiday !
 Right it is that age should ponder
 On grave matters fraught with care ;
 Tender youth is free to wander,
 Free to frolic light as air.

Like a dream our prime is flown,
 Prisoned in a study :
 Sport and folly are youth's own,
 Tender youth and ruddy.

Lo, the spring of life slips by,
 Frozen winter comes apace ;
 Strength is minished silently,
 Care writes wrinkles on our face ;
 Blood dries up and courage fails us,
 Pleasure dwindles, joys decrease,
 Till old age at last assails us
 With his troop of illnesses.

* Translated from the "Carmina Burana," p. 137.

Like a dream our prime is flown,
Prisoned in a study;
Sport and folly are youth's own,
Tender youth and ruddy.

Live we like the gods above!
This is wisdom, this is truth:
Chase the joys of gentle love
In the leisure of our youth!
Keep the vows we swore together,
Lads, obey that ordinance;
Seek the fields in sunny weather,
Where the laughing maidens dance.

Like a dream our prime is flown,
Prisoned in a study;
Sport and folly are youth's own,
Tender youth and ruddy.

There the lad who lists may see
Which among the girls is kind:
There young limbs deliciously
Flashing through the dances wind:
While the girls their arms are raising,
Moving, winding o'er the lea,
Still I stand and gaze, and gazing
They have stolen the soul of me!

Like a dream our prime is flown,
Prisoned in a study;
Sport and folly are youth's own,
Tender youth and ruddy.

J. A. SYMONDS.

HER CUCKOO.

(*She speaks.*)

WE heard it calling, sweet and low,
That tender April morn; we stood
And listened in the quiet wood,
We heard it, ay some time ago.

It came, and with a strange, sweet cry,
A friend, and from a far-off land;
We stood and listened, hand in hand,
And heart to heart, my love and I.

In dreamland then we found our joy,
And so it seemed as 'twere the bird
That Helen in old times had heard
At noon beneath the oaks of Troy.

O time far off, and yet so near!
It came to her in that hushed grove,
It warbled while the wooing thrave—
It sang the song she liked to hear.

Ay, sweet it is to hear and heed
The Wizard of the Woods in spring;

And oh! it is a blessed thing
To love the lips that fondly plead.

And now I hear its voice again,
And still its message is of peace,
Of fruitful days of still increase—
It sings of love that will not cease—
For me it never sings in vain.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

P O R T E N T .

I MUSE and read, from day to day,
Of human thought's far-widening sway:
Its gradual exodus I note
From shadowy periods remote.

I see false faiths in ruin lie,
Whose thronging towers once cleft the sky.
I mark, amid the past's renown,
Colossal bigotries flung down.

And yet from history's feeblest youth
I watch in joy how deathless Truth
Has striven to make, with Stoic breast,
Her immortality manifest!

And now, since they that love her strive
To strip the last barbaric gyve
Off limbs that such rude furrows mar—
A century's pain in every scar—

At length from her glad lips may fall
Some holy oracle to appall;
Some priceless utterance that shall cause
A world to tremble with applause! . . .

Moments are mine when heaven's blue scope
Seems throbbing with mysterious hope,
And earth's great circuit seems no less
Thrilled by miraculous presages!

I seem to hear, on each new breeze,
Vague yet stupendous prophecies. . . .
Deep awe possesses me. . . . I feel
Stanch Reason impotently reel.

Where Science flies, with robes that shine,
Afar on embassies divine,
Dare we to dream her foot will press
Eternity's unknowableness?

Dare we to dream her hand will lay
Baffling finalities bare as day,
And bring, for all dark doubts that brood,
Some lovely and mighty certitude?

Ah, who shall say? . . . The immense age
waits ;
Veiled are the faces of the Fates ;
While all things bode, in dread portent,
Some luminous and sublime event !

EDGAR FAWCETT.

FACING THE HEIGHTS.

I.

SINCE the one song we can sing is
But a sad one !
Since the presence that we bring is
Not a glad one :
Must we—you, my heart, and I—
Stay to watch the world run by,
While we two sit back and cry—
Wearily ?

II.

What ! Is this our strait ? and truly
Is all lost ?
Is Hope given up and duly
Shrived and crossed ?
Come, heart ! Can not you and I
Yon untrodden country try,
Rather than lie down and die—
Dreadfully ?

III.

Seems to me, the hills glow greenly
Over there,
If our Fate has served us meanly,
Can't we bear ?
Let us trudge it, you and I,
Heart, to where those new lands lie ;
Let us bid the old good-by—
Cheerily !

HOWARD GLYNDON.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE NUDE IN ART ONCE MORE.

OUR readers may recall a few comments on nudity in art which were made in this department several months ago. We received, at the time the article was published, several communications from subscribers and others, both in approval and in condemnation of our utterances, but we did not think it worth while then to recur to the subject. Recently, however, the theme has been revived in several places, and, as it is obvious that a very radical difference of opinion exists as to the morality or immorality of the nude in art, we must solicit the attention of our readers while we attempt a little further elucidation of the question. One of the communications with which we were favored pronounced our former brief article a very extraordinary production, and considered it one which called for an earnest protest. "No one will dispute," the writer says, "that a delineation of a nude female figure may be—as the artist wills—either the embodiment of innocence, 'clothed on with chastity,' or on the other hand suggestive in every feature and muscle of lewdness," and he thinks that many well-meaning persons confound the two classes. It is not clear how these two classes of pictures and statues can be confounded by well-meaning persons if one class is clothed with chastity and the other suggestive in every feature of lewdness. If classes of art-productions really indicated their moral or immoral quality as distinctly and effectually as our correspondent states, they would not, we should say, be confounded by any but ill-meaning persons. Our correspondent would not have "any one gaze

upon that which is evil in its influence upon the mind," but declares it "a damaging admission for one to make who covers his eyes before the 'Venus with the Apple' or the 'Greek Slave,' and cries, 'Take them away lest my passions overcome me !' because this would indicate a morbid excess of sexual susceptibility"—as indeed beyond all doubt it would. He thinks that a sure criterion of pure art would be that when a picture or statue expresses no sensual emotion in itself it ought to excite none in the beholder. "Let one," he says, "in whom evil thoughts are engendered by the contemplation of a pure and chaste undraped figure take heed to himself at once, for he is in danger." This may be true, but the notion that only distinctly impure works of art are morally injurious can not be sustained by the facts. Lewd statues and paintings commonly furnish their own antidote, for they excite nothing but disgust in the mind of every spectator not hopelessly depraved. People are repelled by works of this kind, while the subtle fascinations of better productions often allure and stimulate the imagination.

But while this correspondent deplures our attitude, others warmly commend it. "I can not refrain," begins one note, which by the handwriting we should judge to be from a lady, "from sending an appreciative and grateful response to your article 'The Nude in Art,' and then proceeds to declare that the presence of nude works of art in public galleries is an insult to those ladies who frequent them. "I speak in strong terms," the writer says, "because I feel strong in my convictions. A few years since I was traveling in Europe, and with others visiting many of the famous art-buildings. I

said to myself, 'Now, if there is any reason why I should bury such objections as I hold, I will strive to do so, for what I may learn while having this opportunity.' I tried to be brave and bold, and swallow my convictions; but, in spite of all heroic efforts, I was soon compelled to see that its effects are most emphatically dangerous and demoralizing. To convince myself, I often took a seat where I was unobserved, and not far from some one of the subjects in question; and, while apparently studying my catalogue, I watched carefully the manners and looks of the visitors. It was interesting to notice with what sudden haste mothers would turn and call the attention of their daughters to some other object, or how quickly the eyes of a young lady would drop, and she would turn and appear not to notice what had pained and mortified her. But this was not what convinced me most, for I think the natural modesty of most ladies impels them, for very shame, to pass such objects unnoticed. I was disgusted to see a certain indecent boldness with which many (gentlemen?) visitors would stay and comment, making coarse and lewd remarks—of course, not intended to be overheard, but they were, nevertheless—and putting themselves in a position to watch young ladies as they came near, and seeming to take a satanic delight in their uncomfortable and mortified position."

It will be promptly said by the defenders of nude art that the persons described by our correspondent were depraved, and to the depraved even innocent things become corrupt. But the communication is valuable as a contrast to the one which precedes it, and as evidence of how wholly apart many persons are in their convictions in this matter. This evidence, however, is at every hand. The Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby recently published, in "The Christian at Work," an essay in which he sharply condemns the prevalence of nude art. "Under a sickening cant about high art," he says, "Christians are filling their parlors with statuary and paintings calculated to excite the lowest passions of the young. There is a natural pruriency that is charmed with this dilettanteism among indecent things, as the polite distance to which refinement can go in licentiousness. It would be apposite to ask how many youth it is unable to restrain within these bounds, after having thus far inflamed their desires." It is not a question, the reverend doctor thinks, "whether it is possible to have a white-marble nudity that would be pure to every mind—to this all will agree—but whether Christians can approve of nudities in every degree of color to represent life in every attitude of wantonness, whether in the name of Art they can meddle with such filthy subjects as Leda and the Swan, Danae, Venus and Adonis, etc., and not be defiled." This is very well, and perhaps the distinction here made will suit our correspondent first quoted in his classification of pure and lewd art. The reverend doctor has excited derision in one sentence. "God," he says, "has clearly shown us that the human body is to be covered." This common clerical custom of dogmatically declaring the inten-

tions of the Almighty is always offensive to good taste, and at best is rather presumptuous; but in this instance the bad taste of the sentence is supplemented by bad logic. How came it that the human figure is covered? Are not clothes the sign and badge of the Fall, the stamp of the evil that is in us? The worthy doctor should not have so readily put in the hands of his opponents the means for retort.

Among the various replies Dr. Crosby's article has called forth is one in "The Home Journal," in which there is a lofty vein of that Higher Criticism at which "The Spectator" has recently leveled a few sharp shafts. The writer affirms not only "the right of the artist to set forth in marble or on canvas the form of man as originally created," but that in so doing he "is an efficient worker in the domain of moral culture." He assures us that "the lower and more sensual order of sentiments look chiefly to an alluring use of drapery," and that "the human figure does not readily lend itself to a low art-motive. The body of man, this symbol of the highest beauty of nature, this temple of the Holy Ghost, inspires by its simplicity, nobleness, and purity of line, a certain restraint and involuntary reverence even upon the sensualizing artist." "It is not," he goes on to say, "by debarring modern art from its highest domain, the representation of the human ideal in that purity of beauty which is its own garment, that genuine art-culture is to be fostered. The aim of this culture is to open the insight to that mystical unity of the spiritual, intellectual, and sensuous elements of our nature which is its divine ideal." Further we are told that because art "seeks to make imaginatively and sensuously present the ideal unity of the higher life; because it would realize the divine prototypes in their beautiful simplicity; because, therefore, it is privileged to display, in its unconcealed dignity and charm, without thought of shame, that human form which is made in the image of God—it is, therefore, that art holds a place, as an agency of spiritual culture, side by side and one with all pure and undefiled religion." All this is so magnificent that one is a little dazed, and is in mortal fear that he is in some way excluded by nature from comprehending the exalted ideals and purposes thus set forth. How spiritual culture is to be furthered by sensuous delineations of physical beauty, by the alluring fascinations of Venuses and Junos, it is hard to say—but this, of course, is because the questioner is wholly carnal-minded. He might point out that Venus, the goddess of beauty, is the most frequently chosen subject for delineation, and this distinctly because she is the ideal of voluptuous female beauty, but he would only be scoffed at. And yet it is the fact that not one nude work of art in a hundred has any thought of spiritual beauty or intellectual beauty, or springs from any desire to glorify the human body "as the temple of the Holy Ghost," but all are solely and wholly conceived and executed as portraits of physical, sensuous beauty, never as something ethereal, spiritual, or divine. "The Home Journal" in this matter is simply ec-

static, and dwells upon a form of nude art that exists solely in its imagination.

Opposed in this matter as these several writers are, it yet may be asked whether any distinct difference of opinion exists among those persons who have a moral right to enter judgment. It must be remembered that while artists, and possibly art-critics, are competent judges of all purely artistic matters, are final authority as to the drawing, the composition, the *chiaroscuro*, the texture, and the tone of any painting, they are even less competent than laymen to pronounce upon its moral effects. In all art-features artists are experts; but in effects upon morals they are not experts—they are even partial, one-sided judges, their personal interests being largely concerned in the verdict. The true experts as to the morals of a work of art are students of morals, those persons who make a study of the operations of the mind, of the natural tendencies of emotion and passion, of the laws of ethics. These are the only persons who can be accepted as authority in any question of morals. This fact needs to be enforced, inasmuch as great mental confusion exists in regard thereto. It is continually assumed that the opinions of artists and critics of art are authoritative as to the ethics of art because they are authorities as to the techniques of art. This is a singular mistake. Mr. Page's opinion of the execution of Titian's Venus is entitled to very great respect; but Mr. Page's opinion as to the moral effect of Titian's Venus is worth very little by the side of Dr. Crosby's opinion on that subject, just as Dr. Crosby's opinion as to the color and drawing of any performance is of no authority whatever. This distinction has not, we believe, been pointed out; and yet it is a very clear one. People, being dependent upon certain authorities for instruction in the principles of art, have come to believe that their domain extends to the morals of art. What, we have to ask, is the opinion of *experts* in the matter? What do moralists say about the influence of nude art in morals? Now, there are two classes of moralists that are almost unanimous in their judgment: First, there is the whole body of the people who without special training have yet the instincts that come of moral culture; second, there is the whole body of teachers of ethics, the specialists who make the study of right and wrong the business of their lives—and these two classes are nearly of one mind as to the propriety of nudity in art. The instinct of modesty, for instance, is very powerful in women of all classes and grades, and we may be sure that the mothers, wives, and sisters of men are here nearly of one mind—altogether of one mind, if we except the few who being artists or connected with artists, or otherwise under the influence of the art-theories of the day, have forced down their instincts and brought themselves by a series of sophistries to think things which in their heart of hearts they do not believe. If the instincts of modesty are not so powerful in men as in women, they are still very general, and, until reasoned away by artistic sophistries, are sure to be shocked at those displays in art which in real life are never permitted. The natural

instincts of men and women are thus in accord with the deductions of moralists. The Christian Church, the expositor of the moral sentiments of mankind, has always condemned the sensuous aspects of art. Here is a passage from Mr. Symonds's recently published "Renaissance in Italy," which reads strangely by the side of the confident utterances of "The Home Journal": "On the very threshold of the matter I am bound to affirm my conviction that the spiritual purists of all ages—the Jews, the iconoclasts of Byzantium, Savonarola, and our Puritan ancestors—were justified in their mistrust of plastic art. The spirit of Christianity and the spirit of figurative art are opposed, not because such art is immoral, but because it can not free itself from sensuous associations. It is always hurrying us back to the dear life of earth, from which its faith would sever us. It is always reminding us of the body which piety bids us to forget. Painters and sculptors glorify that which saints and ascetics have mortified. The masterpieces of Titian and Correggio, for example, lead the soul away from compunction, away from penitence, away from worship even, to dwell on the delight of youthful faces, blooming color, graceful movement, delicate emotion. . . . When the worshiper would fain ascend on wings of ecstasy to God, the infinite, ineffable, unrealized, how can he endure the contact of those splendid forms in which 'the lust of the eye and the pride of life,' professing to subserve devotion, remind him rudely of the goodness of sensual existence? . . . As displayed in its most perfect phases in Greek sculpture and Venetian painting, art dignifies the actual mundane life of man; but Christ, in the language of uncompromising piety, means everything most alien to this mundane life—self-denial, abstinence from fleshly pleasure, the waiting for true bliss beyond the grave."

This is a just and exact analysis of sensuous art as it stands related to religion, and by the side of this clear and logical exposition "The Home Journal" argument, that "art" (referring specially to sensuous art) "holds a place as an agency of spiritual culture side by side and one with all pure and undefiled religion," vanishes into the atmosphere of the transcendent and the absurd. Art gives us many pleasurable emotions, but we suspect that at its very best it is never more than simply not immoral. By the very conditions of its being art is sensuous in character, appealing to the love of color and to the sense of form. The *story* that a picture tells may excite very ecstatic feelings, but the story is the literary and not the artistic quality of a work of art.

We agree with Dr. Crosby as to the possibility of pure marble nudities, and unquestionably sculpture is less sensuous than the nude figure in painting; but we deny the distinction that is drawn between lewd and what is called pure art in their moral effects. Lewd art, as we have already said, simply disgusts; but what is the effect of the nude—we include in the nude the semi-nude also—as we find it from the hands of the masters, upon the susceptible imagination of youth? In considering this question it

is necessary to keep near to earth, and not lose ourselves in mists; to accept art as it is and human nature as it is, and not to lose the whole issue in a flood of poetic declamation. If "The Home Journal" argument is at all true, if the "body of man inspires by its simplicity, nobleness, and purity of line," then it must do so in nature as well as in art, and the civilized world has consequently made a mistake in clothing it. The human figure, however, is clothed by the necessities of climate as well as by the dictates of modesty; and a mystery thereby is made of the body which art can not unfold to curious speculation without danger. The imagination of youth speedily catches fire at the vision of female beauty that art reveals; it finds no fascination in coarse art, but a world of untold and dangerous emotions in the loveliness that sculptor and painter delight to dwell upon. To say that youthful imagination ought not to be sensuously stirred by art of this kind is to require of it more than is possible in nature. Such emotions are natural, but they are dangerous because they are apt to lead to great evil, and consequently the moralists are right in deploring all art and literature that tend to inflame them. The plain common sense of the world is right in this thing, as it is in many other things which philosophers and critics quarrel over.

WOMEN AS HORTICULTURISTS.

THE last "Macmillan's Magazine" has an article entitled "A New Vocation for Women," which attempts to show what may be done in horticulture by female labor. Much of what is said pertains specially to England, but there are some general truths and a few suggestions that are applicable to this country. "There is," it says, "one particular section of the people to which gardening as an industry ought to prove extremely beneficial, though it has never yet recognized the fact that horticulture as a profession is suitable to it. We allude to women, and we fail to see why women of all classes should not adopt this vocation with success." With the exception of the roughest kinds of labor, there is scarcely a department of gardening, according to this writer, that is not adapted to women, "while for many operations their quick intuition, their patience, and their skillful fingers are preëminently suited." He mentions hybridizing, grafting, budding, disbudding, and asks, Who could accomplish these tasks better? "The growth and tendance of seeds and cuttings, the management of plant-houses, the training of espalier and cordon fruit-trees, all these are works suitable for women; and, since many ladies undertake them for their own amusement, there does not seem to be any reason why others should not do so for profit."

England differs from this country largely in the fact that a greater part of its fruit is imported, while with us fruit importation consists solely of tropical products. Fruit, with the exception of a few kinds, is not nearly so abundant in England as it is with

us, and there is there abundant room and need for the development of its culture. Here apples, peaches, pears, grapes, melons of all kinds, pour into our market with immense profusion, and women who attempted to compete with the established growers of these articles would find their task a difficult one. The culture of cherries and plums and hot-house grapes would admit, we should say, of considerable extension, and it is possible that *choice* varieties of all kinds of fruits are never fully up to demand. There are some articles which we scarcely cultivate at all in this country. Mushrooms, for instance, are largely imported from France, our native supply being wholly irregular and inadequate. The mushroom-culture in the abandoned stone-quarries in the vicinity of Paris is very extensive, one proprietor alone having twenty-one miles of beds in these subterranean galleries. Here is a wholly unworked branch of horticulture that women might take up to great profit. It is fairly certain that with an increase of supply of fresh mushrooms the consumption would steadily increase, and eventually reach a hundred-fold what it is now.

Flower-culture has greatly increased in recent years in the vicinity of all our large cities, but the taste for flowers is something that grows upon what it feeds, so here is large space for women to exercise their skill and industry. The supply and the demand for cut flowers are both very large, and probably keep pace with each other, but window flower-culture is only in its infancy. Within the last few years an increased taste for this sort of ornamentation has been very evident. Ten years ago there was probably not an hotel or restaurant in New York that planted flowers in its courtyards or approaches, and now nearly every one has them. Very beautiful, indeed, is the flower garniture at some of these places. In private dwellings window-boxes of flowers are becoming more and more common, but the majority of houses are still without this pleasant and graceful ornamentation, and hence the ladies who take up plant-growing might with a little tact greatly stimulate the public taste in this particular. And what more fitting pursuit for women than the cultivation of flowers? in what more charming conjunction can we imagine them? what employment is there anywhere that accords so exactly with their love of color, their passion for beauty, their delicate susceptibility to odors, their delight in whatever is sweet, cleanly, pure, and needing care and nurture? It is a wonder that flower-rearing is not already generally in their hands.

The practical difficulties with young women searching for a vocation is that they have no capital, no special training, little knowledge of current commercial needs, and no disposition to enter untried fields of labor. They are ceaselessly demanding new avenues for employment, under the impression apparently that by talking about them vigorously these new avenues will open of their own accord. Assuredly fruit-growing, flower-culture, and kindred pursuits offer no great obstacles to young women with a small measure of determination and a little

activity of imagination. The great point with us all is to be able to think out things, and this is what we mean in this instance by imagination. Neither men nor women are likely to gain much success in established vocations, much less enter upon untried ones, unless they have ideas, the power to construct, to form, to plan, to discover relations between facts and possibilities of facts, to detect significances and follow them to their logical outcome. In flower-growing, however, there is this advantage—many ladies have natural taste and a little smattering of the art, and hence it would not be difficult for them to gain sufficient knowledge from books and practical experience in their own gardens to make a test of the suggestion which the writer in "Macmillan" makes; and eventually training-schools may be established in which young women could enter. The thing is, to make a beginning; and to make a beginning the very first requisite is practical intelligence.

ART AND DEMOCRACY.

THERE is an article in the August "Cornhill," with the title of "Art, and Democracy," which deplores the influence of the multitude upon art because "the many prefer small themes to large themes, little subjects to big ones, matters of private interest to matters of public interest." The many, we are assured, are very worthy people, "but it would be ridiculous to pretend that they cherish lofty ideas in any direction, and most of all in the direction of art. The day of high art is over; the turn of the average person has come, and he is using his rights freely and unreservedly, not exactly by replacing high art with low art, but with common art—with an art that accords with his own ideals, and his ideals are comprised within the limits of his own experience."

If the writer of this article had substituted *aristocracy for democracy* in his title, and argued that the world of fashion "prefers small themes to large themes, little subjects to big ones, matters of private interest to matters of public interest," he would, we apprehend, have come much nearer to the truth. His arguments are all sound, but he applies them to the wrong class. Haydon, who declaimed incessantly about high art, had once persuaded a wealthy gentleman to purchase one of his big heroic canvases for a certain place on his walls. "But, my dear," exclaimed the gentleman's wife, "what then shall I do with my piano?" The high-art picture had to give way to the piano; and this fairly measures the concern that aristocracy feels in art. On the other hand, there has never been a great art in the world that has not been rooted in the strong sympathies and passionate feelings of the people. The democracy have no taste for pettiness and prettiness, for the small perfections of art, for the pedantry and niceties of pundits and critics. The people are doubtless indifferent to refinement and insensible to subtilities of expression, but largeness is distinctly

the thing they comprehend and delight in. "No man," says the "Cornhill" writer, "whose mental experience has ranged through the ages, whose sympathies have been enlarged by travel, been developed by education, and been elevated by history, can fail to walk through the room full of dazzling color in Burlington House without feeling that he has been moving in a somewhat narrow world. He will have seen much to please, no little to move him. The current features of domestic life, the curiosities of contemporary civilization, the faces of his more celebrated acquaintances, reproductions of natural scenery or picturesque architecture, these and much more of the same sort will have been offered to his gaze; but he will not, he can not feel that he has been admitted to very high regions of art, or that he has been lifted beyond the petty range of his own normal experiences." This feeling will be experienced by every layman who enters an English or American art-gallery if he is a man of imagination and reflection; but the need thus set forth does not appear to be felt by artists and connoisseurs. The whole cultivated art-world seems to be animated by other ideas; to be wholly absorbed by the refinements and subtleties of art, rather than by high, large, and great ideas. "Art," says Mr. Whistler, "*may be concerned alone with the arrangement of color and line.*" This is what the "higher culture" declares is art. Color, "nocturnes," "symphonies," arrangements, impressions, decoration, effects in light and shade, any sort of play and trick with pigments and lines, constitute the new philosophy. Is art of this sort the art of the many, the art of the democracy, the art of the people, the art of feeling and passion? The people demand emotion and feeling in poetry; the pedants think more of arrangement, of new tricks in versification, of freshly used terms; and a similar manifestation is apparent in art. "Can not," said Lord Beaconsfield, in his address at the last Royal Academy dinner, "can not English art attempt a higher flight, and give to the nation pictures to compare with those which Raphael has bequeathed to Rome, and Tintoretto to Venice?" In order that this sort of art shall revive, there must be a change of heart among the artists rather than among the people. Dilettanteism must be extinguished. Delight in the mere grammar of art must be exchanged for delight in ideas. The notion that the story of a picture is the literature and not the art of a picture—not the thing with which art is really concerned—must be abandoned. And, if the primary concern of art is arrangement of colors and lines, there is necessarily an exclusion from it of high and noble ideas. The artists undoubtedly do aim to express poetical sentiment in art, to awaken sensations by harmonies of color just as sensations are awakened by harmonies of music; and, when poetry of technical expression is wedded to the poetry of story, when harmonious lines and colors are employed to illustrate great heroic facts in human history and human experience, we shall have a high art which people of both high and low degree will unite in loving and admiring.

Books of the Day.

ASIDE from the intrinsic importance of the work, a somewhat melancholy interest attaches to Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Data of Ethics,"* because of the intimation by which it is accompanied that the System of Synthetic Philosophy, upon which the author has so long been engaged, is likely to remain incomplete. According to the programme of publication long since announced, two more volumes of "The Principles of Sociology" should have preceded the "Data of Ethics," which is the first division of the work on "The Principles of Morality," with which the system ends. Mr. Spencer explains that he was led to deviate from the order originally set down by the fear that failing health might compel him to leave the final work of the series, to which all the preceding works are subsidiary and preliminary, unexecuted. "Written as far back as 1842, my first essay, consisting of letters on 'The Proper Sphere of Government,' vaguely indicated what I conceived to be certain general principles of right and wrong in political conduct; and from that time onward my ultimate purpose, lying behind all proximate purposes, has been that of finding for the principles of right and wrong, in conduct at large, a scientific basis. To leave this purpose unfulfilled, after making so extensive a preparation for fulfilling it, would be a failure the probability of which I do not like to contemplate; and I am anxious to preclude it, if not wholly, still partially. Hence the step I now take."

Another consideration which has made the author anxious to indicate, at least in outline, this final work of his system, is that the establishment of rules of right conduct on a scientific basis is a pressing need of the time. "Now that moral injunctions are losing the authority given by their supposed sacred origin, the secularization of morals is becoming imperative. Few things can happen more disastrous than the decay and death of a regulative system no longer fit, before another and fitter regulative system has grown up to replace it"; and yet this, according to Mr. Spencer, is precisely what is now happening.

From the foregoing explanation it will be seen that "The Data of Ethics" constitutes the first division of the work on "The Principles of Morality," with which Mr. Spencer intended that his System of Philosophy should end, and that its aim is to find a scientific basis for the principles of right and wrong in human conduct. In seeking such a scientific basis, of course the most important preliminary step is to define with exactness what is meant by right and wrong, or good and bad, conduct; but, in order to make his definition more intelligible, Mr. Spencer prefaces it with a most suggestive chapter on the

evolution of conduct, showing that, as evolution of functions has gone on *pari passu* with the evolution of structures, so advance in conduct has been strictly correlative to advance in structure and functions. In the lowest types of animals the conduct is constituted of actions so little adjusted to ends that life continues only as long as the accidents of the environment are favorable; in animals of a somewhat higher grade, along with more developed structures and greater power of combining functions, we find a better adjustment of acts to ends, and a consequent preservation of life for a longer period; and finally in man we not only find that the adjustments of acts to ends are both more numerous and better than among lower animals, but we find the same thing on comparing the doings of higher races of men with those of lower races. "And, along with this greater elaboration of life produced by the pursuit of more numerous ends, there goes that increased duration of life which constitutes the supreme end."

This leads up naturally to the essential point of Mr. Spencer's work—his definition of good and bad conduct. Illustrating by many examples the various uses of the two words, he points out that, in the last analysis, they always refer to the greater or less efficiency of the adjustment of instruments or acts to ends. "The good knife is one which will cut; the good gun is one which carries far and true; the good house is one which duly yields the shelter, comfort, and accommodation sought for. Conversely, the badness alleged of the umbrella or the pair of boots, refers to their failures in fulfilling the ends of keeping off the rain, and comfortably protecting the feet, with due regard to appearances. . . . And those doings of men which, morally considered, are indifferent, we class as good or bad, according to their success or failure. A good jump is a jump which, remoter ends ignored, well achieves the immediate purpose of a jump; and a stroke at billiards is called good when the movements are skillfully adjusted to the requirements. Oppositely, the badness of a walk that is shuffling and an utterance that is indistinct is alleged because of the relative non-adaptations of the acts to the ends." Now, since (as is shown in the chapter on the evolution of conduct) the great primary aim of the actions of living creatures is the preservation, prolongation, and bettering of life, those actions or causes of conduct which tend to preserve, prolong, or better life, are called good, while those which tend to the opposite effects are called bad.

Of course, this judging as good, conduct which conduces to life involves the assumption that animate existence is desirable—in other words, that life is worth living—and, since it is universally admitted that life can be regarded as desirable only in case it brings a surplus of agreeable feeling, it follows that the test of good or bad conduct is whether or not it

* The Data of Ethics. By Herbert Spencer. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, pp. 288.

produces this surplus of agreeable feeling. "There is no escape," says Mr. Spencer, "from the admission that in calling good the conduct which subserves life, and bad the conduct which hinders or destroys it, and in so implying that life is a blessing, and not a curse, we are inevitably asserting that conduct is good or bad according as its total effects are pleasurable or painful"; and further along he formulates the proposition that, "taking into account immediate and remote effects on all persons, the good is universally the pleasurable." This being the vital point of Mr. Spencer's ethical theory, we will quote his own summary of his argument:

The truth that conduct is considered by us as good or bad, according as its aggregate results, to self or others, or both, are pleasurable or painful, we found on examination to be involved in all the current judgments on conduct: the proof being that reversing the applications of the words creates absurdities. And we found that every other proposed standard of conduct derives its authority from this standard. Whether perfection of nature is the assigned proper aim, or virtuousness of action, or rectitude of motive, we saw that definition of the perfection, the virtue, the rectitude, inevitably brings us down to happiness experienced in some form, at some time, by some person, as the fundamental idea. Nor could we discover any intelligible conception of blessedness, save one which implies a raising of consciousness, individual or general, to a happier state; either by mitigating pains or increasing pleasures.

Even with those who judge of conduct from the religious point of view, rather than from the ethical point of view, it is the same. Men who seek to propitiate God by inflicting pains on themselves, or refrain from pleasures to avoid offending him, do so to escape greater ultimate pains, or to get greater ultimate pleasures. If, by positive or negative suffering here, they expected to achieve more suffering hereafter, they would not do as they do. That which they now think duty they would not think duty if it promised eternal misery instead of eternal happiness. Nay, if there be any who believe that human beings were created to be unhappy, and that they ought to continue living to display their unhappiness for the satisfaction of their Creator, such believers are obliged to use this standard of judgment; for the pleasure of their diabolical god is the end to be achieved. So that no school can avoid taking for the ultimate moral aim a desirable state of feeling called by whatever name—gratification, enjoyment, happiness. Pleasure somewhere, at some time, to some being or beings, is an inexpugnable element of the conception. It is as much a necessary form of moral intuition as space is a necessary form of intellectual intuition.—(Page 45.)

Having thus defined what is meant by the terms good and bad as applied to conduct, and furnished a test by which to judge them, Mr. Spencer proceeds to the consideration of moral phenomena as phenomena of evolution; being, as he says, forced to do this by finding that they form a part of the aggregate of phenomena which evolution has wrought out. "If the entire visible universe has been evolved—if the solar system as a whole, the earth as a part of it, the life in general which the earth bears, as well as that of each individual organism—if the mental phenomena displayed by all creatures, up to the highest, in

common with the phenomena presented by aggregates of these highest—if one and all conform to the laws of evolution; then the necessary implication is that those phenomena of conduct in these highest creatures with which morality is concerned, also conform." He takes up in succession the physical view, the biological view, the psychological view, and the sociological view, devoting a chapter to each. These chapters are in the highest degree interesting and instructive, involving as they do a summary and application of all the preceding volumes of the series; but they can not be summarized—in fact, an adequate summary would be very apt to be longer than the chapters themselves.

Proceeding to the next stage in his argument, Mr. Spencer demonstrates the relativity of pains and pleasures—a comparatively familiar topic, which, however, he renders fresh and living by his method of treatment. He then discusses—and the four chapters in which he discusses them are among the most significant and interesting in the volume—the relative claims of Egoism, or self-regarding actions, and Altruism, or other-regarding actions. The conclusion which he reaches is that both are primordial requisites to life; self-preservation being the first law of nature, while care for others (as, for example, in the rearing of offspring) is essential to the continuance of life from the beginning. The two are not, as is commonly supposed, mutually exclusive; neither are they necessarily antagonistic, save in their most extreme forms: a rational philosophy of conduct requires a compromise between the two.

It is admitted that self-happiness is, in a measure, to be obtained by furthering the happiness of others. May it not be true that, conversely, general happiness is to be obtained by furthering self-happiness? If the well-being of each unit is to be reached partly through his care for the well-being of the aggregate, is not the well-being of the aggregate to be reached partly through the care of each unit for himself? Clearly, our conclusion must be that general happiness is to be achieved mainly through the adequate pursuit of their own happinesses by individuals; while, reciprocally, the happinesses of individuals are to be achieved in part by their pursuit of the general happiness.—(Page 238.)

Two final chapters discuss "Absolute and Relative Ethics," and "The Scope of Ethics," preparing the way for those specific conclusions and practical applications of principles which will be set forth in future portions of the work, in case, as is most earnestly to be hoped, Mr. Spencer finds himself able to complete it. These conclusions are implied in the present volume in such wise that, as Mr. Spencer says, "definitely to formulate them requires nothing beyond logical deduction"; but it is a very mild statement of the truth to say that no one could formulate them so convincingly as Mr. Spencer himself.

The foregoing summary, it should be added, gives but a very imperfect idea of even the main outlines and conclusions of Mr. Spencer's work: it conveys no idea at all of the depth of its thought, the force of its logic, the comprehensive range of its treat-

ment, the subtilty of its analysis, and the inexhaustible fertility of its illustrations drawn from all departments of knowledge. In grasp of thought and extent and variety of information it is generally conceded that Mr. Spencer has no equal among living philosophers; and these qualities, as well as his singularly nervous, vigorous, and lucid style, have never been more strikingly exhibited than in "The Data of Ethics."

THOUGH undeniably piquant and entertaining, the "Life and Letters of Madame Bonaparte" * is a painful book—painful because it reveals human nature in one of its most repellent aspects. Rumor has had much to say about the talent and wit of Madame Bonaparte, and Mr. Didier repeats and enlarges upon the story; but candor compels us to say that the only thing which redeems the letters here published from absolute commonplaceness is their cynical and boastful selfishness, their sordid greed, their shallow conceit and levity, and their malicious ill-nature. Their preëminence in all these respects would be admitted, no matter to whom they were addressed, but the fact that the great majority of them were written to her father accentuates and emphasizes their deliberate malevolence. Mr. Patterson was in nearly everything the exact antithesis of his daughter; and while his own letters to her are dignified, considerate, and even kindly in tone, it is only too evident that one of her chief sources of satisfaction in writing to him was derived from the consciousness that her letters must annoy, irritate, and wound him. At the very time when to other correspondents she was complaining of her *ennui* at the artificial routine of society in Europe, she would write to him in the most enthusiastic terms of her brilliant social successes and enjoyments, interlarding her self-gratulations with the bitterest gibes and sneers at whatever occurred to her as distinctively American. Many of these gibes could hardly fail, and were doubtless intended, to be applied by her father to himself personally, since he was one of the most conspicuous members of that class of "tradesmen" upon which she poured out her most withering scorn, while constantly envying them their money.

Mr. Didier expresses the opinion that Napoleon made a grievous blunder when he refused to recognize Madame Bonaparte as his brother's wife, and forbade her appearance in France, and intimates that she would have made a suitable match for the Emperor himself. It may be so, but there certainly is nothing in Mr. Didier's book to justify that impression. On the contrary, while conceding that Jerome acted a most dishonorable and cowardly part, the reader will be apt to feel that he had a happy escape, and that his brother did well, from a prudential point of view, in rescuing him from the consequences of his youthful escapade. It is perfectly evident

that such disappointment as Madame Bonaparte felt at the abortive result of her marriage was a disappointment of ambition, not of love; and the woman whom not even the tender cares of maternity could soften, who never had a serious thought but of self-interest and self-aggrandizement, and who saw in love, duty, honor, and the nobler sentiments, only subjects to jeer at—such a woman is not of the type which we could wish, either for her own good or that of others, to see exalted to the high places of the earth.

Of the qualities which we have mentioned as characteristic of Madame Bonaparte's letters, only copious extracts could give an adequate idea, and the few for which we are able to find room can do no more than convey a hint. We shall string together some specimen passages, however, culled almost at random, if for nothing else, to justify the strictures which we have felt compelled to make. And first let us see how she regards the "sweet domesticities" of family life:

I hope he [her son] will reward by his success all my cares, and I rejoice that I have no more children to toil after, never having envied any one the honor of being a mother of a family, which is generally a thankless position.—(Page 56.)

Bo [her son] feels the propriety of doing what I please on the subject of the marriage [proposed between himself, then sixteen, and his cousin, the daughter of Joseph Bonaparte], and has no foolish ideas of disposing of himself in the way young people do in America. . . . If the marriage is offered I mean to accept it, and, as things go in the generalities of families, shall esteem myself fortunate in being able to dispose of my son according to my views, instead of his choosing before his judgment is matured, and probably encumbering himself for life with a poor wife and clamorous offspring. Marriage ought never to be entered into for any other purpose than comfort, and there is none without consequence and fortune; without these it is more prudent to live single.—(Page 83.)

There is, I hope, no danger of his [her son's] forming an imprudent matrimonial connection; if he can not marry suitably—and in America he could not (with one exception, and that I fear is out of the question)—he can live single. Marriage offers no such comforts as to induce rational beings to give up their independence without some return of advantage. I am at times not happy on the subject of his falling in love, recollecting the extreme folly and great simplicity of the people he sees, who, without giving a single thought to prudence or the future, marry some poor young woman from the caprice of the moment, and consign themselves to her insipid society and the torment of bringing up a family of children. It may be patriotic to sacrifice one's time in this way, but it is not charitable to one's self, and charity well understood begins at home. I hope you, dear sir, will inculcate to him privately the nonsense and absurdity of such marriages, which are unknown beyond the New World.—(Page 123.)

* The Life and Letters of Madame Bonaparte. By Eugène L. Didier. With a Portrait. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 16mo, pp. 276.

The land of romance is now only to be found on the other side of the Atlantic [she is writing from Geneva, Switzerland]. People on this side know the exact value

of everything, and turn existence to its best account. Love in a cottage is out of fashion even in novels. I should consider an amiable, prolific daughter-in-law a very poor compensation for all the trouble and anxiety I have had with that boy, and most sincerely hope the amiable, scheming (for even in America the women know their own interest, and look as sharply after matches as they do here) young ladies will select some other unsuspecting dupe. Women in all countries have wonderful cunning in their intercourse with men; they succeed better in America because the men there are a century behind them in knowledge of human nature and instinct for their true interest.—(Page 147.)

I observe what you say of my partiality for Europe, and am only surprised that you should wonder at my resembling every woman who has left America. I never heard of one who wanted to return there, not excepting Mrs. Gallatin; besides, I think it is quite as rational to go to balls and dinners as to get children, which people must do in Baltimore to kill time. I should prefer a child of mine going to court and dancing every evening in the week in good company to his or her marrying beggars and bringing children into the world to deplore existence. In America there are no resources except marriage, and, as there was no one there for me to marry, I very naturally sought to quit a place where I was not pleased.—(Page 202.)

When at length it was announced to her that her son had engaged himself to marry a respectable and wealthy young lady of Baltimore her rage knew no bounds, and in its expression verged closely upon insanity. In a letter to her father she says:

I wrote, in answer to your letters announcing the proposed marriage of my son, exactly what I felt at the time. I have endeavored to instill into him, from the hour of his birth, the opinion that he was much too high in birth and connection ever to marry an American woman. I hated and loathed a residence in Baltimore so much that when I thought I was to spend my life there I tried to screw my courage up to the point of committing suicide. My cowardice, and *only* my cowardice, prevented my exchanging Baltimore for the grave. No consideration could have induced me to marry any one there after having married the brother of an emperor, and I believe that to this proud feeling I owe much of the respect and consideration shown me both in America and in Europe. After having married a person of the high rank I did, it became impossible for me ever to bend my spirit to marry any one who had been my equal before my marriage, and it became impossible for me ever to be contented in a country where there exists no nobility, and where the society is unsuitable in every respect to my tastes. . . . I tried to give my son all my ideas and tastes, and in the first weeks after hearing that he meant to marry an American woman I was in despair. I think that I did my duty in trying to elevate his ideas above marrying in America, and you well know that I left nothing undone to effect this. I have considered now that it is unreasonable to expect him to place his happiness in the only things which can make me happy. (My happiness can never be separated from rank and Europe.) He has neither my pride, my ambition, nor my love of good company; therefore I no longer oppose his marriage. . . . As the woman has money, I shall not *forbid* a marriage which I never would have *advised*. . . . I now repeat what I said in my last letter—that I

would as soon have gone to Botany Bay to look for a husband as to have married any man in Baltimore; but that, if my son thinks it possible for him to live there, and does not feel any of my repugnance to such a connection, I no longer oppose it.—(Page 218.)

The foregoing are fair examples of Madame Bonaparte's opinions on the subjects which far more than any others fill her letters. Here is a specimen of her cynical frankness on more general matters:

There is a son of Sir Robert and Lady Wilmot going out with the British ambassador. . . . I know his mother and father, to whom I gave the letter here, not knowing the young man. If you should be giving a family dinner, you might invite him; but I do not advise people to take any trouble about strangers, as they are very ungrateful in general, and their acquaintance of no great advantage unless one has daughters to get rid of.—(Page 65.)

Mr. Didier's share in the work is confined to preparing a brief sketch of Madame Bonaparte's life prior to her marriage and the swift-following desertion by her husband, to furnishing explanatory notes to the letters, and to linking the latter together by a slender chain of narrative. The manner in which he has performed it would be deserving of unqualified praise but for his most irritating practice of summarizing the contents of the letters just before the letters themselves are given in full. This practice is the more objectionable, because its only reason seems to be a desire on the part of the author to keep himself before the reader.

WHAT Dr. Warren has attempted to do in his "Recreations in Astronomy"* is to make the conclusions of science acceptable to the orthodox, by intermingling his expositions with texts of Scripture, and insisting upon the theistic interpretation to all the phenomena which astronomy presents. He knows, doubtless, that there are many who are repelled from scientific studies, by the attitude of doubt or agnosticism which the secular *savant* is apt to assume, and he secures the attention of these by showing that a knowledge of astronomy is perfectly compatible with the most literal and rigorous acceptance of the Christian dogmas. As for Dr. Warren himself, he is not in the slightest degree mystified or baffled by the stupendous phenomena of the sidereal heavens. He knows the motive, the method, and the purpose of each manifestation, and he is equally certain of the lesson which each was designed to inculcate. Other astronomers may grope for a solution, and peer inquiringly into that "dark backward and abysm of time" which their researches seem to open to them; but to Dr. Warren everything is plain, and his pronouncements have none of the ambiguity of the ancient oracles.

* *Recreations in Astronomy, with Directions for Practical Experiments and Telescopic Work.* By Henry White Warren, D. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 284.

As a general thing, Dr. Warren's selection of topics is excellent, and so is his method of exposition, though the style is somewhat superfluously exuberant. The facts and relations with which astronomy has to deal are so stupendous that the simplest possible statement of them is generally the most impressive, and any attempt to heighten the effect by words is certain to defeat itself. It is in failing to appreciate this that Dr. Warren makes his chief mistake as a writer on science, but he fairly compensates for it by the remarkable appositeness and suggestiveness of his illustrations. A still graver defect, as touching his *bona fides*, is exemplified by the following paragraph from the opening of the chapter on the nebular hypothesis :

The method by which the solar system came into its present form was sketched in vast outline by Moses. He gave us the fundamental idea of the nebular hypothesis. Swedenborg, that prodigal dreamer of vagaries, in 1743 threw out some conjectures of the way in which the outlines were to be filled up; Buffon followed him closely in 1749; Kant sought to give it an ideal philosophical completeness, as he said, "not as the result of observation and computation," but as evolved out of his own consciousness; and Laplace sought to settle it on a mathematical basis.

Now, the alternative here is obvious. If the author really believes this to be even an approximately accurate account of the origin and history of the nebular hypothesis, then a very serious objection lies against his competency to the task he has undertaken. If, on the other hand, he does not believe it to be an accurate summary, then the ground of objection is more serious still. A better illustration of the maze of complexities in which such a writer as Dr. Warren is liable to entangle himself could hardly be found than is afforded by the entire chapter from which the foregoing extract was taken. Of course the author's object in claiming for Moses the "fundamental idea" of the nebular hypothesis was to secure for the Biblical narrative whatever credit attaches to what has been called "the grandest generalization of the human mind"; yet the reader will be amazed to find that the purport of the whole remainder of the chapter is to disprove or discredit the nebular theory. The dilemma in which the author places himself is this: From the beginning to the end of his book he asserts or implies that the germs of all that is true in modern astronomical knowledge may be found in the Bible, and this is, to a certain extent, his test of truth. Applying this test, he finds that the fundamental idea of the nebular theory was first proclaimed by Moses, and is therefore true, or Moses was mistaken, like any other ancient constructor of a cosmogony. Notwithstanding this, he proceeds to argue and cite proofs that the nebular theory is not true!

What is good in Dr. Warren's book, as we have said, is the interest of the topics selected for treatment, and the freshness and appositeness of the analogies by which the exposition is helped along. Very useful, too, are the directions appended to each

chapter for practical experiments and telescopic work; and the pictorial illustrations are numerous and beautifully executed, including some exquisitely colored diagrams of the spectra, of the starry heavens, and of the more important constellations.

A SERIES which would seem on a cursory inspection to enter into direct competition with "English Men of Letters" is that begun under the editorship of Mr. John Richard Green, and entitled "Classical Writers."* While there are certain points of resemblance between them, however, a closer comparison will show that in plan and scope they are quite distinct, and that they will be complements rather than competitors. The aim of "English Men of Letters" is to meet the wants of that large and busy class of general readers whose leisure is too scanty to admit of their reading voluminous works of literary biography; and the widest latitude is allowed to the writers of the several volumes in expressing their individual views and sentiments. The object of the series of "Classical Writers," on the other hand, is strictly educational, and will include a number of small volumes upon the principal Classical and English writers whose works form subjects of study in our colleges, or which are read by the general public interested in Classical and English literature for its own sake. The information sought to be imparted will be presented in a concise and systematized form, with a view to its use in the classroom; and, while each volume will be the work of the scholar best adapted by his special studies to do justice to its subject, the views offered will, in general, be such only as have already passed the ordeal of criticism, or are little likely to provoke controversy. "Classical authors," says the prospectus, "have too long been regarded as mere instruments for teaching pupils the principles of grammar and language, while the personality of the men themselves and the circumstances under which they wrote have been kept in the background. Against such an irrational and one-sided method of education, the present series is a protest."

The initial volume on Milton is by the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, and at once elevates the standard of the series to the highest possible level. The entire competence of Mr. Brooke to such a task has been abundantly proved by his "Primer of English Literature," and this monograph on Milton possesses all the characteristic qualities of that admirable work. Its plan is eminently practical and simple; its style is luminously clear, exact, and animated; it gives all the facts essential to a complete understanding of Milton's long and varied career; its portraiture is singularly vivid and lifelike, though unpretentious; and it abounds in profound, sympathetic, interpretive criticism. The analysis of "Paradise Lost," which

* Classical Writers. Edited by John Richard Green. Milton. By Rev. Stopford A. Brooke. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, pp. 168.

occupies the larger half of the volume, is one of the most masterly things of the kind in critical literature, and the remarks on the shorter poems are full of helpful suggestion. The middle-aged reader who recollects the conditions under which he first approached the great English epic can hardly avoid envying those who will hereafter enjoy the kindly and sympathetic guidance of Mr. Brooke; and students of all ages will extend a cordial welcome to a series which promises in some degree to open a royal highway to knowledge.

IN attempting to explain wherein lies the charm of Mr. Stevenson's "Travels with a Donkey in the Cévennes,"* the reader will probably be surprised to find how exclusively he has to insist upon the manner or style of the author in comparison with the matter or substance of the book. The "travels" only covered a period of twelve days, and were as nearly destitute of what is commonly called incident and adventure as would be a walk down Broadway; but one does not become conscious of this while reading the book, but only when he comes subsequently to analyze or define its charm. He then perceives, what the author has been much too skillful to obtrude upon his attention, that with Mr. Stevenson manner is everything and matter comparatively unimportant, that he is a stylist, or what Mr. Leslie Stephen calls an artist in words. It is not, however, toward rhetoric, or word-painting, or elaborate verbal artifice, that Mr. Stevenson leans. This is, in general, quite the reverse of charming, and Mr. Stevenson's primary object is not to perplex, or astonish, or dazzle, but to please. His style has a quaint simplicity about it which is very apt to betray one into underrating the nicety and refinement of the art which it reveals rather than displays, and it offers a marked contrast to the more labored and artificial prose of the Victorian era. It is a return to or revival of the style of the age of Anne, and the author of whom it most frequently reminds one is Addison, some of the turns of phrase being evidently taken from the "Spectator." It should be said, however, to avoid misconception on this point, that there is no semblance of conscious imitation. Mr. Stevenson's style has a flexibility and robustness which prove it to be the natural expression of an original mind; and one is almost tempted to hope that it indicates a returning taste for simpler and more direct forms of literary language than have characterized our later literature.

The Cévennes is an obscure mountain district of France. Its natural features are almost unknown to us save through Mr. Stevenson's book, and we do not gather from it that the scenery is either grand, or picturesque, or especially pleasing. It is rugged and barren in the extreme, and we infer from the author's account that the people are quite as in-

tractable and repellent as the country which they inhabit. The only incident in connection with it which gives it anything of general interest is the revolt of the Camisards in the seventeenth century, of which it was the arena, and the fact, a resultant of the revolt, that it is the one overwhelmingly Protestant district in one of the greatest Roman Catholic countries of Europe. Mr. Stevenson gives many interesting and suggestive details concerning the revolt—contriving at once to enlist our sympathies for the persecuted Protestants goaded into insurrection, and giving the world a lesson and an example of the highest heroism, and at the same time bringing to bear upon the entire question which once aroused such furious passions the impartial judgment of the present age.

Much information of various kinds, sage and acute remarks on men and things, bits of neat and vivid description—all these are ingeniously woven by Mr. Stevenson into his narrative; but, whether taken separately or in the aggregate, these do not quite account for its charm. If what we have already said does not account for it—as we fear it does not—we shall content ourselves with saying in general terms that the book is delightful to read, and that it indicates on the part of the author wide knowledge of men and books, a keen instinct for felicities of style, and a hearty objective love of nature.

A COMPLETE outline, almost too comprehensive to be called a *résumé*, of the science of anthropology is furnished by the elaborate work on "The Human Species," which M. de Quatrefages has contributed to the "International Scientific Series."* Beginning with the theory of the unity of the human species, of which the author is perhaps the most distinguished champion, it discusses in succession "The Origin of the Human Species," "The Antiquity of the Human Species," "The Original Localization of the Human Species," "The Peopling of the Globe," "The Acclimatization of the Human Species," "Fossil Human Races," and "Present Human Races," as to both their physical and psychological characters. The argument for the unity of the human species (the author, it may be remarked, draws a radical line between *race* and *species*) is strong if not conclusive, and places the reasons for and against it in very clear and intelligible form. In regard to the origin of man, M. de Quatrefages takes direct issue with Darwin and the evolutionists, holding that man's religious and moral faculties lift him entirely above the order of animals, and entitle him to be ranked in a kingdom by himself. He attacks very powerfully those weak points of the theory of Natural Selection which Darwin himself admits, and points out other difficulties which evolutionists in general have either overlooked or ignored. As to the antiquity of man, he adopts advanced views,

* Travels with a Donkey in the Cévennes. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo, pp. 235.

* The Human Species. By A. de Quatrefages. International Scientific Series. Volume xxvii. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, pp. 498.

holding it to be proved that man lived in the Pliocene epoch, and probably in the Miocene, and that he has consequently seen and survived at least two of those great geological periods which mark the past history of the earth. The other topics enumerated are discussed with a rare amplitude of knowledge and a still rarer candor of tone; and the book as a whole is one of the most instructive and interesting that has yet appeared in the series to which it belongs.

. . . . Any attempt to represent an author by a miscellaneous selection from his writings is almost certain to be only partially successful, and this is especially likely to be true in the case of an author so prolific and versatile as Viktor Rydberg. The writings of Rydberg, who holds the first place among the living authors of Sweden, range in topic from abstruse philosophical treatises to popular novels and poetry, and are voluminous enough to fill a shelf in the library by themselves. His most famous single work is a novel entitled "The Last Athenian," which has been translated into several languages; but the "Roman Days"* has been selected by his American admirer as giving a more favorable idea of the versatility of his talent. The essays of which it is composed were not written by the author as parts of one work, but they are sufficiently similar in subject and method of treatment to form a tolerably homogeneous volume, being the fruit of a visit to Rome in 1873. The essays are grouped under four heads: "The Roman Emperors in Marble," including studies, partly artistic and partly historical, of Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, and Nero; "Antique Statues," comprising studies of the Venus of Milo and the Antinous; "Roman Traditions of Peter and Paul," in which the author weaves the picturesque legends of early Christian Rome into a most vivid and interesting narrative; and "Pencil Sketches in Rome," depicting some of the more characteristic features of the city as the capital of the New Italy. The whole forms a highly readable book, which should prove useful to the tourist who wishes a sympathetic guide to the history and sights of the Eternal City. The volume is serviceably illustrated, and is prefaced with a brief biographical and critical sketch of Rydberg.

. . . . "It is really difficult," says Mr. Harrison, speaking of the books of Spanish travelers, "to find a wise and sober-minded man who can write in a wise and sober-minded way about Spain." If this was the ideal aimed at in his "Spain in Profile,"† then the book would have to be set down as a fail-

ure, but its character is better defined in his preface, where he says that "the realities of landscape, the mode of life and of travel, the aspect of the old Spanish cities, the habits of the people, the vicissitudes of a summer journey, set down just as they appeared, form the staple of these pages." Regarded from this view-point—as a series of panoramic pictures rapidly sketched in while the impressions were fresh and vivid—the book is decidedly praiseworthy, and, while decidedly more entertaining, is quite as likely to prove instructive as if it were much more "sober-minded." Mr. Harrison has knowledge, much alertness of mind, sympathetic insight, quick observation, a keen eye for the picturesque in history, legend, customs, costumes, or scenery, a certain good humor, which is far from the least essential requisite of a traveler, and an unflinching instinct for the lively and the salient. The chief fault of his book (as of his previous one, "Greek Vignettes") is the extreme artificiality of its style, which conveys the impression that the author is always on the lookout for unexpected, fantastic, and *bizarre* collocations of words, and, in fact, thinks more of these than of what he is describing. In the immense profusion of epithets and adjectives, some, it may be admitted, are remarkably happy and striking, but the majority are simply unusual, and the attention of the reader is fatigued by so long-continued a display of literary tight-rope dancing.

. . . . In "Delicia"* Miss Butt touches upon deeper problems and portrays more complex characters than in either of her previous stories, and shows that her powers are equal to the larger demands made upon them. To make the interest of a story almost wholly dependent upon the subtle interplay of delicately discriminated characters is always a perilous method, and very considerable skill is required to render it as successful as in "Delicia," where the drama is worked out solely in "the arena of the mind," and incidents and external circumstances play an altogether subordinate part. It is true that the author exhibits more ease and self-command in such idyllic and neutral-tinted pictures as are drawn in "Miss Molly," but the critical situations in "Delicia" are powerfully depicted, and the leading female characters are drawn with a refinement and delicacy of touch which suggest a reminiscence of Miss Austen. The male characters are not nearly so good, but neither are they the wooden prigs which so commonly do duty for heroes in novels written by women.

* Roman Days. From the Swedish of Viktor Rydberg. By Alfred Corning Clark. With a Sketch of Rydberg by Dr. H. A. W. Lindehn. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 12mo, pp. 332.

† Spain in Profile: A Summer among the Olives and

the Aloes. By James Albert Harrison. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 16mo, pp. 439.

* Delicia. A Novel. By Beatrice May Butt. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, pp. 360.

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THE CITY OF ANTWERP.

ANTWERP, the chief seaport of Belgium, has much that is interesting for the curious visitor, and still more for the student of history.

Its unique situation and surroundings; its magnificent wall and fortifications; its extensive zoölogical gardens, unsurpassed by any in Europe; its Royal Academy of Fine Arts, the resort of pupils from all parts of Europe and America; its museum of paintings, containing the masterpieces of Matsys, Rubens, Vandyck, and others of the Flemish school; its old public buildings, remarkable alike as relics of antiquity and for the thrilling events that have occurred in and around them; the grim old Steen, that horrid prison-house of the Inquisition, whose dark, damp, dismal walls have echoed the groans and witnessed the dying struggles of so many victims; the Van Liere house, the palace of the ancient burgomaster whose name it bears, which Albert Dürer describes as the most splendid private house he had ever seen, and where Charles V. had his residence in 1521—now used as a military hospital; the old Hanseatic house, an immense rectangular edifice, built by the Hanse towns of Germany in 1568 as a factory for their once extensive commerce with this port, now used for storing goods, for public offices, and three of its best rooms by the American Seamen's Friend Society, and British and Foreign Sailors' Society, conjointly, for a chapel and reading-room for sailors;* its many famous churches, St. Jacques's, where the remains of Rubens and his family are interred, St. Andrew's, St. Charles's,

St. Peter's, and St. Paul's, and others, with their paintings, sculptures, and elaborate ornamentation, and especially the world-renowned cathedral, with its sweet carillon of bells, its lofty spire—the highest but one in Europe, and equaled by none in grandeur, grace, and beauty, nor in the enchanting view afforded from its pinnacle; the quaint old Dutch and Spanish houses, with their gable fronts and iron-grated windows; its narrow, crooked streets, with an image of the Virgin at all the principal corners, and on all the public pumps in the open spaces at their crossing, with the pendent lantern burning perpetually in silent homage to the patron goddess of the city; the bi-weekly street markets in the middle of the thoroughfare, taking full possession of it for half of the day, at which all sorts of merchandise are exposed for sale, principally by women dressed in the unique costume of the olden time, with their rude wooden shoes, their funny old straw bonnets, and white lace caps with broad, flowing lappels dropping down to their shoulders, underneath which are faintly seen immense masses of gold and silver jewelry; the numerous dog-carts of the butcher, the baker, the milk-woman, each drawn by one large dog, or in case of heavier loads by half a dozen or more; the superb, elephantine horses of the draymen, and the simple, awkward gear by which they are attached to their ponderous trucks; the capacious docks and entrepôts for the accommodation of the shipping; the quays along the city-front, shaded by trees; the high embankments along the river, throughout its whole course of sixty miles to its mouth, by which the meadows or *polders*, far below the surface-level of the tide, are protected from the overflow of its waters; and the Scheldt itself, a river deep enough for the largest vessels, and broad enough for a whole fleet at once, where float the flags of all nations—all these, and many other objects, will be in-

* Since writing the above, we learn that this building—now more than three hundred years old—is soon to be demolished to make way for modern improvements, and that the American and English seamen who have, by the liberality of the Belgian Government, had their quarters here for the last ten years free of charge, have recently removed to a new building provided expressly for them by their friends.

teresting to the curious visitor. But this old city is chiefly interesting for its checkered history and vicissitudes of fortune.

Perhaps there is no city in Christendom that has seen more changes, that has had more masters, and has been the theatre of more stirring scenes, than the city of Antwerp.

From its position at the principal northern doorway to the continent, and midway between the contending forces of Eastern and Western Europe, it has been more or less involved in all their conflicts, and has been the scene of frequent carnage, and the very object of strife in many a bloody battle. Kings and emperors have led their advancing or retreating armies through its streets, and fought desperate battles within its gates, and encamped around its walls.

Edward III., of England, spent a whole year here in mustering his forces, and in waging war with France. Here the peerless Prince of Orange, William of Nassau, the indomitable leader of the rebellion against Papal and Spanish tyranny—which finally gave liberty to seven of the Netherland provinces, and should have given it to the whole seventeen—had his headquarters. It was here, with a price set on his head, and the blessing of the Pope guaranteed to the murderer, that the first attempt on his life was made, which proved so nearly fatal, and which, after being four times repeated within two years, at last succeeded in depriving the cause of civil and religious liberty of one of its noblest heroes and defenders.

Here the Reformation, under Luther, numbered its first martyrs, Henry Voes and John Esch; and after them comes a long catalogue of others, who were butchered in the streets, burned in the public squares, smothered in the slimy caves of the Steen, buried alive, drowned in the Scheldt inclosed in sacks or tied back to back, two or four or half a dozen in a bunch, whose names, though not found in the pages of history, are recorded on high among the heroes of whom the world was not worthy. Here John Rogers, the famous English martyr, preached to his countrymen, though the honor of *crowning* him belongs to his countrymen at home. It was here also that William Tyndale defied the power of Henry VIII., and foiled the espionage of Wolsey, by printing his English Bible and smuggling it into England, and here he was treacherously arrested and led to prison, from which he was brought out only to be burned at the stake, in the neighboring town of Vilvorde.

The city has been frequently besieged, several times bombarded, and more than once has it been sacked and burned, and its inhabitants given over to outrage and slaughter.

It was swept by three great *furies*, so called,

in the sixteenth century, besides many lesser furies that can not be mentioned, viz., the Iconoclastic fury at the hands of a fanatical mob goaded to madness by persecution, in which the great cathedral and other churches were despoiled of their pictures and images; the Spanish fury, at the hands of the unpaid soldiery of Philip II.; and the French fury by the followers of the treacherous Duke of Anjou. And, more than all, it suffered all the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition, which was here in operation through a long series of years. In short, it has passed through the whole gamut of changes, from an insignificant *bourg* to the highest pinnacle of commercial splendor, and down again to the position of a poor provincial town, lying like a captive with hands and feet bound for nearly two centuries; and now again, released, it is seen coming forward to the front rank and claiming to be one of the leading commercial cities of the continent.

The early history of Antwerp is veiled in obscurity and lost in fable. Tradition, ambitious of antiquity, carries us back to a remote age, long before the Christian era, and tells us of a giant called Antigon, who had his castle on the banks of the Scheldt, where the city now stands, and levied tribute upon all who sailed up the river, and cut off the right hands of all who refused payment. Hence the name of the city *Handwerpen*, and by contraction, Antwerp. There was another giant called Brabo, who conquered him, and threw him into the river; from him the national appellation Brabant is derived. These fabulous traditions have their origin, no doubt, in the early conflicts of the rude people inhabiting this region; and they are kept alive by the occasional exhibition of monstrous images of these giants, and other mythical monsters, drawn through the streets of the city on fête-days, to the amazement of the superstitious and half-credulous crowd of beholders.

Coming down to the historic times of Julius Cæsar, we find the Menapians, a warlike tribe, whom he calls "the rudest and bravest of the Gauls," occupying this particular locality. They long resisted his efforts to conquer them. But after many bloody battles, in which he suffered severely, they finally fell before the superior power of his disciplined troops, and were incorporated into his universal empire, and followed its fortunes for a few generations.

At length this heterogeneous empire is overwhelmed and broken up. Wild hordes of Goths and Huns and Vandals come rushing down from their northern reservoirs, like waters that have burst their barriers, carrying desolation in their path. The whole continent is thrown into disorder. Fragmentary masses of men are seen

moving to and fro in every direction; the Frisians, the Saxons, the Sarmatians, the Slavonians, the Allemanians, the Franks, the Suevi, Quadi, Heruli, and other clans, led on by their warrior chiefs, crossing each other's track, invading each other's territory, eager for blood and booty; now engaging in fierce conflicts with each other, now uniting their forces against a common enemy, and now mingling in inexplicable confusion, till at last Charlemagne, in the beginning of the ninth century, rises out of the chaos to restore order, and reform the Empire of the West. Born in the immediate vicinity of this city, and crowned at Aix-la-Chapelle, a few leagues distant, where he had his northern capital, the influence of his master mind was here especially felt.

At this period the bourg of Antwerp is seen boldly rising from the lagoons and marshes of the Scheldt, and fortifying itself by embankments and high walls against the incursions of the desolating flood of waters on the one side and of human foes on the other, while the inhabitants peaceably and securely pursue their own affairs within.

Charlemagne dies, and again the empire is broken into fragments, and is divided among his contending successors, none of whom are wise enough or strong enough, in that rude age, to organize a stable government.

Now comes the Norman invasion. The Scandinavians overflow this whole region, and hold the inhabitants in terror for half a century. They sail up the river and take forcible possession of this fortified bourg. It is pillaged and burned. At length, after a most bloody conflict, they are driven off, and Antwerp is again built on a more extensive scale, and is more strongly fortified. The process of disintegration goes on throughout all Central and Western Europe. There is no commanding mind that is able to seize upon these fragmentary forces and unite and control them.

The feudal system springs up. The territory over which Charlemagne had held sway, and which had been divided among his successors, is again divided and subdivided, like an immense farm among the many heirs of its deceased proprietor, and falls under the government of numerous chiefs, called dukes, earls, marquises, counts, etc. Each one of them is a liege lord in his own petty realm, while he in turn owes allegiance, more or less explicit, to some superior sovereign. These estates become hereditary in the families of the nobles who hold them, while the people under them are but serfs or slaves, possessing only such immunities as they can extort from their rulers. Under this arrangement Antwerp becomes a marquise. Among its early

titulary rulers was the famous Godfrey de Bouillon, a leader in the first Crusade, and afterward the King of Jerusalem.

We have come now to the midnight of the dark ages. The Papacy is in the zenith of its power. The Pope sits on his throne in the Eternal City, as God's vicegerent on earth. He holds both the temporal and spiritual destiny of kings and people in his hands. His favor is life; his frown is death. Ignorance, superstition, and blind devotion pervade all minds. The dark pall of spiritual death rests upon the whole of *Christendom*—so called. There is only here and there a glimmering light, which but serves to make the darkness visible. Some mighty convulsion is needed to rouse the people from their lethargy, and move them to thought and action. This was found in that movement or series of movements, running through nearly two centuries, which swept like a whirlwind over all Europe, taking possession of every mind, and stirring society to its lowest depths—called the *Crusades*.

The Mohammedan Turks had taken possession of the holy city of Jerusalem. The sepulchre of our Lord was in their infidel hands. Christian pilgrims were exposed to insult and outrage. This is a shame that can not be endured. The sacred city and the tomb of our Lord must be rescued from their power at all hazards. Peter the Hermit, commissioned by the Pope, like a messenger from the other world, gaunt and pale with austerity and fasting, his body covered with sackcloth, his head and feet bare, with an earnest heart and an eloquent tongue, and with fire in his eyes, holding aloft the cross, goes from kingdom to kingdom, from city to city, from hamlet to hamlet, entering palaces and hovels alike, accosting every one he meets, rallying the people, young and old, men, women, and children everywhere to the rescue.

The Pope promises full absolution and plenary indulgence to all who will engage in the enterprise. A wild frenzy seizes upon all minds; multitudes of both sexes and of all ages flock to the standard of the cross, as it is carried through the land, and in swelling crowds advance toward the far-off Holy Land. But here is no place to describe these mad expeditions, and the deluded multitudes that engaged in them, nor to tell of their wanderings, their sufferings, their conflicts, and of the few who lived to return.

Among the chief leaders of the first Crusade was the Marquis of Antwerp, Godfrey de Bouillon. His feudal city contributed, no doubt, her full quota of victims for this sacrifice; but how many, and how they fared, history gives us no particular record.

These fanatical movements, that so wonder-

fully stirred the popular mind, these wild expeditions made without order or foresight; these sufferings and sacrifices, were not altogether in vain. The Crusades did much to change the whole face of society, to infuse new ideas into the minds of men, and to give a new direction to their thoughts and efforts. A new era dawns. It begins to be light. The people begin to open their eyes and ask to be fed with knowledge and truth. They are no longer satisfied with fables. Their fetters gall them as never before. They come to see that they have individual rights as well as their lords, and they demand them. Conflicts ensue. Concessions are made. Old customs and prerogatives are abolished. New privileges are granted. The voice of the people begins to be heard in the government that is over them. Free charters are demanded by many of the commercial cities—the chief centers of intelligence and free thought. Among them Antwerp is one of the first to recognize her rights and to claim them. She gets what she claims; and is soon seen coming to the front as one of the most free, flourishing commercial cities in Europe, or indeed in the world at that time.

Movable types and the printing-press are now invented. Learning begins to revive. Books are multiplied, and the people learn to read them. The new passage to the Indies, by the way of the Cape of Good Hope, is found out. A new continent is discovered. The whole current of trade is changed. The old cities of Venice, Verona, Genoa, Nuremberg, and other commercial centers, have reached the height of their prosperity. They now begin to decline. But Antwerp rises on the full tide of prosperity. The sister cities of Ghent and Bruges go down before the superior advantages of her position. As they decline, "Antwerp, with her deep, convenient river, stretches her arms to the ocean and catches the golden prize as it falls from her sister cities' grasp," and comes to be the acknowledged leading commercial city of the world; the mart for the exchange of the products of all nations. "No city except Paris surpasses it in population, none approaches it in commercial splendor" (Motley). Twenty-five hundred vessels from all parts of the world, laden with merchandise, receiving or discharging their cargoes, or waiting for their turn, are often seen in the river at the same time. Four or five hundred come in and go out at every tide. Two thousand wagons loaded with goods, and all sorts of wares, besides many peasant-carts and pleasure-carriages, pass through her gates every day.

At her stately Exchange, said to have been the most magnificent in the world, and the model of the noblest that have since been built in other countries, five thousand merchants daily congre-

gated. Manufacturers and traders from all the countries in Europe had their factories here. "A great traffic was carried on in bills of exchange. Antwerp, in short, became the banking-house of Europe. The capitalists, the Rothschilds of their day, whose dealings were with sovereign princes, fixed their abode at Antwerp, which was to the rest of Europe in the sixteenth century what London is in the nineteenth century—the great heart of commercial circulation" (Prescott).

"It was difficult to find a child of sufficient age who could not read, write, and speak at least two languages. The sons of the wealthier citizens completed their education at Louvain, Douay, Paris, or Padua" (Motley). Returning from abroad, they brought with them the new religious ideas that were beginning to prevail at these centers of learning. Among the merchants from abroad, the disciples of Huss of Bohemia, Wyclif of England, and of the Waldenses and Huguenots of France and Southern Europe, were here to be found in considerable numbers.

The preaching of Luther and of Zwingli was beginning to excite attention. The same corruptions against which they were protesting had here already awakened opposition. The people had become too much enlightened and too intelligent to endure them. They demanded a purer priesthood and a more spiritual religion. The teachings of the Bible could no longer be withheld entirely from the knowledge of the people. They were eager for further instruction. Evangelical truth had already taken possession of many hearts, and the Reformation had fairly begun.

Seven centuries had now elapsed since Charlemagne held the scepter of the Western Empire. The scattered fragments of his vast empire are now to be united, in great part, under the relentless despotism of Charles V., sometimes called Charlemagne II.

During this long interval, Antwerp, with the adjacent provinces lying midway between the eastern and western Franks, passes from one party to the other, and from one royal house to another, till it falls, in 1384, to the Dukes of Burgundy. Another century, and Mary, who is the sole heir of this rich inheritance, marries Maximilian, of the house of Austria, and Philip, their son, uniting the two houses of Burgundy and Austria in himself, marries Jeannie, the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, and Charles V. is born of this union in 1500, and by inheritance comes to be King of Spain, Sicily, and Jerusalem, Duke of Milan and Burgundy, including the seventeen Netherland provinces, dominator in Asia, Africa, and the newly discovered territories in America; and, at the age of nineteen

years, is elected Emperor of Germany and King of Rome; so while yet in his minority he becomes the autocrat of nearly half the world.

Born, reared, and crowned in the immediate vicinity of Antwerp, it might have been supposed that Charles would have been proud of the glory of this queen city of his mighty realm, and have cherished its prosperity. But its free spirit was intolerable to his bigoted soul, and he set himself, with all the resources he could command, to the work of crushing out the liberties of the people, and extinguishing the light of evangelical truth that had already begun to shine; and he did his work so thoroughly that, when he and his son Philip, his successor—both the most servile and willing vassals of the Pope—had finished their long and cruel reigns, the glory of Antwerp had departed: her trade had been ruined; her merchants despoiled of their wealth; their storehouses were closed and vacant; their magnificent bourse, so recently alive with the commercial business of all nations, was almost a solitude; her manufacturers and artisans had fled to England* and other lands, where they were encouraged to resume the labors they could no longer pursue at home: these were among her most worthy and enterprising citizens. Others were put to death, under every form of cruel torture.

After nearly a century of holy discipline, imposed upon two or three successive generations of sufferers, with the aid of the Inquisition, the moiety, disheartened, weakened, demoralized by suffering, and the loss of their leaders, gave up the contest, and became the submissive and silent subjects of their "Most Catholic" oppressors. As sometimes a victim of torture, weary of useless resistance, and weakened by pain and loss of blood, when all hope is gone, recants his alleged errors, and professes submission and conformity to the behests of the persecuting power that holds him fast in her clutches, so Antwerp, despoiled of her wealth, her liberties destroyed, her trade gone, exhausted by long-continued persecution, betrayed by her sworn protectors, and deluded by false promises, submitted at last to the chains that were riveted upon her limbs, yielded the principle of religious freedom, which she had so long and so nobly striven to maintain, and humbly promised to return to the bosom of the mother Church, and to receive, entertain, tolerate, and practice no other religion but that of the Holy Catholic Church. No one can say that her promise has not been well kept; for to this day it remains one of the most devoted Catholic cities in all Christendom.

* According to Prescott, the number who fled to London, Sandwich, Norfolk, and other English towns, was thirty thousand.

Nothing remained but to close her harbor, which was soon done, and she fell to the condition of a poor provincial town; and for two centuries she continued to exist only to serve as a bone of contention or as a football between the contending nations of Europe.

A French writer says of Antwerp during this period: "Ten thousand houses are vacant; the grass grows in her streets; the country is infested by wolves; the fields are uncultivated. Only monks, mendicants, and robbers traverse her highways that were once so full of life. Memorial crosses, planted along the public roads, everywhere bear silent testimony to the numerous assassinations that are committed. In a word, the dark ages have returned. Ignorance, brutality, and desolation reign on every side."

Meanwhile the seven provinces at the north, now included under the general name of Holland, having shared in all the earlier persecutions of their sister provinces, under the wise leadership of the indomitable William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, and his successors, partly from the greater security of their position, and partly, perhaps, because of their greater pluck and power of endurance, had succeeded in shaking off the Spanish yoke, and securing to themselves civil and religious freedom. They became at once an asylum for exiles from Antwerp and other parts of this poor afflicted country—and, indeed, from other lands, as our Pilgrim Fathers could testify. The industrious citizens of Antwerp, fleeing thither in large numbers, took their business with them, and, as the trade of this city fell off, Amsterdam and Rotterdam profited by her misfortunes, and soon in their turn became great centers of a world-wide commerce. The Dutch Republic rose rapidly into prosperity, and soon came to be known and recognized as the most flourishing maritime nation in the world.

The remaining ten Netherland provinces, hereafter known as Belgium, now shorn of their strength and beauty and greatly depopulated, were given by Philip II., at his decease in 1698, to his daughter and her cardinal husband, to whom a dispensation to marry had been granted, and they jointly reign as Albert and Isabella over Antwerp and the poor remnants of this once prosperous country till their death, when, in default of heirs, the inheritance reverts once more to the crown of Spain.

During the century that followed, the French, who had always coveted this domain, made several attempts to gain possession, which were successful only in part.

In the very beginning of the next century—in 1700—Louis XIV. of France claimed it as the rightful heritage of his grandson, the Duke of Anjou, and occupied and ruled it in his name,

till driven out in 1706 by the allied forces of England, Holland, and Germany under the command of the Duke of Marlborough; it was given over to the house of Austria, and Antwerp was garrisoned by a body of Dutch soldiers. Again, in 1746, the French seize upon it, and the Austrians retake it in 1748.

Provoked by the efforts of their German rulers to curb the overweening power of the priesthood, and to correct some of the abuses of the Church, the Belgians raise the standard of rebellion in 1790, and declare themselves independent. But after a short and severe struggle in and about this city, the whole country is again subjugated to the Austrian power in the following year.

The century closes with the great French Revolution, which, like a devouring fire, sweeps across the frontiers and involves all the Belgian provinces in one common conflagration. In 1792 it is occupied by the French republican troops, but they are driven out by the Austrians in the following year. Again in 1794 the French take possession of the whole country, and hold it for the republic. The churches, abbeys, convents, and other public and ecclesiastical buildings are ravaged and despoiled of their statuary, pictures, and beautiful ornaments in their mad rage against whatever is held to be sacred in religion or in their thirst for plunder. The river, which had been closed for one hundred and fifty years in the interests of Holland, is now opened, and Antwerp is, after so long a time, once more permitted to resume and recover, if possible, her lost traffic.

Napoleon Bonaparte now takes the helm and brings order out of confusion. He restores the desolated churches of Antwerp; demolishes many of its old and decaying buildings; erects new and substantial edifices in their place; lays out public squares; does much to improve the city generally, and especially to revive its maritime interests. He is quick to perceive the superior advantages of this port. He determines to make it the great naval station of his empire. He locates here his ship-yard. He constructs, at an enormous expense, the beautiful and solid quays that line the river, and the commodious docks, of which the city may well be proud.

But in the midst of his ambitious schemes the scepter is wrested from his grasp, and the allied forces of Europe administer upon his estate. Antwerp is taken, after a blockade of four months and a bombardment of three days, and with the Belgian provinces is forcibly united to Holland. And once again, after a separation of three centuries, the whole seventeen provinces of the Netherlands are united under one government. But the union is not now, as formerly,

one of their own choice, but by the will of their conquerors.

The political and ecclesiastical training of these two sections has been so different during this long interval—the people of Belgium and Holland have been drawn so far apart in their tastes, their habits of life, and especially in their religion, by the diverse influences to which they have been exposed—that there is little congeniality of feeling or harmony between them. After a brief and unsatisfactory union of some fifteen years, the Belgians rebel against their Dutch rulers in 1830, and assisted by the French, with whom in their tastes, their religion, and in their language—especially that of the ruling classes—they are in closer sympathy, they easily gain their independence and become a separate nation.

This is the beginning of the kingdom of Belgium. But Antwerp remains two years longer in possession of the Dutch troops, who hold her strong fortress and keep the city in subjection. But after a tremendous bombardment, during which twenty thousand shells and shot are thrown into the fortress and town, they capitulate, and the city is given over to the new kingdom of Belgium.

Since that time the general history of Antwerp has been that of improvement and progress.

It has become already one of the modern, as it was formerly one of the mediæval, art-centers of the world. Hundreds of pupils from all parts of Europe and America flock hither to study the works of Rubens, Matsys, Vandyck, and of other great masters of painting who have rendered this city famous the world over by their genius, and to receive instruction from their successors; and thousands annually visit it expressly to gaze upon their masterpieces, which adorn the walls of the private and public museums of the city, and are a perpetual source of revenue to the churches that cherish them.

The flags of all nations are again seen in her harbor. The capacity of the broad, deep-flowing Scheldt that connects her with the sea is almost unlimited. Her spacious docks have been several times enlarged, but are yet too small for her increasing commerce. Other enlargements are still in progress toward completion, and still others yet more extensive are projected. The old walls that encompassed the city in the time of her ancient glory have been found too contracted for her modern growth, and have been removed and the moat filled in, and magnificent boulevards now occupy their place. A new wall, rivaling in strength and beauty that of any other city in the world, by which the area of the city proper is enlarged fourfold, has recently been

completed. Public parks, till recently unknown, are laid out and add greatly to the attractiveness of the city within the fortifications. New streets are cut; many that were narrow and crooked have been straightened and made wider, and the wretched cobble-stones, rendered smooth and slippery by long use, with which not merely the roadways but also the sidewalks have been universally paved from time immemorial, are rapidly giving place to what is now everywhere called the "Belgian pavement." Costly edifices in the modern style of art are going up on every side, and, what is more, the American tramway, that republican innovation, long resisted, has been introduced, and street-cars, running regularly to and fro along the principal streets and boulevards, are taking the place of the old lumbering one-horse hacks. It is to be hoped even that measures will be taken ere long to introduce from a distance pure water into the city, which is now greatly needed by its one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants and by the ships that visit the port.

Indeed, there are but few cities anywhere, perhaps none, that have a more hopeful outlook and are making more rapid and substantial progress in material things than Antwerp.

But hitherto these material improvements have come rather from without than from within. They have been forced upon her by the necessities of her position. In all that pertains to her intellectual, social, and moral life, Antwerp is far behind most of her sister cities of Europe. The masses are still ignorant, superstitious, and bigoted. The more intelligent are skeptical and irreligious. Drunkenness, licentiousness, and the kindred vices which are too prevalent in all the larger cities of Europe, not to speak of other countries, and especially in the seaports, are still more prevalent here. The marriage rite is hedged about by so many legal restrictions and vexatious stipulations and provisos as often to discourage honest lovers, and concubinage too often takes the place of legal marriage. Woman has no redress at law against her betrayer. Her status is low, and among the poorer classes her

lot is a hard one, indeed. The people are greatly demoralized and impoverished by their numerous fête-days, in which honest labor is suspended and their hard-earned wages are wasted in dissipation, as will always be the case where holy days and holidays are unnecessarily multiplied. The Lord's Day is perhaps the most unprofitable of them all. It is devoted very largely to puppet-shows, horse-racing, military parades, ecclesiastical processions, and priestly tomfooleries. The laboring classes very generally are hardly expected to recover from their Sunday dissipation sufficiently to be good for more than half a day's labor on Monday. The magnificent church edifices, filled with the choicest works of art for which the city is so famous, seem to our Protestant eyes to be little better than pagan temples and shrines for the accommodation of their idols and the multitudes of idol-worshippers bowing before them.

But material and moral prosperity are closely allied; one can not long be maintained without the other. Antwerp is feeling the force of the better influences that are brought to bear upon her from all sides. The much-needed work of reform can not long be held back. She needs better leaders in politics and better guides in religion than she has been wont to have. Let her municipal government, which, in striking contrast with the free and liberal government of the state, has hitherto been controlled by Ultramontane bigotry and fear of progress, pass into more liberal hands, as it is likely soon to do, and those severe and repressive laws and regulations that still linger to obstruct her communal and maritime interests give place to a more generous policy; let the people have purer and simpler forms of worship, more in accordance with the spirit and precepts of the gospel, and more instruction in its truths, and less of pantomime and scenic display; let the Word of God be freely circulated and its teachings be better known, and there is nothing to hinder this old city, with a history so unique, a position so commanding, and with natural advantages unsurpassed, from taking her place in all things among the foremost cities of the world.

J. H. PETTINGELL.

O T W A Y.

THOMAS OTWAY was born at Trotton, in Sussex, on the 3d of March, 1651. His father, the Reverend Humphrey Otway, was vicar of Wolbeding, a parish near Midhurst. The boy was educated at Wickenham School, near Winchester. Of his parents and of his early life we know no more than may be gleaned from one of his poems, "The Poet's Complaint of his Muse," which is, to a certain degree, autobiographical :

" My father was (a thing now rare)
Loyal and brave ; my mother chaste and fair.
The pledge of marriage vows was only I :
Alone I lived, their much-loved, fondled boy ;
They gave me generous education ; high
They strove to raise my mind, and with it
grew their joy."

In 1669 he entered Christ Church College, Oxford, as a commoner ; and, although it is evident that he did not acquire any amount of solid learning, his wit and quick intelligence made some mark there. To again quote his own words :

" The sages that instructed me in arts
And knowledge, oft would praise my parts,
And cheer my parents' longing hearts.
When I was called to a dispute,
My fellow pupils oft stood mute,
Yet never envy did disjoin
Their hearts from me, nor pride distemper mine.
Thus my first years in happiness I past,
Nor any bitter cup did taste."

He was intended for the Church, but his inclinations could never have led him that way ; he wrote verses which were highly praised by my Lord Falkland and other *jeunesse dorée* of the university—it would be a thousand pities that so much wit and such great abilities should be wasted upon some dull Boeotian parish in preaching to a scanty congregation of clodhoppers and snoring farmers for the mere hope of a preferment which might never come—London is the only place for a man of parts : there genius is appreciated, honored by the noblest ; wit is the passport to all society, even the King's. We may suppose that such were the counsels and temptations poured into the ears of the country parson's son by his butterfly friends, and to which he was an eager, trusting listener ; and in 1671, in company with some of these roisterers, no doubt, he quitted college without having taken any honors, and set out to seek his fortune in the great me-

tropolis. The life into which he plunged is best described in his own words :

" I missed the brave and wise, and in their stead
On every sort of vanity I fed.
Gay coxcombs, cowards, knaves, and prating fools,
Bullies of o'ergrown bulk and little souls,
Gamesters, half-wits, and spendthrifts (such as
think
Mischievous midnight frolics, bred by drink,
Are gallantry and wit,
Because to their lewd understandings fit)
Were those wherewith two years, at least, were
spent,
To all these fulsome follies most incorrigibly
bent."

Yet not altogether in riotous debauchery were those two years passed, for soon after his arrival in London he threw one cast for Fortune—and failed. It is not surprising that a youth of vivid and poetic temperament, and one who was seeking some pleasant road to fame and fortune, should have been at once irresistibly attracted by the theatre. The stage was then at the height of its restored popularity : such actors as Hart, Mohun, and Burt, who had fought and bled for their King during the Great Rebellion—as Betterton, Kynaston, Lacy, who lived on terms of familiar intercourse with court and sovereign, had raised their profession to a dignity such as it had not worn even in the palmy days of Elizabeth. What career, then, could offer more delightful temptations to a young adventurer than the stage ?

To be the interpreter of great poets, to see hundreds hanging breathless upon his lips, to sway and move a vast audience to tears or rage or laughter at his will, and to retire from the scene with enthusiastic plaudits thundering upon his ears ; to have noble and beautiful women enamored of him, to be the boon companion of dukes and earls, and perhaps even of royalty itself—such a prospect was enough to turn the head of any raw young fellow fresh from the country. So, fully determined to be a Hart or a Mohun or a Kynaston, young Otway sought an opening at one of the theatres.

It was the famous dramatist and novelist, Mrs. Aphra Behn, to whom he had obtained an introduction, and who was probably taken by the wit and sprightliness of his conversation and manners, who undertook to open the magic portals and procure him a *début*. And it was to be at Lincoln's Inn Fields, in her own new tragedy-comedy of "The Forced Marriage." The King

was the character he was cast to play. Although, in theatrical phrase, it was a *responsible* part, it was of little dramatic importance, and appeared in only three scenes. But it was an old man, which rendered its impersonation doubly difficult to a youthful novice. Downes, the Lincoln's Inn Fields prompter, has described the scene of Otway's first and only appearance, of which he was an eye-witness. It was a very painful one; the sight of the audience deprived him of all nerve, memory forsook him, he muttered a few inaudible words, trembled and fell into such an agony of fright that he was compelled to leave the stage—upon which he never again entered in the capacity of actor:

This failure must have been a terrible blow to the young fellow, but he did his best to drown the memory of his misfortunes in the company of the coxcombs, knaves, and gamesters into which he had fallen, until in the midst of these orgies he received the news of his good father's death:

“From thence, sad discontent, uneasy fears,
And anxious doubts of what I had to do
Grew with succeeding years.
The world was wide, but whither should I go?
I, whose blooming hopes all withered were,
Who'd little fortune and a deal of care.”

And now it was that he first turned his thoughts to literature as a profession—and with the same ardent hopes of brilliant success as he had indulged in when he was bent upon the stage. If he could not be a Hart or a Betterton, how much grander would it be to be a Dryden!

After the allegorical fashion of the time, he describes how, while he lies pondering over his future career, the Muse appears to him with a crown of laurel upon her head, which she tells him shall be his:

“... and each part of her did shine
With jewels and with gold.
Numberless to be told;
... these riches all, my darling, shall be
thine,
Riches which poet never had before.
She promised me to raise my fortune and my name
By royal favor and by endless fame;
But never told
How hard they were to get, how difficult to hold.”

Although there are no proofs to that effect, we may very well suppose that on receiving tidings of his father's death Otway went back to Sussex, and remained there for a time; and that it was in the rural quietude of his desolated home that these cogitations and visions occurred to him. From the preface it is evident that his first dramatic work, “*Alcibiades*,” was composed in the country, and brought to London com-

pleted; for he says, “I must confess I had often a titillation for poetry, but never durst venture on my Muse till I got her into a corner in the country,” etc. He offered the play to the Duke's company, now removed to their splendid new theatre in Dorset Gardens, and of which Betterton was the director and leading actor. It was accepted, and produced in the year 1675.

When Otway began to write for the stage Dryden was in the height of his fame as a dramatic writer, and the so-called heroic drama, although it had received its death-blow from Buckingham's witty burlesque of “*The Rehearsal*,” produced in 1672, as yet showed scarcely any sign of decline. An untried author could not, even if he had desired, have ventured to oppose his first production to the fashion of the time, and “*Alcibiades*” was written in rhymes and with all the bombastic, exaggerated sentiments then in vogue. It is a feeble, insipid work, without the slightest indication of genius, and not even so grand an actor as Betterton could render it a success.

Yet it could not have been wholly a failure, or it must have contained some promise to which change of taste now renders us insensible, for in the following year his second tragedy, “*Don Carlos*,” was brought out at the same theatre, and one of our young adventurer's dreams was fulfilled, for his work was pronounced the first heroic tragedy of the age. Its success was prodigious, and Betterton afterward told Booth that for years it was a more popular play and drew more money than either of its author's greatest works, “*The Orphan*” or “*Venice Preserved*.” It is so impossible for modern taste to reconcile itself to the idea of men and women speaking in heroic verse that it can not be considered capable of judging the merits *per se* of such a work as “*Don Carlos*.” In moments of the most intense passion and agony the characters express themselves in the long, elaborate similes of epic poetry and in harmonious rhymes; there is no touch of nature in the language from beginning to end, and the artificial cadences so nauseate the ear that it becomes insensible to occasional touches of power and pathos, and to fine pieces of declamation which would be striking in a mere narrative poem. The plot is drawn from the same source as that of Schiller's great tragedy, the Abbé St. Réal's “*Nouvelle Historique*” of Don Carlos. The characters of the King, Queen, Carlos, Ruy Gomez, and the Princess Eboli are drawn by no weak pen, and some of the scenes must have produced a fine effect upon the stage. Here already, in several situations of real tragic power, we have indications of that admirable dramatic instinct and that knowledge of stage-effect which shine so conspicuously in his later

plays. But it would not be interesting to dwell longer upon a production which, unless fashion in taste should greatly change, can never again be read without weariness.

Not altogether, however, to its intrinsic merits must we ascribe the first success at least of "Don Carlos." It was the time of Rochester's quarrel with Dryden, and the reprobate wit was looking about for rivals to the great poet, whom he might render formidable through his patronage. John Crowne was one of these; so also was Otway. "Don Carlos" is dedicated to the Earl of Rochester, who, for the reason above mentioned, worked hard to secure its success. There was not a happier or more hopeful man in London than our young poet, with his pocket full of money, his head intoxicated by universal praise, his fortunes under the protection of the King's powerful favorite, and he the boon companion of all the noble and dissolute wits of the time. His hopes soared high, and the future lay before him as one long vista of pleasure, wealth, and triumph. But such brightness was of short duration; the clouds which were in a few years to envelop him in the darkest night of sorrow and misery were already beginning to gather, taking the form of an infatuated love for a cruel, bad woman.

A secondary part in "Alcibiades," Draxilla, the confidante, was played by a young actress, then in her seventeenth year, named Elizabeth Barry. She had made her first appearance upon the stage about two years previously, but had evinced so little capacity for the histrionic art that experts confidently pronounced she could never succeed. But about the same time that he extended his patronage to our poet Rochester cast his libertine eyes upon young Mistress Barry, who, in opposition to every one's opinion, he vowed he could, within six months, tutor into one of the finest actresses in England. After bestowing immense pains upon her instruction, he brought her out in 1673 or 1674, as the Queen of Hungary, in Lord Orrery's tragedy of "Muspapha," and she acquitted herself in a manner which astonished every one who remembered her previous failures. Not for several years yet, however, was she to fulfill her tutor's prediction. There were Mrs. Betterton and other elder actresses in the way who monopolized all the great parts of tragedy and comedy. From the evidence of letters from which I shall presently have occasion to quote, it is quite certain that Otway knew and loved her before her intimacy with Rochester commenced. Antony Aston, who, however, has seldom a word of praise for any one, tells us she was not handsome, her mouth opening most on the right side. He describes her as middle-sized, with darkish hair

and eyebrows, light eyes, and was indifferent plump. Ramble, in Gildon's "Comparison of the Two Stages," says: "I do think that person is the finest woman in the world upon the stage, and the ugliest off on't." The portrait I have seen of her represents a woman of large and somewhat masculine features, but decidedly handsome. Be that as it may, however, Otway conceived for her a consuming passion, that devoured him body and soul, that robbed him of all peace, and drove him into every excess which promised oblivion of his desires. And not even the knowledge of her worthlessness could weaken his infatuation. It was for her he wrote two of the most exquisite female creations of English tragedy, and it was her acting as Monimia and Belvidera, and as Isabella in Southerne's "Fatal Marriage," that, says old Downes, "gained her the name of famous Mrs. Barry both at court and city." She was at once the inspiration and bane of his genius. But for this mad, hopeless passion, the beautiful love-scenes of "The Orphan" and "Venice Preserved" might have never been written. The pen with which he wrote was dipped into his own heart, to portray his own emotions; he was Don Carlos, Castalio, and by their lips he uttered the passionate agony of his soul, and appealed to her under the names of Elizabeth and Monimia.

"'Tis heaven to have thee, and without thee hell!" exclaims Castalio, and the hell of negation was to be Otway's doom through life.

And yet it was to him a strange, torturing pleasure to minister to the genius of this cold, mercenary woman, who treated his idolatry with scorn and ridicule; to behold her embodying the exquisite conceptions of his fancy, drawing tears from thousands by the passion born of his own anguish—which she could behold dry-eyed and unmoved; then he would return to his lonely lodging and pass a sleepless night in all the torments of despairing love; or else, not daring to face the horrors of solitary self-communion, to plunge into some vile orgy and drown remembrance in debauchery. That this picture is no exaggeration of the unfortunate poet's condition of mind during the last years of his life may be proved by reference to the six or seven letters addressed to Mrs. Barry which are still extant. Neither Carlos nor Castalio nor Jaffier has uttered words of more ardent love, more agonized entreaty, than are to be found in the following passages:

"Since the first day I saw you I have hardly enjoyed one hour of perfect quiet; I loved you early, and no sooner had I beheld that soft, bewitching face of yours than I felt in my heart the very foundations of all my peace give

way; but, when you became another's, I must confess I did then rebel, had foolish pride enough to promise myself I would in time recover my liberty; in spite of my enslaved nature, I swore against myself I would not love you; I affected a resentment, stifled my spirit, and would not let it bend so much as once to upbraid you; each day it was my chance to see or be near you: with stubborn sufferance I resolved to bear and brave your power; nay, did it often too successfully. Generally with wine or conversation I diverted or appeased the demon that possessed me; but when at night returning to my unhappy self, to give my heart an account why I had done it so unnatural a violence, it was then I always paid a treble interest for the short moments of ease which I had borrowed; then every treacherous thought rose up, and took your part, nor left me till they had thrown me on my bed and opened those sluices of tears that were to run till morning. This has been for years my best condition. . . . I love you with that tenderness of spirit, that purity of truth, and that sincerity of heart, that I could sacrifice the nearest friends or interests I have on earth, barely but to please you: if I had all the world it should be yours, for with it I could be but miserable if you were not mine. . . . I love, I dote, I am mad and know no measure. . . . I charm and here conjure you to pity my distracting pangs; pity my unquiet days and restless nights; pity the frenzy that has half-possessed my brain already, and makes me write thus ravingly; the wretch in Bedlam is more at peace than I am. . . . Everything you do is a new charm to me; and though I have languished for seven long tedious years of desire, jealousy, and despair, yet every minute I see you, I still discover something new and more bewitching. . . . You can not but be sensible I am blind, or you would not so openly discover what a ridiculous tool you make of me. I should be glad to discover whose satisfaction I was sacrificed to this morning; for I am sure your own ill nature could not be guilty of inventing such an injury to me, merely to try how much I could bear, were it not for the sake of some ass that has the fortune to please you . . . you, whose business in life is to pick ill-natured conjectures out of my harmless freedom of conversation to vex and gall me with, as often as you are pleased to divert yourself at the expense of my quiet."

In the last of these letters he upbraids her for breaking an appointment she has made to meet him in the Mall. Not content with turning a deaf ear to all his solicitations, it is evident that this cruel, heartless woman made them a subject of ridicule and amusement for her aristocratic lovers. Devotion and genius could produce no

impression upon a heart that, according to contemporary authority, was wholly given up to avarice. Otway was poor, and, with the exception that he had the intellectual beauty of fine eyes, his face was very ordinary; for he says in one of these letters: "I find how careless Nature was in framing me; seasoned me hastily with all the most violent inclinations and desires, but omitted the ornaments that should make those qualities become me."* Here was not the man to charm Elizabeth Barry. Yet it is a strange psychological problem that she who could portray so exquisitely all the tenderness, passion, and the *abandon* of the purest, noblest love should be herself insensible to it.

But to return to his dramatic career. In 1677 he produced a translation of Racine's "*Bérénice*," under the title of "*Titus and Berenice*," and with it, as an afterpiece, an adaptation from Molière, called "*The Cheats of Scapin*," neither of which calls for any notice. In 1678 he composed his first comedy, "*Friendship in Fashion*," a work utterly unworthy of his pen, for while, like all the comedies of the Restoration, it is grossly licentious, it is destitute of the wit and elegance which frequently redeemed them. Yet it suited the taste of the age, and seems to have been highly successful.

Ere it was produced, however, Otway had started upon a new career. It could not be supposed that, loving as he did, he could long remain on amicable terms with his successful rival, even although that rival was that almost indispensable thing to a poet of that age, a generous patron. He and Rochester quarreled, and he thus made one of the bitterest and most malignant enemies that it was possible for man to be cursed with. He was at once attacked by all the host of libelers and so-called critics whom the Earl had at his command, and, in the dedication to "*Friendship in Fashion*," he complains of being treated worse by them than a bear was by the Bankside butchers. This baiting and badgering, and a desperate effort to break from the toils of his hopeless passion, caused him to abandon literature—for ever, as he probably anticipated, but for only a very short time, as it fell out. The young Earl of Plymouth, a natural son of the King's, and his stanchest friend, procured

* This thought is again beautifully expressed by Jaffier ("*Venice Preserved*," Act I., Scene 1):

"Tell me why, good Heaven,
Thou mad'st me what I am, with all the spirit,
Aspiring thoughts, and elegant desires
That fill the happiest man? Ah! rather why
Didst thou not rather form me sordid as my fate,
Base-minded, dull, and fit to carry burdens?
Why have I sense to know the curse that's on me?
Is this just dealing, Nature?"

him a cornet's commission in a regiment which, under the command of the Duke of Monmouth, was bound for Flanders. Here, apparently, was a new and honorable career opened to the unhappy man. But Fortune is never weary of persecuting some of her victims. Within a few months King Charles, in consideration of a secret bribe from Louis XIV., had consented to disband his army in order that the French might dictate their own terms to the confederates, and the peace of Nimiguen cast our poet destitute upon the world. Nothing could exceed the shameful treatment suffered by the discharged English soldiers who were left destitute in a foreign land, to get home again as best they could, with only debentures in their pockets, which it was extremely difficult to cash, instead of their pay. In his next comedy, "The Soldier's Fortune," Otway alludes to this adventure in a speech put into the mouth of Courtine: "'Twas Fortune made me a soldier, a rogue in red, the grievance of the nation; Fortune made the peace just when we were on the brink of a war; then Fortune disbanded us, and lost us two months' pay; Fortune gave us debentures instead of ready money, and by very good fortune I sold mine and lost heartily by it, in hopes the grinding ill-natured dog who bought it will never get a shilling for it." Rochester, in "The Session of the Poets," describes Otway as returning to England starving, ragged, and vermin-stricken.

During his brief camp-life his pen had not been idle. In the epilogue to "Caius Marius" he says:

"For know our poet, when this play was made,
Had naught but drums and trumpets in his head,
H' had banished poetry and all her charms,
And needs the fool would be a man-at-arms.
No 'prentice e'er grown weary of indentures
Had such a longing mind to such adventures."

The date of this play is given, both in Geneste and in the "Biographia Dramatica," as 1680; but this is seemingly a mistake, if we are to take for granted that Otway returned to London in the same year as that in which the peace was concluded, 1678, for in the closing couplet of this same epilogue he says:

"But which amongst you is there to be found,
Will take his third day's* pawn for fifty pound?
Or now he is cashiered will fairly venture
To give him ready money for's debenture?
Therefore when he received that fatal doom,
This play came forth in hopes his friends would come,
To help a poor disbanded soldier home."

* The receipts of the third day's performance of a play were all the dramatists of this period usually received for their labors. How small was the remuneration may be judged by the above mention of fifty pounds as a doubtful sum.

"Caius Marius" is a curiosity of dramatic literature; for while the subject is the wars of Marius and Sylla, the plot of "Romeo and Juliet" and a great portion of the language of that play are bodily incorporated with it—as Otway indeed confesses in the prologue. Romeo is re-christened Marius Junior, and Juliet becomes the daughter of Metellus, a Roman senator. Mercutio is called Sulpitius, and speaks the Queen Mab speech, sadly mutilated, however, and much more of the admirable wit of the part; but when he ceases to speak the language of Shakespeare he becomes a very stilted and bloodthirsty Roman—indeed, quite a different person. Sylla stands for Paris; and Lavinia's nurse in the language of Juliet's, calls him "a man of wax." The nurse's scenes are given almost intact, as are also the balcony and the death-scenes. In the latter Otway anticipates Garrick's alteration, and makes Lavinia awake before her husband's death, which is much in accordance with the story upon which the play is founded. Friar Lawrence is turned into a Flamen, and is the same important instrument in the catastrophe that he is in the original; all his fine speeches, however, are omitted. A more extraordinary piece of patchwork can not be conceived than this work. Otway writes at his worst, and the splendid fragments of Shakespeare that are scattered among his rubbish, without any attempt—or if there be it is not apparent—to weld these incongruous elements into anything like an homogeneous whole; the tone and style of the Marius scenes have not any keeping with those of the borrowed ones, and the transition from one to the other is most violent. Yet this monstrous production usurped the place of Shakespeare's beautiful play upon the stage for about seventy years, until Theophilus Cibber brought out a version of the original, during his brief management at the Haymarket in 1748; and Garrick at Drury Lane, and Rich at Covent Garden, soon afterward repeated the laudable experiment. But still the work was marred by many interpolations, and Garrick's alterations are even now preserved in the prompt-books of country theatres.

"The Soldier's Fortune," although set down in the "Biographia Dramatica" as produced in 1681, I should conjecture, from the passage I have previously quoted, which alludes so directly to his recent military adventures, was written and acted at least two years earlier. The remarks upon "Friendship in Fashion" apply with equal force to this second comedy.

The year 1680 opened propitiously for our poet. His bitter enemy, Rochester, worn out with debauchery, was, in his thirty-fourth year, lying upon his death-bed, and it was during this season that the first of Otway's two immortal

works, "The Orphan," was brought upon the stage. The plot of this play is derived from a romance published in 1676, entitled "English Adventures," in which is introduced, as an episode, a story of the supposed early life of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. The romance, which upon the title-page is said to have been written by "a person of honor," is conjectured by one of Otway's editors to have been the composition of Lord Orrery. Whether this remarkable history had any foundation in truth is more than doubtful; it may be briefly told. Charles Brandon and his brother, who have been reared in the retirement of a country mansion, both fall in love with a very beautiful orphan who has been left to the guardianship of their mother, and who resides under the same roof with them. The brother is the favored suitor, and secretly marries the lady without taking Charles into his confidence. On the nuptial night Charles overhears their assignation—"three soft taps" at the bride's chamber-door will be the signal for the bridegroom's admittance, but he must not speak, as his mother lies in the next room. Furious with disappointed passion at his brother's deceit, and having no thought that it is more than a mere intrigue he is crossing, he resolves to contrive some means of keeping his brother out of the way and taking his place. He succeeds too well. The catastrophe is a tragic one: the innocent adulteress dies of a broken heart upon the discovery of the treason, and her husband soon follows her to the grave, while Charles, stung with remorse and horror, becomes a wanderer in foreign lands.* The story is closely adhered to in Otway's play, and here and there passages are transcribed almost verbatim; but the catastrophe is more powerfully wrought out than in the original, and two new characters are introduced—Chamont, the heroine's brother, a hot-headed and somewhat brutal young soldier, and the father of the two brothers, Acasto, a brave, noble man who, disgusted with the falseness and ingratitude of courts, has retired from the world. This character, it has been suggested, was meant to typify the Duke of Ormond, whom Charles had treated so ungratefully, and whose administration in Ireland was then being so fiercely decried by the Shaftesbury faction. A speech put into his mouth in the first scene of the second act gives considerable probability to the conjecture.

From the first to the last scene of this powerful play we have everywhere indications of a master hand; rhyme, which had long since been abandoned by Dryden himself, is here replaced

by a vigorous and not unmusical blank verse. We are prepared for the catastrophe with consummate art. The opening scene acquaints us with the rivalry of the two brothers for the love of Monimia; and, in spite of their protestations of mutual affection, we can perceive the dark clouds gathering in the distance. Polydore is a little jealous of his brother as being the elder, and Castalio, half ashamed of his honorable intentions, but sure of the lady's preference, speaks almost lightly of his love, and challenges Polydore to win her if he can. In the second act portents of the coming doom begin to appear. Chamont arrives and tells his sister how he has seen her in a dream, her "garments flowing loose, and in each hand a wanton lover, which by turns caressed her"; and how, on his way to Acasto's house, he was met by a witch who bade him hasten to save a sister. His fiery and impatient questionings sound like the mutterings of a coming storm. Polydore sets on his page to watch the lovers; the boy reports to him the passionate love-scene of which he is the witness, and leaves him brooding over revenge. While the chaplain is reading the marriage service, a dark foreboding falls upon the gentle bride, tears drown her eyes, and trembling seizes her soul. It would be difficult to find a scene of more breathless suspense in the whole range of the drama than that in which Polydore, having overheard the appointment, approaches the bridal chamber. Will he succeed in his horrible design? is our anxious thought as he communes with himself in soliloquy. He gives the signal—it is answered—the door is unbolted, and he goes in. There is a pause of horror. Then Castalio enters, repeats the signal, and, treated as an impostor by Monimia's maid, who appears at a window above, is refused admittance. In the next act Castalio, furious at what he considers his wife's perfidy and caprice, yet never dreaming of the terrible truth, casts her off. While she is lost in wonder and distress at his strange conduct, of which rage prevents him giving any explanation, Polydore enters. Believing that it was he who gave the *second* signal on the previous night, she upbraids him with his conduct. Suddenly his confident air and ambiguous words arouse a horrible suspicion. Tremblingly she cries:

"Will you be kind and answer me one question?
I'll conjure you by the gods and angels,
By th' honor of your name that's most concerned,
To tell me, Polydore, and tell me truly,
Where did you rest last night?"

"Within thy arms," is the reply.

With a cry of horror she falls into a swoon. But soon he learns the terrible truth that over-

* The episode is given entire in Thornton's edition of Otway's works.

whelms him with remorse. In desperation he proposes that Castalio shall be kept in ignorance of his wrong; this proposal she indignantly rejects, as she does also his desperate urging that they shall fly together. A message being brought to Castalio that Monimia is dying, he forgets his wrongs and casts himself at her feet to implore forgiveness.

"Oh, were it possible that we could drown
In dark oblivion but a few past hours,
We might be happy!"

she cries in anguish. To which he replies:

"Is't then so hard, Monimia, to forgive
A fault, when humble love, like mine, implores
thee?
For I must love thee, though it prove my ruin.
Which way shall I court thee?
What shall I do to be enough thy slave,
And satisfy the lovely pride that's in thee?
I'll bend to thee, and weep a flood before thee,
Yet pry'thee, tyrant, break not quite my heart."

But she can not speak her shame; she dares not let loose the horrors of revenge that must follow such a revelation: she can but tell him they must never meet more, and implore him to forbear inquiring further. But again he bursts forth in passionate entreaty:

"Why turn'st thou from me? I'm alone already.
Methinks I stand upon a naked beach,
Sighing to winds, and to the seas complaining,
Whilst afar off the vessel sails away,
Where all the treasure of my soul's embarked:
Wilt thou not turn?—Oh! could those eyes but
speak,
I should know all, for love is pregnant in 'em:
They swell, they press their beams upon me still:
Wilt thou not speak? If we must part for ever,
Give me but one kind word to think upon,
And please myself withal, whilst my heart's breaking."

"Ah, poor Castalio!"* is all Monimia can reply as she rushes from him. Then enters Polydore, and now with another masterly stroke of art Otway makes Castalio turn to him, the villain who has wrought all the mischief, for consolation. Mad, desperate, seeking death at his brother's hands, Polydore breaks into pretended rage at his deceit in not making him a confidant of his marriage, and heaps the most opprobrious epithets upon his head in the hope of stinging him to a quarrel. But Castalio has only gentle remonstrances to oppose to his reproaches:

"Oh! think a little what thy heart is doing:
How from our infancy we hand in hand
Have trod the path of life together:
One bed has held us; and the same desires,
The same aversions still employed our thoughts;
Whene'er had I a friend that was not Polydore's?
Or Polydore a foe that was not mine?
E'en in the womb we embraced, and wilt thou
now,
For the first fault, abandon and forsake me?
Leave me amidst afflictions to myself,
Plunged in the gulf of grief, and none to help
me?"

But Polydore persists in his purpose, calls him base-born villain, coward—until, goaded beyond endurance, Castalio draws his sword—and Polydore rushes upon the point. Then with his dying breath he confesses the foul wrong he has done. But in the words—

"Hadst thou, Castalio, used me like a friend,
This ne'er had happened; hadst thou let me know
Thy marriage, we had all now met in joy"—

he pleads its extenuation, and reveals to his wretched brother the Nemesis of his own duplicity. Monimia dies broken-hearted, Castalio stabs himself, and upon this dark picture the curtain descends.

The male characters of "The Orphan," with the exception of Acasto, have few virtues to commend them to our sympathy. Chamont, who, although the part was played by Garrick in his earlier years, has little to do with the movement of the plot, shocks us by his ruffianly language to the good Acasto, and rages and storms with brutal vehemence upon the smallest provocation; Polydore naturally excites our abhorrence, and until affliction has fallen upon him even Castalio does not stand high in our esteem. But Monimia is a creation of female purity and gentleness worthy to stand by the side of Desdemona, and it is impossible to give her higher praise. The pathos of tragedy could scarcely go beyond the awful destiny which Fate weaves around this lovely and innocent victim. That pruriency of thought which in the nineteenth century is mistaken for modesty, and the cynical, sensual coarseness of an audience vitiated by burlesque, have long since banished this noble work from the stage, although incidents, allusions, and double *entendres*, as long as they are free of poetical clothing, are still freely tolerated.

In the same year as that in which "The Orphan" appeared, Otway published his one important poem, "The Poet's Complaint of his Muse," from which I have made extracts. Its principal value consists in the light it throws upon his own early life, and its reference to the political factions of the time.

* Mrs. Barry used to produce a wonderful effect in these words.

In 1682 came his masterpiece, "Venice Preserved." The plot of this tragedy is founded upon St. Réal's "Conjuration des Espagnols," and is the story of a famous conspiracy plotted for the destruction of the Venetian Republic in 1618. It may be interesting, to those unacquainted with this episode of history, to know that Jaffier and Pierre are historical characters. Pierre was a corsair captain in the service of the republic, a bold, daring spirit; Jaffier was also in the service of the state. One or two of the scenes, notably the meeting of the conspirators, are almost literal transcriptions from the Abbé's book; but the arrangement of the plot and incidents, the catastrophe, and the one supreme character, Belvidera, are Otway's own. While, if possible, exceeding even "The Orphan" in tenderness, there is more masculine power, a firmer grasp of character in "Venice Preserved" than in any other of its author's works. The gay, bold villain Pierre, who in the hour of despair rises to an heroic virtue, is well contrasted with the more gentle, passionate, yet somewhat weak-minded Jaffier; both, as true and sharply drawn studies of human nature, are greatly superior to Polydore and Castalio; while Monimia's is but an outline beside the more finished portrait of her Venetian sister. Belvidera is all woman; honor, faith, in the masculine sense of those words, all the world she is ready to sacrifice for the safety of the man she loves. What is it to her that he has pledged himself, that men have trusted their lives to his keeping, and that his treachery will be their destruction? She can see but one form stretched upon the rack, but one head laid upon the block—so that that be saved, let all perish! Wedded lovers are usually insipid upon the stage as well as in romances, and it is no slight indication of Otway's genius that it has succeeded in surrounding the loves of this unhappy pair with such beautiful romance and absorbing pathos. During the last century the fine lines and passages of this play were as frequently quoted as those of Shakespeare, and such speeches as the following have a familiar ring even at the present day, when this noble work is no longer represented upon the stage:

“ Can there in woman be such glorious faith ?
 Sure all ill stories of thy sex are false ;
 O woman, lovely woman ! Nature made thee
 To temper man ; we had been brutes without you.
 Angels are painted fair to look like you ;
 There's in you all that we believe of Heaven,
 Amazing brightness, purity and truth,
 Eternal joy, and everlasting love.”

There are few passages in English dramatic poetry that in passionate tenderness can surpass the following speech of Belvidera to her husband :

“ Though the bare earth be all our resting-place,
Its roots our food, some cliff our habitation,
I'll make this arm a pillow for thy head :
And as thou sighing ly'st, and swelled with sorrow,
Creep to thy bosom, pour the balm of love
Into thy soul, and kiss thee to thy rest :
Then praise our God, and watch thee till the morn-
ing.”

But no string of detached quotations could give an adequate idea of the pathos and beauty that pervade every scene between this ill-starred pair. As in "The Orphan," the catastrophe is led up to with consummate dramatic art. In the first scene, the relentless Priuli, Belvidera's father, thrusts the ruined Jaffier from his doors, refusing all assistance to his poverty; in this moment of fierce despair the desperate man encounters the conspirator Pierre, the chosen friend of his heart, who has just come from his house, and who tells him that all his goods are seized by the law, and that his wife is homeless :

“Hadst thou but seen, as I did, how at last
Thy beauteous Belvidera, like a wretch
That’s doomed to banishment, came weeping forth,
Shining through tears, like April suns in showers
That labor to o’ercome the cloud that loads ’em ;
Whilst two young virgins, on whose arms she
 leaned,
Kindly looked up and at her grief grew sad,
As if they caught the sorrows that fell from her ;
E’en the lewd rabble that were gathered round
To see the sight, stood mute when they beheld
 her,
Governed their roaring throats and grumbled pity ;
I could have hugged the greasy rogues ; they pleased
 me.”

After such a picture it requires but little to persuade him that there is a braver remedy for sorrow than to die miserably :

“Revenge ! the attribute of gods ; they stamp it
With their great image on our natures.”

And so he is led into the conspiracy, which dooms every senator to death and Venice to fire and sword. Pierre pledges himself for Jaffier's faith, and so in earnest is the acolyte that he delivers Belvidera as hostage to the conspirators.

“ To you, sirs, and your honors, I bequeath her,
And with her this ; when I prove unworthy—
[Gives dagger.
You know the rest—then strike it to her heart.”

But Renault, to whom she is confided, proves false to his trust, and at night invades her chamber. In a scene of great power she reveals to her husband the gross indignity she has suffered. Then for the first time he explains to her the nature of the plot to which he has engaged him-

self. She is horror-stricken; and, stripping off the glamour with which Pierre's declamations about liberty and revenge have invested the meditated crime, shows it to him in all its naked hideousness. Jaffier's purpose is shaken, and when in the next scene Renault bids the conspirators to shed blood enough, to spare neither sex nor age, name nor condition—such words, coming from the mouth of the man who has attempted his wife's honor, fill him with disgust and horror; and he hastily quits the assembly.

From that moment we can perceive that all are doomed. Urged by his wife's entreaties, that very night he, after first stipulating for the pardon of his friends, betrays the whole design to the Council of Ten. But the faithless senators, once possessed of the secret, in defiance of their pledges condemn all to death. And from this point until the end of the tragedy the scenes are in tragic power equal to anything, except the greatest of Shakespeare's plays, that English dramatic literature can boast. Pierre overwhelms the unfortunate Jaffier, who grovels before him in all the anguish of shame and grief, with scorn and contempt; then the desperate man turns upon her who has urged him to treachery, and in his madness raises his dagger against her breast. "Kill me!" she cries, leaping upon his neck—

"While thus I cling about thy cruel neck,
Kiss thy revengeful lips, and die in joys
Greater than I can guess hereafter."

He throws away the weapon and clasps her in his arms, exclaiming:

"I can not longer bear a thought to harm thee."

Belvidera goes to her father and pleads to him for mercy for the doomed men, and her tears and eloquent appeals at last melt his heart. But when she returns to her husband he is again raging and desperate. Pierre has sent for him to come to the scaffold, to receive his forgiveness. In a scene of heart-rending pathos he bids Belvidera farewell for ever, and as the passing bell, that tells him the last hour has come, sounds in his ears he tears himself from her clinging arms, then pauses for one last look and to speak of their child. Once more he takes her to his heart, crying:

"Oh that my arms were riveted
Thus round thee ever! But my friends, my oath.
This and no more."

As Pierre mounts the scaffold Jaffier rushes on and again implores his forgiveness. He will grant it on one condition—he whispers in his ear. "I'll do it," is the reply. And just as the

executioner is about to bind his prisoner, Jaffier plunges his dagger into his friend's breast, then stabs himself, and with a fierce curse upon the whole race of senators and a blessing upon Belvidera, falls dead. The death of Belvidera, raving mad, is the finish of this terribly sublime tragedy.

It is a pity that so noble a work should be blotted by the comic scenes between Antonio and Aquilina. The lecherous, silly, conceited old senator, it is said, was introduced by command of King Charles as a portrait of Shaftesbury. Although not without humor, its grossness can not fail to shock the modern reader. These scenes are omitted in all acting editions of the play. Written at the time of the supposed Popish plot, "Venice Preserved" is full of allusions to that craze, and read with this key many of the speeches have a double significance.

The last of Otway's works was another comedy, entitled "The Atheist; or, the Second Part of the Soldier's Fortune," in which most of the characters of the first part are continued. The faults that disfigure his other comedies are here equally apparent; it contains but one character, old Beaugard, which has any claim to originality, and revolting as it is there is considerable humor in the conception of this horrible old man, who is a very highly seasoned prototype of poor Charles Mathews's "Awful Dad."

And now to return once more to the poet's private life. The works which were destined to be a delight to posterity and to help make the fortunes of generations of actors and actresses yet unborn, brought but little to their creator; for "The Orphan" and "Venice Preserved" he received but one hundred pounds each, and for the copyright of the latter Jacob Tonson gave him fifteen pounds. His best friend, the Earl of Plymouth, died in 1680, in his twenty-second year; he was the only one of his aristocratic acquaintances from whom he seems to have derived much benefit. As Johnson points out, the courtiers of that time desired only to drink and laugh; their fondness was without benevolence, and their familiarity without friendship. "Men of wit," says one of Otway's biographers, "received at that time no favor from the great but to share their riots; from which they were dismissed again to their own narrow circumstances." And no monarch was ever more neglectful of genius than Charles II. Otway's life at this period must have been a terrible one. Still under the spell of the siren who had bewitched him, and who at Rochester's death had passed to the arms of Sir George Etherege, his course became more and more reckless, and his days were passed between rioting and fasting, ranting jollity and abject penitence, carousing one week

with a lord, and then hiding from his creditors and starving a month with low company in an ale-house on Tower Hill. We can clearly picture what he became beneath the influence of this soul-destroying life; one by one his friends fell from him—if the term friend could be applied to such associates as he had chosen; the money gained by his pen was perhaps squandered in one night of gambling and wild debauchery; the days of rioting became fewer, of fasting more frequent; carousing with a lord became a rarity, starving with the ruffians of Tower Hill an everyday occurrence; debts continued to accumulate, and as his means grew more desperate and his noble patrons fell from him one by one, creditors grew more clamorous and merciless, until, no longer able to venture into the haunts of civilized life, he was hemmed in in some vile den, faced by two alternatives—either to give himself up to an imprisonment which he knew would be perpetual, or starve. For a time he chose the latter, until one day, goaded by famine, naked and wolf-like, he crept out of his hole and begged alms. With the money thus obtained he rushed into a baker's shop, and clutching at a loaf crammed it into his mouth with wild-beast-like ravenousness; but want, disease, and debauchery had

done their work, and he fell dead, choked by the first mouthful.*

It has been the fashion with writers to point to Otway's terrible fate as a national disgrace; but with all my admiration for his genius, I can not concur in making society responsible for the catastrophe. To hear men angrily denouncing some vague and indefinite body of people for allowing a hopeless spendthrift like Goldsmith, who would have spent thousands as rapidly as he did hundreds, to live in poverty, or for suffering a half-mad debauchee like Otway to die of starvation, is illogical. Otway might have lived in comfort upon the proceeds of his pen had he been an ordinarily careful man. It was the curse of his destiny to be thrown in youth among men of superior birth and dissolute habits, to live under a society that, while it had no real respect for genius, pretended to be its patron; but above all it was his curse to be infatuated with a cruel, mercenary, soul-enthraling Delilah. Under these combined influences the moral nature of the man was wholly wrecked and shattered, and no efforts of humanity, of patronage, or of generous appreciation could have saved him from ultimate destruction.

Temple Bar.

THE SEAMY SIDE.

CHAPTER XIX.

HOW ALISON TOOK IT.

TO gain time is generally the next best thing to gaining the victory. Alison had gained time. Gilbert threw himself into a hansom, and carried the good news faster than any that was ever brought into Ghent, to the house on Clapham Common.

"So far," he said, "we have been successful. Unless anything new turns up, letters of administration will not be granted for a year at least. During that time we shall have made out our own case. Courage, Alison!"

This was one of Alison's bad days. She had lost the old confident bearing, the insolence which sits so well on happy youth; she was dejected; the ready smile was gone; her lips were set and her eyes were hard. She was of those who have a quarrel with Fate. It is not unusual; sooner or later we all mistrust the unaccountable rulings of destiny, but it is sad when the quarrel begins so early in life.

"Thank you, Gilbert," she said, when he had delivered himself of his message and his prophecy of encouragement—"thank you, Gilbert. You are all very kind about me. A year to wait, you say? Then I shall be of age, and I shall want no more guardians. Then I shall go to my uncle—no, I will write to him, because I can never see him again—and say, 'If it is only the money you want, take it, and leave my father's memory in peace.' I suppose he will do that; anything is better than this dragging of his dear name before the courts."

"The application will be reported in the papers," said Gilbert. "A few people who know the name will read it: your own cousins will read it, no one else."

Gilbert reckoned without the special London correspondent who got hold of the story and retailed it, with additions of his own, for the benefit of the country papers. In fact, all England

* There is another story told in Spence's "Anecdotes" to the effect that he was seized with fever while in pursuit of a man who had killed one of his friends, and that his death was caused by drinking water too copiously. Let us hope that this is the true one.

was interested in the destination of this vast fortune. Who would not be interested in the disposal of more than a quarter of a million of money? The mere mention of such a sum stimulates the imagination. What years of careful thought—what generations of success—what abilities—what prudence—what swiftness of vision, clearness of brain, sacrifice of present pleasure, are represented by so gigantic a pile! The vastness of the sum bewilders the poor wretch whose only hope is to be a little “before” the world, so that should that calamity, known as “anything,” happen, his widow and the children may be hedged round by the resource of a few hundreds. So that the writers of the “London Letter,” most of whom belong to the order of those who save little and spend little when they would gladly save much and spend more, seized upon the story and dressed it up. Happy Stephen! Unhappy Alison! Those who had rich relatives reflected with sorrow that there could never be any doubt about their marriage; those who had none built castles in the air, and speculated on the chance of unexpected legacies. Of all dreams which flesh is heir to, that of unexpected fortune is, I believe, the commonest. It is so much more pleasant to dream than to work; it is so much more delightful to look forward to an old age of comfort and ease than to one of hard work and collar to the end! I once knew an old gentleman, industrious, religious, moral to the highest point, an excellent father, a model husband, whose whole life proclaimed to the world his acquiescence with the Church catechism, and the state of life to which he was born. After his death it was discovered that for thirty years he had annually purchased a ticket in the Austrian lottery. He had no rich relations; he could not expect an accession of fortune from any source whatever, yet he dreamed of wealth and bought his ticket every year.

“You will not be allowed to throw away your fortune, Alison,” Gilbert went on. “You owe it to yourself, to your father, to fight the battle out. But courage! Long before a year we shall have managed to get at the truth. Why, do you think that marriages are not registered, and that registers are not kept? If Stephen Hamblin has any reason to wish that the truth should not be discovered, I have every reason to make me work at its recovery. My dear”—he took her unresisting hand—“every hope of my life is bound up with it. It *shall* be found out. Consider, Alison, you must have had a mother somewhere. You must have been born somewhere, registered somewhere, christened somewhere. We know the date of your birth—that is something.”

“Yes,” said Alison, trying to respond to her lover’s eagerness, “unless Mrs. Duncombe was

wrong, I was born twenty years ago, on the 5th day of June. There are two facts for you. Can you make anything out of them?”

“By themselves, very little. But I have thought how to use them. With the aid of the registers I can make everything out of them. Listen, Alison: we shall put our advertisements in the papers; we invite everybody—clergymen, and parish clerks, and country doctors—to look for a certain register of birth on such a day. When I have got that register, it will be time to consider what next. Perhaps your father married under an assumed name. We may, by the help of the register, get hold of that name. It will lead us to further discoveries. Why, those two facts, the year and the day, may prove invaluable. I think we may safely assume that the marriage took place in the south of England, probably in the neighborhood of London, because the diaries show clearly—and Mr. Augustus Hamblin distinctly recollects—that in the year of your birth, and the two years before that, your father was never far away from London. Thus, in the summer of your birth he went to Bournemouth by himself, and remained there three weeks—very likely on business connected with yourself. The year before that, he took a holiday early in the summer with his brother Stephen, and went fishing. For some weeks he wrote from Newbury. The year before that, he spent the whole summer with his mother, who was ill at the time, at Brighton. So you see, as Stephen Hamblin very clearly saw, there is no room in the page, so to speak, for him to have been married anywhere far away from London.”

Alison sighed.

“You come to me, Gilbert, and you raise hopes in my mind which make me for the moment happy. Oh, if I could but clear my father’s name! It is so dreadful to think that all the world is jeering and making merry over the accusation brought by his own brother—my dear father, so good, so kind, so noble! Why, I should have thought there was not a single creature of all who knew him in all the world, too low and degraded to acknowledge his goodness. It made other people good, while he lived, only to be with him and near him. It made me good, then.”

“You are always good, Alison.”

She shook her head sadly.

“I am always full of regrets, of wicked thoughts, Gilbert. I used to be good, when you fell in love with me. That was the reason, I suppose.”

She would have no recognition of an engagement, and yet she spoke to her lover frankly. There was no doubt, at all events, in her own mind. Gilbert loved her. If she could, she

would marry him. She trusted and she distrusted with the same entire abandonment. To trust in full, to doubt and distrust in full, came from her Spanish blood. She was like the Señora, her grandmother, in mind as well as in face.

"Do you mean that I fell in love with you because you were good?" asked Gilbert, laughing. "No, it was not that. I do not think that a man asks himself, when he falls in love, whether the girl is very good; she seems good to her lover; he believes in her goodness; if he did not, he would persuade himself that he could make her good. I suppose that after marriage husbands like their wives to be good-tempered, at least. Before, it does not matter so much."

"It is wonderful," said Alison, "how men ever fall in love with girls at all."

"Do not disparage your sex," said Gilbert.

"Oh! we are weak. We can do nothing by ourselves; we take our ideas from men; we look to men for our religion, our manners, our thoughts. And yet men fall down at a woman's feet and worship her. As for me, there has been nothing good in me at all since the day when my uncle told me—what he was pleased to call the truth. I think there will never any more be anything good in me at all. I am devoured by evil passions, and hatreds, and wicked thoughts. I find it difficult, sometimes, to believe in my father. Yet, if I can not believe in him, there is nothing. And I think of my uncle with a loathing which makes me sick."

"Faith, Alison! Have faith."

"Ah! Gilbert, so long as you are here I find it easy to have faith. I feel strong and hopeful then. Your brave words encourage me. When you are gone I begin to doubt again, and if you are long away I begin to despair."

"Poor child! I must come oftener to see you."

"I do not know whether it is worse to be in the house or to be out of it. At home my aunt sits and watches me all day long, asking every half-hour if I feel better; and it seems as if I were having an operation performed, and they were watching curiously to see how I was bearing it. To be sure, the suspense is worse than any operation. Even the boy troubles me with his sympathy, his eagerness to do everything he can think of for me—he who was formerly so careless and selfish—and his delight in assuring me, whenever he can find an opportunity, of his protection. You see, the very things one used to laugh at and enjoy are become fresh causes of trouble to me. Poor Nicolas! He means so well, too. But that shows how wrong-headed these things have made me. If I go out, perhaps it is worse, because then I think, as I go

along, that everybody is saying, 'There goes Miss Hamblin, as she calls herself, though she has no real right to bear the name.' Or else I hear them whisper as I pass—this jealousy of mine makes me hear the lowest whisper—'That is Miss Hamblin, who was once so proud, and thought herself so rich, and held up her head so high above all the rest of us. Now she has been found out, and she is going to be turned into the street, without a penny to call her own, and not even a name to her back. What a come-down!' Even in church I am not free, but I think I feel the people's eyes on me when they ought to be on their books or on the clergyman in the pulpit. They are saying: 'That is Miss Hamblin. She was proud enough a year ago; she is humbled now, poor girl! She has no longer got anything to be proud of.' So, everywhere and all day long, I am watched, and mocked, and scorned."

Gilbert caught her hand, and kissed the unresisting fingers a hundred times.

"No, child, no! There is no scorning of you. The world is better hearted than you think. There can be nothing but pity and respect for you."

"I know, I know," she replied, with tears in her eyes. "But, if the evil thoughts are in your own mind, you think they are in other people's, and my mind is full of mockery and scorn. Everything mocks at me: this garden, the very flowers, the house, even the furniture. They all have faces, and they all laugh and flout at me because I pretended to be the heiress, who am nothing at all but a nameless girl. They know me for an impostor."

What could Gilbert say in comfort? He muttered some commonplace. You might as well try to persuade a man with a gaping sword-wound that he is not hurt. The girl wandered restlessly to and fro upon the lawn. It was with her as she told her lover. She was haunted day and night by two ghosts, who never left her. One of them was the Shade of her former happiness, the other was the Shade of her present low estate. One was the ghost of a maiden, proud, defiant, self-reliant, looking out upon the future with the confidence of one for whom Fortune has nothing in store but her choicest gifts. She was dressed in silks and satins, this young princess; she rode a stately horse; at her feet the young men fell down, with adoring eyes, and knelt; as she passed, flowers grew up beside the way; only to look at her, she felt as she gazed upon this ghost, warmed the heart; the children ran after her, and shouted and laughed; the poor came out of their cottages and blessed her. She was like a benevolent fairy, who is not an old woman at all, but young and beautiful as the day, and not capricious or uncertain, but always

faithful, loyal, and true. And she was full of the most tender and precious Christian thoughts, this shadow. It seemed as if the things against which she prayed, just because it was her duty as a Christian, and enjoined by the Church—the evils of hatred, wrath, malice, and so forth—had no more to do with her than the gross impossibilities of drunkenness and the like. The contemplation of so much religion, pure and undefiled, in this perfection of a ghost filled Alison's heart with bitterness.

As for the other Shade, it presented a sad contrast. For this ghost was that of a mere beggar-girl. She went barefoot, and was clothed in nothing but old rags and duds, and odds and ends. She shook her head, and cried, with shame and rage, at her own misery. She moaned, and wept, and lamented, because she had nothing at all of her own. The poorest gypsy-girl had something, but she had nothing. The pitiless, unsympathizing children hooted at her as she went; the poor people came out of their cottages and jeered her, because she was so very poor and ragged; the wayfarers flouted her, because she was so very lonely and miserable. Every mocking gibe was like a knife that went straight to her heart. And that was not the worst of it—for this wretched, ragged girl, who was so poor in worldly goods, was stripped of all religion as well. She was full of hatred and wrath; she thought well of none; she suspected all; she was bitter and envious. In her heart there were none of the sweet blossoms of faith, hope, and charity, which flourish so well in the congenial soil of the heart of a happy English girl. Alison looked on this shadow with shuddering and loathing, as she looked on the other with envy and jealousy.

Such as they were, they remained by her side, and never left her.

"Courage, Alison!" said Gilbert. He had spoken to her half a dozen times, but she returned no answer, being occupied with these phantoms—"courage, Alison! Think of brighter things."

"There are no brighter things," she cried bitterly. "There is nothing but misery and shame. Oh, Gilbert!" breaking into a passionate gesture, "why trouble any more about me? Let me go away and be forgotten. Let them do what they like with the money; if you search any further, you may find out some secret more shameful than any that has been suspected—if that is possible; you may find out why my father hid away, and would tell to no one the story of my birth."

She broke from him and ran, hiding her face with a gesture of shame, into the house.

Gilbert remained in the garden. A quarter

of an hour later she returned, the fit of passion over, calm and cold.

"Forgive me," she said, holding out her hand, "I do not often give way. To-day the thought of my case being pleaded in open court, my name being bandied about among all those people, maddened me. I will try to bear it. But, Gilbert, be wise; do not waste your precious time upon me. I am content to let all go, so that there be no further questioning."

"That is not the faith we want to see in you," said Gilbert. "Why, that would be treachery to the very name you want to see unsullied. Have confidence, dear Alison; we will carry the matter through, and we shall not fail to see the name of Anthony Hamblin pass through the ordeal triumphantly. Only have faith."

"I wish I could," she murmured.

Here they were joined by Alderney Codd. He had come down by the humbler conveyance—the omnibus. His thin face was wreathed with smiles.

"You have heard the news, Alison?" he began. "Of course you have—Gilbert has told you. Well, so far, we have every reason to be satisfied. Time—time: that is what we want."

"You see, Alison," said Gilbert, "we are all agreed. With a little time we shall, we must succeed."

"Time to prove things," Alderney added, "that is all; to prove things which we know already. We know them, I say, all but the names. God bless my soul! it is matter of faith."

"Thank you, Cousin Alderney," said Alison; "I am rich in friends, if in nothing else."

"Why," said Alderney, planting himself firmly, "whenever I put on that coat which your poor father lent me, and which I have retained out of respect to his memory, I feel a glow of gratitude more warming than a pint of port. Of course, I am ready to work for you. Outside the court"—he laughed at the recollection—"I met Stephen himself, looking his very blackest. It went to my heart to treat him so—my cousin and my oldest friend. But I thought of Anthony, and I cut him—dead. Jack Baker was with him. Ah! they've got my prospectus of the Great Glass Spoon Company. After thirty years' friendship, after so many good times as we have had together, it seemed hard; and to lose the Great Glass Spoon Company as well. But gratitude, Alison, gratitude stood between us. Gratitude said, 'You can not know any longer the man who is trying to rob your benefactor's orphan.'"

"But," said Alison, "can you not even know my Uncle Stephen? must you break altogether with him?"

"I must," said Alderney gloomily. "I can

not serve two interests. I cast in my lot, Alison, with yours."

I think I have omitted to state that Alderney had been requested by the partners to take the position of guardian or vice-guardian. He was, in fact, promoted to that post of dignity, *vice* Stephen Hamblin, cashiered, on the strength of which he gave himself airs of importance in the Birch-Tree Tavern. He slept at the house: in the morning, such was his zeal, he rose at six, breakfasted early, and set off on his quest among the London parish-registries, both official and ecclesiastical. He carried a big pocket-book with a pencil in readiness to make entries, should any bearing on the subject be found. But for some time nothing at all was discovered in London churches.

He returned to Clapham about half-past six or seven, and dined with the ladies. He cheered the banquet by anecdotes of his past experiences, revealed a new world—a series of new worlds, to Alison, by describing how he had rowed, played cricket, sung songs at supper, and otherwise distinguished himself at Cambridge; how, with Stephen, he once staid for six months in the Quartier Latin of Paris; how he had sojourned, by himself, among the students of Heidelberg; how he had lost his little fortune and mortgaged half his little income to pay off his creditors, and how he had become a person of great distinction in the world of finance.

It was all wonderful: the contemplation, at second hand, of life under so many new aspects distracted Alison, and turned her thoughts from her present anxieties. Alderney, too, had a powerful imagination; his stories were touched with that light which is neither of heaven nor of earth, of unreality desirable and beautiful, which only a man with some touch of genius knows how to infuse: and he understood how to place himself as the central figure in the group.

About one or two things she was uncertain. It was not clear when her cousin could find the time to become the profound scholar which he loved to represent himself; nor was it quite apparent to her that the real objects and aims of the Universities of Cambridge, Heidelberg, and Paris were best arrived at by such a life as he described as common among the students. Finally, she could not understand that it was altogether right to promote the establishment of companies whose only object seemed to be to enable their founders to sell out when the shares were high, and then to collapse. But Alderney assured her that she could not comprehend financial morality. It resembled, he said, diplomacy; every one knew that if diplomacy were to be stripped of brag, bounce, lies, and pretense, the trade of diplomatists would be gone, and we

might transact the affairs of nations by means of guileless girls or conscientious curates.

As for Nicolas, he utilized the presence of so great a scholar for his own purposes: he read novels, in fact, while Alderney Codd wrote his exercises for him.

"Your Latin subjunctive moods," said the boy, "are sound; but your French past participles are shaky. If you go on living here till the end of the half, I shall have a shy at the Latin verse prize. Now, then—exercise forty-three. On the oblique narrative. Here's Balbus again—no getting rid of that chap anyhow."

CHAPTER XX.

HOW YOUNG NICK SPENT HIS HALF-HOLIDAY.

ON a warm and pleasant morning in May, about a week after the Hamblin case was heard in court, the boys of the Clapham Grammar-School came flocking from the class-rooms as the clock struck twelve. After the nature of boys they ran, jumped, shouted, and laughed. One among them all neither ran, nor jumped, nor shouted. He only walked. And he was a boy with white hair and pink eyes. He dug his hands into his pockets, wore his hat a little tilted over his forehead, which conveys the idea of a thoughtful nature, and calmly surveyed the mob of contemporaries with the eye of a philosopher.

Young Nick, in fact, was not a clubbable boy. He went his own way. Nobody ever saw him in a cricket-field, nor was he ever in the "worry" of a foot-ball match. If he saw a game of cricket going on upon Clapham Common, he gave the players a wide berth: the Common was broad enough for him and them. If he saw the foot-ball come bounding over the rough surface in his direction, he retired, laterally, so as to avoid the crowd which came after it. The common gaids which delight boyhood gave no joy to Nicolas. The silver cups, offered for competition at athletics, he valued at their weight in silver, and no more. This was not much, and so he rarely entered his own name in any trial of skill, strength, or speed. Yet, after the sports were over, he might have been observed, had he been watched, going through every one of the events by himself, one after the other, and making careful comparisons of his own results with those obtained by the winners. If he held aloof from his schoolfellows out of hours, in school he was still more self-contained. Nothing moved him, no spirit of emulation possessed him; he never cared to be high in his form, nor was he depressed if his place was low. He was abso-

lutely unmoved by any of the exhortations, incitements, or satiric remarks of his masters. He neither took nor pretended to take the smallest interest in the routine school-work, and he valued a prize, as he valued a silver cup, at exactly the sum it cost at the bookseller's.

"Greek!" he would say contemptuously. "What is the use of Greek in the City? Who wants Greek in the army? Greek is invented for schoolmasters to pretend to be able to read it. Catch them reading Greek when no one's looking, and for their own pleasure. Yah! They *can't* do it. Latin again. Do the partners in the great City houses write Latin verses? Do they grind out exercises in the subjunctive mood? Do they make their clerks say the irregular verbs and the rules of syntax every morning? Gammon!"

Euclid was another branch of education for which he entertained the most profound contempt, holding that the City required no geometry of a young man. But arithmetic, writing, drawing, French, German, and geography, were subjects which he plainly saw to have a solid commercial value, and he worked at them with zeal and vigor; so much so, indeed, that on more than one occasion he found himself presented with a prize for proficiency in these branches.

There were other things, not generally taught in schools, at which this remarkable youth worked hard, in those hours when his comrades were running wild about the Common. He had conceived the very just idea that deportment, manners, ease in society, and a good tone, were of more use to a young man in the City than anywhere else. Accordingly, he had begged Alison to consider him as her pupil, and in these departments he became voluntarily subject to her as his mistress. He could be, and frequently was, as we have already seen, as vulgar a boy as ever walked. Yet the lessons had their effect, and the boy's slang was only affected, just as other boys' fine manners are put on for the occasion.

He was a handy boy, too, and practiced small arts. He had a lathe with which he could make all sorts of things; and he could carve in wood; and he could execute fretwork; and he could take a watch to pieces, and once nearly succeeded in putting it together again. And he worked steadily at short-hand, always with the view of becoming more useful in the City. In short, he intended to present himself, at the age of sixteen or seventeen, as an accomplished young clerk, ready for any kind of work—the perfect clerk, whose undoubted destiny is a partnership. I believe it was Socrates who first explained how useful and excellent a thing it is that a man should resolve on perfection in his own line, so that if he be a carpenter he will be the best possible car-

penter, and if a statesman the best possible statesman, and so forth. It is by such men that success is achieved: such a carpenter, Socrates pointed out, wins the wreath of carpentering, which is made of shavings.

In addition to these virtues of resolution and industry, young Nick possessed that of silence; no one ever suspected him of serious intentions, except Alison, who watched him, gave him advice, and to whom he confided in a way his projects and his scheme for the conduct of life.

This reduction of education to its practical uses was not without effect upon the boys with whom young Nick worked. They were all boys connected with the City; they all—except one every year, who took the annual scholarship and went up to Oxford or Cambridge—looked to the City as the scene of their future labors and triumphs: they were all taught at home to regard "business" as the noblest profession, because it brings in most money: the clever boy who carried off the prizes, became captain of the school, went up to Cambridge and distinguished himself, was regarded with a sort of pity, because the City would be closed to him. He might take a good degree: he might achieve greatness as a preacher or a lawyer or a writer; but, poor beggar! he would never have any money.

So that young Nick's teaching fell upon rich soil, and took root and flourished. Yet, as always happens, there were none, except himself, who advanced beyond the grumbling stage, and struck out a practical line for himself.

A boy so singular in appearance, so original in his manner of regarding life and its duties, so self-contained, and with that ingeniously mischievous leaning to which attention has been already drawn, was, of course, a noticeable feature in the school. At prize-giving days it pleased the boy to overhear other boys whispering to their sisters: "That's young Nick; there he is, with the white hair."

On this particular morning he first looked up into the sky and observed that the day was bright; then he felt in his pocket and found that the eighteen pence which constituted all his wealth was safe in the corner, in three sixpences. Then he reflected gravely:

"I did tell the old lady that I might have business at Anthony Hamblin and Company. She won't mind if I don't go home for dinner, and it's only cold roast beef, and eighteen pence will get me a good deal better dinner than cold roast beef. Then where am I to get the next eighteen pence? Uncle Anthony, we *all* miss you. Eighteen pence—well, I can walk in, and if the money runs to it, I can get back on a 'bus.'"

For an active boy of thirteen, a walk from Clapham to London Bridge is not far, and it is

full of interest. First the way lies along a broad and open road, with substantial villas on either side as old as the great houses in the gardens round the Common; there is a nonconformist church with pillars and pediment almost as magnificent as anything that Athens could ever show; there is the Swan, a roadside public-house with its water-trough in front, and always carts of hay standing about, thirsty horses drinking, drivers talking and passing round the frequent pewter, stable-boys dawdling about, so that the place presents somewhat of the rusticity which it boasted fifty years ago when first it was founded. Presently you pass what was once the village of Stockwell, where there was a famous, but not at all a fearful, ghost. Then begin shops. Then another stretch of road with terraces, but no longer great gardens, and some of the terraces are dingy; then more shops; then Kennington Church, ugly, and yet venerable by reason of its vast churchyard, where lie the bones of so many thousand citizens. To young Nick, the church was a sort of half-way house. Besides, there was a clock in the tower. Beyond the church is the park, as large as my lady's pocket-handkerchief, ornamented with a lodge which does infinite credit to its architect—the late Prince Consort. After the park, the Horns Tavern, regarded by boys from Clapham as the real frontier-post of Town, and then shops, more shops, and yet more shops.

"Why," asked young Nick, "don't they knock them all into one mighty great shop, and then take turns to keep it, so that they would have six days' holiday out of the seven, at least?"

The question was asked some little time ago, but no practical answer has yet been given, and I think there are still about as many shops as ever.

Arrived at the Horns, young Nick trudged on with lighter step. He was about to enter the golden ground—Tom Tidler's ground, where one day he too would be enabled to stoop and gather the yellow nuggets. His white hair, white eyebrows, and pink complexion made the people turn and stare at him. That he did not mind. It was a kind of tribute to his greatness; personal merit, he argued to himself, made him an albino. He only held his head higher, and walked with more assurance. The meanness of the shops in Newington Causeway affected him painfully. Trade ought to be majestic, he thought. Presently the sight of an immense block of buildings overshadowing the Tabernacle cheered him. It was consecrated to the cordwaining mystery. "There is Money," said young Nick, "in Boots."

Presently he came to London Bridge. Here he halted, to lean over the low parapet, and gaze

down the river upon the forest of masts in the Pool, the steamers threading their way up and down the tortuous highway of the river, which was by no means silent, but exasperatingly noisy, with the bells, the whistles, the steam escapes of the boats, and the oaths of the 'longshore-men, who, all of them three fourths drunk, were taking the empty ships down the river, from London Port to Leith.

"They bring their cargoes," said young Nick thoughtfully, "to the Docks. There is indigo, and cochineal, and dates, and figs, and silk, and tea, and coffee, and corn, and brandy, and palm-butter, and all sorts, such as ostrich-feathers, and elephants' tusks, and porpoise-skins, and bacon, and cheese, and apples. They come from all the corners of the world. They unload at the Docks; and then we, the merchants of London, begin to make our money out of the cargoes. Aha! That is where the fun begins. The niggers toil and moil, growing the stuff, and weeding it, and picking it, getting horribly licked with rattan-canes all the while—ho! ho! then the sailors stow it away, and bring it home, going up aloft in all weathers, tumbling overboard, and getting drowned—ha! ha! then the dock-laborers, at eighteen pence a day—ha! ha! ho! ho!—put it ashore in the docks; and then our turn comes. What a beautiful thing it is to be a British merchant, and in the City of London! We sit at our ease before our desks; our travelers go about for us among the retail traders getting orders; the clerks receive them; we have got just nothing to do, except to divide the profits. Oh, what a pity, what a thousand pities, that poor Uncle Anthony got drowned before I was old enough to go into the House!"

Perhaps some incident in morning school had irritated him, for he went on:

"Bah! As if the subjunctive mood would ever help a man to a partnership! Balbus feared that it was all up with the army, did he? Then what a white-livered, cowardly sneak Balbus must have been! I hope he was with the army, and it was all up with *him*! But one never knows what became of Balbus, because he always turns up again, and always pretending to smile, and always funkng something. Certainly Balbus must have been a great humbug, and I am quite sure that he got into such an Almighty Funk at last, that he forgot all about his tenses and moods, mixed up the subjunctive and the indicative, and used the imperfect for the present."

More he would have meditated, but that he looked round and perceived that he was the object of earnest contemplation on the part of an old lady, apparently of failing eyesight, because she held a pair of glasses close to her eyes. She was gazing on his white hair, and certainly either

did not see, or could not understand the jacket. And she thought he was meditating suicide.

"Aged man!" she murmured, in impassioned accents, "do not, do not, I entreat you, destroy your life!"

"O Lord!" cried young Nick, "here's a precious game!"

He was in one of those embrasures, retreats, upon London Bridge, where one can sit breezily and contemplate the passing crowd, or the argosies of the Port.

"Here's a game!" he cried. Regardless of the small crowd which gathered round in a moment, he amazed the poor old lady, who was feeling in her bag for a tract, by executing before her a *pas seul*, a reminiscence of a hornpipe, with an agility and grace surprising in one so old. While she was still staring aghast, he had finished, and, descending from the little semicircle, he squared his elbows and pushed through the mob which had gathered round, with a good-humored "Now, then, can't you let a man pass?"

It will be seen that young Nick already understood the true art of making points. You must be unexpected, brisk, confident, and brief. Before the old lady had half realized that the snowy locks belonged to a boy and not an old man at all, and before the crowd had half understood the full humor of the situation, which they would take home and gradually evolve, the hero of it was gone, vanished in the crowd, never more to be seen by the greater part.

The boy, greatly rejoicing at the discomfiture of the old lady, proceeded on his walk. He first repaired to the central office at Great St. Simon Apostle. He knew all the clerks in the place, and they all knew that his first ambition was to have a desk among them. His last ambition, Nick kept to himself. He had purposed, as part of to-day's amusement, dining in company with some of his friends among the junior clerks. Everybody in the house, indeed, regarded the boy as one of themselves. For him it was splendid to sit among the diners at Crosby Hall, to call grandly for what he chose from the list, to ask for a half-pint of old and bitter, mixed, boiled beef, "underdone, Lizzie, and not too much fat," with carrots, potatoes, and new bread; to have the dinner served up in hot plates, each with its tin cover, brought in a delightful pile; to inquire tenderly, just like a regular clerk, after Lizzie's health and spirits that morning, and to congratulate the young lady on her looks; to consider the question of college-pudding or cheese, and to feel that the day must be marked by the exhibition of the former; to ask for the bill, to dally with the half-pint as if it were a decanter of sherry, and as if you were not pressed for time, oh! dear no, not at all, and could get back to the office whenever you felt so

disposed; to pay your money, exchanging the compliments of the season with the young lady (of more severe aspect) who takes the money at the door, help yourself to a toothpick, and stroll with dignity down the street in the direction of the workshop, quickening gradually as you approached the portals, and entering briskly and with the appearance of zeal. All this was a very delightful change after the irresponsible meals at home. It made young Nick feel as if he were already a clerk in the office, already had a desk of his own, already had placed his foot on the lowest rung of the ladder up which he meant to climb until he stood in the dizziest heights with Augustus the great and William the Silent. That, however, was in the far distance. For the present, he envied every one in the firm, from the office-boy at five shillings a week, to the senior clerks and managers of departments.

To-day, to the boy's disappointment, it was already half-past one when he got to Great St. Simon Apostle, and the young clerks, his friends, were dispersed, multivious, in quest of food.

So he resolved to dine by himself, and rambled about the office, from one room to another, trying the stools, and wondering which were the most comfortable desks. When he had finished a hasty inspection of the clerks' room, he made his way up stairs. These were the rooms of the senior clerks and of the partners: "Mr. Augustus Hamblin" on one door; "Mr. William Hamblin" on another door; and, alas! on another the name of Mr. Anthony Hamblin.

Young Nick sorrowfully turned the handle, and peeped in. No one was there, and he entered the room, softly closing the door behind him. Everything was just as Anthony had left it, except that the safe stood open, with all the papers taken out. The chair before the table; the table itself; an office-coat hanging behind the door; the cupboard where the sherry and biscuits were kept, with a box or two of cigars; the big screen in the corner; the grimy windows; the wax-candles; the great plated ink-stand; the massive pad of blotting-paper—all reminded the boy of his uncle.

"Oh, Uncle Anthony!" he said, for the second time that day, sitting in the dead man's chair, "what a pity, what a thousand pities, that you were drowned before I was old enough to come into the House! But I will get in somehow; and, before all is done, I will sit in this chair as a partner. See if I don't!"

There was something uncanny about this empty room, full of associations; and the boy quickly left it, shutting the door very softly behind him. He did not dare to visit the partners' rooms, nor those of the chief clerks; and, after a little exchange of *facetie* with the porters, he

left the house, and turned his face in a southeasterly direction, which led him, by way of Gracechurch Street and Eastcheap, to Tower Hill. He had forgotten that he was hungry, and was making in the direction of the place he loved next best to Great St. Simon Apostle, the Docks.

Tower Hill always pleased him mightily. There are great warehouses there, with cranes, wagons, and other signs of business; there is the Mint, always engaged in manufacturing sovereigns for the reward of successful merchants; there is the Trinity House, which keeps an ever-watchful eye over the safety of the mercantile marine. There are, as many people know, other associations connected with Tower Hill. Young Nick had read about some of these, or, rather, had learned about them in history lessons; but they did not stick, any more than the Latin subjunctive. He had no leanings toward historical associations. He was not, like some among us, haunted by the ghost of the past. Not at all. He looked at the White Tower, on which the sun was shining splendidly, as it has shone for eight hundred years, and murmured: "What a beautiful place for the head offices of the House! and plenty of room all about for our own warehouses." But then he would have gazed upon the walls of the Holy City itself without emotion.

He went on, turning to the right, and came upon the usual little crowd of merchant sailors, standing about on the pavement opposite the Board of Trade Office, waiting to be hired. They are a curious body of men, these mercantile jacks. They lack the independence and careless ease of their brethren of the Royal Navy. They are not clean like them; nor do they take a pride in the smartness of their dress; nor are they conspicuous for the appearance of physical activity. They are not spry; they have no joviality; their cheeks are mostly bloated with bad liquor; their eyes are dull; their gait is heavy; their attire is a mixture of sea-going and shore-going togs; their hands are in their pockets; they look ashamed of themselves. They seem to say: "Behold us, you who have neglected us, and left us to be the prey of greedy ship-owners and piratical crimps. See what we are, the descendants of the gallant heroes who sailed Westward-ho! with Raleigh, and Drake, and Hawkins. Around us are the land-sharks who plunder us, the black-eyed sirens—most all of them have one black eye at least—who destroy us, the office where we sign articles which enslave us. Beyond us are the craft which take us to our doom—ill-found, ill-rigged, the cheating venture of a cheating shipper. On board them we are fed with rancid pork and weevily biscuit. There are not enough of us to navigate her even in

smooth seas. We are knocked down by mate or skipper with anything handy, a rope's end or a marline-spike. On board there is no safety, nor respite of work, nor any comfortable thing at all. On shore there is the madness of rioting and drink, which is the only joy we know. We are for ever on the frying-pan or in the fire. Your navy-men you watch over. For them you have chaplains, doctors, schools, homes, societies, and pensions. You forbid their officers to ill-treat them; you provide them with good and abundant food; you train them, educate them, and you find your ships well. But for us you do nothing; and we all reel, blind, and deaf, and careless, and uncared for, into the abyss."

They did not speak so, however, to young Nick, who regarded them with enthusiasm.

"Splendid fellows!" he said. "*They* don't mind how much hard work they do. *They* don't mind how bad the weather is, nor how cold. *They like* to feel that they are bringing money—heaps of money—home to the partners of the great City firms, making them richer every day. I couldn't feel like that, myself. But then I'm not a sailor."

Then he came to the gates of St. Katharine's Docks.

Cerberus, in shape of three policemen, stands at those gates: young Nick, whom the three knew perfectly well, and all about him, always made a point at these gates of going through a little comedy of intrigue. He pulled a leather book from his jacket-pocket, extracted, standing without the gates, a couple of documents which were in reality Latin exercises, examined them with great care, pulled his hat over his eyes, and marched through the portals with the air of one who has important business, not to be delayed a moment, in connection with dock warrants. He assumed, in fact, the character of a junior clerk. He did not for a moment deceive the policemen, who knew that he was in some way connected with the family of Hamblin, the great indigo-merchants, and that he was only here to prowl round and look about him. It is against the rules to admit any one except on business, but this boy was an exception. Besides, on this occasion, when he came out again they had their revenge.

Once within the Docks the boy can go where he likes undisturbed. There are the great ships in the basin, some unloading with the aid of mighty derricks and steam-cranes, and a great "yeo heave oh!" and a running of chains and a dropping of ropes and a deft stowing in their places on the wharfs of cases, casks, bags, and boxes, while the busy feet trample and the boat-swains whistle, and the laden men run backward and forward as if they were merry-making, in-

stead of furnishing an illustration of the primeval curse. There are the officers who seem never tired of looking on and checking the delivery of cargo told out for them as it goes overboard; there are the piles of bales under the sheds which seem to grow larger and larger; there are rows of the inexhaustible ships which are for ever pouring out their contents.

Young Nick knows better than to venture near one of the vessels which are loading or unloading. He stands afar off and watches these; well out of the reach of men who, if boys get in their way, are capable of a cuff which not only hurts, but also humiliates, as well as of an oath which may even please if it be of strange and novel construction. Now, mates of merchantmen show great ingenuity in blasphemy.

He walked slowly round the Docks till he came to a ship which he knew—a ship which brought home indigo, and was now waiting to take cargo before going off again, outward bound. He ran across the plank which served as a bridge to the wharf, and jumped upon the deck. Nobody was on board except a quartermaster who knew him, and grinned a salute.

"Hope you're well, Master Nick," said the man, touching his hat.

"Quite well, thank you, quartermaster," replied the boy. Here was dignity! To be saluted on the hurricane-deck: what a pity that there was no one by to witness this gratifying mark of respect! "What sort of a voyage did you have?"

"So-so, sir! Weather terrible bad in the Bay."

"Ah, I think I'll overhaul her!" said Nick, with more grandeur than he had ever assumed before in his life.

He proceeded, alone and unaided, to overhaul the ship. That is to say, he examined the cabins, the saloons, and the sleeping-bunks for'ard; he inspected the cook's galley, the carpenter's cabin, descended into the engine-room, and peered down into the impenetrable darkness of the hold.

"She draws seven-and-twenty feet when she's loaded," said the boy. "Twenty-seven feet deep, all full of indigo for Anthony Hamblin and Company. What a heap of money they must be making!"

He returns to the deck, and nods encouragingly at the quartermaster. "All right below," he says, as officially as if he were an Elder Brother of the Trinity House. "All right below." Then he shuts one eye, and turns the other up aloft, to inspect the rigging and the masts.

"A serviceable craft, quartermaster. A 1, first class, and well found."

"Ay, ay, sir!" replied the man, without a smile.

Young Nick, well pleased with his official inspection of the steamer, returned to the wharfs, where for a quarter of an hour or more he wandered among those sheds which receive dates, tamarinds, and sugar. If a stray date found its way to his mouth, he stood in the critical attitude of a taster while he ate it. When it was gone he shook his head sadly, as if dates were no longer what he remembered dates to have been before he went on. All these acres covered with merchandise; all these ships, perpetually coming home laden and going out laden; everything wanting the hand of the merchant before it can be moved or sold, or even grown.

"Why," cried young Nick to his soul, in an accent of fine rapture—"why, the very first Anthony Hamblin that ever was, he who began the business, hadn't a half, nor a quarter, nor a hundredth part of the chance that the juniorest clerk—'positive, juvenis, young; comparative, junior, younger; superlative wanting'" (quoting a favorite passage from the Latin Grammar); "juniorest is the word—the juniorest clerk in the House has nowadays, if he knows how to take it. Fortunately, most of them are blind and deaf, owing to having had too much Latin subjunctive, which is enough to make any man a fool. 'Balbus feared that it would be all over—' Bah! Wait till my turn comes."

He finishes his tour of inspection through the Docks by visiting the great house of many stories in which he is most interested. He always ends with this house, just as a Chinaman, working his way through a pile of rice, tasteless and uninteresting by itself, ends with the *bonne bouche*, the morsel of "snook," which lies at the top. It is the Indigo House.

The dyes are arranged together, in a sort of order of merit, if you can make it out. Beyond the indigo shed are sheds in which are long, oblong, brick-like parcels, brown in color, oozing clammy juices and irrepressible moistnesses through the pores of their wrappers. Close to the Indigo House itself one becomes aware of strange men. They bring to the mind, at first sight, a reminiscence of St. Alban's Church. That is because they wear cassocks and a biretta-cap. But they are not Ritualistic clergy, not at all; nor are they officially affiliated to guild, brotherhood, or mopus-mock-monkery of any kind whatever. Look again. Your mind, if you be differently constituted from young Nick, finds itself ravished backward up the stream of time. You forget the ecclesiastical man-milliners. You are far away in sunny Castile; you are assisting at a grand Function, blessed by Church and Pope. The purification of doctrine is presented to your

eyes by the outward and visible ceremony of burning heretics. The garments and the cap worn at the *auto-da-fé* seem to have descended to the employees of the indigo-storehouses. They are no longer painted over with devils, it is true. One misses, and regrets the loss of, the devils; but they are of the same cut. I believe that, when the Inquisition came to a sudden and untimely end, some commercial adventurer bought up all its stage properties, and sold them to the Directors of St. Katharine's Docks. If research were properly endowed, as it should be, I would investigate the history of those caps and smocks.

The sight of them always filled the heart of the boy with a sort of painful yearning. He loved them and he could not as yet feel, as he would if he entered the House, as if they partly belonged to himself.

"We import," he said, with a smack of his lips, as if he was detailing a list of things good to eat, "we import indigo" (smack); "then myrobolans" (smack), "and cochineal" (smack). "Great profits in all the departments: but give me indigo."

The Indigo House is a great fire-proof building, with massive stone staircase. The steps, of course, were once white; the walls were once whitewashed; both walls and steps are now a deep, permanent blue; the ceiling is believed to have been originally white—that, too, is now a dark and beautiful blue. At every stage a door opens upon a vast, low hall, every one filled, or gradually filling, with boxes and cases containing indigo, and every one provided with an open window, or door, at which the indefatigable crane delivers its messages in the shape of boxes. The floor of each is blue, the walls are blue, the ceiling is blue; the very desk at which the clerks enter the number of packages is blue, and they spread a fresh sheet of brown paper over it every morning, so that the writer may lay his book upon it without making that blue as well. Where there is a knot in the wood, either in the floor or in the desks, it stands out, shining, as if it were a cobble of blue-stone used for washing.

Young Nick climbs steadily and gravely up the stairs, looking into every room. There are six or seven floors; each is exactly like the one below it, except that each one seems bluer than the one below, probably because the eye itself becomes gradually incapable of seeing any other color. The top floor of all is the salesroom, only used four times a year. Once young Nick had been privileged to behold it on one of the great days. Long tables ran from side to side, provided with little paper trays, each with its wall an inch and a half high, containing samples. The merchants and buyers went up and down curiously studying the contents of the trays, com-

paring them with a sample they had in a box, and every now and then making an entry in a catalogue. That was real responsibility, Nick thought, sighing for the timewhen he too might be trusted to purchase for the firm. Outside the salesroom, on that day only, cooks were frying toothsome chops and succulent steaks for the luncheon of the buyers.

Ah! happy, grand, glorious, and enviable lot, to be a merchant of London City and port—and, happiest lot of all, to be a merchant in the indigo trade.

The Docks had no more to show the boy, who descended the stairs slowly and came out into the sunshine, which for a while was blue, like the walls of the place he had left. He had seen the loading and the unloading; he had overhauled a ship entirely by himself, and on his own responsibility; he had seen the smocks and biretta caps again, and had visited once more those vast halls of the Indigo House which, gloomy and dark as they were, seemed to him more delightful than the Crystal Palace, more sunny than Clapham Common.

As he approached the gates, the three merry policemen who guarded them winked each with his left eye, and ranged themselves before the portals.

"Now, sir," said the first, "we'll see what you're carrying out, if *you* please."

"Ah!" said the second jocular one, "a hundred-weight or so of cigars, I dessay."

"Yes," said the third mad wag, "or a hogs-head o' brandy, I shouldn't wonder. Now, sir."

Young Nick was not frightened, not at all: he was delighted. This was an adventure which he had not suspected. It would be grand to tell the boys next day. He feigned terror.

"O Lord!" he cried, "this is dreadful. You don't think, really, I've got any cigars, do you, gentlemen?"

He was so thin, and his trousers and jacket were so tight, that even a solitary cigarette would have been detected in any of his pockets.

The policemen scowled: the merry policemen frowned.

"We shall see," they said.

"And brandy, too?" asked young Nick. "Oh! what would they do if you found I had brandy?"

"Fifteen years for brandy," said the first jester; "come, young sir, we must search you."

"This way, young gentleman," said the second, leading the way into the lodge.

"What will you take to square it?" asked the boy, with earnest eyes under his white eyelashes.

"Square it?" replied the third policeman; "that's bribery and corruption. Your words must be took down, young gentleman."

"Must they?" said Nick; "then there's nothing for it"—he gathered himself together for a spring—"but to—cut it." Here he darted under the arm of the third policeman, and scudded swiftly down the street, turning to the right for about a hundred yards, when, finding that no one followed, he stopped running, and began to whistle.

CHAPTER XXI.

HOW YOUNG NICK MADE A MOST SURPRISING DISCOVERY.

QUITE sure that no one was following him, the boy recollected that he was hungry. It was half-past two, a good hour beyond his regular dinner-time. He resolved on looking about for a place where he could dine.

He was in a district interesting to many kinds of people—the clergyman, the policeman, the philanthropist, the total-abstinence man, and the doctor. The street was as much given over to mercantile Jack as any Quartier in a mediæval city was given over to a special trade. Every other house was devoted to the interests of eating or drinking, or both, outside the office of the Board of Trade. These houses were all full of the "splendid fellows" whose appearance had afforded young Nick such unfeigned satisfaction. They had finished their dinner, and were now sitting "over their wine"—that is, they were drinking and smoking. Young Nick could not go into one of those houses, that was quite certain. Besides, the sailors were not alone: with them were women who frightened the boy; it was not so much that their complexions were purple, red, or ghastly pale, nor that their eyes rolled horribly like the eyes of a hungry wild beast; but they were swearing loudly, drinking copiously, and their voices were hoarse and rough. To all conditions of men, at any age, such women are a terror. I believe that even mercantile Jack regards their companionship as one of the horrible circumstances attending his joyless lot.

Young Nick held on, and presently found himself in a long and narrow street called Cable Street, where the presence of the sailor was less overwhelming. The street was full of shops and of people going up and down buying or pretending to buy. It is quite a leading street, a sort of Westbourne Grove to the district. The things offered for sale are calculated, as in all markets, according to the demand. The butchers' shops contain chiefly what are known to the trade as "ornamental blocks," with sheeps' heads and those less-esteemed portions of the animal which

are not eagerly bought up by a voluptuous aristocracy. The fishmongers have nothing but herrings, in their various branches, such as bloaters, "soldiers," and kippered herrings, with salt fish and sprats; there are more than the ordinary number of pawnbrokers, and there are shops peculiar to the locality, and suggestive. In one window, for instance, young Nick observed a centipede hanging in a bottle full of spirits, the skin of a snake, a grewsome case full of tarantulas and scorpions, a handful of soiled ostrich-feathers, a child's caul (but this was only advertised), and a collection of bamboo-canes.

At the end of Cable Street the boy turned to the left and found himself in a very respectable and even genteel street. It was broad and clean: it had no shops, or hardly any; the houses were small, but the tenants seemed to take pride in their appearance. Considerable variety was shown in the painting of the doors, which were red, yellow, or green, according to the taste of the tenant; all of the houses had clean white blinds.

In the East End there are hundreds of streets like this: who the people are, where they find employment, one can not even guess. In the window of every tenth house one sees an announcement that dressmaking in all its branches is carried on there: this is an open confession of poverty. Occasionally a card proclaims the fact that a room is to be let, which is another open acknowledgment of insufficiency. Yet most of the houses are rented by responsible people, who are able to pay their rent out of their incomes.

If, again, it is difficult to imagine how so many hundreds of thousands do somehow pick up a little income, the brain reels when one tries to understand what the amusements of these people can be. They have no theatres, except, perhaps, the Whitechapel house for melodrama; they have no picture-galleries, no concert-halls, no parks; they have not only no means of acquiring the civilization of the West End, but they have absolutely no means of instituting comparisons, and so becoming discontented. I believe that these people, provided they earn enough for beef and beer, are absolutely contented. In the summer they run down to Southend by cheap excursions; they throng the pleasure-boats for Gravesend. In the winter they vegetate: go to the daily work, come home in the evening, smoke a pipe, and go to bed. On Sundays they have the Church and Chapel, the latter for choice. Except for the organization of their chapels, they have no society at all, and know no one except their own relations. No country town is so dull, none so devoid of society, distraction, and amusement, as the East End of London.

There ought to be a prefect of the East End:

he should be one of the royal princes ; he should build a palace among the people ; there should be regiments of soldiers, theatres, picture-galleries, and schools, to wake them up and make them dismally discontented about their mean surroundings. The first step in the elevation of a people is to make them discontented.

Another thing—the East End covers a level which stretches for miles ; it includes all those places which, not being so squalid as Whitechapel and the neighborhood of Cable Street, are yet as destitute of the means of artistic grace. From the East End of London there has never come any prophet at all, either in art, in music, in preaching, in acting, in prose, in poetry, or in science. Prophets can not come from a level so dead and a society so dull. Country towns, the fields, the hillside, can show prophets ; the West End has produced prophets by hundreds ; only the East End has no one. Perhaps if one were to arise, he would be so little understood, so rudely reminded that he was out of the grooves of respectability, that he would speedily cease to prophesy, and presently droop and die, before the world was able to become aware of him.

Lastly, if one wanted to hide, to go away for a term of years, or altogether, what better place could be found than a quiet street south of Whitechapel ? It is not an Alsatia—not at all : it is a highly respectable place. There are no habitual criminals, unless you reckon in that class the sailors, who are habitually drunk when they are at home. People would not begin by suspecting a stranger who could show that he had means of earning a livelihood ; he might live among them for years without being known or inquired after ; none of his West End friends would ever come near the place ; no one would seek for him here.

Later on young Nick would always declare that such thoughts as these were running through his brain on that day. But I doubt. Mankind is apt to remember little things which are too picturesque, and group themselves too easily to be altogether probable. Nature is generally flat in her composition, and a clever arrangement is not so common with her as quite inartistic grouping. So that I suspect young Nick of romancing when he narrates the events of this remarkable day.

He was really getting quite wonderfully hungry : he tightened his waistband, having heard that it affords relief to shipwrecked mariners, when they have been without food for a month or two, to do so. He was desperately hungry, and wondering how much farther he would have to go—it was already close on three o'clock—when he passed a coffee-house.

The place looked clean : there was a white

blind in the window ; before it, three eggs in a plate, a lump of butter, a piece of streaky bacon, and two mutton-chops uncooked. There was also suspended before his eyes a tariff of prices. The boy read it carefully. He had his eighteen pence intact. He could have a mutton-chop for fivepence, potatoes for one penny, bread for the same, an egg for twopence, butter for one penny, and so on.

He hesitated no longer, but opened the door and walked in.

The place was empty except for one man, who was sitting in the box opposite to that in which young Nick sat down. The man was reading the paper, and was leaning back in the corner with the sheet before him, so that Nicolas did not see his face. He sat down, looked about him, took off his hat, rapped the table with his stick, and called "Waiter !" as loud as he dared.

The waiter was a girl, neat and quick.

"Bring me, if you please," said Nicolas, "as quickly as you can, a chop—yes"—ticking up the cost mentally—"and potatoes, and bread, and an egg to follow, and butter—that makes ten pence, and a cup of coffee, that will be a shilling." He remembered afterward that it looks shabby to add up the bill for yourself out loud while you are ordering the meal. However, the great thing was not to go beyond that eighteen pence. "And bring me to-day's paper—the half with the money-market intelligence, please ; I am anxious to read the money-market news."

The man with the newspaper started when he heard the boy's voice, and glanced furtively from behind his paper. Then his fingers, when they held the paper, began to tremble. The paper brought, Nicolas took a great deal of time and trouble to fold it, so that it should rest easily against the cruet-stand, and thus allow itself to be read while he was taking his dinner. He was not really so oppressed with a craving for intellectual food as to want to read while he was eating, but he had frequently observed the clerks in Crosby Hall take dinner and the "Daily Telegraph" at the same time, the murders with the meat and the paragraphs with the pudding, and he thought the eagerness to lose no time helped to distinguish the complete clerk. So he spread out the paper with the money-market news outside, and had just got it fairly in position when the chop came. It was a generous five-penny-worth, that chop ; it must have been cut from a larger and nobler specimen of the mutton-providing animal than ordinary—Nicolas felt grateful to the sheep—a chop with a due proportion of fat, not a lump as big as your fist to be cut away, and then nothing but a bit of lean the size of a pigeon's egg. He made to himself these observations as he went on : "The potatoes

might be mealier," he murmured, "but when a man's hungry, what odds does a waxy one make? None at all." He forgot the money-market news in his hunger, and cleared off the whole of that chop down to the bone without reading a word. Then he waited two minutes or so for the egg and coffee, and began to read half aloud, for the benefit of the stranger opposite to him.

"Hum! Russians down. Don't wonder. Why do they keep up at all? Great Westerns up again, and Brighton A's firm—ha!"

He enjoyed this little comedy because he had perceived, with those sharp eyes of his, that the stranger was interested in him, and, when he was not looking that way, was taking hurried glances at him from the corner of his paper. Now, the interest which young Nick everywhere excited as an albino made him callous as regards these little attentions, but he was in hopes that by the wisdom of his remarks he might cause the stranger to admire his business qualities as much as he did those physical attributes, of which he felt that it would be wrong to be too proud.

Then the egg and the coffee were brought and dispatched. When the repast was quite finished, young Nick laid down the paper and called the waiter.

"My bill," he asked grandly.

It amounted, as he had estimated, to one shilling. He still had sixpence left. Should he walk home, and so leave himself free to spend that sum in cakes, or should he—which would be a more sensible course—make his way back to London Bridge, and then take the omnibus to Clapham?

While he turned this difficulty over in his mind, a rustling of the paper showed him that the other occupant of the coffee-house was watching him again.

This became more interesting. Nicolas had no objection to be watched if the scrutiny meant admiration. It is not every boy of fourteen who has white hair, white eyebrows, and a delicately pink complexion. These things are not so common, if you please: a boy who owns them must as much expect to be looked at wherever he shows himself, as a reigning beauty when she goes to a garden-party. He was pleased to be able to gratify this laudable curiosity. If he

had been asked to do so, he would even have stood upon a chair, so that everybody might see him.

But this furtive curiosity, this sneaking behind a copy of the "Daily Telegraph," this prying over a corner when he himself was looking another way, was disquieting. Why couldn't the stranger lay down the paper and look at him as one man at another? And this modest Paul Pry, whether he had taken his dinner or not, called for nothing, and yet seemed in no hurry to go away. Nicolas, for his part, felt that it was high time for him to go, and yet was loath to go without, to some extent, solving the mystery of the stranger.

They were quite alone now, because the girl, seeing they had taken and paid for all they were likely to want, had left the room and gone away.

The man wore a tall and rather seedy hat, which was visible above the paper; his fingers—those of them, at least, which were visible—were white, not at all the fingers of a workingman; and his boots were worn down at heel. Presumably he was some quite poor clerk. But why did he go on in that ridiculous fashion, holding the paper before him?

Presently the boy was seized with an inspiration. He gently took his penknife from his pocket and opened it noiselessly. The paper was held, stretched out tight, well up before the mysterious reader's face. Young Nick put on his hat, took his stick in the left hand and his penknife in the right. He then carefully measured with his eye the space between himself and the door, and concluded that, being already in the passage between the tiers of boxes, he had a sufficient start. This decided, he advanced cautiously to the stranger, and, without saying one word, ripped the paper with his penknife from top to bottom.

"That's the way with these penny papers," he said coolly. "They go at the least thing. All made up of old paper and Esparto-grass! Give me the 'Tim—'"

Here the stranger raised his head, and the boy reeled backward, faint and sick.

"Oh, oh, oh! It's a ghost without a beard! Oh, oh, oh! It's—it's—it's—UNCLE ANTHONY!"

(To be continued.)

TWO MEN OF LETTERS.

WITHIN the last few weeks two pieces of literary biography* have appeared, which present a somewhat remarkable contrast, and which at the same time supplement one another. The one is the "Life of Charles Lever," the other M. Emile Bergerat's volume of reminiscences of Théophile Gautier. Between the literary merits of Lever and of Gautier there can, of course, be little comparison; but between their positions as representatives of French and English (if Irish-English) men of letters of the nineteenth century there is a not inconsiderable similarity. They were almost exactly contemporary, being born within a very few years, and dying within a very few months of one another. Both depended entirely upon their pens for subsistence, and both, though in very different ways, were what is vaguely called men of pleasure. The rewards which they received were, indeed, different enough in amount. One can not help thinking how Gautier would have envied a man of letters who could make and spend, as Dr. Fitzpatrick tells us Lever for some years made and spent, three thousand pounds a year. Seventy-five thousand francs represent the income of a man whom the French, in their modest arithmetic, would call "deux fois millionnaire," and we may be quite sure that Gautier never "touched" half the amount in any one of his forty years of hard literary journey-work—of such journey-work as perhaps no other man of letters ever did. Less fortunate in his actual wages, Gautier was also far less fortunate than Lever in his extra-literary gains. M. Bergerat has pointed out that, though Gautier was reproached with his Bonapartism, singularly few drops of the golden shower rewarded his adherence to the Empire. He did his work, which was perfectly honest work, and received his pay, which was perfectly clean money. But no senatorship, no lucrative sinecure, fell to his lot; while Lever, in the later years of his life, was at any rate provided for without the necessity of working. "Je redeviens un manœuvre," said the author of "Emaux et Camées" to M. Edmond de Goncourt, after the disasters of 1870. For my part, considering what this *manœuvre* has left us, I do not know whether, for the benefit of literature and the credit of the literary calling, one can wish that it had been otherwise. Mérimée's luck

might have brought with it Mérimée's fate, and have substituted a zero of idleness and sterility for the splendid work which Gautier so manfully did.

It is not at first easy to account for the uncomfortable impression which Dr. Fitzpatrick's interesting book somehow leaves upon the reader. No biography of the author of "Charles O'Malley" could be dull, and the reader who is in quest of amusement merely will find plenty in these volumes. But that Lever, with all his rollicking, was a decidedly unhappy person, whether it be a true impression or no, is certainly the impression here given. He appears to have been one of those extremely unfortunate men who take no genuine delight in the calling which nevertheless they pursue. He was, indeed, intensely sensitive as to public opinion on his novels. But he seems to have felt this sensitiveness, not because unfavorable criticism made him doubt the goodness of his work, but because it hurt his vanity. His reckless expenditure, in the same way, seems to have arisen as much from an uneasy desire to live *en prince* as from simple enjoyment of the good things which his money could bring him. With regard to the famous accusation of "lordolatry" which Thackeray is said to have brought against him, I think that the passage in the "Book of Snobs" has been somewhat misinterpreted. But nobody can read either his novels or his life without seeing that from the last infirmity of British minds he was not free. He gained plenty of money, but he got rid of it in all sorts of ways, to which it is difficult to apply any milder description than that which was applied to the extravagance of his greater countryman Goldsmith. If he did not exactly fling it away and hide it in holes and corners, like Lamb's eccentric friend, he did what amounted to nearly the same thing. He was an inveterate gambler. He kept absurd numbers of horses, and gave unreasonable prices for them. To his lavish hospitality one feels less inclined to object were it not that "wax-candles and some of the best wine in Europe" are not wholly indispensable to literary fellowship. Like many other men of letters in our country, he could not be satisfied without meddling with politics, and endeavoring, though with no great success, to mingle in political society. His wild oats were not of a very atrocious wildness, but he never ceased sowing them. The consequence was, that his literary work was not only an indispensable *gagne-pain* to him, but was also never anything else than a *gagne-pain*. It was always written

* Théophile Gautier: *Entretiens*, etc. Par Emile Bergerat, avec une Préface de Edmond de Goncourt. Paris: Charpentier.

Life of Charles Lever. By W. J. Fitzpatrick, LL. D. London: Chapman & Hall.

in hot haste, and with hardly any attention to style, to arrangement, or even to such ordinary matters as the avoidance of repetitions, anachronisms, and such-like slovenlinesses. It has often been noticed that in "Charles O'Malley" itself it will not do to pay the least heed to the sequence or arrangement of the story. The chronology is utterly impossible, the same things recur again and again as incidents, and the whole book as a connected and coherent story is utterly formless and void. The more one hears of the life of the author and his manner of composition, the less surprising is this. The earlier books, at any rate, appear to have been mere transcripts of actual experience, and reminiscences of things heard and seen in Ireland huddled together anyhow. The works of the second period rested in the same way upon actual observation of Anglo-Continental life, and those of the last, if they had a more original character, were scarcely improved by the change. Lever, in short, was not in the proper sense a man of letters at all. The pen was with him a mere instrument for putting into marketable form the stories which he told so well by word of mouth, and the queer facts, sights, and incidents which he heard, saw, or read of. Of literary form he had little or nothing. Long practice gave him, as it gives most men of talent, a passable style; but this style had little distinction and no special merit. He had neither the industry which tries a hundred phrases till it hits on the right one, nor the genius which hits on the right phrase at once. If his books are acceptable, it is always for the matter of them only.

So "allegorical an autobiographist"—to use a queer phrase of his own—was Lever, that much of his biographer's work is occupied in tracing the original facts and experiences which he incorporated in his stories. The ballad-singing in the streets of Dublin, the upheaval of the pavement in order to liberate an escaped prisoner, the various escapades and pranks of the egregious Frank Webber, in "O'Malley," are known already to everybody. If some of Dr. Fitzpatrick's informants are to be believed, some still more singular experiences have been utilized in "Con Cregan" and "Arthur O'Leary." Early in life Lever went to America, and, it seems, did not like the inhabitants of the States. Thereupon he flung himself into the ranks of the red men, and the following singular episode occurred :

For a time, Lever said, this was pleasurable ; but only for a time. He grew weary of barbarism, and sighed for civilization. He endeavored to hide his emotions, and he succeeded with the men ; but one of the squaws, looking at him fixedly, read his thoughts. "Your heart, stranger," said she, "is not

with us now. You wish for your own people. But you will never see them again. Our chief will kill you if you leave us. It is the law of our tribe that none joining us can go away. No, no ! You will never see the pale-faces again, nor go back to your country. How could *you* find the forest-tracks for yourself if you fled ? You would be instantly followed and found ; and, when found, you would be slain. Oh, stay !" He feigned to be convinced by her arguments ; but all his thoughts were fixed on the one object—flight. How could he effect it ?

Every day and every hour he studied to find opportunity ; but it was all in vain. He found the customs of the tribe to be as the woman described. There was to be no separation from them, or death the penalty. The same squaw noticed the change in his spirits, and ere long in his health ; and her woman's heart was touched with compassion. She even devised the means of his getting away.

A red Indian, named Tahata, came to the tribe once a year, bringing tobacco and brandy from some British settlement, and exchanging them for the peltry the hunters had collected from his previous visit. The squaw told Lever that she would sound this man ("The Post" he was called), and see whether for a sum of money he would appoint some place of rendezvous for him in the forest, and be his guide through its mazes until some outpost or town would be reached. Lever had no money, but "The Post" was to be remunerated by his countrymen on his reaching them. The offer was accepted. Lever, at the squaw's suggestion, feigned sickness, and was left behind in the wigwams with the women while the tribe were out hunting. In the men's absence he made his escape. Tahata was faithful.

At the termination of this remarkable adventure he "walked through the streets of Quebec in moccasins and feathers." It would be satisfactory if the feathers and moccasins, at least, could be produced in proof of the veracity of the story.

In the interval between Lever's return from America and his student-days in Germany not much seems to have occurred ; indeed, the extraordinary vagueness of this part of the biography may best be indicated by mentioning that Dr. Fitzpatrick is not quite sure whether the German studies did not occur before the American trip and the Indian episode. The following notice of Dr. Barrett, famous in "O'Malley" for his "May the devil admire me !" occurs, however, in this part of the book, and is worth quoting : "A gentleman at Clontarf who wished to become tenant of some college-lands, invited him, when bursar, with other Fellows to dinner. He had not been so far from college since his childhood. It was then that, passing by Lord Charlemont's beautiful demesne, and seeing the sheep grazing, he asked what extraordinary animals they were, and when told expressed the

greatest delight at seeing for the first time live mutton. As he passed along the shore the sea attracted his particular admiration. He described it as 'a broad, flat superficies, like Euclid's definition of a line expanding itself into a surface, and blue, like Xenophon's plain covered with wormwood.'

The following is said to have been a hospital experience :

One night a fever-patient died ; the student took up his candle and proceeded to the dissecting-room. To an uninitiated stranger it would have appeared a horrible and ghastly sight ; yet so much are we the slaves of habit that the young student sat down to his revolting task as indifferently as opening a chess-board. The room was lofty and badly lighted, his flickering taper scarcely revealing the ancient writings that he was about to peruse. On the table before him lay the subject wrapped in a long sheet, his case of instruments resting on it. He read on for some time unheeding the storm which raged without, and threatened to blow in the casements, against which the rain beat in large drops. "And this," said he, looking on the body and pursuing the train of his thoughts, "this mass of lifelessness, coldness, and inaction, is all we know of that alteration of our being, that mysterious modification of our existence by which our vital intelligence is launched into the world beyond—a breath and we are here—a breath and we are gone." He raised his knife and opened a vein in the foot. A faint shriek, and a start which overset the table and extinguished the light were the effects of his timidity.

Turning to relight his taper, he heard through the darkness a long-drawn sigh, and in weak accents, "Oh, doctor, I am better now!" He covered up the man thus wonderfully reawakened from almost a fatal trance, carried him back, and laid him in his bed. In a week after the patient was discharged from the hospital cured.

Here, also, one would like a little corroboration. But while these stories, regarded as matters of fact, naturally excite some skepticism, there can be no doubt about one thing. Lever's varied life, his propensity to take hold of every laughable or surprising incident that presented itself, and his faculty of furnishing these incidents (when their own garb was not quite sufficient) with cocked-hats and swords, were of immense use to him in his after-life as a novelist. There are two opinions about the value of actual facts to novel-writers. On the one hand, there is no doubt that, if only for a time, they add a considerable attraction and "bite" to a story ; on the other hand, it is doubtful whether, in the best novels, any but very occasional use has been made of them. Lever's practice, however, was at one time to rely almost wholly upon the scraps of his experience. More than once he got into

considerable trouble by his inveterate habit of introducing real names and real persons into his story. Major Monsoon, indeed, who is perhaps his best single figure, literally sat for the portrait at Brussels, and regarded the proceeding in the light of a regular commercial transaction ; but a Galway priest was less accommodating, and never forgave his insertion in one of the novels. "Harry Lorrequer" is said to have been very largely made up of the local stories current at Kilrush, whither Lever was sent in the cholera-time of 1832. His subsequent employment in Ulster, near the Giant's Causeway, was not less fruitful of stories, and gave him in addition a considerable amount of scenery and character, which he drew upon especially in "The Knight of Gwynne." It is said, too, that in Coleraine Lever himself performed the feat of jumping over a cart and horse, which he afterward introduced in the most popular of his books. In the same way, his visits to Prebendary Maxwell (an exceedingly unclerical representative of the Church of Ireland) supplied him with most of his knowledge of Galway and Mayo. So it continued to be throughout his life. At Brussels, during his reign as editor of the "University Magazine" at Dublin, in his subsequent wanderings about the Continent, and in his residence at Florence and Spezzia, his observation of men and things was the constant source whence he drew his inspiration. Of Trieste the great complaint seems to have been that there was no society, or next to none. In fact, Lever appears to have had a horror of being alone ; though, perhaps, it may be admitted that few people have made such tendency to gregariousness as they might possess conducive to the amusement of so large a number of their fellows.

When he began to write for the press, it was naturally enough in short stories and sketches that he preferred to record the results of his experience. He is said to have actually refused to write a long novel, and for a considerable period nothing like regular planning of his work seems to have entered his head. His biographer says that the prominence of Mickey Free in "O'Malley" was quite contrary to such original design as Lever had formed. The novelist found Mickey a very convenient mouthpiece "for enunciating the good things he had picked up." This fully accounts for Mickey's inferiority to Sam Weller, to whom he has been so often compared. Amusing as he is, any critical reader must feel that he is only a mouthpiece. This could never be said of Sam, even by those who deny to the latter any possible existence out of Topsy-Turvy Land. Perhaps the strongest evidence of Lever's real talent is to be found in the way in which he has succeeded in melting down these innumerable tags and scraps into books which, whatever may

be their literary defects, can at any rate be read, and are not mere collections of jests. But the literary merit of the early novels is in reality almost as scanty as Edgar Poe, in a well-known review, asserted it to be. Toward the end of his life, long practice and some alteration in his manner of composing, improved Lever in this respect. But his early books are in many parts not merely not good as pieces of literary work, but positively and disgracefully bad. He used to say, we are told, that by the time he had got the details of his stories written down, he was so disgusted with them that he could hardly bring himself even to correct the proofs. It is, therefore, not very surprising that as his natural gift for writing was certainly not great, his work should have had a slovenly aspect. Such an aspect it most assuredly has, when compared not merely with great masters of style in French and English, but with practitioners in his own kind, such as Crofton Croker and Carleton. The very abundance, perhaps, of his material made him less careful in using it, and in showing it off to the best advantage. But it would rather seem that he did not possess the requisite faculty for turning nature into art. There were many of his contemporaries—Thackeray is a notable instance—who were by no means averse to the use of actual facts and actual persons as materials and models. But Thackeray invariably worked up his raw material into the peculiar form, at once individual and typical, which literature requires. This is what Lever rarely or never does. His pictures are not portraits, they are merely photographs embellished with the stock appliances and garb of caricature. It is needless to say that anything that is unfavorable in this criticism applies merely to the artist and not to the man. Personally, Lever was doubtless a charming companion, and for mere companionship his books are charming enough still. Only they must not be regarded as books, but simply as reports of the conversation of a lively *raconteur*.

A very different picture is given us by the charming volume in which M. Bergerat has placed on record his remembrances of the last days of Théophile Gautier. The acquaintanceship of the author with his subject was late; it did not, indeed, begin until after the disasters of 1870 had given Gautier his death-blow. But what it wanted in time it gained in intimacy. M. Bergerat was Gautier's son-in-law, and for the last two years of the poet's life the intercourse of father and son, of master and pupil, was constant. The old age of Gautier seems to have been as kindly as it could be, and not in the least frosty. The very prevalent notion that epicurean principles and tendencies insure for their possessor an old age of misery and disgust, finds its appropriate

refutation in this record of the last days of the greatest of nineteenth-century humanists. Certainly Gautier was not without his trials. The preface of M. Edmond de Goncourt, an older friend, shows those trials pretty fully. The siege, the Commune, and the Republic were all heavy blows to Gautier. The siege disturbed the placid life which he had led at Neuilly with his sisters, his daughters, and his cats, afflicted his ardent imagination with its somber ugliness, and wounded the perfectly sincere patriotism, which was none the less fervent in him because it was less vocal than in some of his contemporaries. The outrages and horrors of the Commune jarred upon his kindly nature. Last of all, he had to adjust himself to a new order of things in which, rightly or wrongly, he felt himself a stranger and a foreigner. His meeting after long years of separation with M. Victor Hugo, is strikingly told in these pages. He had parted with his master when that master was still captain of the crew which De Banville has described in one of his matchless parodies:

" Dans les salons de Philoxène
Nous étions quatre-vingt rimeurs."

He met him again, as he told M. Bergerat, surrounded by "toute la rédaction du *Rappel*." To these moral shocks may be added the pressure of failing health, and the necessity for continuing to work for his daily bread at an age when most men have retired to a state of more or less easy rest. Yet the unfailing sweetness of his temper, and the fullness of his trust in his art, carried him through these trials. If he was melancholy at times, as M. de Goncourt relates, it was with a melancholy which had not much bitterness in it. His brilliant days were indeed over—the days when, in half-sincere, half-humorous gasconade, he would cry out, "Moi, je suis fort; j'amène 520 sur une tête de Turc, et je fais des métaphores qui se suivent." The preface contains not a few of these extravagances. There is an appalling description of Louis XIV. which is too Swiftian for quotation. There is a speech to M. Taine, in which that critic's ideas of poetry are treated in a manner which does one's heart good:

"Tenez ! Taine, vous me semblez donner dans l'idiotisme bourgeois. Demander à la poésie du sentimentalisme ! . . . Ce n'est pas ça. Des mots rayonnants . . . des mots de lumière, avec un rythme et une musique, voilà ce que c'est que la poésie. Ça ne prouve rien . . . Ça ne raconte rien."

I can not, as I read this, help wishing that somebody had suggested to Gautier that poetry was "a criticism of life," as we in England—some of us greatly wondering—have been taught in these latter days by a fine master of criticism.

One very curious statement of M. de Goncourt's is that, to the end of his life, Gautier retained the fine horror of the *bourgeois* which had characterized his earliest days. The ironical felicitations which he addressed to some unfortunate person recall the preface of Mademoiselle de Maupin: "Toi, tu es heureux, tu aimes le progrès, les ingénieurs qui abiment le paysage avec leurs chemins de fer, les utilitaires, tout ce qui met dans un pays une saine édilité." After which he would indulge in the most terrible pictures of *bourgeois* morals, an effect which must have been full of comedy. For, in truth, Gautier's bourgeois was a highly figurative person; and, in one sense of the term, nothing could have been more *bourgeois* than his own placid existence at Neuilly in the midst of his family.

Besides M. de Goncourt's preface, the book has no less than seven different divisions into which M. Bergerat has thrown what he has to say. The section on "Théophile Gautier, peintre," though an interesting one in itself, need not concern us here. It is amusing enough to know that the great writer regarded himself to the last (and was dutifully regarded by his faithful sisters) as one who ought to have been a great painter. "Derniers Moments" contains a sad though in no way repulsive account of the painful malady, or complication of maladies, which proved fatal to Gautier, and need not be much dwelt on. Then there is a section headed "Œuvres posthumes et projets," which contains, among other things, a full account of a ballet in the style of "Giselle," and others which figure among the poet's published work. This ballet is on the subject of the pied piper of Hamelin, and is very gracefully treated. It is said to have been rejected by M. Halanzier (or, rather, to have been denied representation) for a delightfully absurd reason. M. Halanzier, it seems, called to his assistance that responsible and dignified official, the ballet-master of the opera. The ballet-master was dead against the piper and his rats. The rat, he said, was an "animal immonde," and the subscribers would be wholly unable to bear the sight of him. "Encore, monsieur," said he, "si c'était une abeille!" But, unluckily, it was not possible to turn the rats into bees, and so the "Preneur de Rats" remains still in M. Halanzier's portfolios. A section entitled "Souvenirs" is chiefly occupied with defending Gautier from the charge of being a Bonapartist. "He was at most," says M. Bergerat, "a Mathildien," but he admits frankly that the poet had as great a horror of the red specter as any of his enemies the bourgeois, and that his political ideas were limited to a very hearty respect for authority—a respect which did not trouble itself greatly about the authority's source, its manner of exercise, or

anything else connected with it. He tells us, too, what any reader of Gautier will find little difficulty in believing, that political discussion was peculiarly disagreeable to the poet, and that he would leave any table or society where it was started.

More important than these are the sections of the book devoted to a short sketch of Gautier's life, to a selection (all, unfortunately, that can be published) from his charming letters, and to the *Entretiens*, which, indeed, form the bulk of the volume. The biography contains some interesting statements. Even the sternest contemner of trifling literary anecdotes must be pleased to hear that Gautier's father and mother spent their honeymoon in no less a place than the Château d'Artagnan. His earliest years were spent at Tarbes, as is sufficiently well known. But what is not sufficiently well known is the following delightful "story of a desk," which M. Bergerat has preserved:

While I was at Tarbes (said he) I heard from my fellow townsmen that my school-desk was religiously preserved at the town school, and that it was the admiration of tourists. Very much flattered at finding that such honor was paid to me in my lifetime, I resolved to make acquaintance with the curious desk which was attributed to me, and, at the same time, with the school which boasted of having owned me as a pupil. I therefore presented myself *incognito* to the Principal, and, announcing myself as an enthusiastic admirer of my own writings, I begged him to take me to see the beloved desk which had been the witness of my childish precocity.

The Principal insisted upon the honor of being himself my guide. The desk which he showed me, and even allowed me to touch, was certainly a desk of some sort, but, at the sight of it, an irresistible emotion took possession of me. It was assuredly the first time that I and it had ever been face to face with each other, but still, if it was not my desk, it might easily have been. It might have awakened in me a crowd of memories! I sat down on the bench which belonged to it, and which, if fate had so willed it, would have been *my* bench, and, having placed myself in the attitude of a studious scholar, I tried to imagine myself as once again in my own proper position. The Principal, seeing me thus absorbed, could not restrain a smile softened by emotion; he showed me on the desk sundry scratches and cuts made by Théophile Gautier in class, procuring for him, no doubt, many an imposition. I asked if I might carry off a little fragment of the wood as a relic. He gave me permission. Then he led me away, telling me, meantime, a score of authentic anecdotes which appeared even to me conclusive, and from which it resulted that I must have been a marvelous scholar and the glory of his school. A Philistine would have taken a foolish pleasure in robbing the good man of his illusions. I had the less desire to do so, because I shared them with him.

I quitted him without revealing who I really was, and I told no one of my visit. In fact, the Principal was right (added my master) as a question of morality; falsehood is much more amusing than truth, and has sometimes a greater probability. I had had a vision like Musset's, and had made acquaintance with the young man dressed in black, who was as like me as a brother.

Gautier's school friendship with Gérard de Nerval, his initiation in the "Petit cénacle," his presence in the red waistcoat at the first representation of "Hernani," and all the rest of it, are well known from his own account. But as he has sometimes been accused of remaining silent when he should have praised the god of his former and constant idolatry under the empire, it is fair to give the following story, to which it need only be added that M. Victor Hugo's own words sufficiently refute the slander. "Votre main n'a pas quitté ma main," he writes to Gautier:

On the 21st of June, 1867, the Comédie Française reproduced "Hernani." Théophile Gautier was the principal attraction in this reproduction. He was seen in his box smiling, grown young again, without his red waistcoat, but still with his long lion's mane of hair, giving the signal, and, as it were, the tradition of the applause. But it was asked how the critic of the "Moniteur," in his position of official writer, would manage to speak of the author of the "Châtiments" in the Journal of the Imperial Government. The next day Théophile Gautier himself brought his article to the "Moniteur." They begged him to moderate the eulogy, and to soften its enthusiastic tone. Without making the slightest objection, he took up a sheet of blank paper, and wrote on it his resignation. Then, having made them take him to the Minister of the Interior, he laid before M. de Lavalette his article and resignation. "Choose," said he. The Minister ordered the article to be inserted without altering a word of it.

The next thing that I shall extract ought to amuse the most ferocious decriers of his tabooed book:

It would be a mistake to believe that the romantic outpourings of Théophile and the boldness of his pen displeased his family. Pierre Gautier was, as I have already said, a great admirer of the literary and artistic ideas of his son. As for the mother, it is needless to say that she lived in a continual state of dumb ecstasy, in the contemplation of this handsome young man with waving hair, who was gaining in the world every imaginable success. Never was child more spoiled, more petted, more admired by his family. Paternal authority never interfered except to remind the idle writer of the page begun and the end to be attained. Théophile Gautier wrote "Mademoiselle de Maupin" in the room which he occupied in his parents' house in the Place Royale. This work, full of spirit and animation, and which appears

to have been written as it were at one breath, so that many people regard it as his masterpiece, wearied him extremely in the composing. The poet, who lived as a lion and a man of fashion, much preferred writing love-sonnets, and displaying his gorgeous waistcoats and marvelous pantaloons on the boulevards, to shutting himself up before a lamp and blackening fair sheets of paper. Besides, in his character of romanticist he detested prose, and regarded it as in the last degree Philistine. When he came in, therefore, his father used to turn the key on him while he set him his task. "You will not come out," cried he through the closed door, "until you have written ten pages of 'Maupin.'" Sometimes Théophile resigned himself, sometimes he got through the window. At other times it was his mother who let him out by stealth, always anxious and fearing lest her son should be fatigued by so much work.

Here again is a curiously characteristic reminiscence of the connection which existed between Gautier and Balzac:

When Curmer was thinking of his publication, "Les Français peints par eux-mêmes," he applied to Balzac for a contribution. The great novelist agreed to give his assistance on one condition—namely, that the work should contain a study on himself, and that this study should be written by Théophile. Was not this condition included in the spirit of the title, "Les Français peints par eux-mêmes"? Curmer agreed. Balzac instantly hurried to the Rue de Navarin, where Gautier lived, and informed him of the order. It came like a lark from the sky ready roasted. "I will pay you five hundred francs," said Balzac, "for this study on myself." Théophile had soon furnished it and carried it to the publisher, but with his usual timidity did not dare to ask for the money due to him. A week, then a fortnight passed, still no news of Balzac. At last one morning he appeared. "I do not know how to thank you," he said to his friend; "your study is a masterpiece. As I think you may be in want of money, I have brought you the sum agreed upon," and he laid down two hundred and fifty francs.

"But," Gautier ventured to say, "I thought you told me five hundred. I must have misunderstood you."

"Not the least in the world; I did tell you five hundred. But consider a moment. If I had not existed, you could never have said all the good of me which you have said; that is clear. Then, had there been no article of yours, there would have been no money. I take half of the sum as the subject treated, and I give you the rest as the author treating. Is not that just?"

"As Solomon himself," replied Gautier, who many years after, in telling me the story, declared that Balzac was perfectly right.

Besides innumerable personal anecdotes of this kind, the book contains many illustrations,

even more interesting, of literary idiosyncrasy. One of M. Bergerat's notes is that Gautier, who scarcely ever altered a phrase in his manuscript, never would insert any punctuation in it. He held stops and accents as a detail of the printer's business. Unfortunately, printers—may I add editors?—can not be induced to take this admirably reasonable point of view. Another interesting detail is Gautier's idea of a style-school, which seems to have been quite serious, and not to have resembled Baudelaire's possibly borrowed theory of "poetry in twenty lessons." Gautier had a perfectly just idea of the services he had rendered to French, and the following passages, allowance being made for his lively and picturesque language, do not exaggerate these services one whit:

My own part in this literary revolution was very plainly marked out. I was to be the painter of the company. I threw myself vigorously into the quest for adjectives; I dug up charming and even admirable ones, which it would be impossible to do without any longer. I foraged in the sixteenth century, to the great scandal of the subscribers of the Théâtre Français, the academicians, and the close-shaven bourgeois, as Petrus calls them. I came back with my basket laden. I laid on the palette all the tints of dawn and the shades of sunset; I gave back to you red, dishonored by politicians; I composed poems in white major, and when I saw that the result was good, that the best writers followed my lead, and that the professors basked in their chairs, I delivered my famous axiom, "He whom any thought, however complex, any vision, even were it the most apocalyptic, surprises, without words to express it, is not a writer." And the goats have been separated from the sheep, the supporters of Scribe from the disciples of Hugo, in whom dwells all genius. Such is my part in the quest.

"I know not," said my master one day to me, "what posterity will think of me, but I fancy that I shall at least have been useful to the language of my own country. It would be positive ingratitude to refuse to me, after death, the modest merit of a philologist. Ah, my dear child," he added, smiling, "if we only had as many piasters or rubles as the words I have rescued from Malherbe! You young people will thank me some day when you see what an instrument I have left in your hands, and you will defend my memory against those literary diplomatists who, having no ideas to express, and no wit to make the most of, wish to reduce us to the hundred words of the language of Racine. Attend to this, that you may remember it at a future day; the day that I am acknowledged as a classic, thought will be very near attaining its full freedom in France!"

In another place I find a curious account of Gautier's belief in his powers of writing the *roman-feuilleton*, the one lucrative branch of the

literary profession in France. In a single instance, as students of his works know, he put his theory into practice, and the result was "La Belle Jenny"—a remarkable book, for which I am glad to see that M. Bergerat, with all his hero-worship, has little more affection than I have myself. The criticism of M. Emile de Girardin, for whom it was written, is charming. He had allowed Gautier to write it as a *tour de force*, and the author, if not the editor, was fully satisfied with the result. In the pride of his heart Gautier wanted to go on *ad infinitum*, after the fashion of the kind of author whose work he was imitating. "Est-ce que l'abonné ne trouve pas qu'il en ait pour son argent?" he asked of the editor of the "Presse." "Mon ami," replied that experienced person, "c'est ça, et ce n'est pas ça. L'abonné ne s'amuse pas franchement: il est gêné par le style."

M. Bergerat has inserted in his volume not a few poetical waifs and strays, which have not as yet found their way into collections of Gautier's works. The best of these is not suitable for quotation here, though some day or other it will doubtless take its place among the other jewels of the "Emaux et Camées." There is, however, one piece which must be quoted:

" Sur un coin d'infini traînant son voile d'ombre
La terre obscure allume à l'éternel cadran,
Sirius, Orion, Persée, Aldébaran,
Et fait le ciel splendide en le rendant plus sombre.

" On voit briller parmi les étoiles sans nombre
L'énorme Jupiter dont un mois vaut notre an,
Et Vénus toute d'or, et Mars peint de safran,
Et Saturne alourdi par l'anneau qui l'encombre.

" A ces astres divers se rattache un destin :
Jupiter est heureux, Mars hargneux et mutin,
Vénus voluptueuse et Saturne morose.

" Moi, mon étoile est bleue et luit même en plein
jour
Près d'une oreille sourde à mes soupirs d'amour
Sur le ciel d'une joue adorablement rose!" *

* Mr. Edgar Fawcett has furnished us with a translation of this sonnet.—EDITOR APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

Above the vague earth, set in darkening skies,
Eternal constellations gaze toward man,
Sirius, Orion, Perseus, Aldebaran,
And heaven more splendid beams while shadows rise.

Amid the unnumbered star-throngs one espies
Great Jupiter, with his month our year in span,
The all-golden Venus, Mars, deep-red to scan,
Or Saturn, ringed with weighty and cumbrous guise.

These differing stars by fate are each controlled :
Happy is Jupiter, Mars fierce and bold,
Venus voluptuous, Saturn grim and bleak.

For me, my star is blue, and shines by day
Beside an ear deaf to the love I pay,
And on the adored heaven of a rosy cheek !

I can not help remembering, as I read over this splendid sonnet, with its majestic alexandrines, so full of color, of varied harmony, of stately grace, of fervent passion, that we have just been told that French has no adequate form for high poetry. A dissertation on this thesis is, perhaps fortunately, not called for here. Nor would it be in place even to examine the characteristics of Gautier himself as a poet. I could wish for nothing better than an opportunity of so doing. But I shall be perfectly content to rest upon the fourteen lines of this sonnet—a mere waif, be it repeated, casually written and casually preserved—the capacities of the alexandrine for high poetry. In a formal defense of that magnificent metre (none the less magnificent because it has accidentally failed to be much cultivated in English), scores and thousands of examples might be produced far more convincing. In a formal discussion of Gautier's own poetry, the "Comédie de la Mort" and "Le Thermodon," the lines on Corneille, and many of the "Emaux et Camées," the "Elegy on Clémence," and many another early lyric must rank above and before it. But as it is to my hand here, I am content with it as a vindication of Gautier and of the alexandrine.

If the comparison of the lives of two men of such different talents as Lever and Gautier has any lessons for us, it seems to be this, that devotion to art has its rewards. There is the secret of a whole life's consolations in Gautier's boast—a boast perfectly justified—"I defy you to write the *feuilleton* I shall write to-morrow in the language of Racine and Boileau." He knew that he had added to the accomplishments of his own language, and, what is more, that he had added to its capabilities. Perhaps it would be impossible to name any one in this century who has done this to such an extent as Gautier. From very early days his works have always been the special delight of men of letters in his own country. He has, in a different sense, occupied the position of "poet's poet" which has been assigned in our own language to Spenser, and thus his influence has been multiplied and strengthened almost indefinitely. To those who read the preface of "Mademoiselle de Maupin" now, forgetting its date, admiration of it may not be mixed with a feeling of surprise at the extraordinary novelty and originality of the style. But to capable readers in 1836, it must have been simply a revelation. It was as entirely new as the manner with which a few years before Macaulay had surprised Jeffrey, and it had few or none of the drawbacks from which Macaulay's brilliant *argot* suffered. But if we skip thirty years, and turn to the "Capitaine Fracasse," we shall find a style of equal or greater brilliancy, which yet is not in the least mannered or copied from the writer's

earlier work. Throughout his life Gautier was literally what he has been called, a "parfait magicien ès lettres françaises." Yet the magic was, after all, like most of such magic, the result of continual work. Unlike many other men of letters, Gautier was constantly reading. M. Bergerat tells us that when he was not talking, eating, or writing, he was always reading, and that nothing came amiss to him down to mere scraps and waifs of printed waste-paper. The progress of his fatal illness was marked by nothing so much as by the cessation of this inveterate habit. These miscellaneous readings were undoubtedly part of the great "adjective-hunt," as he was wont to phrase it. His *copia verborum* was thus constantly fed and increased, while at the same time his unceasing practice in writing made the store one of constantly circulating capital, and not a mere useless accumulation. There never seems to have been a time when even the most minute question of literary practice, a rhyme-hunt or the like, had not a vivid interest for him. Thus his occupation, however he might occasionally groan at and complain of it, was in practice an unfailing source of pleasure, of relief from *ennui*, of alternatives from self-regarding cares. It was a strong tower which successfully kept out the enemy, until sheer physical collapse ceased to make it any longer defensible. On the other hand, it would be difficult to find in Lever any trace of love for or interest in his art as an art. It seems to have been always a means to an end, or rather to half a hundred different ends, pursued with less or more zest for the time, but rarely falling in with any possible or coherent plan of life. Though he was a man of letters, his interests were nothing so little as literary. The wildest absurdities of the "Jeunes-France" and the "Bousingots" were somehow or other connected with literary questions. Lever's youthful escapades and later dissipation had nothing to do with literature at all, and might have been and were shared in by persons of no taste or interest in literature whatever. There is a famous sentence of Thackeray's which has sometimes excited a good deal of surprise: "No class of men talk of books or, as a rule read, books so little as literary men." It is not true of England now perhaps, but it certainly was true of England then. It has never since France possessed a literature been true of France, and the difference is strikingly illustrated in comparing these two volumes. M. Bergerat's book is almost composed of literary conversations, souvenirs, jests. Here the hero is defending a thesis against M. Taine or M. Renan, there expounding another for the benefit of M. Bergerat, everywhere talking of books, the way to write books, and the merits of books when written. In Dr. Fitzpat-

rick's volumes, on the other hand, there is hardly a single literary opinion cited of Lever's, and, except the obligatory notice of his own books, scarcely anything that can be said to possess literary interest. It might as well be the life of a politician or a man of business, for any interest that its subject seems to have taken in things literary. It is quite possible that there may be something to be said in favor of this. The concentration of men of letters and art in literary and artistic sets and cliques has obvious disadvantages, of which the talking of "shop" is not the worst. It tends, no doubt, to promote a severance between the different lines of thought and intellectual occupation in the nation. The eternal hatred sworn to the *bourgeois* is not a necessary or a beneficial phenomenon either to the *bourgeois* himself or the man of letters. Although the tendency of French politics since the Revolution to open political positions to literary men of distinction may have made some compensation, it is still probable that the divorce between the Philistine and the anti-Philistine there is wider than with us. This divorce is at any rate not good for the Philistine himself, while it may tend to force his opponent into Bohemian ways and habits which he might very well avoid. But that it has done good to literature there can be no doubt. With very few exceptions, the service of the English literary man is rendered more or less half-heartedly. He is a journalist, a politician, a man of the world, an historian, a dramatist first, and a man of letters afterward. He wants to influence public opinion, to get into good society, to establish his family comfortably, to do everything, in short, rather than live in companionship with the Muses, and with a few of the elect of their worshippers. Sometimes, no doubt, he achieves all these ends more or less completely; sometimes he fails very completely indeed. In the latter case the art which he has cultivated only with a half devotion naturally does not do much for him at the last. There is a story of a French man of letters who expired, and had

apparently deliberately purposed to expire, while correcting a proof. The person concerned was something of a coxcomb, and his taste in selecting that particular branch of literary employment was certainly peculiar. But there was something not altogether inappropriate in the assertion of devotion to the employment to which he had given himself up.

The spirit of Congreve's famous speech to Voltaire has never, at least since Voltaire's time, commended itself to men of letters across the Channel. With us literature has, until very recently, hardly been even a profession, still less an art having a recognized guild and brotherhood of cultivators. It would be considered an affectation, and a hardly pardonable affectation in any one who had not produced capital works in some popular department of literature, to take the name of a man of letters at all. There may, I have said, be a good many reasons against, as well as for, the definite constitution and herding together of a body of *gens de lettres*. But it certainly has one result which can not be denied. It leads to the display of much greater merit of the purely literary kind in the discharge of merely miscellaneous literary work. The French journalist, novelist, dramatist, may be and often is a man of far less education and information than his English compeer, but at least he does not often produce such slovenly and formless work. Also it has another good result which has been sufficiently indicated already in this review of the memorials of a great man of letters. It gives the *littérateur* all the essentials of a religion, the fellow-feeling, the cardinal doctrines, the prescribed hatreds which go to make up a regular cult. It is an excellent thing to have a religion of any kind, and particularly excellent when the relish of miscellaneous good things is fading, and pleasure, if it has to be found at all, must be sought in quiet occupations and in the performance of daily tasks. The game of the hunter of adjectives never becomes scarce, and his interest and energy in the quest never desert him.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY (*Fortnightly Review*).

VIVIAN THE BEAUTY.

By MRS. EDWARDES,

AUTHOR OF "ARCHIE LOVELL," "OUGHT WE TO VISIT HER?" ETC.

CHAPTER X.

HERE, OR ELSEWHERE.

ST. ULRICH'S clock has struck twelve ere Jeanne and the housekeeper start on their nocturnal mission of seeing that "all is safe": an empty form, gone through by Ange at every season of the year with stoic, albeit fruitless, punctuality. They try kitchen-windows, faithfully barred hours ago by Hans and Elspeth; they shake casement-windows, which opened at their widest could not admit a child of six; they look behind impossible screens, they set in order wires that, in case of burglarious attack, would, it is supposed by the faithful, communicate with a bell in Ange's chamber. And then they turn their attention to the front door, left wide open at the time of Wolfgang's arrival, and through which a dozen robbers abreast might at any moment of the evening have invaded Schloss Egmont, had they listed.

"Yes, yes," says Ange, giving abrupt utterance to some distant train of mental speculation, "there is a screw loose about that master of yours, child. He has not the manners of his station, or the modesty either—the modesty, that is to say, that once belonged to the lower classes; and, if this kind of thing goes on much longer, I shall think it right . . . Heaven save and protect us, Jeanne—a man!"

Ange sinks shivering and panting against the first support that presents itself (Ange, who has always declared herself to be, on an emergency, worth a regiment of soldiers, who has a hundred stories to tell of her own presence of mind, her own desperate valor at different past crises of life). That support is—Mr. Wolfgang's arms.

"I was just smoking my last cigar in the dark," he remarks, quietly depositing Ange and her emotions on a bench that stands outside the door.—"Have you noticed the summer lightnings, Fräulein Jeanne? Watch them for a minute, here with me. Even for the Black Forest the effects of sudden silver and purple are something magic."

During the last couple of hours heaven's face has grown overclouded. It is warm as noon; intensely dark, save where, ever and anon, a fire-fly's transitory metallic radiance flashes through

the gloom. Not a vibration of sound is there in air or on earth. Not a fir-needle throughout the vast expanse of neighboring forests seems to stir.

As Wolfgang speaks, comes a sudden pulsating flood of white light, enabling him and his companion to discern every familiar object around—the stiff juniper-hedges of the garden, the moat, the bridge, far away, the granite, fir-girt summits of the Blauen Mountains—with dazzling clearness. Then again sinks down a darkness that can be felt, the sickly ray from Ange's lantern alone enabling them to discern each other's faces; and then, after a pause, during which neither master nor pupil speaks, comes another break of light, longer, more exquisitely heaven-clear, than the last.

"It is a night when one should be abroad in the forest," says Wolfgang, inhaling a mighty draught of air—cool, sparkling air, freshly drawn from the cisterns of midnight. "Often, as a boy, have I spent the hours, from midnight to sunrise, watching such lightnings as these."

"Here, in the valley of the Höllenthal?" Jeanne asks him, startled.

"Here—or elsewhere. What matter longitude and latitude? Nature is the same, whether you look at her among Black Forest firs or the olive and ilex groves of the Alban Hills."

"It is a great deal too late for honest folk to be out of their beds," remarks Ange, establishing herself well within the door. "You have a long walk still before you, Mr. Wolfgang, and, if you take my advice, will lose no time in starting.—Jeanne, my dear, come in. We wish Mr. Wolfgang, do we not, a very good night?"

Ange's figure is looking more grotesquely rebellious to the laws of gravitation than usual. It is said that M. Doré gets suggestions for outlines from the shadows cast by morsels of crumpled paper on a sunlit floor. The profile of Ange's figure at this moment might, assuredly, hint forth any number of weird combinations to an imaginative mind. Her cap, her curls, have suffered during her quasi-faint; the flounces of her company silk bristle forth, fantastically irregular.

Little Jeanne notes a quick smile cross Wolfgang's face.

"What! Do you consider this a fitting hour for me to start across the mountains?" he begins good-humoredly.

"I consider nothing at all about fitting or

not fitting, sir. The last train passed St. Ulrich at eight. When you missed that train you must have known your only alternative was to walk. Jeanne, come in."

The girl obeys, lingeringly. At the same moment Wolfgang makes a strategic backward movement that enables him to plant one foot within the threshold of Schloss Egmont.

"I must throw myself on your compassion, Mamselle Ange," he remarks boldly. "For to-night, such fraction of night as remains between this and dawn, I ask your hospitality."

"Mr. Wolfgang—sir! the servants have gone to rest—every habitable room in the Schloss is full." A look of absolute ludicrous terror is on Ange's face, the lamp in her hand trembles. "I have been here over thirty years," she goes on in a hollow voice, "and I never was placed in such a false position yet. You can walk down to St. Ulrich, surely? Make your way to the Bahnhof, knock up the station people—"

"And be taken for an escaped socialist," interrupts the master, "rewarded with a revolver-shot for my pains. In these days of fraternal equality one does not care to run risks toward the small hours of the morning."

Ange's cheeks turn green. She is a woman deeply read in police history, and on the instant (so she afterward makes confession) the heroes of a dozen stories of midnight violence rise, red-handed, before her vision. What does she know of this *soi-disant* master, or of his antecedents? Who should answer for his intentions? What were the occupants of the Schloss—a handful of women, a servant-lad, a London dandy—if it came to a conflict with a band of *annihilist* desperadoes, armed to the teeth?

"My best Mamselle Ange," says Wolfgang, in the tone of easy command that, despite his sordid surroundings, so well becomes him, "I respect your scruples. You are the guardian of Schloss Egmont, and you shrink, naturally, from affording shelter at midnight to questionable characters."

"To questionable characters!" repeats Jeanne Dempster indignantly.

"But it is possible for you to perform an act of charity with circumspection. Put me in Paul's study. By locking a couple of inner doors you can shut me completely off from the rest of the house. I shall depart through the window by daybreak, and the only thing I could possibly carry away with me would be young Von Egmont's portrait."

Ange has no choice but to consent. Wolfgang assists in barring the front door. As they pass the bottom of the staircase he holds out his hand to Turk the mastiff (gray and toothless now, but who for more than a dozen years has

been the protector of Schloss Egmont). The dog crouches and licks it.

"And still, Jeanne, still, I mistrust the man," says Ange, when a few minutes later her lantern is feebly piercing the gloom of an upper staircase; Wolfgang safely imprisoned, according to his own suggestion, in the oak study. "Turk's instinct? Oh, half the robberies going are brought about through the connivance of house-dogs. Mr. Wolfgang is not what he seems! Even Frau Pastor Meyer—and she has traveled about the world—I won't talk of her breeding, but she is a pious woman, versed in the depravity of our fallen nature—even the Frau Pastor noticed the fineness of his linen. What should a Latin master do with cambric fronts? Why, his laundress's bill alone must eat up half his earnings. Take my word for it, child, when Count Paul returns, Mr. Wolfgang's day will be over. There will not be room for them both under the roof of Schloss Egmont."

At which prophecy Jeanne Dempster holds her peace.

CHAPTER XI.

A HEART.

"HEROES," says the proverb, "are not heroes to their valets." Goddesses, if one may generalize from a solitary example, are in no wise goddesses to their female friends.

In other classes, other manners. Had Vivian been born, as Beauties used to be, in the purple of notoriety, she might have bowed more gracefully to her honors, have submitted with finer self-respect to her dethronement. Beauty, at one time, was a good deal a matter of family connection. There were certain houses in which a complexion, a throat, a line of feature, were held to be hereditary. The future "toast" knew over what kingdom she should hold sway before she left the nursery; was trained to rule, rather than conquer, in the schoolroom—grew accustomed to bear a crown, even before her slender shoulders were adequate to the weight.

Vivian is a usurper. Partly by accident, partly by sheer self-assertion, not a little—so forward is the æsthetic taste of over-civilized man—through the fact that she is *not* beautiful, has she won her perilous way to greatness whereunto she was not born; and her success, of its very nature, has hardened, vulgarized her.

She was elected a beauty—ah, that bitter past tense!—by so powerful a clique, had backers in places so high, that mothers the most watchful, wives the most circumspect, were forced to inscribe her on their visiting list. "An outsider, a

photograph celebrity—the talk of the clubs—the Folly of the moment”—these, and other harder names, the members of her own sex who loved her not might bestow upon Lord Vauxhall's Invention. They could not, dared not, while her star was still in the ascendant, exclude her from their houses.

From their houses—no. But is there any law, written or unwritten, forbidding a hostess to chill as she courtesies, to stab as she smiles?

Patricia may be forced to admit the Folly of the moment to her ballroom, yet will make that Folly feel, as only Patricias can, over what kind of volcano her satin-slippered plebeian feet trip so lightly.

What exquisite slights, what finished, well-bred insults must not poor Beauty have submitted to from women, even before the slackening homage of men warned her that the hour of her downfall drew near! How bitterly and oft must she have counted up the gains, the losses, that celebrity had cost her! What visions must have darkened her pillow of the future, hourly becoming more certain, when the fiat of humiliation should have gone forth, and another Lord Vauxhall have invented another Vivian, or another batch of Vivians—is not imitation the Nemesis of notoriety?—for the admiration of the town!

Miss Vivash's success, I repeat, of its very nature, has hardened, vulgarized her. It has done more. It has taken away every wholesome, simple taste of life from her feverish palate. Lady Pamela Lawless, butterfly though she be, has a thousand ways, more or less wise, of massacring time. Lady Pamela is a good walker, a not unintelligent observer of men and things, finds genuine pleasure in every kind of outdoor sport—even in the Kegelbahn! Lady Pamela, ere four-and-twenty hours go by, has settled down with perfect resignation to her fortnight's dose of Schloss Egmont—and the society of Sir Christopher Marlowe.

To poor Beauty all is barren from Dan to Beersheba; the world, in very truth, a doll stuffed with straw, save where the complexion, the slaves, the parasols, the bonnets of Vivian Vivash are concerned.

She detests all that the country yields with a detestation worthy of Miss Kilmansegg. Her ankles are too weak for these horrible hilly walks that surround Schloss Egmont. The smell of the pine-forests is like a benzene-lamp, reminds her of cleaned gloves, of village tea-parties. She is convinced the sun, should she rashly venture in it, would bring on an apoplexy. During the season she was strong enough to waltz for four or five hours every night of her life; to pass her mornings on the historic walking gray, in the Row; to spend her afternoons in shopping or

driving, to dine out seven consecutive days in each week, and generally attend all the races, four-in-hand meetings, Twickenham dinners, and garden-parties going.

But, then, this was *in London!*

There is something really pathetic in the persistency with which her thoughts center on the London she has left, the London which, it would seem, continues to drive, dine, dance—to worship, even, at the shrine of new goddesses, in her absence!

"The whole Beauty question wants ventilating," Lady Pamela will tell her consolingly. "See how much more fairly things are managed on the turf! Every new Beauty ought to be heavily handicapped (a committee of dowagers might decide upon the penalties and allowances), and a first favorite, when her day is over, be provided for by act of Parliament."

"A first favorite had better be pensioned off at the end of one season." Thus Vivian, with a bitter laugh. "Three months is long enough for such a reign. I ought to have had smallpox, or have died, or married, a twelvemonth ago."

"You would, in that case, have possessed exactly a twelvemonth's less bracelets, my dear," answers Lady Pamela calmly.

Bracelets! Listening to the two friends, as they discuss this ever-fresh theme, one would think that human life, with all its complex measure of joy and pain, could be computed by jewelry.

Ovid, wise with the wisdom of his generation, remarks that certain Roman ladies had birthdays as often as it suited them. Martial, in an epigram, reproaches Silva with celebrating eight of these festivities yearly. A modern London beauty, in the matter of presents, if in nothing else, throws the ladies of old Rome into the shade. Quite coolly, Jeanne and Mamselle Ange listening, will Vivian talk of the diamond ring sent her by Prince This, or the pearl and ruby bracelet presented to her by the Duke of That. Her horse, her riding-habit, the opera-tickets, the yachting tours of Lady Pamela and herself, have been obtained free of cost. "Doubtful," so the Beauty playfully declares, "if we have paid our own grocers' bills." As for Mr. Chodd—his gifts, not returned, it would seem, at the rupture of the engagement, must have been legion. Trinkets, silks, laces, all the costliest items in Vivian's possession are spoken of as Samuel's choice, Samuel's fairing, dear good Samuel's latest peace-offering, *u. s. w.* If he was thus amenable to reason as a suitor, what might not consistently have been hoped from Mr. Chodd as a husband!

The loss of her quondam lover occasions Vivian more fond regret than a surface observer

might give her credit for. On the third morning after the London visitors' arrival, Jeanne, stopping before the open door of the improvised "boudoir," discovers poor Beauty in tears; such innocuous tears as may on occasion give safe relief to temper, yet not endanger one's eyelashes or mar one's complexion. It is an art, a science in itself, this knowing how and when to weep.

Everything in the outdoor world is joyous to-day. A brisk north wind, with a refreshing sense of coming autumn in its breath, stirs among the forests; the sun shines with godlike fervor on the distant Blauen tops; he shines, with purple sweetness, in the hearts of Mamselle Ange's roses. The burn trills out a never-ending song without words as it runs onward, onward, over its bed of moss and stone, toward the Rhine.

But all is tuneless, sunless, to Beauty. She sits at her writing-table—in a morning-wrapper all too ravishing to be described by this homely historian—a jeweled pen (whose gift? Jeanne wonders) between her fingers, a monogrammed sheet of note-paper outspread before her. All is tuneless, sunless, to Miss Vivash. The post has brought her the weekly socials, once the harbingers, the bulwarks of her reputation, and Vivian sees the world through smoke-colored spectacles.

A new Beauty has been invented. Hence these tears! "Metistophiles," "The Star and Garter Gazette," and other such chameleon-like journals of society sing pæans in the new Beauty's favor. What antidote can be offered by July sunshine, by forest, stream, or garden, to shaft so poisoned as this?

"It is monstrous, the work of a cabal," Miss Vivash exclaims, inviting Jeanne, by a glance, to enter, and pushing aside her writing materials with irritation. "And to think that I should have been betrayed by this turncoat, time-serving 'Metistophiles!'" taking up a paper from the heap that lies beside her. "One, two, three—yes, I have had three copies sent me by different dear, good-natured friends, afraid, each of them, lest the vile scandal should not reach me fast enough. A new Beauty, indeed! As if Beauties, like mushrooms, could spring up in a night!"

She turns the pages impatiently; then, in a voice that quivers with genuine feeling, begins to read the vile scandal aloud. It is a panegyric, foreign to this story, upon some freshly imported dark-eyed American, "The Boston Rose," whose charms and whose millinery have been the delight of Goodwood. Every detail respecting the lady's dress, manner, speech, and luncheon is given with delightful outspokenness; indeed, little Jeanne, in her ignorance, can scarce decide whether the racehorses, the jockeys, the three-

card men, or the reigning beauties are the most familiarly criticised. The Rose's parasol was expressly manufactured for her use in Lyons—its device, knots of her emblematic flower, with the initials B. R. on a white-moired ground. Her bouquet was presented to her, with exquisite grace, on the course, by Lord Vauxhall. No less a personage than his Serene Transparency, Prince Ludwig of Szczakowa, was plateholder while the Beauty picked her chicken-bones and consumed her lobster-salad.

"Although mobbed at every turn," concludes the paragraph, "the roughs crying 'That's her! that's her!' royalty eying her through opera-glasses, a jealous herd of mothers and daughters criticising her every movement as she walked down the course upon her husband's arm, the Boston Rose wore her honors with the quiet unconsciousness that already distinguishes her. Enthusiastic artists and poets declare that such a nose and lips have never before been seen out of marble. In sober prose we may state that no such living goddess, 'ripe and real, worth all the beauties of your stone ideal,' has graced Goodwood during the past dozen years, at least."

"It is written by their own sub-editor," cries Vivian, throwing the paper from her with disgust. "It is the work of Stokes! Could I mistake his style? Did Stokes not give me scores of such notices, did he not give me a leader every second week, until I refused to get him an invitation to Strawberry House? 'No such goddess seen at Goodwood for a dozen years!' And only last July—twelve short months ago—"

She turns abruptly to the glass; she analyzes the reflection it gives her back. Alas! and at this moment lines are on her forehead, hardness is round her lips. It takes no great stretch of prophetic vision to predict what Vivian Vivash will be in half another decade.

"I am not growing old," so she cries harshly, and more as though she apostrophized Fate than addressed her companion. "I have not changed—'tis impossible I should have changed, and me not eight-and-twenty yet!"

Be not over-critical, reader! Can you expect the most beautiful woman the world has seen for four hundred years to be grammatical?

"And this notice in 'The Star and Garter!'" taking up another paper, out of whose sheets drops a lithographed sketch—a short-lipped, high-nosed, drooping-shouldered gem of the aristocracy. "To think that a miserable penny-a-liner, a man whom we used to have to dinner *out of pity*, dares, because I am alone and unprotected, to write of me like this!—"

"The success of our deposed queen was, from first to last, a success of esteem. Thanks to a smile, a pair of shoulders, a friendly artist,

and a momentary stagnation in the beauty mart, she awoke one morning, like Lord Byron, to find herself famous. That the descent of the stick has been quick as the uprising of the rocket can surprise no one. The whilom divinity of our smoking-rooms, the V. V. of our breast-pins and pipe-bowls, had not, in plain English, and as the intelligent foreigner told us from the first, a feature in her face.'

"And I wish that I were dead—no, I wish Lord Vauxhall were dead, here at my feet!" The light that lies in Beauty's eyes is not a pleasant one. "But for him and his Twickenham dinners—dinners given to ladies of position to-day, to Mademoiselle Sara, from the circus, to-morrow—I should not have angered the one man who loved me."

A look of real emotion sweeps across Vivian's face. Wound the vanity of a woman of her mold, and, in nine cases out of ten, she will unaffectedly believe 'tis her heart that suffers.

"... I should be rich, I should have the world on my side still. During a season and a half, who dared leave me out of anything? I went to all the ambassadors' houses, I used to sit next the prime minister at dinner. If members of reigning families came to London on a visit, I was asked to meet them. My name appeared, as a matter of course, at the concerts and garden parties—and when the Court went in mourning I wore black. If I had married—yes, if I had married even a shoddy Meccenas"—let us not ask how Beauty pronounces the word!—"I should be in high places at this moment. The American creature is married. To get on in such a horrid, intriguing world, a poor helpless woman wants a protector. Thank Heaven, Jeanne," this with trenchant bitterness, "that you are out of reach of temptation. Thank Heaven, on bended knee, for your homely looks. There was a time," moans Beauty, "when I thought I would rather die than be ugly—yes, and I have said so openly, no matter what fine ladies with plain faces were listening. I had best change my opinions now. To be dowdy and virtuous, to have this hideous Black Forest for a background, to count the spoons, to chronicle the small beer of Schloss Egmont will be my fate, I doubt not, and I—oh, I shall have to bear it, yet neither commit murder nor suicide, if I can!"

And motioning to Jeanne to quit her, Miss Vivash, with a dreary yawn, returns to her letter-writing. Without betrayal of confidence, may we not glance across her shoulder and read?

"SCHLOSS EGMONT IN BADEN.

"MY VERY DEAREST PRINCESS: All that you told me of your old home falls short of the mark. Schloss Egmont is simply too charming.

Till now I never knew how little I care for the dingy parks, the hot and glaring streets of London. The forests are pretty to a degree, exactly the fashionable shade of deep bluish green that is so becoming—you must remember *the dress I wore* at Lady Flora Walgrave's breakfast? At present I have not got beyond the dear romantic old garden. The fish-ponds, and juniper-hedges, and things do make one feel so *à la Watteau!* It seems a sin to have no aspirant R. A., brush in hand, to paint one. Yesterday I took afternoon tea, merely from artistic sentiment, beside a broken dial on the western terrace, and consoled my solitude by thinking how often you and Count Paul must have *played there* when you were children. I wore an enchanting tea gown of printed washing silk, on a cream ground over blue, the silk made *en sacque*, with cascade of Auvergne lace, folds of Indian muslin (fitting the figure exquisitely), and a cap the same shade, of Pompadour satin. It seems to me, though I have only seen your brother with the eyes of the *spirit*, that I know him better than any of the throng I used to dance and ride with in London. How much more really flattering is his delicate homage than all the noisy fulsome praises of the crowd!—But you must promise never to betray me—never to let him suspect that I wrote thus! Alas! I am too romantic, it is the fault of my character. If my *heart had been* worldly, I should be in a very different position at this moment, as you know.

"Mamselle Ange, the housekeeper, a quite too delicious old oddity, received a telegram from Count Paul this morning, and we are to expect his coming next Saturday. Lady Pamela and Sir Christopher wish to get up theatricals for the evening of his arrival, and I have been persuaded into saying yes. Had my taste been consulted, I would far sooner have met for the first time in the delightful quietness of the country, the budding woods around, the primroses blossoming, the song of the nightingale, or of whatever bird it is that sings at this season of the year, overhead! But poor dear Pamela is as frivolous as ever, and Sir Christopher—

"Ah, my friend, conscience, I confess, pricks me sorely when I look at Sir Christopher Marlowe, and think what manner of man he might have become had *Fate been kinder* to him. But 'tis folly to remember.' Sir Christopher has an ancient name, an unincumbered estate, and I am a lowly born country girl, raised by accident (as some one says, 'Can you help being perfectly beautiful any more than being perfectly clever, or a perfect fool?') out of the ranks. Yes, dearest Salome, though the great ones of the earth have taken me up, I never forget my station, or theirs. But I have A Heart! Any woman who marries

without love, according to my code, commits a *crime*. And so Sir Christopher knows that I am unchangeable, and tries to pretend, poor thing, that he is consoled. Sometimes the fear haunts me that he will turn desperate—at a certain miserable time, don't you remember hearing how wildly he played at loo and baccarat?—and marry Lady Pamela Lawless. Heaven forbid it! Although I can give nothing warmer, the poor little fellow has all my friendship, and I would not see a man I care for marry a milliner's block. A milliner's block, too, without beauty, though no one living underrates pink and white charms, and *worships intellect* more than me.

"As I have spoken of theatricals, you will ask about our *dramatis personæ*. Oh, what a falling off is here—and when one remembers my success with Lady Clearwell's Incomparables, every place gone three weeks beforehand, and stalls got for the Portuguese princes only through the very highest influence! But I have drunk the Cup of *Eclat* to the dregs—my ambition now is a fire-side, domestic joy, affection—and I rate such vanities at their true worth. *Ma très chère*, we have got, in addition to the three chief actors that you know, the housekeeper's adopted daughter, little Jeanne. The child is plain to piquancy; her lank locks, lean cheeks, and 'intense' expression would fit her for a model in the art school of ugliness. We have also got—tell it not in Gath, whisper it not in May Fair—a certain Herr Wolfgang, Jeanne's arithmetic master, to take the part of *jeune premier*. The poor man is awkward and uncomfortable, as might be expected from a person in his position; still, as he can speak English decently, one was obliged to enlist him or give up the idea of theatricals. You can imagine, with what you used to call my *patrician proclivities*, that Herr Wolfgang's society must be rather a trial to me. However, I think nothing of myself. All I wish is to insure a brilliant home-coming to the brother of my friend.

"I gather from Mamselle Ange's talk that Count Paul's tastes are admirably simple. In his boyhood he met with some romantic adventure, it seems, that for years has made him shun the world. (Like the hero in that talented novel we read together, don't you remember, the free-thinking Life Guardsman, with fifty thousand a year, and blonde whiskers, who took to wandering about Europe, the curse of Cain on his brow, and singing Anacreontic songs in the *cafés*!) Oh, are not these tastes mine? A country life, a moderate fortune, enough and only enough of London to give zest to the remaining five months of the year! One's friends about one, a little quiet yachting, perhaps, in autumn—ah, dearest friend, will these placid delights of existence ever be mine, or—

"I send a thousand diplomatic good wishes to *ce cher Prince*, and I am my Salome's devotedly attached—VIVIAN."

"Have you heard of this American *parvenue*, whom the newspapers are absurdly trying to write into celebrity? I saw her at the Opera before I left town, a little lean doll, with wide-open, foolish eyes, the manners of a schoolgirl, and a husband who, they say, is a first-rate pistol-shot, and will not allow his wife's photograph to be sold in the shops. My dear, she can come to no good. These barbarous marital virtues might do in California—do for one of the heroes in Bret Harte's novels. They will never pave the way to success in nineteenth-century London."

CHAPTER XII.

FIRST REHEARSALS.

PAUL VON EGMONT'S return is fixed for Saturday. The actors have five days yet before them for the erection of their stage, for the organization of their footlights, for their scenery, properties, programmes, rehearsals, and quarrels.

Quarrels? Who that takes a part in amateur theatricals but must echo the sentiments of quaint old proverb-writer Le Clerq? "J'adore les proverbes." So he makes one of his own stage personages declare. "C'est la plus belle invention. C'est la source de mille tracassaries. Aussitôt qu'on les introduit dans une maison on est assuré de jouir de toutes les divisions, de toutes les zizanies, les médisances, les calomnies, qui règnent ordinairement parmi les acteurs de profession."

"Unless the cast is revised, I owe it to my own self-respect to withdraw from the piece," says Miss Vivash, with uplifted profile. "My recollections of dearest Blanche Plantagenet, of Lord William Frederick de Vesey—such high breeding, such talent—"

"Unless I may stick to Cesario, I act nothing," cries Lady Pamela, stoutly determined. "I have ordered my Hessians to be sent over from London, and unless I can bring them in, like Mr. Crummler's pump, I strike."

"Ladies," interposes Ange, in despair, "remember my larder! self-respect, high breeding, Hessians! I have ordered twenty pair of chickens from France, I have ordered pies from Strasburg, and salmon from Geneva. And there is thunder in the air!"

"Pity the sorrows of a grand chamberlain," chimes in Sir Christopher Marlowe tragically—"a grand chamberlain in a yellow-flowered waistcoat, an ill-fitting periwig, an ermine-lined

cloak, and knickerbockers of the period. This is my attire. My histrionic genius will be displayed in making fourteen profound salutations, in announcing everybody into everybody else's presence, and in generally tripping myself up on my own sword, from the rising of the curtain until its fall. If I might exchange—"

"No further exchanges are possible," says Miss Vivash coldly. "As dear Lady Pamela inclines so strongly toward hose and doublet, I suppose she must have her way. Such things are matters of taste. You, Sir Christopher, would be too incongruous as the Count Leoni—"

"But congruous, exceedingly, in the yellow-flowered waistcoat and ill-fitting periwig of the Grand Chamberlain! Mein Herr" (and Sir Christopher turns to Wolfgang), "I wish you joy of the part assigned to you to enact. You are to make love, sir, in quick succession to the Duchess of Carrara (as played by Miss Vivash) and to her Maid of Honor (as played by Fräulein Jeanne). You are to be gallant, jealous, ferocious, and irreproachably matrimonial in a breath. You are also to wear a cherry-colored doublet, unearthed from the depths of Mamselle Ange's lumber-room, white boots, a Baden militiaman's sword, a plume, and tights. Receive my best wishes."

The evening of the first set rehearsal has arrived. A stage, at once cumbrous and creaky, after the manner of German carpenter's work, has been put up in the state dining-room; foot-lights are burning and going out at uncertain intervals; properties have been hastily got together; a scene, anachronistic as to date and country, has been brought down from the Fürstentzimmer; and all the members of the corps are quarreling with true theatrical warmth and spirit over their rôles. The master, who as yet has not heard a word of the play, is to be allowed to read his part. Miss Vivash undertakes the functions of stage-manager and prompter. Ange—sore perplexed as to the likely effect of thunder on poultry and Strasburg pies, hot, disheveled from superintendence of the village carpenters, sits away in the darkest corner of the *salle*, doing audience.

"If you would like to put yourself entirely in my hands, Mr. Wolfgang?" suggests the Beauty, in dulcet tones. "I have acted twice in this piece with Lady Clearwell's Incomparables, Lord William Frederick taking Leoni. I know how every word, every look of the impassioned lover (poor dear Lord William Frederick!) should be rendered. Will you consent?"

"Will you consent to be troubled with such a pupil?" Wolfgang answers, moving instantly to her side. "I have no dramatic genius at the best of times. I am not sure of getting out a single *B* or *P* correctly."

"Oh, we will make allowance for deficiencies!" she interrupts. "Of course, in such a position as yours, it is not likely you should have seen any first-class acting, but you will be on the scene with me nearly all the time, and with my abilities, as Lady Clearwell says, I can pull the greatest stick in the world through." Tact, it may be remarked, is scarcely one of Vivian Vivash's characteristics. "Now, if every one is ready, we may as well begin.—Sir Christopher, you enter from C. to L."

"Wondering which of the seven cardinal sins I have committed, and swearing by every hair in my reverend beard—Garrick himself could make nothing of such a character," breaks forth Sir Christopher, with more energy than it is his custom to show on any subject. "If you are bent on comedy, Miss Vivash, why not choose something all the world knows? There is 'She Stoops to Conquer.' I will undertake to give you Tony Lumpkin, down to the ground, and—"

"'She Stoops to Conquer' requires half a dozen set scenes. We have one—if you can call it one! 'She Stoops to Conquer' requires sixteen performers. The Schloss Egmont Incapables (I hope you admire the title I have found for our company, Mr. Wolfgang?)—the Schloss Egmont Incapables muster five—if you can call them five."

"Then have a farce, something that shall make the gods laugh, even though they do not know a word of English.—'Betsy Baker,' or 'Poor Pillicoddy.' We have about the right number, it seems, for 'Poor Pillicoddy,' and I will take Sarah Blunt. There is not a professional in London can act a servant-girl better than I, and our friend Wolfgang will give us Pillicoddy Germanized."

"With the part of Anastasia Pillicoddy for myself. You are exceedingly appreciative, Sir Christopher! Will Miss Dempster's talents or those of Lady Pamela be best adapted for the colossal mariner, Captain O'Scuttle?"

"Can Captain O'Scuttle wear Hessian boots?" cries Lady Pamela. "I am unburdened by false pride. I will take any character in the English drama which will enable me to bring in my boots."

"Then take the Grand Chamberlain," says Sir Christopher promptly. "Wear your Hessians, spurs and all, Lady Pamela, and let me be the Maid of Honor's lover.—Miss Dempster, you consent to the transfer?"

"It would be a vast deal simpler to give up the idea of acting," says Miss Vivash, with a movement of impatience. "Even in this benighted country I don't choose that people should connect *my* name with a failure."

"You should have settled these disputes

among yourselves, earlier," cries Ange, in a choked voice. "Only this morning I might have counter-ordered my supper. Twenty pair of chickens, Strasburg pies, salmon—and thunder in the air!"

"Suppose we go through the rehearsal first, and discuss our demerits afterward," suggests Wolfgang, in his tone of quiet mastery—a tone to which Vivian herself unconsciously yields. "The Chamberlain," consulting the book as he speaks, "enters first, and to him Count Leoni. Some one tell me the plot in three words, that I may know what ground the Count Leoni stands upon."

"Plot!" repeats Sir Christopher, with a groan. "As if our splendid play possessed one! I have read it six times, I have learned my part—Lady Pamela, rather, has drilled my part into me—and I know less what the whole thing is about than I did at starting. In the first place, the Count Leoni is not the Count Leoni at all."

"That is wrong," exclaims Ange, glad of an occasion to ventilate her temper at the master's expense. "Give me a man, Mr. Wolfgang, who is what he seems. I am no friend of concealments and disguises."

Under pretext of approaching a lamp, Mr. Wolfgang moves somewhat aside. He bends his face down, as if engaged in conning his part, and replies not.

"I honor your sentiments, Mamselle Ange," remarks Sir Christopher. "But I go a great deal further. I say, give me the man who does not need the same pair of lips to refuse him twice. This wretched Count, who is no count, gets snubbed by every woman in the piece."

("The part will suit me, after all," says Wolfgang in parenthesis, and without looking round.)

"Is rejected by the Duchess, Miss Vivash, flirted with, furiously, by the Maid of Honor, Fräulein Jeanne, and in the end is poor creature enough—"

"The story tells itself, without annotation, Sir Christopher," cries Vivian, her color heightening.—"Mr. Wolfgang, you are this poor creature, this Prince Louis of Savoy, who, disguised as his own envoy, solicits the hand of the Duchess Olympia. Let the rehearsal proceed."

The rehearsal proceeds: more smoothly than might have been hoped for, after prelude so stormy. Whatever the worth of the comedy, as art, it is not ill suited to the powers of the "Egmont Incapables." Vivian has been taught to act by the best professional instructors in London—I should rather say, has been taught to walk "stagily" before footlights, to pose in "stagey" attitudes, to talk in a "stagey" voice: the art of acting is unteachable. Lady Pamela, as an amateur, is above mediocrity. In the char-

acter of the Maid of Honor there is ample scope for Jeanne to display grace, liveliness, and a certain sly, girlish malice that is not without its charm.

At the first telling scene in the play, the interview between Olympia's lover and the mischievous Maid of Honor, even Mamselle Ange applauds.

Giulia. Take my word for it, the Prince of Savoy has had a very lucky escape from the Duchess of Carrara.

Leoni. You amaze me, madame. In what way?

Giulia. She is as capricious as forty duchesses and five hundred maids of honor.

Leoni. A very venial fault.

Giulia. She is haughty.

Leoni. A duchess should be so.

Giulia. Recklessly profuse of expenditure.

Leoni. Her rank may demand it.

Giulia. Of boundless extravagance.

Leoni. Her means may warrant it.

Giulia. Inordinately given to pleasure.

Leoni. The taste is not uncommon.

Giulia. And to conclude, she loves some one else.

Leoni. Ah, now you have me at fault. Louis of Savoy could accept no second love.

Wolfgang pronounces these words with significance; he looks hard across the stage at Miss Vivash.

Accept no second love! A man who should win Beauty's shipwrecked heart must be content to take it with unquestioning faith, content to take it in such shattered, dilapidated condition as it came to him. Second, fifth, tenth—who shall reckon the experiences that poor heart has gone through since the day when Lord Vauxhall first launched his *trouvaille*, without compass, without anchor, among the perilous shoals and quicksands of London life?

"Second love!" exclaims Lady Pamela Lawless, with her airy laugh. "Vivian, my dear, fancy you or me going back to such preadamite matters as our second loves."

"My first love is the only one to which I have been constant," says Miss Vivash, unconsciously sincere. "By the time I was seven years old, I knew my looking-glass was my best friend, and I fell in love with what I saw there. I shall remain faithful to that attachment till I die."

"Bravissima!" cries Sir Christopher, applauding on his finger-tips. "If it were not for shocking Mamselle Ange, we would imagine ourselves to be in the Palace of Truth, get up a game of 'Confessions,' Miss Vivash enacting the penitent-in-chief. It would be more piquant than the wickedest play ever written in any language."

The rehearsal has to be thrice repeated. The

master acquits himself creditably, *B's* and *P's* notwithstanding; but Vivian is a severe critic, and professes herself still unsatisfied. Mr. Wolfgang's points are not those with which Lord William Frederick brought down the plaudits of the house at Brighton. Mr. Wolfgang does not show tenderness enough as the lover of the Duchess, he throws altogether unnecessary ardor into his passing flirtation with the Maid of Honor. Especially does his rendering of one little scene go against her critical judgment. Looking after Giulia as she quits the stage, Leoni is made to exclaim:

"At last, then, I obtain what I have sickened for so long—woman's love, without the alloy of woman's vanity and self-interest. I am loved for myself, not for my—"

"Oh dear, no, Mr. Wolfgang, this kind of thing will never do," interrupts Vivian sharply. "You misunderstand the whole drift of the situation. Leoni is thinking of Olympia, only of Olympia."

"But he has that moment besought Giulia, passionately, to marry him," suggests the master.

"In a fit of mistaken jealousy, not caring whether the girl answers yes or no. His manner to her must be supremely indifferent—Lord William Frederick acted it so deliciously that dearest Blanche Plantagenet was just the least bit in the world piqued—his eyes must follow her coldly as she leaves the scene."

"Ach, soh! That will want study indeed.—Little Jeanne," says Wolfgang kindly, and holding out his hand to his pupil, "come hither. This 'looking cold' is a part that will, indeed, need practice."

For a moment there is dead silence. Wolfgang's expression of face, the familiar "little Jeanne," the change from the half-deferential, half-bantering manner in which he has been receiving Vivian's instructions, take every one present aback.

Vivian herself is the first to speak.

"If an amateur performance is to have a chance of success, there should be, not half a dozen, but half a hundred rehearsals. Every point, as Lady Clearwell says, ought to be labored at, stippled up like a miniature. 'The Maid of Honor' may not be brilliantly witty!"

"Brilliantly witty!" echoes Sir Christopher, with gloomy emphasis.

"But I have never known it fail of success when I have taken the part of Olympia." A master memory used to keep score of the number of times the heroine fainted throughout a fashionable novel. Could any mind reckon up the "I's" that occur during one half-hour of Vivian Vivash's conversation? "All I ask is—that I should be decently supported. I must

coach you all, separately and individually, in your parts. Now, if Mr. Wolfgang"—she gives a side-glance, then looks down—"if Mr. Wolfgang could run over to Schloss Egmont for an hour or so every forenoon, not exactly for general rehearsal, but just to polish up the scenes of love and jealousy, in which Leoni and the Duchess appear alone?"

What answer but one can Wolfgang, a man in nowise lifted to heroic heights above vanity, return to such an appeal? He will run over to Schloss Egmont to-morrow, will hold himself in readiness at all hours of the day between this and Saturday, if such be Miss Vivash's commands.

"And your pupils in Freiburg," cries Ange, looking up with a queer expression from her corner—"those excellent, studious lads you have so often told us about, to whom work means work, and Euclid, Euclid. What is to become of the pupils' mathematics while the master is junketing and play-acting about the country?"

"The pupils need rest," says Wolfgang gravely. "Overwork is sapping their intellectual strength. I shall give my excellent, studious lads a holiday until the morrow of Paul von Egmont's return."

"The studious lads, and their mathematics, too, seem to be of an elastic nature," retorts Ange dryly.

CHAPTER XIII.

LORD VAUXHALL'S INVENTION.

WOLFGANG keeps his word. The scenes of love and jealousy are as conscientiously labored at as though the great Lady Clearwell were stage manageress, and everything augurs well for Vivian's approaching triumph.

Laces, satins, paste brilliants, Hessian boots, are on their road from London; pink satin play-bills, with Vivian Vivash's name preëminent in big capitals, are ordered from Baden; notes of acceptances, yes, even from their Serene Transparencies at the Residenz, pour hourly in. Mamselle Ange, over head and ears in the preparation of calves'-feet jelly, English plum-cakes, and German zuckerbkherei—Mamselle Ange, more confused of thought, more uncertain of temper than usual, declares that a new reign of folly and ruin is being inaugurated at Schloss Egmont. From father to son, the Von Egmonts have ruined themselves after one fashion. It will be the same story now: the only difference that, with fast London notions, with a set of fast London prodigals to assist him, Paul's ruin is likely to come about at a somewhat quicker pace than that of his ancestors.

Everything augurs well for Vivian's approaching triumph; but Vivian herself is bored well-nigh to extinction! When the English post is in, when the late breakfast is dawdled through, when Wolfgang has received his daily dose of poison from the flattering, cold eyes of his preceptress, how, in very truth, should poor Beauty occupy herself? After Paul von Egmont's return, things may be better. Von Egmont, so she will say pleasantly to Jeanne and Mamselle Ange, between her yawns, will, at least, be *human*. He will have subjects of conversation (by "conversation" Vivian means the gossip of the clubs, the last scandal of the turf, or of the law-courts), and he will have taste—to appreciate Miss Vivian Vivash's charms!

Meanwhile there are endless hours still to be slaughtered before his arrival—in this July prime, this perfect weather; no flock of cloud, from dawn to even, on heaven's blue face; every black aisle of the forest warm with piny fragrance; the distant mountains steeped, from pinnacle to base, in sunshine!—endless hours of the too transient Schwarzwald summer to be slaughtered, not delighted in. Are there no Big Houses in the neighborhood, no resident families, no mortal means that shall rescue one from Schloss Egmont and from the vacuum of one's own thoughts? Is there nothing profitabler to listen to than the sougning of the fir-boughs, the fall of the wood-cutter's axe, the cadence of the little burn as it runs on for ever through the drowsy, carnation-scented Schloss gardens to the Rhine?

Providentially, at a late hour on Wednesday, a passing chance of self-escape presents itself. Mamselle Ange's errand-maiden, toughest, most weather-beaten of Ariels, the carrier, news-bearer, hucksterer, and general diplomatist and emissary of the district, brings word that an afternoon *fête*, with concert and dancing, is to take place at Badenweiler to-morrow, Thursday. A special train will leave St. Ulrich at four, returning before midnight; carriages will be in waiting to convey the *sommer frischlers* from Mülheim station to Badenweiler; and five marks a head, so cheap is pleasure in the Fatherland, will cover the expenses, entrance-tickets included, of the day.

"Let us have our five marks' worth, by all means," says Vivian, coming languidly to life at even this mildest prospect of dissipation. "I will enlighten the savage mind by wearing my Derby white, and the parasol. A pity the only hearts to break will be those of a few provincial Fraus and Fräuleins."

It is characteristic of Miss Vivash that, in reckoning up the probable number of her slain, she ever gives precedence to the women who

shall die for envy over the men who shall die for love.

"And I," cries Lady Pamela, "will wear my pocket-handkerchiefs.—Oh, you may open those eyes of yours, little Jeanne!—I have a dress of spotted blue handkerchiefs, sewed together, and look charming in it. I wore my handkerchiefs at Ascot, and was called by my enemies a symphony in spots, and by my friends the ugliest woman in the ugliest dress on the course. You will see if I do not make the Badenweiler notabilities wake up a little."

"If we could only organize a party," sighs Vivian, looking hard at her own fair, discontented face in the glass. Schloss Egmont is rather worse off than most German country-houses for mirrors, yet it would seem that the Beauty never sits, stands, or leans, save at some angle from which she can contemplate the reflection of her own charms. "Sir Christopher, I suppose, *toujours* Sir Christopher, and the inevitable Wolfgang must be the limit of our ambition. If we could only run across some chance man of one's own set, some civilized being, at least, to tell the people *who one is!*"

"Why not advertise?" suggests Lady Pamela. "Mamselle Ange assures me that everything—from barrels of herrings and betrothals up to challenges and Beethoven concerts—is advertised in the St. Ulrich newspaper. It would be a cheap short-cut to celebrity. 'A noted London Beauty, attended by foil and friends, is positively engaged to appear at the Badenweiler *fêtes*. The Beauty will wear the genuine dress and parasol, a little the worse for wear, that obtained so startling a success at the last Derby. Foil in pocket-handkerchiefs. Show-hours from four till eleven. OBSERVE! No extra charge made on admission-tickets.'"

"Would it not be excellent?" cries Vivian, unsuspecting of irony. "Would it not wring the provincial female breast with envy?" Lacking all natural sense of humor, poor Beauty is self-absorbed (even when the sacred theme of her own charms is touched upon) to a degree that curiously deadens her perception of ridicule.—"Jeanne, my dear," turning with her accustomed frank contempt to the Ugly Duckling, "how do you propose to array yourself? In white muslin—oh, quite impossible. I am not afraid of rivalry," with her thin, cold laugh, "but I can not allow two shades of white in the same group.—Lady Pamela, advise Miss Dempster what toilet will best suit her complexion, and at the same time throw up my dress, and yours."

To bid little Jeanne relinquish white muslin is to bid her relinquish her confirmation frock, the one fresh dress her modestly-stocked wardrobe can furnish forth. "Decide for me as you

like, Miss Vivash; I am quite familiar with the part of Cinderella," she exclaims ruefully. "My only other clean frock is a pink print, washed out until there is not a trace of pattern left, and so much" (measuring off a goodly distance on her arm) "too short in the skirt."

"Delightful! The pink will be exactly the thing," cries Vivian. "Cinderella married a prince in the end. Who shall say what may be in store for you? Wear the washed-out print, my dear, and the coral beads as well. Pink and scarlet, for some complexions, go together charmingly."

Jeanne's pillow, ere she sleeps, at night is wet with saltiest tears! When next day comes, however, when she stands beside the Derby white and the symphony in spots on the St. Ulrich railway-platform, she feels that there may be worse parts to play than that of Cinderella, more conspicuous evils in the world than a washed-out print without a trace of pattern left, and a string of coral beads!

Lady Pamela's appearance is, of course, frankly grotesque. You look at her with a sigh of pity for the generation in which such things are possible; still, the spotted blue handkerchiefs are clean. Her attire may be the result of caprice, fashion, a wager, madness. Want of beauty may have impelled her, in default of legitimate admiration, to challenge men's notice by a freak. Still she is clean. But her companion . . .

No doubt when that training Indian silk first started for the Derby it was fresh as the delicate cream and rose-bloom of its wearer's complexion. Through what hard professional wear and tear, what theatre-going, what champagne suppers it has since passed, who shall say? It is fashioned with the long cuirass bodice Miss Vivash ordinarily affects. The sleeves are slashed with gold, the skirts are so narrow that one calculates, with painful uncertainty, as to Beauty's chance of surmounting the two-foot high step of a German railway-carriage. She wears an uplooped Rembrandt hat over one ear, ruffles of lace (so yellow they might have belonged to Queen Elizabeth herself) around her throat and wrists, and *the* parasol, a gorgeous, half-Japanese construction, with the monogram V. V. embroidered in gold and silver—now, alas! tarnished—on a white ground. What idle apprentice but took note of that parasol at the World's Fair; what idle apprentice but listened dutifully to the legend which gave that parasol interest?

The station-master and porters stare in official silence. The assembled crowd of pleasure-seeking St. Ulrichers stare also; not in silence. With fine, trenchant impartiality they criticise the Beauty's narrow, trailing skirts, Lady Pamela's spotted pocket-handkerchiefs, the tall hat, close-

cropped hair, square elbows, crutch, and bracelet of Sir Christopher. Relying on the strangers' ignorance of German, they hazard plainest practical guesses as to the social status, age, wealth, occupation, and morals of each member of the group.

Hot with shame, Jeanne Dempster shrinks away from her party; she essays to hide herself among the crowd. If this be the effect produced by Hyde Park divinities in St. Ulrich, what sensation shall they not cause upon a larger scene, before a larger audience, at Badenweiler?

"Tell me what the popular mind thinks of us?" says Vivian, the moment they find themselves within friendly shelter of the railway-carriage. "Be amusing, with all your might, little Jeanne, and be candid. Translate, in detail, every compliment you have heard."

"The popular mind does not think much of us," answers Jeanne sententiously. "The popular mind is uncertain whether we belong to a millinery establishment, a minor theatre, or a traveling circus from Leipsic Fair."

"Thank Heaven the good souls think nothing worse!" cries Lady Pamela. "The ferocious way in which one old lady eyed our charms made me really believe she was going to cry 'Police!'"

"They are a set of utter barbarians, of ignorant, uncultivated boors," remarks Miss Vivash. "There is not a shopboy in London but knows who one is—yes, and what sort of deference is due, too, to people of position."

And, leaning back in her place, Vivian folds her statuesque arms, and bestows looks of thunder on the smiling landscape—every league a new picture of sun-tinted beauty—through which they travel. Vistas of primeval forest; villages where the stork builds in the quaint wood-spires; the alder-fringed river; the poplar avenues, stretching away toward purple Alsace—what does Vivian care for such sights as these!—Vivian, to whom our whole fair planet's crust is but a kind of filigree-work for the setting of dresses, bonnets, parasols, and whose higher ideas of landscape are comprised by Kensington Gardens when the band is playing, or the drive to Twickenham!

The pleasure-seekers leave their train at Mülheim. From thence a rickety, open *shandry-dan*, dignified, like everything which goes on four wheels throughout Germany, by the name of *droschka*, conveys them, through a succession of old-world hamlets, past rushing streams and busy saw-mills, to Badenweiler. Everywhere is the same sensation caused by London art-dress, by London beauty. Housewives rush forth, bare-armed, from kneading-pan or washing-tub, sawyers suspend their sawing, children their play; all stare with startled bovine wonder (like Eng-

lish rustics before a hurdy-gurdy and white mice) at the strangers as they pass.

"We should have done better to advertise and placard," says Lady Pamela, when they find themselves, by this time with an attendant crowd, in the straggling mountain-lane that leads up from Badenweiler proper to the Kursaal. "The masses must be educated before they can appreciate the *Æsthetic*.—Janet, child, I don't know, all things considered, that I would mind changing dresses with you for the remainder of the day."

Sir Christopher looks, gravely admiring, at Jeanne's plain cotton frock, at her broad-brimmed peasant's hat.

"Miss Dempster's dress is idyllic," he remarks, with his little air of *dilettante* conviction. "Gainsborough would have been glad of her, just as she stands, as a model."

"Washed-out prints, cobbler-made shoes, coral necklace, and all," interrupts Jeanne, quickly fearful of ridicule. "I wonder, in Mr. Gainsborough's absence, how many conquests my idyllic appearance will make at Badenweiler?"

"Herr Wolfgang is to be there," observes Vivian laconically. "He asked leave to meet us with such pretty humility that I had not the heart to say nay. Of one conquest Jeanne is certain."

"Yes, of one conquest Fräulein Jeanne is certain," repeats Sir Christopher, in a tone that brings the color to the girl's cheeks.

Kit Marlowe is free to pay idle compliments, an he lists. There his liberty ends. The precise length of tether that shall be accorded to him for the remainder of the afternoon is speedily measured out by Miss Vivash.

"Gainsborough may have had his own crotchety ideas," so she remarks, as they enter the wicket-gate of the Kurgarten. "I have mine; and I say that the coloring of our group does not harmonize. Our group, as a natural consequence, must divide—do not all the painters declare that, if I am not artistic, I am nothing? Who comes with me? Will you, Sir Christopher?" (This in a sweet little tone of coaxing entreaty. She is not generally sweet to Sir Christopher Marlowe.) "Bygones shall, for once, be bygones, and we will try, really and honestly, if we can not remain half an hour in each other's society without quarreling."

Sir Christopher's afternoon, I repeat, is laid out for him: pleasantly, surely. What better fate could a man desire, under summer sunshine, with music playing, and soft winds blowing, than to be Beauty's escort?—what better fate—unless it chance that he and Beauty have gone through the like kind of paradisiacal experiences already, and grown sick of them!

As the two move slowly away down the central alley of the garden—every head turning to gaze after the trailing Indian silk, the marvelous parasol, the fair "unconscious" face of Vivian—a new possibility flashes across Jeanne's mind. Miss Vivash is ambitious, disappointed, has newly lost a wealthy lover—conditions, surely, under which a heart like hers might easily be caught in the rebound. Why weave romances about German counts or German professors when the solid English acres, the position, the title of Sir Christopher Marlowe may lie at Beauty's very door?

Lady Pamela seems to guess her thoughts.

"A stranger might wonder, might he not, at the position in which our friends, yonder, stand toward each other. I wonder at it myself, sometimes. But you must know, my dear, we are people with a past—Kit Marlowe, Vivian, and I. At your age, naturally, all verbs are conjugated in the present tense, 'J'aime, tu aimes, il aime.' We have reached the *passé indéfini*—you see I have not quite forgotten my French grammar—we have got to *nous avons aimé*."

"Who is 'we'?" asks Jeanne with interest. "*Not*—Lady Pamela Lawless and Sir Christopher Marlowe?"

"We show so many lingering symptoms of sentiment, do we not?" replies Lady Pamela—Jeanne thinks with a somewhat heightened color. "Everything about us so clearly denotes a pair of antiquated turtle-doves? No, child, no!

"Je l'aime.

"Tu l'adores.

"Il l'épouse."

"If Kit Marlowe and I were to conjugate the verb 'aimer,' we should do so, depend upon it, according to the most advanced spirit of an enlightened age."

As Lady Pamela speaks, they turn into one of the narrow paths that lead up through coolest emerald shade from the main avenue of the gardens. Five or six minutes' brisk ascent brings them to the summit of the hill—the steepest, surely, of any Kurgarten in Germany—among the ruins of the Schloss. Immediately below is a sheer declivity, clothed in every varied green of juniper, beech, and mountain-ash. Behind and to the left are the Black Forest highlands; crest after crest succeeding each other in long, soft stretches of wavy outline; a very sea of hill, blue, undulating, as old Ocean himself. To the west is open plain, here purple, here golden, as the clouds slowly succeed each other athwart the sinking sun. The chimneys and roofs of Mühlhausen glisten, like points of fire, in the middle distance. In the foreground are a coffee-table, three or four painted chairs, and one of those gigantic revolving spyglasses, with varicolored compartments, through which the German holi-

day-maker loves, in the intervals between Wagner's music of the future, and the present consumption of cakes and coffee, to gaze on nature.

"Awfully jolly machine!" exclaims Lady Pamela, turning the wheel briskly. Would the Pyramids, St. Peter's, the Venus of Milo, elicit any higher form of approval from her lips? "Life seen under difficulties of every shade and complexion. Rose-color! Ah, I knew the meaning of rose-color, myself, at the age of fifteen, and with Uncle Paget's stud still to the fore. Green! Yes, and I have lived for two long years in *that* atmosphere, grass-green as the monster jealousy could make it. Yellow! Artificial sunshine, champagne, gaslight; pleasures high-rouged and spicily flavored; life as it is, now—as it has been, rather, any time during the past six seasons. And next, smoke-color! Rheumatism, district-visiting, the odd trick, a father confessor—the future.—Be thankful, little Jeanne, that you are only seventeen, further off by a dozen years than I from the smoke-colored department; the mixed process of satiety and regret that men term 'sobering down.'"

She puts her hand under Jeanne's arm, and they continue their walk; emerging ere long upon the Frühlingsblume Plateau, a terrace immediately above the Kursaal, thronged at this sunset hour with loungers, and where the symphony in spots attracts nearly as much attention as Beethoven's Symphony in B flat (an epitome, say the Germans, of every phase of happy love!), which the band, at the present moment, plays deliciously.

But Lady Pamela's thoughts and converse still are grave. "Yes," she goes on, leading her companion apart from the crowd, "we have got, all three of us, Herr Wolfgang will soon make an indifferent fourth, to the *passé indéfini*. Nous avons aimé, poor little Kit Marlowe, I will say, to his credit, very honestly. You think it strange, do you not, that we should all be as good comrades as we are, and nothing more? Janet, I will whisper you a secret that is the secret of half London as well. In days gone by, exactly a twelvemonth ago next November, Sir Christopher Marlowe was over head and ears in love with Miss Vivash (or with the reputation of her Beauty—I have never been quite sure which), and she laughed at him."

There is no mistake about it this time. The color does deepen on Lady Pamela's cheek; her lip trembles.

"Laughed at him, relented, accepted an engagement-ring—we have it still, among our museum of trophies—and threw him over; all within the space of six short November days. Ah! those miserable days—I never thought a man could be so hard hit—just at the beginning of

the hunting season, too, when you would say the human heart could brood over nothing long—save a black frost! I have told you, have I not, how Vivian and I first became allied? Grandpapa Vauxhall had disinterred her during his autumn's yachting, in some little village, westward ho! He announced his discovery, as an astronomer might announce the finding of a new planet, in the clubs, engaged a painter and a poet to give his *trouvaille* the hall-mark of fashion, and brought her and her mamma to stay with the Ladies Vauxhall in London. Mamma, as a first condition of success, we had to dismiss. It seems undutiful, you think, Jeanne; but what should a Beauty Regnant do with a dowdy little Devonshire parsoness dogging her steps? Mamma, her honest head turned by her daughter's budding greatness, we had to pack up and send home, and Vivian and I, under grandpapa's auspices, set up our joint establishment.

"That establishment was of a most delusive and transitory nature," muses Lady Pamela mournfully. "A nutshell of a house, abutting on the Park, certainly, but so small, cruel tongues averred, that our maids had to lodge under the kitchen table and our page in the coal-scuttle. A nutshell of a house, a miniature brougham, a family coachman (from the livery stables), and a couple of riding-horses, all paid for—perhaps I ought to say all *not* paid for—by the month. For the yachting and hunting seasons we trusted to the hospitality of our friends, and our child-like faith was rewarded—I don't say without occasional rebuffs; but these we were large-souled enough to overlook. Aspirant Beauties must have no flesh and blood about them, as the man who was pilloried said of tradesmen; no passions, no resentments! August saw us on board the easiest-laced, most convivial yacht in Cowes. In September we were on the moors. Winter found us at Leamington. At Leamington poor little Kit Marlowe came to grief."

Lady Pamela stops short, a flush on her cheek, a light unwonted in her eyes. All the plainness of her face seems at this moment to be swept away, as if by magic.

"Beauty, Jeanne," she resumes, presently, "has its peculiar temptations (I wonder how often I have heard that phrase?), with which no ugly woman can really sympathize. Beauty may lure on an honest man to the utmost, refuse, accept, refuse him, all in half a week, and then make a jest of him among his friends afterward. The world will shrug its shoulders over his fate. Heartless? My dear fellow, who would credit a professional Beauty with a heart? Coquetry, vanity, greed—qualities which in other women may be vices—are *her* virtues. Kit Marlowe jilted? Kit Marlowe must accustom himself to

his position, as his betters, not a few, have done before him.

"The old Duke of Beaujolais, I should tell you, was in Leamington just then; padded, decrepit, one foot in a slipper, the other in the grave, needing a couple of servants to support him to his wheel-chair, or lift him from his carriage. And a horrid whisper ran through the length and breadth of Leamington society that his Grace might remarry. 'Twas a whisper only; but it decided Kit Marlowe's fate. What chance for a poor little country-gentleman, with his three or four thousand a year, against the bewildering, pulse-stirring possibility of winning the Duke of Beaujolais's *heart*?"

"Sir Christopher took his punishment stoutly," Lady Pamela finishes. "He did more. He continued, as not one man out of fifty would have done, a friend of the woman who had jilted him. Half a dozen times since, when events have been taking a threatening enough turn for us, Sir Christopher has worked them straight again, and not in the Vauxhall fashion. From first to last, Lord Vauxhall's patronage of Vivian was—an advertisement of Lord Vauxhall's vanity. 'The town wanted a new beauty,' grandpapa used to say, with his big laugh, 'and I invented one. I hope I am not to be made sponsor for all my Invention's future career.'

(To be continued.)

And the words had a sneer in them. Sir Christopher has been loyal as a brother through good report and through evil—through evil, especially."

"And is brotherly loyalty a state of feeling sure to last?" asks little Jeanne.

"It will last in this case, child. Sir Christopher is not made of such poor stuff as to pin his heart upon his sleeve a second time. No; Kit Marlowe will remain a bachelor, and I—well, there is some kind of cousinship between us to start with, and I already am 'nine-and-twenty, and used up.' It will not take many more years before I shall be old and staid enough to keep house for him with propriety. . . . Did any civilized people ever stare like these?"

Four white-capped Freiburg students have stretched themselves across the path, and gravely, as though they were conducting some scientific research, are examining the symphony in spots through four pairs of spectacles.

"One would think they had never seen an ugly woman queerly dressed in their lives before," says Lady Pamela calmly. "Let us hope that the native mind will recover its equilibrium before the ball begins. I mean to dance every dance throughout the programme, if the Teuton will only collect his scattered wits sufficiently to invite me."

THE MALAKANI; OR, SPIRITUAL CHRISTIANS IN EASTERN RUSSIA.

"THE Russian Government has invited the Malakani, a sect of milk-drinkers, to settle in the Kars district." The sect to which this recently issued telegram of Reuter's office* refers, having most of its adherents in certain villages of Eastern and Southern Russia, was introduced to the notice of the British public by Mr. Wallace, who, in 1872, visited several of its congregations, and held colloquies with the elders. The Malakani's Presbyterian organization, their familiarity with the Bible, the eagerness, earnestness, and shrewdness displayed by them in controversy, strongly reminded Mr. Wallace of his Scotch home and elicited his lively sympathy. Nor are their own countrymen less favorably disposed toward them—a fact all the more remarkable, as the Russian law classes the Malakani

among the most pernicious sects, and as their wealth might be supposed to arouse envy. What fixes the eyes of Europeans, as well as of Russians, upon them, is indeed the unqualified praise bestowed upon them by every one; and the sharp contrast universally acknowledged to exist between them and their surroundings. In order to enable the reader to understand this, we must begin by throwing a glance on the other peasants of the East Russian steppes.

Those other peasants are in no respect much above, and in some important points decidedly below, the neighboring Kirghiz nomads. Their villages, very similar to the winter quarters of well-to-do Kirghiz, are as gray and uniform as nomad encampments. The low, lengthy huts, with roofs of half-rotten thatch, are built of mud mixed with chopped straw, and stand in vast irregular yards, inclosed by crumbling walls of the same material. Only a few two-storied wooden

* Dated St. Petersburg, January 21, 1879; see the "Times" and other newspapers of the 23d.

houses belonging to corn-dealers and usurers somewhat diversify the long winding rows of mud huts and mud walls. No grass, no tree, not even a kitchen-garden enlivens such a village; and its soil, either buried in snow, or parched, cracked, and covered with a thick layer of dust, or turned by snow and rain into a quagmire, is far drearier than even the sunburned steppe on which the nomad pitches his felt tent. It is difficult to say whether that tent or the hut is more scantily furnished, and as regards every kind of disgusting disorder the hut is unquestionably worse than the tent. Even the domestic economies of the peasant and the nomad are surprisingly similar. The peasant is in perpetual search for fresh land; he cultivates the same field only two years in succession, and then leaves it for a number of years, until, by thus lying fallow, it has recovered sufficient fertility—a system exactly alike in principle to the nomad's wandering in quest of fresh grass-plots. Still more in accordance with nomad usages is the peasant's pasturing. The animals of all the families in the village are intrusted to shepherds and herdsmen hired by the community, who drive them as long as the season permits over the far-stretching village commons. These herds and flocks, the peasants' only means of investment—for they spend nothing on the improvement of their agriculture, and the land itself is partly community-land distributed for cultivation, partly rented—are a very precarious kind of property in these regions, where the cattle-plague is endemic, and where the scum of all the nationalities on the steppe—Russians, Malorossians, Germans, Tartars, Kirghiz, Calmucks—unite in horse-stealing, passing the booty rapidly from hand to hand until it disappears in some nomad herd often hundreds of miles from where it was taken. Another mighty impediment to the peasants' economical progress is their savage-like improvidence. They no doubt dispose of masses of land which to the European farmer would appear fabulous, and therefore require no manure. These advantages, however, are widely outbalanced by the distance of markets and the uncertainty of prices; by a winter so severe and capricious that little more than five months are left for agricultural labor; by droughts, untimely frosts, sudden blights, rust, mice; in years of good growth, enormously dear labor and wet autumns, an average yield less than a third of that habitual in England; bad years being the rule, and somewhat satisfactory ones the exception, and at least one harvest in ten returning less than the seed. These things are of course well known to the peasant; and yet, after every harvest, he is, as long as the money lasts, in a state of bestial besottedness, accompanied on festive days by coarse feasting on a grand scale.

The total result is that the increase of wealth scarcely keeps pace with the growth of population, and that the aspect of the peasant's life is as stationary as in Asia. The peasant's religion, though called Christian, is far more heathenish in its practices and superstitions than the by no means pure Mohammedanism of the Kirghiz; and, while these nomads mostly receive some kind of instruction from their mollahs, the minds of the peasants remain entirely uncultivated. Their morality is such as under these circumstances may be expected. That every man is a thief, is, according to a proverb current among them, a matter of course; no one would tell the truth where a lie seems more profitable; and the brute passions, though somewhat hidden by a superficial kindness, assert their rule on every occasion, and sometimes burst out with fearful fury. Thus, not long ago, a troop of peasants from some of the villages we are here speaking of tried to put a stop to horse-stealing by striking terror into the souls of the Kirghiz. Armed and on horseback, and having drunk a whole tun—one hundred and forty gallons—of spirits, they sallied forth into the Kirghiz territory and murdered every man, woman, and child they could lay hands on, seizing the babes by the legs and hurling their heads against those of their parents. Such is the civilization in the midst of which the Malakani live, for those very villages from which the expedition just described was recruited are noted abodes of Malakanism; and at a distance of about sixty miles from them is Alexandroff Gaï, where Mr. Wallace, guided by the Russian friends with whom he was traveling, went to hold his principal conference with the Malakan elders.

That town-like village is indeed specially fit to impress the stranger, for here the Malakani have, favored by exceptional circumstances, been able to settle in a quarter of their own, apart from the other inhabitants, and to build up, out of the same materials which the surrounding barbarism employs, a civilized life well adapted to the opportunities and requirements of the steppe on the border of Asia. The streets in the Malakan quarter of Alexandroff Gaï, though straight and of great breadth and considerable length, do not contain many houses; the yards being of unusual vastness even here. The walls, extending from house to house, by which these yards are separated from the streets, as well as the stables, barns, and granaries within the yards, though built of mud-bricks, are even, regular, and in good repair; and the whole homestead, however strange to the European eye, on account of the enormous waste of space, the long, low, earth-colored farm-buildings, the absence of verdure, the unwonted human figures—peasants with long beards, dressed in cotton shirts and wide, baggy

breeches, and horsemen in Kirghiz array, and with Mongol features—differs most markedly from the dilapidation and wild disorder customary in Russian farmyards. As regards the houses, the best of them, similar in shape to those of the dealers in other parts of Alexandroff Gaï, are wooden, brightly painted, two-storied, with an outside staircase leading to the gallery which runs along the upper story; and over that story a garret with a small balcony—altogether a stately-looking building. The second-rate houses, one-storied and of weather-stained wood, and the still poorer huts of mud bricks, are remarkable only by their neatness. The center of the upper story in the best houses is formed by a large, hall-like room with broad benches along the walls and one or two tables. Here prayer-meetings are held and guests are received. On either side of the hall is a good-sized room, inhabited, the one by the elder, the other by the younger members of the family. On the ground-floor are the kitchen and the store-rooms. The whole house is neat and orderly; and the poorer houses, though less attractive, are also pleasant and homelike. The dress of the inhabitants is analogous to their abode; that is to say, it differs from that of the other peasants only in neatness and substantiality, not in material or cut. All the clothes—with the exception of the elderly men's cloth caftans, the baggy trousers of black cotton velvet or other thick cotton stuff, and the sheepskin furs—are made of cotton prints or scarlet cottonades, and the men are girt with twisted woolen shawls. Yet, in spite of this attire, and of the hair dressed and cut, and the beards worn just as other peasants have them, the fact that the Malakani are very different from their fellow villagers is apparent at the first sight of most of them, in the honest, beaming eyes, the mild expression of the faces, and the frankness of the address, though that is somewhat subdued by a but too easily explicable shyness.

The Malakani's prosperity is owing to their intelligence, their frugality, to the confidence they enjoy, to the unity within their families, and to their mutual assistance. In Alexandroff Gaï, where, notwithstanding the abundance of land, there is much poverty among the other peasants, every Malakan household is at least above need; and the twelve wealthiest Malakan families hold together two hundred thousand acres of crown land, the individual holdings varying between three and forty thousand acres. Each of these vast tracts is used principally for cattle- or sheep-breeding, and a small part for wheat-growing in the above-described fashion; that is to say, every year some of the pasture is turned into fields, and each field, after having been cultivated for two years, is again turned into pasture. The

cattle, three to five hundred on the largest holdings, and the still more numerous sheep, are placed in the hands of Kirghiz herdsmen, who, having felt tents, horses, and some cattle of their own, encamp the whole year on the steppe, and, living exactly like other Kirghiz, perform their herdsmen's duties on horseback. Their pay is quite sufficient for their small wants; and they, as well as the numerous farm-servants and laborers in the Malakani's employ, are faithful to their masters because they are treated, not as beasts of burden, but as fellow men. "We feed our work-people with beef," said one of the largest Malakan farmers to me, "because what tastes sweet to us also tastes sweet to them."

Such farming as that which I have just described is possible only in a very thinly inhabited part, where land may be had from the crown at a yearly rent of about twopence an acre. In the somewhat more westerly districts, life is not so easy; but there are other advantages of which the Malakani avail themselves with much energy and skill. My host, in one of the villages which shared in the murdering raid into the Kirghiz territory, devotes his attention to a variety of pursuits. Land in that neighborhood, which, though sixty miles farther westward than Alexandroff Gaï, is nearly sixty miles from the Volga, is proportionably dear (ten shillings an acre yearly rent for the best land), on account of the competition of the German colonies in the vicinity. Yet my host, nothing daunted, extends his farming from year to year, and has now six hundred acres under wheat, recouping himself by the high quality of his produce, part of which he sells for seed. He owns two flour-mills. When cattle are cheap he takes to slaughtering, and sells the hides, tallow, and meat. The village fair is leased to him, and he lets the permanent booths and the places for temporary stalls. His house, similar to the best houses in Alexandroff Gaï, is used by him for receiving travelers, chiefly corn-dealers, from the ports on the Volga, whom he attracts by assisting them in their purchases, and by the fairness of his terms. Some Malakani have large orchards systematically tended and watered, and producing rich harvests of valuable apples; some are carriers, some are tanners and dealers in leather, some are carpenters, some are house-painters; some of the women make thick, velvety rugs for which they themselves dye the wool; and, whatever the Malakani undertake, every one likes to have intercourse with them, convinced of the soundness of their labor and of their faithfulness in keeping their word—rare satisfactions in Eastern Russia. My own business transactions with two of my Malakan hosts strongly reminded me of some of the best traits of European life. I had furnished my room, in

the house of one of them, with the articles necessary for a few months' stay; and when I was going to leave I asked the landlady how to dispose of the furniture. "How much do you want for it?" asked she. I named the price for each article. "I shall take them at those prices," answered she, without any attempt at haggling. The second affair is still more characteristic. I had lived five weeks with my host, Athanas Gavrilvitch Orloff, the owner of the two flour-mills mentioned above. Our agreement was that I was to pay three rubles a week for board and lodging; it, however, happened that I was, by various misunderstandings with my banker, nearly without money, and had not paid Orloff anything until my departure, and he knew that I had then only twenty-five rubles. In consequence of this situation the following dialogue took place:

The evening before my departure I said, "Here are twenty-five rubles, take fifteen and return me ten."

Ath. Gavr. "I have not time just now."

Thereupon in the morning:

I. "Here are twenty-five rubles, take fifteen and return me ten."

Ath. Gavr. takes the money reluctantly, and, saying nothing, brings back eighteen rubles.

I. "You have made a mistake; here are eighteen rubles instead of ten."

Ath. Gavr. "No, don't you see, three rubles a week I take from the corn-dealers, who give me no end of trouble; how could I take so much from you?"

The Malakani's family life moves in the same patriarchal form as that of the other peasants. Not only the unmarried children, but also the married sons and their sons and unmarried daughters are under the progenitor's roof and rule. But while this organization is in other Russian peasant families a source of brutal and capricious despotism, and of endless quarrels and heartburnings, it is in the Malakani's home ideally harmonious. Its principal traits here are the zeal of the paterfamilias to fulfill his duties with dignity and with equal justice and affection toward the whole household; his family's loving reverence for him; the high position of his wife; the total equality between daughters and sons—in spite of the harsh treatment of the female sex under the Russian law—and the absolutely free choice of partners in matrimony. The contrasts between the Malakani and the other peasants become still more striking when we enter into the details of their daily lives. The delight of the other peasants is the squalid, tumultuous dram-shop; in their homes, bestiality, noise, and filth; a coarse show of opulence one day, and misery a few days af-

ter; ferocious domestic despotism and the vices engendered by it, are constantly to be witnessed. The flow of the Malakani's life, on the contrary, is so still and even that Europeans, accustomed to hurry and turmoil, can not imagine it. Work performed without haste, and yet steadily, and in willing coöperation with all the members of the family; instruction of the children by their parents, prayers, psalm-singing, colloquies on religious subjects, reading of the Bible, and congregational assemblies, constitute the Malakani's whole existence. Their religious exercises, showing none of the enthusiasm and the self-consciousness which appear to us essential to sectarian piety, are for them inexhaustible sources of quiet enjoyment.

The Malakan religion exceeds all other religions in the want of established outward marks, and is therefore not easy to describe. It certainly bears some trace of the sources from which it sprang—that is to say, of the influence of two older sects—the one originated by the teaching of English Quakers in Moscow, the other Judaizing. But since the foundation of Malakanism a century has elapsed, and the remnants of those influences are now of small significance for its essence; and, in comparing Malakanism with other religions, we obtain little more than negations. The Malakani abhor image-worship, have no priests, no dogma, no sacraments, no symbols of faith, no consecrated forms of worship, no sacred buildings, no peculiar dress and manner, and do not imagine themselves to be inspired by the Holy Ghost. Although their congregational meetings mostly take place on Sundays and other great church holidays, they do not scruple to transact business on those days; and any day appears to them fit for congregational devotion. Even their Presbyterianism, very unlike that of the Calvinists, scarcely deserves the name of a constituted church government. For their elders are simply old men, well read in the Scriptures, who owe their authority to tacit consent, not to election; and it is not easy to draw a line where eldership begins. Mere negations can not, however, give an idea of Malakanism; and we must try to collect its positive traits.

Its outward form is the very extreme of plainness. The locality where the congregation assembles is, as a rule, one of the hall-like rooms; but a smaller room, or a yard, or even a field, also answers the purpose. The service is described in the following manner by a witness who often saw it celebrated:

"In the large room where the assembly is going to take place a table is covered with a white cloth, and upon it a number of Bibles and psalters are placed. When the presiding elder enters the room all the others rise and salute him by

bending their heads; he also bends his head, and all pray in silence. He then proceeds to his seat, indicates the chapters of the prophets, the Psalms, the New Testament, to be read; after the reading he points out the Psalms or chapters intended to be sung; all then go nearer to the table. The singing itself is melancholy, resembling that of popular ballads. After the singing there is again some reading, and then a prayer, likewise composed of Bible verses. At the end of the prayer the whole congregation, led by the elder, prostrate themselves. Some other prayers are performed kneeling."

My own experience of Malakani congregational worship is slightly different from this description, but agrees with its most prominent trait, the total absence of settled liturgical forms and of an established order. No one knows before the beginning of the service what is going to be read and sung. The presiding elder himself chooses the texts during the service. Not unfrequently several elders preside, and the choice is made by consultation, or sometimes alternately by the one, sometimes by the other. Colloquial commentaries, principally by the elders, on the passages which have been read, are not uncommon. Most congregations have a few traditional prayers in prose, and some religious songs, which are occasionally, according to the presiding elder's choice, employed in the service. More settled, and even approaching to a liturgical ritual, are the services for weddings, the reception of the new-born, and burial. But the presiding elder is here also at liberty to choose and alter as he deems appropriate. Family devotion is still more devoid of set rules. It is not usual in Malakan families to gather regularly for any purpose; and even the meals are about as uncertain and prolonged as breakfast in an English country mansion where there are many visitors. There are, therefore, no established usages for saying grace, nor is there anything at all akin to English morning and evening family worship. All the above-mentioned private religious exercises are quite free, according to each member's own choice. Even fasts are kept in the same way. They are self-imposed penances, and though, like the Jewish fasts, consisting in total abstinence from food, often last several days. The only other remnant of Judaism in the congregations I have here more specially in view is a peremptory objection to pork. In some other congregations, however, the Saturday Sabbath is kept exactly as in Jewish houses, and even minute details of Jewish Sabbath-customs are observed. Some congregations in the Caucasus even used, twenty years ago, to have certain Hebrew prayers, and perhaps have them still.

The three great events of family life—mar-

riage, birth, and death—are, as I have already said, consecrated by congregational worship; and the marriage ceremony, though absolutely colorless, is very impressive. The whole congregation assembles in one of the vast yards, and its representative on this occasion is the very oldest man, white-haired, trembling, and so all the more venerable. This service is very lengthy, and consists principally of prayers, composed of Bible verses, which the elder reads, the congregation joining only in the *amens* and prostrations. The burial service is less long, but else of a similar nature.

As regards the doctrines professed by the Malakani, they can not properly be said to have any other established faith than that the Bible is God's word, and ought therefore to be obeyed. The teaching derived by them from this axiom is not at all dogmatical, but merely practical, and exclusively consists in the application of the commands of the gospel to the duties of every-day life, an endeavor in which they have acquired a great proficiency, even their young people, girls especially, vying with each other in the quoting of texts. The practical lessons thus deduced are well fitted to meet with the approval of the educated—whether religious or not—in Western Europe. Their treatment of what we call "the rights of the female sex," is especially remarkable. Such "rights" they do not acknowledge, because, as they instinctively feel, religion teaches only duties, not rights; and yet they manage to assure to women as lofty a position as any enthusiast could desire. The matrimonial relations are based upon the rule that "the husband ought to love his wife as Christ loves his Church." This rule is not only accepted and applied throughout private life, but is also the source of the juridical decisions of elders and congregations in questions of marriage law. The reason alleged for granting equal advantages to daughters and sons is that "God commands us to love all our children alike, and that therefore to give a preference to sons would be sinful." All the other teachings are analogous to these. A superficial observer might, however, be misled into the belief that, besides these practical lessons, there is in Malakanism, as in other religions, some formulated dogmatical creed. For there are scores of Malakan professions of faith, much more similar to each other than the creeds of the various branches of Calvinism. But all of them form part of those enormously voluminous secret documents of the Ministry of the Interior relating to the criminal prosecutions and police investigations of sectarianism, some specimens of which, stolen from the archives, were published by Kelsieff, one of Herzen's followers (4 vols., London, Trübner & Co., 1860–1862). The Russian law

considers sectarian propagandism as a crime, and the Malakani as sectarians of the most dangerous kind; and thousands of reports and protocols of criminal inquests into Malakanism, therefore, exist in the head office and the branch offices of the Ministry of the Interior, to whose functions those inquests, which were indeed more administrative than juridical, appertained till not long ago. The inquisitors were of course obliged to ask the accused, "What is your faith?" and the accused were obliged to answer. All these professions of faith are therefore, in fact, answers to questions of men belonging to the orthodox Church, although their form does not always indicate it. E. g.:

"*Priests and Bishops.*—'We have a great high priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus, the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession' (Heb. iv. 14).

"*Images.*—We have a priceless image, the Son of God, 'Who is the image of the invisible God, the first-born of every creature' (Coloss. i. 15).

"*Censer and Incense.*—Our incense consists in prayers. 'Let my prayer be set forth before thee as incense' (Ps. cxli. 2)."

The scarcely veiled meaning of the above and of a number of similar answers is, "We do not accept the rites and dogmas of the established Church, because they are not in accordance with the Bible." Besides such negations there is in these professions of faith a much more positive element; for instance:

"*Baptism.*—The soul's diving into God's word and love.

"*Communion.*—The soul's partaking in the good word of God.

"*Confession.*—The prayer addressed to Jesus that he may act as mediator for the forgiveness of sin."

Although these answers fully agree with the Malakani's convictions, we should be much mistaken if we considered them as their intellectual property. They are, indeed, nothing but the petrified remnants of the doctrines of *Duchobortsí* (spiritual warriors), the older sect, from which Malakanism sprang. That sect, which, as already said, derived its origin from Quaker teaching, is perhaps even more remarkable than the Malakani. Its principal abode, on the Molotchnaya River, in the Crimea, was visited in 1818 by the Quaker R. Allen and two other Quakers, and in 1842 by Baron Haxthausen; and all these travelers were astonished by the Duchobortsí's mystical speculations and the dialectical subtlety with which they defended them. The Malakani, on the contrary, are as far as possible from being great thinkers. They no doubt show some adroitness in fencing with the orthodox clergy; but their principal arm in such disputes is their

own absolute incapacity to follow up a theological argument. They drive their adversaries—themselves no very great lights—to despair by persistently misunderstanding them, and by over and over again repeating the same texts. Malakanism is an entirely practical and absolutely undogmatical religion. It takes its foundation for granted, and makes no effort to investigate it.

All the Malakani can and do read; but, having no literature of their own except some manuscript prayers and religious songs, they must look elsewhere for intellectual food; and the choice made by them throws a curious light on their intellectual sphere, proving how completely they are cut off from the general movement. Besides Bibles and psalters in Slavonic—the same which are used in the orthodox Church—New Testaments, and a few parts of the Old Testament in modern Russian, and still fewer commentaries on the whole or part of the gospels, all of them likewise published by the orthodox Church, the Malakani read, as far as I was able to discover, only four books—the "Magazine of all the Amusements," the "Writings of Skovoroda," "Jung Stilling's Autobiography," and Livanoff's "Essays on Russian Sects." The latter author, though employed by the Government to attack sectarianism, and having for that purpose free access to the archives of the Ministry of the Interior, extols the Malakani almost beyond measure, and draws, with wonderful audacity, ironical parallels between them and the adherents of the established Church. The "Magazine of all the Amusements" is a collection of astrological, chiromantical, and other mantic tracts, apparently translated about fifty years ago from much older German publications. Skovoroda was a Cossack, a quaint Christian philosopher and poet of the last century. "Jung Stilling's Autobiography" was translated into Russian in 1815, and was in high favor with the mystics of St. Petersburg. It probably reached the Malakani from Sarepta, the Hernhut colony on the river Volga; and an adversary of the Malakani asserts that they at one time prized that book above the gospel. Malakan owners of books certainly glory a little too much in the possession of these treasures, frequently mixing scraps from them with their conversation. For, though quite without spiritual pride, they are not free from a naïve, childlike vanity.

The Malakan congregational organization is, according to their own opinion, the counterpart of the organization of the early Church, and the resemblance is undeniable, because there is some similarity between the two situations. The Malakani, long accustomed to be treated by the law as dangerous sectarians, and to be deprived of many of the natural rights of unoffending men,

look upon the Emperor and the Government much as the early Christians did, scrupulously obeying the authorities and laws, but obeying them as strangers. They call the established Church "Russian," and its adherents "Russians," just as if they themselves were foreigners. Their congregational assemblies have for that very reason a signification very similar to that which the "ecclesia" had for the early Christians. We have already seen that marriages and births are consecrated by the congregation; and these public acts have, in the eyes of the Malakani, a not merely sacramental but also a legal authority: nay, the Government itself, having no other means to ascertain the status of Malakan families, accords—though not openly and distinctly—some weight to those acts. All legal disputes between Malakani are brought before the congregation; and the elders are in their jurisdiction guided by their notions of Bible law; for the Bible is their only law-book, and when they sit in judgment it is constantly in their hands. The congregational assembly also admits new members, exercises a disciplinary authority, and receives confessions of sin. That no regular contributions are raised, and that the elders are entirely unpaid, are other important points of resemblance between the church government of the Malakani and that of the early Christians. The education of the young is not among the functions of the congregation; there neither are, nor ever were, any Malakani schools, but the somewhat desultory instruction of the Malakani children is performed solely by their relatives.

Malakanism originated about a century ago, and its beginnings are fit to form the theme of a stirring novel. Its founder, the village tailor Uklein, left his legitimate wife to marry the daughter and become one of the principal followers of the village heresiarch Hilarion Pobirochin, a wealthy peasant in one of the villages of the province of Tambov (to the southeast of Moscow). Pobirochin had, during a residence in Poland, been imbued by some of the mystics of that country with ideas belonging rather to India than to Europe. On his return to his native village he placed himself at the head of the Duchobortsi of those parts, who, at that time, divided and uncertain in their doctrines, were, with the submissiveness of Russian peasants, disposed to accept the commands of his despotic will. He taught that there is no God, save in the persons of the righteous; that when one of these dies another one is born into whom the deceased's soul passes, while the souls of the lawless pass into the bodies of animals. Himself he considered as the incarnation of the Son of God. In order to enforce these doctrines he was surround-

ed by twelve unconditionally devoted adherents, called the "angels of death," who maintained his authority by means of threats, blows, and even murder. Uklein, disgusted by Pobirochin's forbidding his followers to read the Bible, soon fell out with him. In one of the congregational meetings he opposed his father-in-law so violently, that only the alarm raised by the housewife saved him from the clutches of the "angels of death."

The teachings of the Duchobortsi, independently of Pobirochin's extravagances, are, as I have already pointed out, nearly akin to those of the Quakers, and these same doctrines formed the fundamental stock with which Uklein started when founding his new sect. He, however, reverted to the Bible, which had been somewhat set aside by the Duchobortsi in favor of their inspirations and mystical speculations; and he, moreover, became the associate in propagandism of the head of a widespread Judaizing sect, receiving them into his fold, and adopting some of their tenets, especially the objection to pork. It seems strange that the necessarily confused ideas arising from this mixture achieved a large and rapid success. The fact is, that among the Russian lower classes there is a craving for spiritual food, because the established Church offers them nothing but forms, which, though full of beauty, become mere idolatry in the hands of a drunken and contemptible village clergy, performing the rites mechanically, and without even the pretense of an interest in them. The persecution of Malakanism, on account of its close resemblance to the "pernicious" Duchobortsi creed, also contributed mightily to its spread, which was, moreover, favored by the locality where the new sect originated. The province of Tambov borders on the vast steppe region, stretching from the confines of Asia across the river Volga, which is in some of its southeastern and eastern districts still inhabited by Calmuck, Kirghiz, and Bashkere nomads. The greatest part of that region had, in January, 1771, become nearly empty by the exodus of the Calmuck nation, which, justly alarmed by the establishment of the German colonies, fled into Asia, leaving only a few fragments on the right bank of the river, and entirely deserting the left bank—that is to say, the whole wide space between the rivers Volga and Ural. The Kirghiz afterward pressed forward into that space; but up to Uklein's time they had only made some raids into it, ravaging some of the German settlements, and driving the inhabitants and their herds and flocks to Asiatic markets. The German colonists, though by far the densest population of the region, numbered barely thirty thousand, spread over one thousand square miles. The remaining parts of the population were some

clusters of serfs surrounding their self-exiled masters; the sparse descendants of the Astrakhan Tartars and of two Finnish tribes; some Russians in Astrakhan and in the villages along the two branches into which the Volga is here divided; and the Volga Cossacks in widely dispersed *stanitzas* and isolated farmyards. This region, little interfered with by the Government, was the scene of Uklein's labors after he had left his native province. In the then most completely deserted parts, close to the frontier of Asia, Alexandroff Gaï was founded, and received its Malakan settlers from Tambov, whence persecution had driven them. Most of the above-mentioned Malakan congregations had a similar origin; but Uklein had also considerable success among the Cossacks and the other peasants, both free and serfs. The Crimea, Grusia, and Siberia, likewise received crowds of Malakani, transported there in order to prevent the infection of more populous localities; and Malakanism, wherever thus planted, continued to propagate itself among its neighbors.

But why were Uklein's followers called Malakani—a name evidently derived from *moloko* (milk)? To this question the Russians usually give the absurd answer, "Because the Malakani do not, like the orthodox, abstain from milk on the fast-days of the Church." The fact is, that the name *Malakani* was originally a popular nickname of the Duchobortsi,* most of them having, by order of the Government, been made to emigrate to the banks of the *Molotchnaya* (Milk River) in the Crimea; and that the name afterward, apparently in the years 1812 to 1820, shifted over to Uklein's sect, on which it fixed itself so firmly that its real origin is long forgotten. It was, indeed, in the beginning of Uklein's sect, almost impossible for outsiders to distinguish the new sect from the parent stock, especially as both loved to call themselves "Spiritual Christians," and as the professions of faith in both were the same, or nearly the same.

Between the two sects themselves there has, nevertheless, been not only no renewed connection, but, on the contrary, a continually increasing distance; nor have the Jewish influences been renewed, except on a few isolated spots whence they have not again extended. Thus, by the gradual extinction of the traditions of the two parent sects, and the exclusive prevalence of practical deductions from the Bible, Malakanism has developed itself into a homely Christian philosophy, and has, as such, by its wonderful results, earned universal, unqualified, and well-deserved praise. All the deeper is our regret to observe the numerous and continually increasing

symptoms of decay which are at present manifesting themselves. Kissing and spasmodic dancing have made their appearance in the common worship of some congregations; some were, not long ago, under the paramount influence of a prophet, according to trustworthy testimony a runaway private soldier, born at Alexandroff Gaï, who obtained large sums, married in Mormon fashion two young and handsome girls, and at last perished in an attempt to cure himself from inebriety. These movements were and are merely reactions against the indifferentism everywhere setting in—the slackened interest in religious affairs, the waning attendance at congregational devotion. The good treatment of humble dependents, though continued because it has proved profitable, begins to be directed and modified by calculation; drink finds its way into many Malakan homes; nay, there are confirmed drunkards in some of the most prominent and most anciently renowned Malakan families. The concurrence of this decay with the Russian public's admiration of Malakan virtue and the Government's kind interest in it, is by the Malakani themselves admitted to be not accidental. The impetus and bitter relish imparted by persecution appear indeed to have been necessary for the preservation of pure Malakanism, which is else too pale and sober to satisfy even those born and brought up to it.

The fundamental principle of the laws and regulations directed against sectarianism has outwardly remained nearly the same during the whole century since Malakanism was founded; but in its application there have been very considerable variations, nearly corresponding with the reigns to which they belong. There is, according to the Russian law, to be no constraint upon the conscience; but every attempt to bring about apostasy from the established Church is to be severely punished. The first part of this principle was, in the early years of Malakanism, nothing but a mockery; for every manifestation of sectarianism, its congregational worship more especially, was regarded as an attempt to convert orthodox Christians; and the punishment was, in many cases, the extreme penalty of the Russian law, the knout, followed by penal servitude in the Siberian mines. The lighter punishments were compulsory military service, which then lasted more than twenty years; banishment into the fortresses, to Siberia, Grusia, the Crimea, and other desert provinces; mostly preceded by flogging with the "plet," the short and thickly-plaited horsewhip borrowed from the nomads. More terrible than these lighter punishments was the protracted preliminary inquest, the brutal driving of the prisoners, heavily chained, over long, dreary distances, until they reached the in-

* See Livanoff's "Sectarians," vol. iii., p. 401.

expressibly foul and vile places of temporary confinement, and the iniquitous procedure in which the inquisitor had unlimited power, and the prisoner no right. With the accession of Alexander I., in 1801, there came a mighty change for the better. He declared that persecution merely served to spread and confirm sectarianism, and that the only true means for eradicating it was kindly persuasion and good example. Every case of sectarianism was to be laid before the council of ministers, and, as the Emperor himself took a lively interest in these matters, most of them were brought to his own cognizance; and many such opportunities were made use of for the further development of his enlightened ideas. Especial favor was shown to the Duchobortsi, for whom Alexander, the friend of the Quakers, had an almost unconcealed liking, though pretending to consider their doctrines as the errors of well-meaning but misled simpletons; and some of that favor also reached the Malakani. Nicholas, on the other hand, believed the established Church to be the mainstay of the state, and naturally considered sectarians, who all regard the orthodox as "idolaters," to be especially dangerous. There were again endless vexations and extortions, and numerous criminal prosecutions leading to banishment, and some to still severer punishments. Alexander II. almost abolished—practically though not formally—the criminal

treatment of sectarianism. The press was at liberty to praise the Malakani, although the collection of regulations in matters of sectarianism, secretly printed by the Ministry of the Interior at the beginning of the present reign, continued to describe them as an especially pernicious sect—a contradiction which the Malakani could not fail to experience in practice. Thus there was, in Alexandroff Gaï, some time after Mr. Wallace's visit, a criminal inquest, because, according to the denunciation of a priest, two orthodox soldiers were said to have been present at a congregational prayer-meeting. The only results, however, were some protocols, and the prayer-meetings continue to be held quite openly. The minor official fry, and even some of the orthodox clergy, are on the very best terms with the Malakani; and officials of good standing, such as Mr. Wallace's traveling companions, do not hide their predilection for the sectarians. The Government itself shows, by the invitation quoted at the beginning of this essay, that it not only understands, but has the courage to acknowledge and utilize, the colonizatory capabilities of the Malakani. The success of this measure is undoubtable, and there is every reason to hope that, in the pursuit of their difficult and noble task, the Malakani will in time get rid of all their recently developed taints.

G. M. ASHER (*Macmillan's Magazine*).

MR. MACVEY NAPIER AND THE EDINBURGH REVIEWERS.*

MR. MACVEY NAPIER, who succeeded Francis Jeffrey in the editorship of the great Whig "Review," had, of course, a perfect right to preserve the letters which are published in this volume, and to study them in private as much as he pleased. Indeed, for anything that appears to the contrary in the "Introduction" by his son, the present Mr. Macvey Napier, they may have been bequeathed by the original recipient with instructions that they should some day be published. An edition, privately circulated a short time ago, led to "representations that a correspondence of so much interest ought to be made more accessible," and the present volume is the result; but it might be maintained that the writers of such letters would, if they could have

been consulted, have objected to their publication; and that to send them forth to the world in all their nakedness was, at all events, not a delicate or magnanimous thing to do. "Much might be said on both sides." Paley, in his chapter on the original character of the Christian Morality, remarked that though a thousand cases might be supposed in which the use of the golden rule might mislead a person, it was impossible in fact to light on such a case. That was a hazardous observation, for the truth is that, when we once get beyond elementary conditions of being and doing, we find human beings differ so very widely, and in such utterly incalculable ways, that it is in vain to poll the monitor in the breast on questions that do in fact arise daily—five hundred in a thousand will vote one way, and five hundred in another. "How would you like it yourself?" is a question that elicits the most

* Selection from the Correspondence of the Late Macvey Napier, Esq. Edited by his Son, Macvey Napier. London: Macmillan & Co.

discordant replies. I have a very positive feeling that I should have left many of these letters in the portfolio, or put them into the fire; but, when I look about me for a standard which I could take in my hand to Mr. Napier, I am baffled—he might produce one of his own that would silence me on the spot. And, when one has taken up a book to comment upon it with as little reserve as may be, it seems idle, if not Irish, to begin by saying that the most amusing or most fertile things in it ought never to have seen the light.

This point may recur before we have done; and in the mean time it should be remarked that nothing very momentous, either to the honor or the disgrace of human nature in general, or literary human nature in particular, can be extracted from this correspondence. A late essayist used to tell a true anecdote of a distinguished statesman who had lived many years and seen as many changes as Ulysses. A friend asked him something like this: "Well, now, you have had a great deal to do with mankind, and you have outlived the heats and prejudices of youth; what do you think of men in general?" And the veteran replied: "Oh, I like them—very good fellows; but"—and here we shall mollify his language a little—"but condemnably vain, you know." And really that is about the worst thing you can find it in your heart to say of literary men after running through these letters—"very good fellows, but very vain, you know."

Another point which lies less near the surface, and has at least the look of novelty, would perhaps be this: It is the most frequent and most voluminous of the writers who unconsciously tell us the most about themselves; and who, with the pleasing exception of Jeffrey, show us the most of their unamiable sides. But there is comfort for impulsive people in the fact that it is not always the most self-controlled and inoffensive of the writers who win upon us. The Brougham-Macaulay feud runs sprawling through these pages till we are tired of it; and some of poor Brougham's letters are downright venomous. But the total absence of disguise and the blundering boyish inconsistency disarm us. Taking the letters one by one, the moral superiority is with Macaulay on Brougham as against Brougham on Macaulay, but taking the correspondence in the lump, it is something like Charles Surface against Joseph Surface, in another line—only, of course, there is no hypocrisy. While you come to feel for Brougham in his spluttering rages, you feel also that Macaulay, in his too-admirable self-contenance, can do very well without your compassion, whatever he may have to complain of. It is easy to discern that Brougham honestly believed in his own superiority to the young rival who outshone him, and yet

that he was inwardly tormented. Macaulay's forbearance was of the kind *qui coûte si peu au gens heureux*. The editor, Mr. Napier, was, we may conjecture, the greatest sufferer of the three. Much was owed to Brougham as a man of enormous intellectual force; to which, apart from his past services, great respect was due: but Macaulay was by far the best writer, and (to employ a bull which is common enough) incomparably the most attractive contributor. The strength of his hold upon the "Review" and its editor is apparent on every tenth page of the book, and comes out forcibly enough in a letter from Sir James Stephen to Mr. Napier. Mr. Napier had written to Sir James, expressing some delicate surprise that no article from his pen had reached the "Review" for a long time. Sir James excuses himself in this fashion:

I know that many of your contributors must be importunate for a place; that you must be fencing and compromising at a weary rate; that there are many interests of the passing day which you could not overlook; and that we should all have growled like so many fasting bears if denied the regular return of the Macaulay diet, to which we have been so long accustomed.

Sir James was an exceedingly busy man, and he was not professedly a man of letters like Macaulay; but we may, if we like, read between the lines in these excuses and find a little pique there, as well as a just sense of an editor's difficulties.

Another point which lies broadly and prominently upon the surface in these letters is a very unpleasant one. It is scarcely credible how much dull conceit and sheer ignorant arbitrariness there often is in the minds of able and cultivated men. It does not seem even to occur to them that their own range may be limited, and their judgments upon many (or even a few) topics not worth ink or breath. It should hardly be offensive to an ordinary man to be told, or at least to find it tacitly assumed, that he could not have invented fluxions, painted like Rembrandt, or sung like Pindar. Why, then, should it be difficult for any cultivated specialist, of more than ordinary faculties, to make the reflection that he must be deficient in some direction or other? Yet we find in practice that it is not only difficult, but impossible, in the majority of cases. Mr. Napier seems to have invited, or at all events not to have repelled, free criticisms on his Review from the contributors in general, and the outcome is little short of appalling. If ever there was an able man it was Mr. Senior, yet these are the terms in which he allows himself to speak of an article on Christopher North—or rather of Christopher North himself: "The article on

Christopher North is my abomination. I think him one of the very worst of the clever bad writers who infest modern literature; full of bombast, affectation, conceit, in short, of all the *vitia, tristia*, as well as *dulcia*. I had almost as soon try to read Carlyle or Coleridge." Now, Mr. Senior was, of course, entitled to dislike Christopher North, and there is plenty to be said against him in the way of criticism; but the charge of "affectation" is foolish, and the whole passage pitched in the most detestable of all literary key-notes. John Wilson was a man of genius, whose personal likings and rampant animal spirits led him most mournfully astray. He was wanting also in love of truth for its own sake; but he was as much superior to Mr. Senior as Shakespeare was to *him*. And the addition about Carlyle or Coleridge—or Coleridge!—is just the gratuitous insolence of one-eyed dullness. There is enough and to spare of blame ready in any balanced mind for either of these great writers, but they can do without the admiration of wooden-headed prigs, however able. The point, however, is that it never dawns upon the mind of even so clever and cultivated a man as Mr. Senior, that his head may have gaps in it.

Another instance to the same purport may be selected from a letter from Mr. Edwin Atherstone, the poet—for it would perhaps be hard and grudging to deny him the title, since he found an audience, and I have a vague recollection of having once read verses of his about Nineveh or Babylon which had in them power of the picturesque-meditative order. Now, this is the way in which Mr. Edwin Atherstone speaks of Dr. Thomas Brown, the metaphysician: "For myself, I know not a writer, with the exception of Shakespeare, Milton, Homer, and Scott, from whom I have derived such high delight as from Dr. Brown."

Was ever such a category put on paper before? It is as if a man should say his favorite musical instruments were the organ, the harp, the trumpet, the violin, and the sewing-machine. Brown was one of the most readable of metaphysicians; he made some acute hits, and he wrote elegant verses; but his position in Mr. Atherstone's list is as inexplicably quaint as that of "Burke, commonly called the Sublime," in the epitaph on the lady who "painted in water-colors," and "was first cousin to Lady Jones."

The worst examples of all, however, come from the letters of Francis Jeffrey himself. Jeffrey has been underrated, and he was a most amiable man; but some of the verdicts he thought fit to pronounce upon articles in the "Edinburgh," when edited by Mr. Napier, are *saugrenus*. In one case he is about suggesting a contributor, to deal with a certain topic, and is

so polite as to say that the name of Mr. John Stuart Mill had struck him: "I once thought of John Mill, but there are reasons against him too, independent of his great unreadable book and its elaborate demonstrations of axioms and truisms."

There might be weighty "reasons against" Mr. Mill, but what his "Logic" could have to do with the question is not clear. It never seems to have crossed Jeffrey's mind that he *might* be totally disqualified for forming an opinion of a book like that; and, having called it "unreadable" (though to a reader with any natural bent toward such matters it is deeply interesting), he actually puts forward the fact that Mill had written it as a reason against his being intrusted with the treatment of a political topic in a Whig review. Editors are human, and the editorial position is a very troublesome one. An editor may lose his head, as an overworked wine-taster may lose his palate. In a word, allowances must be made; but, after a disclosure or two like this, it is difficult not to conclude that the "Review" owed no more of its success to its former editor than it might have owed to any intelligent clerk. But we can not let Jeffrey go yet. The following passage relates to an article on Victor Cousin:

Cousin I pronounce beyond all doubt the most unreadable thing that ever appeared in the "Review." The only chance is, that gentle readers may take it to be very profound, and conclude that the fault is in their want of understanding. But I am not disposed to agree with them. It is ten times more *mystical* than anything my friend Carlyle ever wrote, and not half so agreeably written. It is nothing to the purpose that he does not agree with the worst part of the mysticism, for he affects to understand it, and to explain it, and to think it very ingenious and respectable, and it is mere gibberish. He may possibly be a clever man. There are even indications of that in his paper, but he is not a *very* clever man, nor of much power; and beyond all question he is not a good writer on such subjects. If you ever admit such a disquisition again, order your operator to instance and illustrate all his propositions by cases or examples, and to reason and explain with reference to these. This is a sure test of sheer nonsense, and moreover an infinite resource for the explication of obscure truth, if there be any such thing.

Now, the writer of the article in question was Sir William Hamilton. "He may possibly be a clever man, but beyond all question he is not a good writer on such subjects." So much for Jeffrey.

"Nec sibi coenarum quivis temere arroget artem,
Non prius exacta tenui ratione saporum."

Poor Mr. Carlyle is again dragged in, and Sir

William is pronounced "ten times more *mystical*" than he—"mystical" in italics. When a writer, using the word mystical opprobriously, prints it in italics, it is usually safe to decide that he knows nothing of metaphysics. The concluding sentences are instructive examples of editorial self-confidence: "If ever you admit such a disquisition again, *order your operator to*" do so-and-so. Thus, the treatment of Mill and Hamilton being equally ignorant and inept, there is no escape for the ex-editor. Both verdicts were after the too-celebrated "this-will-never-do" manner, and that is all.

In the communications from literary men there are some fine instances of just self-consciousness. Tom Campbell writes, with great warmth and alertness, to promise an article upon a new work about the "Nerves"; but shortly afterward writes again, candidly confessing that he had found, upon looking again at the work, that his aptitude for scientific detail was not great enough to enable him to do justice to the subject. A letter from William Hazlitt is so striking, both for its truthfulness and its clearheadedness, as to deserve quoting in full. He had been written to by Mr. Napier for some contributions to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and he replies, from his well-known retreat at Winterslow Hut, in these terms:

I am sorry to be obliged, from want of health and a number of other engagements, which I am little able to perform, to decline the flattering offer you make me. I am also afraid that I should not be able to do the article in question, or yourself, justice, for I am not only without books, but without knowledge of what books are necessary to be consulted on the subject. To get up an article in a Review on any subject of general literature is quite as much as I can do without exposing myself. The object of an encyclopædia is, I take it, to condense and combine all the facts relating to a subject, and all the theories of any consequence already known or advanced. Now, where the business of such a work ends, is just where I begin—that is, I might perhaps throw in an idle speculation or two of my own, not contained in former accounts of the subject, and which would have very little pretensions to rank as scientific. I know something about Congreve, but nothing at all of Aristophanes, and yet I conceive that the writer of an article on the drama ought to be as well acquainted with the one as the other.

The honesty of this is quite refreshing. There is one more letter, of a similar order, which deserves to be signalized. In August, 1843, Macaulay, being pressed for more frequent contributions, writes from the Albany that he can promise, at the very utmost, no more than two articles in a year:

I ought to give my whole leisure to my History; and I fear that, if I suffer myself to be diverted from that design as I have done, I shall, like poor Mackintosh, leave behind me the character of a man who would have done something if he had concentrated his powers instead of frittering them away. There are people who can carry on twenty works at a time. Southey would write the history of Brazil before breakfast, an ode after breakfast, then the history of the Peninsular War till dinner, and an article for the "Quarterly Review" in the evening. But I am of a different temper. I never write so as to please myself until my subject has for the time driven away every other out of my head. When I turn from one work to another, a great deal of time is lost in the mere transition. I must not go on dawdling and reproaching myself all my life.

There is something melancholy in this, admirable as it is. Macaulay had begun to watch the shadow on the dial too closely to permit him to do much miscellaneous work with an easy mind. There is an important lesson for men of letters in the sentence, "When I turn from one work to another, a great deal of time is lost in the mere transition." Here lies the great difference between serious literary work and that of ordinary business, where the mind is solicited by one thing after another in rapid succession. In the first case, time and energy have to be expended in evolving from within a fresh impulse for every topic. The most readable writings of Southey are those which he produced fragment by fragment, on topics for which little renewal of impulse was required. To write a great poem in scraps, all by the clock, was a task which only a very conceited and rather wooden man would have attempted; and the result we know, though there are fine things in Southey's longer poems. A powerful passage by Cardinal Newman on the difficulties of literary work is almost too well known to bear quoting, but a living poet, Mrs. Augusta Webster, has put the case so fairly that Macaulay's shade—which is, of course, a shade that reads everything—may be gratified by seeing in a handy way a few of her sentences:

Occupations of study, scientific research, literary production—of brain-work of any kind that is carried on in the worker's private home with no visible reminder of customer or client—are taken to be such as can lightly be done at one time as well as another, and resumed after no matter what interruptions, like a lady's embroidery, which she can take up again at the very stitch she left her needle in. Professions of this sort not only admit, but in many instances require, considerable variation in the amount of daily time directly bestowed on them—*directly*, for the true student is not at his work only when he is ostensibly employed, but whenever and wherever he may have his head to

himself—and there is no measure of visible quantity for the more or less results of application. . . . The literary man probably fares the worst of all. He is not merely not protected by the manual part of his processes, but it is his danger. It is so easy—what anybody can do at any time! . . . Of course the simple fact is, that it is more difficult for this class of persons to practice their vocations under the drawback of perpetual breaks, actual and (what comes to nearly the same thing) expected, than it is for “business men.” Let the attention of the solicitor, for instance, busied on the points of an intricate case, be perforce diverted to another matter, there is lost from that case just the time diverted, and a little extra to allow for the mind which returns to any interrupted course of thought, never returning to it exactly at the point at which it was forced to leave it. But there are the recorded facts; the direct conclusions to be drawn remain unaltered; nothing has disappeared, nothing has lost its identity. But suppose, let us say, a dramatist, devising his crisis after hours, perhaps days, of gradual growth, to the moment when he sees it before him as a reality. . . . Force his attention away, and he has lost, not merely the time he needed to complete a spell of works, with something over for the difficulty of resuming, but the *power* of resuming. All has faded into a haze; and the fruit of days, maybe, has been thrown away at the ripening, for such moments do not come twice.

There are but few of Mr. Napier's own letters in this volume, so that we have only indirect means of measuring his idea of his editorial rights or duties as against contributors. There is one case in which Macaulay complains strongly of certain excisions, and there is another in which he defends certain phrases of his own which appear to have offended the taste of Mr. Napier, who found them undignified, if not slightly vulgar. He submits of course—all the mutilated ones submit—and he says he submits “willingly”; but all the while we can too plainly see the wry faces he is making. Mr. Napier was, apparently, a purist in the matter of style; but there is something almost grotesque in the spectacle of a man of his quality correcting Macaulay. It reminds one of *cet imbécile Buloz*.* The case of Leigh Hunt was very different, for he sometimes went to the extreme verge of decorum—quarterly review decorum, that is—and beyond it. But we may safely conclude that Macaulay knew much better than his editor how to turn a sentence, or when the use of a French locution was desirable for ends of literary effect. Upon this subject of imported phrases Mr. Na-

pier was, it seems, very punctilious, for with Mr. G. H. Lewes he must have had a brisk correspondence about it. Mr. Lewes, who was then a young writer, anxious to get his feet well planted, submits, with every possible expression of acquiescence, one might almost say, of abject agreement; but it is easy to see that his compliance was forced. Macaulay in his discussion of this little matter with Napier, easily and decisively lays down the true guiding principle: “The first rule of all writing—that rule to which every other rule is subordinate—is that the words used by the writer shall be such as most fully and precisely convey his meaning to the great body of his readers. All considerations about the purity and dignity of style ought to bend to this consideration.”

This, indeed, exhausts the subject; and leaves the editor only one question to solve—namely, whether the writer whom he employs has presumably a meaning fit to be conveyed to the readers of his periodical. Upon that point he must use his own judgment; but it was idle for a man like Mr. Napier to criticise the phrasing of a man like Macaulay, who had ten thousand times his reading. For it is upon the “reading” that the matter very largely turns. The force of a quotation or a phrase imported from a foreign tongue depends, not upon the bare meaning of the words, but upon the suggestiveness of certain associations. This does not necessarily imply that the precise context is recalled, or certain hackneyed trifles from Lucretius and Horace, and a score of such chips in porridge, would be indecent. If it be said that all this implies that an editor should be omniscient, or at lowest an omnivorous reader, the reply is, that it certainly does—unless the principle adopted in the conduct of the periodical be the more recent one of choosing contributors largely on account of their names, and then leaving them to answer for their own sins, if any. One thing is clear, that if a man like Jeffrey—or like Napier—could be shown the number of blunders he made in mutilating the writings of his contributors, he would feel very much humiliated. Thackeray complains very bitterly of the suppression of some of his touches of humor, and his sufferings at the hands of a critic like Mr. Napier (able man as he was) must have been terrible indeed.

The system recently adopted, of having every article signed, has not yielded the results which were predicted or expected by those who so long struggled to get it introduced. It has led to “starring” more outrageous and more audacious than any that was ever seen upon the stage, and to mischief far more serious. The worst of these is the substitution of a spurious sort of authority for the natural influence or weight of the writing,

* One, at least, of the contributors whom Buloz tortured (George Sand wrote that she wished him “au diable” ten times a day, only he held her purse-strings) used to date his letters in this style: “A vingt-cinq lieues de cet imbécile Buloz.”

even upon some of the most important topics which can engage the human mind. The opinion, for example, of a versatile politician, or traveler, or physicist, on a question of religion or morals may be of no more value than that of the first man you meet on passing into the streets. But it will attract attention in proportion to the notoriety of the author, and, though wise men may know that it is weak or foolish, they may wait a long while for the chance of saying so from any pulpit worth preaching in, because the platforms are preengaged; and also because, the "organs of opinion" being bound to live by keeping up a succession of attractive names in their pages, it will not do to offend the owners of such names. One other result of the recent system (not everywhere and always, of course, but generally and most frequently) is a want of freshness in periodical literature. This evil our American friends manage to escape; only they are much bolder than we are, and do not stand in terror of the charge of levity. But, as a rule, writers who are fit for starring purposes lose freshness in a very short time; and then they do a still further mischief by striking that key-note of second-hand thought which is so prevalent, or at least so common, in even our better literature.

It is amusing enough to recall the superstition of secrecy which inspired the policy of the first Edinburgh Reviewers. Lord Jeffrey has told us how the conspirators, Brougham, Sydney Smith, Horner, and himself, used to meet by night in the back room of a printing-office, and steal to their work by winding paths and back stairs, like assassins. This was folly, though not inexcusably without rational ground or motive, and one can not resist the belief that the more modern plan will work well some day, if it does not now. But the difference in the results is not so great as might have been hoped for. Men of letters do not now openly insult each other for differences of opinion in politics or theology; but it is not any variation of mechanism which has made the change, and, though less brutality of phrasing is now permitted, it would be difficult to surpass in bitterness or unfairness some of the signed and accredited criticism of our own day. On the whole, it comes to this—you can get no more out of given moral conditions than there is in them. If public writers are clique-ish (a word to disturb Mr. Napier in his grave, and certainly an ugly one) and unjust to each other, it is because you can not change the spots of the leopard. A man who loves the truth will employ his pen conscientiously and kindly, whether he writes anonymously or otherwise. To this it may be added that there is something extremely quaint in one thing that we may see taking place every

week—the greater part of our newspaper writing is still unsigned, and, considering what a hastily got-up miscellany a newspaper necessarily is, it can hardly be otherwise. A column of reviews in a newspaper is sometimes the work of as many hands as there are books reviewed in it. But it might certainly have been expected beforehand that reviewers who write without signature should be both careful and moderate in attacking writers who sign, and who, presumably, take more time over their work than contributors to newspapers can generally do. Yet the newspaper columns in which quarterly and monthly periodicals are reviewed are "too often" (we must round the corner with the help of that commonplace) models of flippancy and dogmatism.

On the whole, it is not from any mechanical changes of method that we must expect improvement in Review literature. Of course, in largeness, fullness, richness, and versatility the review-writing of to-day is immeasurably superior to that of the days when Macaulay and Brougham fought for precedence in the "Edinburgh." But so is the literature reviewed—one is a big "rolling miscellany," and so is the other. It does not seem to some of us that, *other things being made equal*, the literature of our modern reviews (using the word widely) is either superior or inferior to that of the "Edinburgh," for example. The growth, however, of literature generally in force, color, range, and effectiveness, is something astounding. We note this, or rather it overwhelms us, in turning over such a book as the "Memoirs of Harriet Martineau"; and there is more than the insolence of new-fangled tastes in putting such a question as—where would Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope" be if it were published to-morrow? One day when Brougham had just left (for London) a country-house where he had been staying, Rogers, who was a fellow guest with him, made some such remark as this: "In that post-chaise went away this morning, Bacon, Newton, Demosthenes, and Solon." It is not recorded that Rogers meant this as a joke; but where would Brougham be after a little manipulation by Mr. Jevons or Mr. Goldwin Smith? It would be tiresome to dwell upon this, and wrong to suggest that the men were smaller because the outlook was less; but this view, if anything, helps us to see the direction in which one of our best hopes for literature must lie—namely, in its ever-increasing volume. There will always be hostile camps, and there will always be warriors of low *morale*, but, as each camp enlarges, the *average* pain of those who suffer from injustice or neglect will be lessened. And this observation is by no means addressed to mere questions of reviewing in the

minor sense, but rather to literature in the mass as representing the culture of the time.

Since the time when Jeffrey ruled the "Edinburgh Review," and even since the death of Mr. Napier, "the advertising element" and commercial elements in general have played a great and new part, an increasing part, too, in the fortunes, and thus in regulating the quality and tendency, of current literature. One result of this state of things is an ever-increasing tendency to compromise in the expression of opinion. In spite of the spirit of tolerance of which we hear so much, there was perhaps never a time in which the expression of opinion was so much emasculated in the higher periodical literature, or in which so much trickery of accommodated phraseology was going forward. This will last for a long time yet—as long as periodical literature is a matter of commercial speculation. It is an evil omen that the greatest amount of freedom now displayed is in political and scientific discussion. It is difficult to see where the remedy is to come from in discussions of another kind. Probably we shall have a lesson by the cataclysmic method before very long. There is in this volume a letter from Brougham to Napier, in which Brougham is very angry about an indirect disclosure of Romilly's heterodoxy, and he goes off at a tangent to express a doubt whether Macaulay was any better than Romilly, but is very anxious that conventional conformity should be strictly maintained in the "Review," even to the length of concealing from the general reader as far as possible such facts as that a man so good and "religious" as Romilly could be a disbeliever in this, that, or the other. We have now got beyond that; the accredited policy is in a vague way to trump the cards of the dangerous people, and then nobody shows his hand fairly and freely. Meanwhile, everybody feels uneasy, from a latent sense of insincerity; and, when once the excitement is off, the natural perception, that out of nothing nothing can come, reassumes its sway. The game can not go on in this way for ever, though no one can foresee by what accident the lights will be blown out, the tables thrown over, and the stakes roughly dealt with at last.

A great difference, as might be expected, arises from the incredible widening of what might be called the constituencies of opinion. Political articles of the "inspired" order do not count as they did, or were supposed to do, in the days of "Coningsby" even, much less as they did a decade or two sooner. The effective currents of thought are far too numerous and far too

massive to be guided—nay, too numerous and too massive for even the most conceited of propagandists or prophets to fancy he could calculate them. What sort of figure as a publicist or "inspired" political writer would a man like Croker cut at this end of the century? It must have been a dolorous day for such as he when they first felt sure the tides were coming up which were to sweep them and their works into oblivion, or at least into limbo, and make successors to their function impossible in future. We do not affirm that the present phase of change is for the best; no theory of progress will justify statements of that kind. In fact, things are quite bad enough; but some security against certain evils there must be, in the fact that these are days in which it is difficult to hide a wrong, or an error, which has an immediate sinister bearing upon ends cherished by any school of opinion. Who on earth would now think of calling the "Times" the Thunderer? Just when middle-aged men of to-day were babies it was thought finely argumentative, if not conclusive, to call the London University "Stinkomalee," in the interest of Church and King; but the "hard hitting" of our own time is done in other fashion. Even if the Marquis of Salisbury were to edit a paper he would not be able to make much out of Titus Oates. But the allusion to that episode in another sphere of action may remind us of the late Lord Derby, who might almost be called the last of the old school of politicians. The mere mention of his name seems to flash light upon the gulf we have traversed since the days when the world was divided between a Whig organ and a Tory organ.

Simultaneously with the incalculable increase of devotion to science, we have had an increase of devotion to ends held to be practical, and this has largely governed our literature. The subject now barely hinted at is well worth extended treatment. It is, however, no more than the truth that there has been recently a great diminution of speculative enthusiasm of all kinds, with a largely increased tendency to make things pleasant for all parties. Convenience, in fact, becomes more and more the governing factor of life; this tells upon our better literature; and until the wind sets again from the old quarters—as it certainly will some day—we shall feel the want of certain elements of freshness, individuality, and moral impulse which touch us more closely than we at first recognize in reading the old Edinburgh Reviewers.

MATTHEW BROWNE (*Contemporary Review*).

A WALK IN A WOOD.

THE most difficult thing that a man has to do is to think. There are many who can never bring themselves really to think at all, but do whatever thinking is done by them in a chance fashion, with no effort, using the faculty which the Lord has given them because they can not, as it were, help themselves. To think is essential, all will agree. That it is difficult most will acknowledge who have tried it. If it can be compassed so as to become pleasant, brisk, and exciting as well as salutary, much will have been accomplished. My purpose here is to describe how this operation, always so difficult, often so repugnant to us, becomes easier out among the woods, with the birds and the air and the leaves and the branches around us, than in the seclusion of any closet.

But I have nothing to show for it beyond my own experience, and no performances of thought to boast of beyond the construction of combinations in fiction, countless and unimportant as the sand on the seashore. For in these operations of thinking it is not often the entire plot of a novel—the plot of a novel as a whole—that exercises the mind. That is a huge difficulty; one so arduous as to have been generally found by me altogether beyond my power of accomplishment. Efforts are made, no doubt—always out in the open air, and within the precincts of a wood if a wood be within reach; but to construct a plot so as to know, before the story is begun, how it is to end, has always been to me a labor of Hercules beyond my reach. I have to confess that my incidents are fabricated to fit my story as it goes on, and not my story to fit my incidents. I wrote a novel once in which a lady forged a will; but I had not myself decided that she had forged it till the chapter before that in which she confesses her guilt. In another a lady is made to steal her own diamonds—a grand *tour-de-force*, as I thought—but the brilliant idea only struck me when I was writing the page in which the theft is described. I once heard an unknown critic abuse my workmanship because a certain lady had been made to appear too frequently in my pages. I went home and killed her immediately. I say this to show that the process of thinking to which I am alluding has not generally been applied to any great effort of construction. It has expended itself on the minute ramifications of tale-telling: how this young lady should be made to behave herself with that young gentleman; how this mother or that father would be affected by the ill conduct or the good of a son or a daughter; how these words or

those other would be most appropriate and true to nature if used on some special occasion. Such plottings as these, with a fabricator of fiction, are infinite in number as they are infinitesimal in importance, and are therefore, as I have said, like the sand of the seashore. But not one of them can be done fitly without thinking. My little effort will miss its wished-for result, unless I be true to nature; and to be true to nature I must think what nature would produce. Where shall I go to find my thoughts with the greatest ease and most perfect freedom?

Bad noises, bad air, bad smells, bad light, an inconvenient attitude, ugly surroundings, little misfortunes that have lately been endured, little misfortunes that are soon to come, hunger and thirst, overeating and overdrinking, want of sleep or too much of it, a tight boot, a starched collar, are all inimical to thinking. I do not name bodily ailments. The feeling of heroism which is created by the magnanimity of overcoming great evils will sometimes make thinking easy. It is not the sorrows but the annoyances of life which impede. Were I told that the bank had broken in which my little all was kept for me I could sit down and write my love-story with almost a sublimated vision of love; but to discover that I had given half a sovereign instead of sixpence to a cabman would render a great effort necessary before I could find the fitting words for a lover. These little lacerations of the spirit, not the deep wounds, make the difficulty. Of all the nuisances named noises are the worst. I know a hero who can write his leading article for a newspaper in a club smoking-room while all the chaff of all the Joneses and all the Smiths is sounding in his ears; but he is a hero because he can do it. To think with a barrel organ within hearing is heroic. For myself I own that a brass-band altogether incapacitates me. No sooner does the first note of the opening burst reach my ear than I start up, fling down my pen, and cast my thoughts disregarded into the abyss of some chaos which is always there ready to receive them. Ah, how terrible, often how vain, is the work of fishing, to get them out again! Here, in our quiet square, the beneficent police have done wonders for our tranquillity—not, however, without creating for me personally a separate trouble in having to encounter the stern reproaches of the middle-aged leader of the band when he asks me in mingled German and English accents whether I do not think that he too as well as I—he with all his comrades, and then he points to the nine stalwart, well-cropped, silent, and

sorrowing Teutons around him—whether he and they should not be allowed to earn their bread as well as I. I can not argue the matter with him. I can not make him understand that in earning my own bread I am a nuisance to no one. I can only assure him that I am resolute, being anxious to avoid the gloom which was cast over the declining years of one old philosopher. I do feel, however, that this comparative peace within the heart of a huge city is purchased at the cost of many tears. When, as I walk abroad, I see in some small, crowded street the ill-shod feet of little children spinning round in the perfect rhythm of a dance, two little tots each holding the other by their ragged duds while an Italian boy grinds at his big box, each footfall true to its time, I say to myself that a novelist's schemes, or even a philosopher's figures, may be purchased too dearly by the silencing of the music of the poor.

Whither shall a man take himself to avoid these evils, so that he may do his thinking in peace—in silence, if it may be possible? And yet it is not silence that is altogether necessary. The wood-cutter's axe never stopped a man's thought, nor the wind through the branches, nor the flowing of water, nor the singing of birds, nor the distant tingling of a chapel-bell. Even the roaring of the sea and the loud splashing of the waves among the rocks do not impede the mind. No sounds coming from water have the effect of harassing. But yet the seashore has its disadvantages. The sun overhead is hot or the wind is strong—or the very heaviness of the sand creates labor and distraction. A high-road is ugly, dusty, and too near akin to the business of the world. You may calculate your five per cents. and your six per cents. with precision as you tramp along a high-road. They have a weight of material interest which rises above dust. But if your mind flies beyond this—if it attempts to deal with humor, pathos, irony, or scorn—you should take it away from the well-constructed walks of life. I have always found it impossible to utilize railroads for delicate thinking. A great philosopher once cautioned me against reading in railway-carriages. "Sit still," said he, "and label your thoughts." But he was a man who had staid much at home himself. Other men's thoughts I can digest when I am carried along at the rate of thirty miles an hour; but not my own.

Any carriage is an indifferent vehicle for thinking, even though the cushions be plump, and the road gracious—not rough nor dusty—and the horses going at their ease. There is a feeling attached to the carriage that it is there for a special purpose—as though to carry one to a fixed destination; and that purpose, hidden per-

haps but still inherent, clogs the mind. The end is coming, and the sooner it is reached the better. So at any rate thinks the driver. If you have been born to a carriage, and carried about listlessly from your childhood upward, then perhaps you may use it for free mental exercise; but you must have been coaching it from your babyhood to make it thus effective.

On horseback something may be done. You may construct your villain or your buffoon as you are going across country. All the noise of an assize court or the low rattle of a gambling-table may thus be arranged. Standing by the covert side I myself have made a dozen little plots, and were I to go back to the tales I could describe each point at the covert side at which the incident or the character was molded and brought into shape. But this, too, is only good for rough work. Solitude is necessary for the task we have in hand; and the bobbing up and down of the horse's head is antagonistic to solitude.

I have found that I can best command my thoughts on foot, and can do so with the most perfect mastery when wandering through a wood. To be alone is of course essential. Companionship requires conversation—for which indeed the spot is most fit; but conversation is not now the object in view. I have found it best even to reject the society of a dog, who, if he be a dog of manners, will make some attempt at talking. And, though he should be silent, the sight of him provokes words and caresses and sport. It is best to be away from cottages, away from children, away as far as may be from other chance wanderers. So much easier is it to speak than to think that any slightest temptation suffices to carry away the idler from the harder to the lighter work. An old woman with a bundle of sticks becomes an agreeable companion, or a little girl picking wild fruit. Even when quite alone, when all the surroundings seem to be fitted for thought, the thinker will still find a difficulty in thinking. It is not that the mind is inactive, but that it will run exactly whither it is not bidden to go. With subtle ingenuity it will find for itself little easy tasks instead of settling itself down on that which it is its duty to do at once. With me, I own, it is so weak as to fly back to things already done—which require no more thinking, which are perhaps unworthy of a place even in the memory—and to revel in the ease of contemplating that which has been accomplished rather than to struggle for further performance. My eyes, which should become moist with the troubles of the embryo heroine, shed tears as they call to mind the early sorrow of Mr. —, who was married and made happy many years ago. Then—when it comes to this—a great effort becomes necessary, or that day will for him

have no results. It is so easy to lose an hour in maundering over the past, and to waste the good things which have been provided in remembering instead of creating!

But a word about the nature of the wood! It is not always easy to find a wood, and sometimes, when you have got it, it is but a muddy, plashy, rough-hewed congregation of ill-grown trees—a thicket rather than a wood—in which even contemplation is difficult and thinking is out of the question. He who has devoted himself to wandering in woods will know at the first glance whether the place will suit his purpose. A crowded undergrowth of hazel, thorn, birch, and alder, with merely a track through it, will by no means serve the occasion. The trees around you should be big and noble. There should be grass at your feet. There should be space for the felled or fallen princes of the forest. A roadway, with the sign of wheels that have passed long since, will be an advantage, so long as the branches above head shall meet or seem to meet each other. I will not say that the ground should not be level, lest by creating difficulties I shall seem to show that the fitting spot may be too difficult to be found; but, no doubt, it will be an assistance in the work to be done if occasionally you can look down on the tops of the trees as you descend, and again look up to them as with increasing height they rise high above your head. And it should be a wood—perhaps a forest—rather than a skirting of timber. You should feel that, if not lost, you are losable. To have trees around you is not enough unless you have many. You must have a feeling as of Adam in the garden. There must be a confirmed assurance in your mind that you have got out of the conventional into the natural—which will not establish itself unless there be a consciousness of distance between you and the next plowed field. If possible you should not know the east from the west, or, if so, only by the setting of the sun. You should recognize the direction in which you must return simply by the fall of water.

But where shall the wood be found? Such woodlands there are still in England, though, alas! they are becoming rarer every year. Profit from the timber-merchant or dealer in firewood is looked to or else, as is more probable, drives are cut broad and straight, like spokes of a wheel radiating to a nave or center, good only for the purposes of the slayer of multitudinous pheasants. I will not say that a wood prepared, not as the home but the slaughter-ground of game, is altogether inefficient for our purpose. I have used such even when the sound of the guns has been near enough to warn me to turn my steps to the right or to the left. The scents are pleasant even

in winter, the trees are there, and sometimes even yet the delightful feeling may be encountered that the track on which you are walking leads to some far off, vague destination, in reaching which there may be much of delight because it will be new—something also of peril because it will be distant. But the wood, if possible, should seem to be purposeless. It should have no evident consciousness of being there either for game or fagots. The felled trunk on which you sit should seem to have been selected for some accidental purpose of house-building, as though a neighbor had searched for what was wanting and had found it. No idea should be engendered that it was let out at so much an acre to a contractor who would cut the trees in order and sell them in the next market. The mind should conceive that this wood never had been planted by hands, but had come there from the direct beneficence of the Creator—as the first woods did come—before man had been taught to recreate them systematically, and as some still remain to us, so much more lovely in their wildness than when reduced to rows and quincunxes, and made to accommodate themselves to laws of economy and order.

England, dear England—an dcertainly, with England, Scotland also—has advanced almost too far for this. There are still woods, but they are so divided, and marked, and known, so apportioned out among game-keepers, park-rangers, and other custodians, that there is but little left of wildness in them. It is too probable that the stray wanderer may be asked his purpose; and if so, how will it be with him if he shall answer to the custodian that he has come thither only for the purpose of thinking? "But it's here my lord turns out his young pheasants!" "Not a feather from the wing of one of them shall be the worse for me," answers the thinker. "I dun-na know," says the civil custodian; "but it's here my lord turns out his young pheasants." It is then explained that the stile into the field is but a few yards off—for our woodland distances are seldom very great—and the thinker knows that he must go and think elsewhere. Then his work for that day will be over with him. There are woods, however, which may with more or less of difficulty be utilized. In Cumberland and Westmoreland strangers are so rife that you will hardly be admitted beyond the paths recognized for tourists. You may succeed on the sly, and, if so, the sense of danger adds something to the intensity of your thought. In Northamptonshire, where John the planter lived, there are miles of woodland—but they consist of avenues rather than of trees. Here you are admitted and may trespass, but still with a feeling that game is the lord of all. In Norfolk, Suffolk, and Es-

sex the gamekeepers will meet you at every turn—or rather at every angle, for turns there are none. The woods have been all refashioned with measuring-rod and tape. Two lines crossing each other, making what they call in Essex a four-want way, has no special offense, though if they be quite rectangular they tell something too plainly of human regularity; but four lines thus converging and radiating, displaying the brazen-faced ingenuity of an artificer, are altogether destructive of fancy. In Devonshire there are still some sweet woodland nooks, shaws, and holts, and pleasant spinneys, through which clear-water brooks run, and the birds sing sweetly, and the primroses bloom early, and the red earth pressing up here and there gives a glow of color—and the gamekeeper does not seem quite as yet to dominate everything. Here, perhaps, in all fair England the solitary thinker may have his fairest welcome.

But though England be dear, there are other countries not so small, not so crowded, in which every inch of space has not been made so available either for profit or for pleasure, in which the woodland Rambler may have a better chance of solitude amid the unarranged things of nature. They who have written and they who have read about Australia say little and hear little as to its charm of landscape, but here the primeval forests running for uninterrupted miles, with undulating land and broken timber, with ways open everywhere through the leafy wilderness, where loneliness is certain till it be interrupted by the kangaroo, and where the silence is only broken by the noises of quaint birds high above your head, offer all that is wanted by him whose business it is to build his castles carefully in the air. Here he may roam at will and be interrupted by no fence, feel no limits, be wounded by no art, and have no sense of aught around him but the forest, the air, and the ground. Here, too, he may lose himself in truth till he shall think it well if he come upon a track leading to a shepherd's hut.

But the woods of Australia, New Zealand, California, or South Africa, are too far afield for the thinker for whom I am writing. If he is to take himself out of England, it must be somewhere among the forests of Europe. France has still her woodlands—though for these let him go somewhat far afield, nor trust himself to the bosky dells through which Parisian taste will show him the way by innumerable finger-posts. In the Pyrenees he may satisfy himself, or on the sides of Jura. The chestnut-groves of Lucca and the oak-woods of Tuscany are delightful, where the autumnal leaves of Vallombrosa lie thick—only let him not trust himself to the mid-day sun. In Belgium, as far as I know it, the

woods are of recent growth, and smack of profitable production. But in Switzerland there are pure forests still, standing, or appearing to stand, as Nature caused them to grow, and here the poet or the novelist may wander, and find all as he would have it. Or, better still, let him seek the dark shadows of the Black Forest, and there wander, fancy free—if that, indeed, can be freedom which demands a bondage of its own.

Were I to choose the world all round, I should take certain districts in the duchy of Baden as the hunting-ground for my thoughts. The reader will probably know of the Black Forest that it is not continual wood. Nor, indeed, are the masses of timber, generally growing on the mountainsides, or high among the broad valleys, or on the upland plateaux, very large. They are interspersed by pleasant meadows and occasional corn-fields, so that the wanderer does not wander on among them as he does, perhaps hopelessly, in Australia. But as the pastures are interspersed through the forest, so is the forest through the pastures; and, when you shall have come to the limit of this wood, it is only to be lured on into the confines of the next. You go upward among the ashes, and beeches, and oaks, till you reach the towering pines. Oaks have the pride of magnificence; the smooth beech, with its nuts thick upon it, is a tree laden with tenderness; the sober ash has a savor of solitude, and of truth; the birch, with its May-day finery springing thick about it, boasts the brightest green which Nature has produced; the elm—the useless elm—savors of decorum and propriety; but for sentiment, for feeling, for grandeur, and for awe, give me the forest of pines. It is when they are round me that, if ever, I can use my mind aright and bring it to the work which is required of it. There is a scent from them which reaches my brain and soothes it. There is a murmur among their branches, best heard when the moving breath of heaven just stirs the air, which reminds me of my duty without disturbing me. The crinkling fibers of their blossom are pleasant to my feet as I walk over them. And the colors which they produce are, at the same time, somber and lovely, never paining the eye, and never exciting it. If I can find myself here of an afternoon, when there shall be another two hours for me, safe before the sun shall set, with my stick in my hand, and my story half-conceived in my mind, with some blotch of a character or two just daubed out roughly on the canvas, then, if ever, I can go to work and decide how he, and she, and they shall do their work.

They will not come at once, those thoughts which are so anxiously expected; and, in the process of coming, they are apt to be troublesome, full of tricks, and almost traitorous. They

must be imprisoned, or bound with thongs, when they come, as was Proteus when Ulysses caught him amid his sea-calves—as was done with some of the fairies of old, who would, indeed, do their beneficent work, but only under compulsion. It may be that your spirit should on an occasion be as obedient as Ariel, but that will not be often. He will run backward—as it were down hill—because it is so easy, instead of upward and onward. He will turn to the right and to the left, making a show of doing fine work, only not the work that is demanded of him that day. He will skip hither and thither, with pleasant, bright gambols, but will not put his shoulder to the wheel, his neck to the collar, his hand to the plow. Has my reader ever driven a pig to market? The pig will travel on freely, but will always take the wrong turning, and then, when stopped for the tenth time, will head backward, and try to run between your legs. So it is with the tricky Ariel—that Ariel which every man owns, though so many of us fail to use him for much purpose, which but few of us have subjected to such discipline as Prospero had used before he had brought his servant to do his bidding at the slightest word.

It is right that a servant should do his master's bidding; and, with judicious discipline, he will do it. The great thinkers, no doubt, are they who have made their servant perfect in obedience, and quick at a moment's notice for all work. To them no adjuncts of circumstances are necessary. Solitude, silence, and beauty of surroundings are unnecessary. Such a one can bid his mind go work, and the task shall be done, whether in town or country, whether amid green fields, or congregated books, or crowded assemblies. Such a master no doubt was Prospero. Such were Homer, and Cicero, and Dante. Such were Bacon and Shakespeare. They had so tamed, and trained, and taught their Ariels, that each, at a moment's notice, would put a girdle round the earth. With us, though the attendant spirit will come at last and do something at our bidding, it is but driving an unwilling pig to market.

But at last I feel that I have him—perhaps by the tail, as the Irishman drives his pig. When I have got him I have to be careful that he shall not escape me till that job of work be done. Gradually as I walk, or stop, as I seat myself on a bank, or lean against a tree, perhaps as I hurry on waving my stick above my head, till, with my quick motion, the sweat-drops come out upon my brow, the scene forms itself for me. I see, or fancy that I see, what will be fitting, what will be true, how far virtue may be made to go without walking upon stilts, what wickedness may do without breaking the link which binds it to humanity, how low ignorance may grovel, how high

knowledge may soar, what the writer may teach without repelling by severity, how he may amuse without descending to buffoonery; and then the limits of pathos are searched, and words are weighed which shall suit, but do no more than suit, the greatness or the smallness of the occasion. We, who are slight, may not attempt lofty things, or make ridiculous with our little fables the doings of the gods. But for that which we do there are appropriate terms and boundaries, which may be reached but not surpassed. All this has to be thought of and decided upon in reference to those little plottings of which I have spoken, each of which has to be made the receptacle of pathos or of humor, of honor or of truth, as far as the thinker may be able to furnish them. He has to see, above all things, that in his attempts he shall not sin against nature, that in striving to touch the feelings he shall not excite ridicule, that in seeking for humor he does not miss his point, that in quest of honor and truth he does not become bombastic and strait-laced. A clergyman in his pulpit may advocate an altitude of virtue fitted to a millennium here or to a heaven hereafter; nay, from the nature of his profession, he must do so. The poet, too, may soar as high as he will, and, if words suffice to him, need never fear to fail because his ideas are too lofty. But he who tells tales in prose can hardly hope to be effective as a teacher unless he binds himself by the circumstances of the world which he finds around him. Honor and truth there should be, and pathos and humor, but he should so constrain them that they shall not seem to mount into nature beyond the ordinary habitations of men and women.

Such rules as to construction have probably been long known to him. It is not for them he is seeking as he is roaming listlessly or walking rapidly through the trees. They have come to him from much observation, from the writings of others, from that which we call study, in which imagination has but little immediate concern. It is the fitting of the rules to the characters which he has created, the filling in with living touches and true colors those daubs and blotches on his canvas which have been easily scribbled with a rough hand, that the true work consists. It is here that he requires that his fancy should be undisturbed; that the trees should overshadow him, that the birds should comfort him, that the green and yellow mosses should be in unison with him—that the very air should be good to him. The rules are there fixed—fixed as far as his judgment can fix them, and are no longer a difficulty to him. The first coarse outlines of his story he has found to be a matter almost indifferent to him. It is with these little plottings that he has to contend. It is for them that he

must catch his Ariel, and bind him fast; but yet so bind him that not a thread shall touch the easy action of his wings. Every little scene must be arranged so that—if it may be possible—the proper words may be spoken and the fitting effect produced.

Alas, with all these struggles, when the wood has been found, when all external things are propitious, when the very heavens have lent their aid, it is so often that it is impossible! It is not only that your Ariel is untrained, but that the special Ariel which you may chance to own is no

better than a rustic Hobgoblin, or a Peaseblossom, or Mustard-seed at the best. You can not get the pace of the race-horse from a farmyard colt, train him as you will. How often is one prompted to fling one's self down in despair, and, weeping between the branches, to declare that it is not that the thoughts will wander; it is not that the mind is treacherous! That which it can do it will do; but the pace required from it should be fitted only for the farmyard.

Nevertheless, before all be given up, let a walk in a wood be tried.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE (*Good Words*).

MEMOIRS OF MADAME DE REMUSAT.*

NOTWITHSTANDING the date—1848—in which I commence this recital, I shall make no attempt to excuse the motives which induced my husband to attach himself to the person of Bonaparte; I shall merely undertake to explain them, as justifications in politics amount to nothing. There are at this time a certain number of persons in France who only returned to this country nine years since, and who, having up to that time taken no part in public affairs, now anathematize those of our citizens who for twenty years have not held themselves aloof from the current of events. When they are told that their prolonged slumber has disqualified them from correct judgment, and they are requested to remain neutral on certain subjects, they repel this suggestion with all the strength imparted by their advantageous position. They dispense blame most ungenerously, since there is no risk in proclaiming the duties of the present day. And yet who in a revolutionary epoch can flatter himself with having always followed the direct road? Who among us is not fully conscious that his conduct has been influenced by circumstances? Who, then, will hasten to throw the first stone, without fearing to see it fall back on the arm of him who threw it? More or less wounded by the blows they strike—for they are

more united, as inhabitants of the same land, than they believe—they should spare each other; and, when a Frenchman pitilessly pursues another Frenchman, let him take care, since he always offers to the looker-on arms against them both.

It is by no means one of the least misfortunes of these times, when troubles exist between people of the same land, that this bitter party spirit produces inevitable distrust and perhaps contempt; and this is called public opinion. The shock of passions permits to each a denial. Meanwhile men live for the most part so outside of themselves that they have few occasions to consult their consciences. In times of peace—as regards ordinary and common acts—the judgments of the world take the place of this conscience; but how is one to submit to them when one sees them ready to strike down those who would consult them?

The surest and safest plan, then, is to keep one's conscience in such a healthy condition that it may be interrogated with impunity. That of my husband and my own never reproached us. The entire loss of his fortune, experience and the march of events, a moderate and lawful desire for comfort and ease, induced Monsieur de Rémusat to seek in 1802 a position of some kind.

To enjoy the repose given by Bonaparte to France, and to confide in the hopes which he permitted us to conceive, was to commit a mistake undoubtedly, but it was a mistake shared by the rest of the world.

The gift of foresight is rare; and who at that time could have imagined that Bonaparte, who after his second marriage had maintained peace, and employed that portion of the army which he had not disbanded in protecting our

* The literary event of the day," remarks a Paris correspondent, "is the appearance of the 'Mémoires de Madame Rémusat,' edited by her grandson Paul de Rémusat. Madame de Rémusat was maid of honor to Josephine, with whom she remained from 1802 to 1808, and so followed her in her imperial fortunes." The work here referred to has not yet appeared in Paris, but chapters from it have been published in advance in the "Revue des deux Mondes," from which the extracts here given have been translated.—EDITOR APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

frontiers—who, I say, could have doubted the duration of his power and the strength of his position? Bonaparte reigned over France with her own consent. This is a fact which only blind hatred or private vanity and pride can today deny.

He had reigned over France to our misfortune and to our glory—the connection of these two words is only too natural whenever the question arises of military glory.

When he reached the consulate a breath of relief was drawn. At first he inspired entire confidence; later certain anxiety was felt. But the die was cast. He caused generous spirits who had believed in him to shudder; and by degrees true citizens desired his downfall at the risk even of the losses and disasters they foresaw for themselves. This was the case with Monsieur de Rémusat and myself. In this avowal there is nothing humiliating, for it is honorable to have breathed freely when the country was reassured, and to have desired its deliverance and welfare before all else. No one will ever realize what I suffered during the last years of Bonaparte's tyranny. It is impossible for me to depict the disinterested good faith with which I panted for the return of the King, who in my opinion was to bring with him peace and liberty.

I foresaw all my personal deprivations, and Monsieur de Rémusat foresaw them even more clearly than I. We both of us realized that the fortune of our children would be lost; but this fortune, which we could only retain by the sacrifice of all elevated sentiments, never caused us a sigh. The wounds of France were at that time too recent, and cried too loud, "Shame to those who would not hear!"

It costs me nothing now to avow boldly that we served Bonaparte faithfully. We loved and admired him. It seems to me that it is never humiliating to admit a real feeling. I am never embarrassed by finding that my opinions at one time of my life have differed entirely from those at another.

In beginning these memoirs, I shall touch as briefly as possible on our personal history preceding our introduction to the court of Napoleon.

From no woman can a recital of Napoleon's political life be expected. He was always mysterious to those about him, and to such an extent was this the case that those persons in the *salon* next his own were often ignorant of things with which Paris was acquainted in some degree, and which were thoroughly well known out of France.

Thus it is that I, who was so very young when I was first received at Saint-Cloud, have

been able to snatch in some instances at isolated facts occurring at long intervals.

I shall simply state what I believe myself to have seen, and it will not be my fault if my representations are not always as faithful as sincere.

I was just twenty-two when I was appointed *dame du palais* to Madame Bonaparte. I was married at sixteen, and had been happy despite the terrors of the Revolution. The death of my father in 1794 under the revolutionary axe, the loss of our property, and the tastes of my refined and cultivated mother, had kept me out of the world, of which I was utterly ignorant, and for which I cared nothing.

Taken suddenly from this peaceful solitude to be thrown upon the strangest possible stage, without having known the intermediate ground of society, I was naturally extremely struck by the violence of the transition; and my character has always retained the impression it then received.

With my husband and my mother, both of whom I tenderly loved, I had formed the habit of yielding to the impulses of my heart, and later, with Bonaparte, I was accustomed to interest myself only in that which most strongly excited my sympathies. All my life long I have known nothing of the indolence and indifference of that which is called "*le grand monde*." My mother brought me up with the greatest care, but my education was solidly finished by my husband, who was sixteen years my elder, and extremely cultivated. I was by nature rather serious, which disposition is generally accompanied by a certain amount of enthusiasm. Consequently, during the first years of my sojourn near the persons of Madame Bonaparte and her husband, I was not lukewarm in the sentiments which I believed it to be my duty to feel toward them.

We had had certain relations with Madame Bonaparte during the expedition to Egypt, after which we lost sight of her, until the time that my mother, having formed a project of marrying my sister to one of our relatives whose name was on the list of *émigrés*, applied to her to obtain permission for his return to France. The affair was quickly terminated. Madame Bonaparte, in all kindness, cleverly saw the wisdom of drawing persons of a certain class about her husband, and appointed an evening when my mother and Monsieur de Rémusat should call upon her to thank the First Consul. Of course, this was equivalent to a command. We therefore one evening repaired to the Tuileries;* it was shortly after the date on which Bonaparte had established himself there, when he—as his

* It was on February 19, 1800, that the First Consul took possession of the Tuileries.

wife subsequently told me with her own lips—had said with a laugh just as they were about to retire the first night that they were to sleep under that roof, “Come on, little creole, come on, and take possession of your master’s bed.”

We were shown into the grand *salon* in the Rez-de-Chausseé: he was seated upon a sofa; at his side was General Moreau, with whom he appeared to be deep in conversation. Both men at this time were eager to establish cordial relations between themselves.

A *mot* of Bonaparte’s was at this time in everybody’s mouth—a *mot* which was more amiable than was habitual to him. He had ordered a pair of superb pistols made, and had engraved upon them in letters of gold the names of all Moreau’s battles.

“Pardon me,” said Bonaparte, as he presented them to him—“pardon me that they are not more ornamented; the names of your victories took up all the room.”

In the *salon* were ministers, generals, and young and pretty women: Madame Louis Bonaparte,* Madame Murat, who was just married, and struck me as very charming, Madame Maret, who was paying her bridal visit, and was then very beautiful.

Madame Bonaparte held her reception with perfect grace, and was carefully dressed in a style that approached the antique. This was the fashion of the time, when artists had a great influence over society.

Bonaparte rose to receive us, and, after a commonplace word or two, reseated himself, and paid no further attention to any of the women in the room. I must admit that on this occasion I paid less attention to him than to the luxury and magnificent elegance on which my eyes rested for the first time. After this we fell into the way of making an occasional visit to the Tuileries. By degrees we received the impression that it would be desirable for Monsieur de Rémusat to fill some position which should restore to us some of those comforts and amenities of life of which we had been deprived by the loss of our property. Monsieur de Rémusat, having been a magistrate before the Revolution, would have liked a similar office. The fear of giving me pain by separating me from my mother, and taking me from Paris, induced him to ask for a place in the Council of State, rather than for any of the prefectures. But we knew little or nothing of the workings of the Government at that time. My mother had spoken of one situation to Madame Bonaparte, who had taken a great fancy to me; she also professed to admire my husband’s manners, and

suddenly conceived the idea of having us both about her.

About this time my sister, who had not married the relative of which I had spoken, wedded Monsieur de Nansonly, general of brigades, a nephew of Madame de Montesson, and a man who was highly esteemed in the army and in society.

This marriage involved us more closely with the consular government, and a month later Madame Bonaparte said to my mother that she hoped it would not be very long before Monsieur de Rémusat would be nominated *préfet du palais*.

I will pass over in silence all the excitement caused in our family circle by this intelligence. I was much startled. Monsieur de Rémusat was resigned rather than pleased, and soon after his nomination—which quickly followed these words of Madame Bonaparte—he applied himself with his usual conscientiousness to mastering the minutest details of his new position.

Not long after this I received the following letter from General Duroc, governor of the palace:

MADAME: The First Consul has designated you as *dame du palais*. The personal knowledge which he has of your character and of your principles gives him the assurance that you will acquit yourself with the courtesy which distinguishes Frenchwomen, and with the dignity which befits the Government. I am happy that I was intrusted with the pleasant duty of announcing to you this evidence of his esteem and confidence.

Accept, madame, my respects, etc.

Thus it was that we were installed at this most singular court. Although Bonaparte showed excessive anger at this time if any one appeared to doubt the sincerity of his words, which were then absolutely republican, he nevertheless made daily changes in his manner of living which were calculated to impart to his surroundings, and to the place he inhabited, much of the air of the palace of a reigning sovereign.

His taste led him in this direction so long as his personal habits were not encroached upon; and he intrusted to those about him all the responsibilities of the various ceremonies. Besides, he was convinced that the French are always influenced by pomp and splendor. Simple in his own dress, he nevertheless exacted from his officers great extravagance in the matter of uniforms. He had already placed between himself and the other two Consuls a marked difference; and even on all the government documents, after having employed this form—“By order of the Consuls, etc.”—his own signature was the only one affixed. In the same way it was he alone who held his court, either at the Tuileries or at Saint-Cloud,

* Hortense de Beauharnais had married Louis Bonaparte on January 4, 1802.

receiving the ambassadors with the ceremonious etiquette known among crowned heads, appearing in public always surrounded by a numerous guard, while he allowed his colleagues only two grenadiers before their carriages, and had finally begun to give to his wife a certain rank in the government.

In the beginning we found ourselves in a position which, although extremely delicate, was not without its advantages. Military distinctions, and the rights they gave, appealed strongly to the generals and the aides-de-camp which surrounded Bonaparte. They had come to believe that all honors belonged exclusively to themselves. Meanwhile the Consul, who appreciated all conquests, and who had formed a secret plan to gain over to him all classes of society, was considerably annoyed by the ideas of his people of the sword, whenever he wished to attract people of other avocations toward him by showing them certain favors.

Consequently, Monsieur de Rémusat, clever, brilliant, and learned, understanding himself and others very thoroughly, and vastly superior in his conversational abilities to any of his colleagues, was promptly distinguished by his master, who was certainly wonderfully clear-sighted in discovering what individuals he could best utilize.

Bonaparte liked those persons, moreover, who knew just those things of which he was ignorant. He found in my husband a knowledge of certain usages which he desired to reestablish, perfect tact and familiarity with the manners and customs of good society; he indicated his wishes promptly, was heard and understood immediately, and was as promptly served.

This gave considerable umbrage to the soldiers about him: they foresaw that the day was near at hand when they would not be sole favorites, and that they would, moreover, be soon called upon to correct that roughness and informality of manner which they had acquired on fields of battle; our presence disturbed them. I was young, but more formed in character than their wives; the most of my companions were ignorant of the world, silent and timid, and were never comfortable in the presence of the First Consul. I, as I have before said, was keenly open to impressions, easily moved by novelty, and with a certain amount of cleverness, and kept my eyes wide open to enjoy the spectacle afforded me by this crowd of unknown personages. I found no difficulty in pleasing my new sovereign, because I really found pleasure in listening to her.

Madame Bonaparte saw in me the woman of her choice; I was flattered, moreover, by having conquered my mother, whose value, as belonging to a family of consideration, she fully estimated.

She treated me with entire confidence, and I felt toward her a genuine attachment. Before long she imparted to me all her secrets, which I received and guarded with entire discretion, although I might have been her daughter.* I often had it in my power to give her good advice, because the habits formed during my quiet domestic youth made me take a serious view of life. We were soon, my husband and myself, in a conspicuous position, to which we attained by degrees, all the time continuing to preserve entire simplicity in our manners, and avoiding anything which could enable any one to think that we wished to ground any assumptions on the favors we received.

It was in the autumn of 1802 that I established myself first at Saint-Cloud, where the First Consul then was. Four ladies† passed each of us a week in succession with Madame Bonaparte. It was the same with all those who came under the head of the service of the *préfets du palais*—the generals of the Guard and the aides-de-camp. The governor of the palace, Duroc, lived at Saint-Cloud; his house was maintained with extreme order; we dined with him. The Consul and his wife took their meals alone. Twice each week he invited government officials; once in the month he gave a great dinner in the Galerie de Diane to a hundred persons, after which a reception was given to all who held less important positions, civil or military. Strangers of distinction were also to be met there. During the winter of 1803 we were at peace with England, and a large number of English were in Paris and excited much curiosity, as we were not in the habit of seeing them.

Extreme luxury was displayed at these entertainments. Bonaparte liked to see women much and well dressed, and excited his wife and sisters to emulate each other. Madame Bonaparte and Mesdames Bacciochi and Murat (Madame Leclerc, afterward the Princess Pauline, was in 1802 at Saint Domingo) were resplendent. Each corps had its own costume, the uniforms were rich, and this pomp, which succeeded a time when an affectation of disgusting uncleanness was combined with that of an incendiary civism, seemed in itself a guarantee against the return of the melancholy *régime* the recollection of which still weighed upon us.

It seems to me that Bonaparte's costume at

* The Empress Josephine was born at Martinique in 1763. She had married Monsieur de Beauharnais in 1779, and had separated from him in 1783. After her husband's death she married, *civilement*, General Bonaparte on March 9, 1796.

† Madame Talhouet, Madame de Luçay, Madame Lauriston, and I.

this epoch deserves to be recorded. He wore on ordinary occasions the uniform of some corps in his Guards; but he had ordained for himself and his two colleagues that on days of ceremony they should all three wear scarlet coats, embroidered in gold—of velvet in winter, of cloth in summer.

The two Consuls, Cambacères and Lebrun, middle-aged, powdered, and erect, wore this brilliant coat with laces and a sword, as in other days they had worn their dress-suits. Bonaparte, who was uncomfortable in this costume, got out of it whenever he could. His hair was cut short, laid flat to his head, and was badly combed. With this scarlet and gold coat he kept on his black cravat, a *jabot* of lace from beneath, and no cuffs; sometimes a white vest, embroidered with silver, oftener his uniform vest, as well as his uniform sword, and breeches, silk stockings, and boots. This toilet, and his insignificant height, gave him the oddest possible look, at which, however, no one ventured to take exception.

When he became Emperor, his *habit de cérémonie*, with a small mantle and a plumed hat, was very becoming to him. To these he added a magnificent collar of the Order of the Legion, all in diamonds; but on ordinary occasions he wore only the silver cross.

I remember that, the evening before his coronation, the new marshals he had shortly before created came to pay their respects to him, all superbly dressed. Their showy costumes were in such strong contrast to the simple uniform which he wore, that he smiled. I was standing very near him, and, when he saw that I also smiled, he said in a low voice :

“The right of being simply dressed does not belong to everybody !”

A few moments later the marshals of his army were wrangling on some question of precedence, and finally came to the Emperor to ask him to settle the order of their rank in the ceremonies of the next day.

These pretensions were unanswerable, since each of them enumerated his victories. Bonaparte listened, and amused himself with another glance at me.

“It seems to me,” I said to him, “that you have stamped your foot to-day on France, and said, ‘Let all these vanities rise from the earth !’”

“That is true,” he answered, “but it is easier to rule the French through their vanity than in any other way.”

But, to return. The first months of my duties, sometimes at Saint-Cloud, sometimes at Paris, during that winter, I found very agreeable. The mornings were spent very uniformly. At eight o'clock Bonaparte left his wife's room and entered

his cabinet. At Paris he joined her often for breakfast; at Saint-Cloud he breakfasted alone, and often on the terrace which opened from his cabinet. During breakfast he received artists and actors. He talked with some volubility and pleasantly at that hour. Then he was occupied with public affairs until six o'clock. Madame Bonaparte remained within, and received any number of visits, generally women whose husbands held positions under the Government—others belonging to what was called the *ancien régime*—who did not desire to have, or did not wish to seem to have, relations with the First Consul, but who were trying to obtain, through his wife, certain favors—names to be struck from the list of *émigrés*, or restoration of property.

Madame Bonaparte received everybody with charming grace, she promised all that was asked, and sent every one away highly pleased. The petitions left with her were sometimes mislaid, but others were brought in their stead, and she never seemed tired of listening.

At six o'clock in Paris they dined; at Saint-Cloud they went to drive—the Consul alone in a *calèche* with his wife, and the rest of us in other carriages. Bonaparte's brothers, Eugène Beauharnais, and his sisters, could one and all present themselves at dinner if they pleased. Madame Louis came sometimes, but she never slept at Saint-Cloud. Her husband's excessive jealousy and her own extreme diffidence made her very unhappy at this time. They sent little Napoleon—who subsequently died in Holland—once or twice each week. Bonaparte seemed to love this child, and had certainly hung his hopes upon him. Perhaps this was the sole reason why he cared for the child, for Monsieur de Talleyrand told me that when the news of his death reached Berlin Bonaparte was so little moved that, when he was about to appear in public, Monsieur de Talleyrand hurriedly whispered to him: “You forget that a great misfortune has just befallen your family. You should assume an air of sadness.”

“It does not amuse me,” answered Bonaparte, “to think of dead people !”

It would be somewhat curious to compare these words with the discourse of Monsieur de Fontanes, who, called upon at this same time to make an address on the occasion of the Prussian flags being brought to the Invalides, took occasion to describe the majestic grief of a conqueror, forgetting his glorious victories to weep over the death of a child !

After the Consul had dined, we were notified that we could enter the *salon*. Conversation was prolonged according to the humor he was in; then he disappeared, and was not often seen again that evening. He went to his work, gave some especial audiences, received some minis-

ter, and went to bed at a very good hour. Madame Bonaparte finished the evening with a game of cards. Between ten and eleven the following announcement was made: "Madame, the First Consul has retired."

She then dismissed us. In her rooms there was never any mention of public affairs. Duroc, Maret, then Secretary of State, and all the secretaries, were impenetrable. Most of the military men, I believe, abstained from thinking in order to avoid speaking, and there was little expenditure of brain or wit in that circle.

As I had never had any of the terror with which Bonaparte had for some time inspired those about him, I never experienced in his presence the embarrassment felt by many others, and had never conceived it to be my duty to submit to the system of monosyllables, which was religiously and possibly prudently adopted throughout the house.

This made me noticed and ridiculed in a way that I did not at first suspect, which then amused me, and which I finally sought to avoid. Let me here describe one scene which took place on a certain evening when, Bonaparte speaking of the talent of Monsieur Portalis, the father, who was then at work on the Code Civil, Monsieur de Rémusat said that it was more especially the study of Montesquieu that had formed Monsieur Portalis, whose model he had been, who had read and learned him as one would a catechism. Bonaparte, turning to one of my companions, said, with a laugh, "I would be willing to wager that you do not know who Montesquieu is."

"Pardon me," she answered; "who does not know 'Le Temple de Gnide?'"

At this Bonaparte burst out laughing, and I could not restrain a smile. He looked at me, and said, "And you, madame?"

I answered quietly that I did not know the "Temple de Gnide," that I had read the "Considérations sur les Romains," but that I did not believe either of these works was the catechism of which Monsieur de Rémusat spoke.

"The devil take it!" said Bonaparte; "are you a *savante*?"

This epithet embarrassed me, and I felt that the risk I ran was very great that it would adhere to me. A moment later Madame Bonaparte spoke of some tragedy I have forgotten. The First Consul passed in review all living authors, and spoke of Ducis with little admiration. He deplored the mediocrity of our tragic poets, and said that he would gladly bestow any reward on the author of a fine drama. I ventured to say that Ducis had spoiled Shakespeare's "Othello." This long English word uttered by my lips had an extraordinary effect on our audience of epaulets, who were silent and attentive.

Bonaparte was unwilling to hear any one utter a word of praise of anything that in any way appertained to the English. We argued for a little while. I said nothing in any way extraordinary. But I had mentioned Shakespeare; I had held my own against the First Consul; I had praised an English author. What audacity! what a prodigy of erudition!—and I was compelled to maintain a profound silence for several days, to do away with the effects of a superiority which I had never supposed could be acquired at such small expense.

When I left the palace, and went home to my mother's, I generally found there a number of charming, cultivated women and men of distinction, who talked most agreeably, and I smiled to myself at the difference between their conversation and that of the court of which I formed a portion.

This habit of almost complete silence preserved us, at all events, from that which was then called in society *les caquets*. The women were without coquetry, the men were usually occupied in the duties of their various positions; and Bonaparte, who dared not then abandon himself to all his fancies, and who believed that the appearance of regularity would be useful to him, lived at that time in a way to deceive me entirely in regard to his morals. He seemed to love his wife; she appeared to satisfy him. Nevertheless, I discovered in her great uneasiness, which amazed me. She was very jealous by nature; love was not, I think, the primary cause of this jealousy.

To her it was a grave misfortune that she could bear her husband no children; he sometimes evinced his chagrin, and then she trembled for her future. The family of the Consul, who were always bitter against the Beauharnais, made constant allusions to this, which led to many stormy passages. Sometimes I found Madame Bonaparte in tears, and then she would burst forth into complaints against her brothers-in-law—against Madame Murat and Murat himself, who sought to strengthen themselves with the Consul by arousing in him certain passing fancies which they would then countenance and favor.

I entreated her to be calm and moderate. It was easy for me to see that if Bonaparte loved his wife it was that her gentleness gave him a sense of repose when he was with her, and that she would lose her empire by becoming excited.

During the first year that I was attached to this court, the light altercations which took place between Madame Bonaparte and her husband were invariably followed by satisfactory explanations and renewed affection.

At the time of which I speak, Monsieur de

Talleyrand was in great favor—all the most involved questions of politics passed through his hands. Not only did he manage all foreign affairs and determine as he did, just at this time, the new state constitutions to be given to Germany—which was the sort of work that laid the foundation of his immense fortune—but he had also long and daily conversations with Bonaparte, when he impelled the First Consul to all the measures which could establish his power on a satisfactory basis.

Even at this time I am quite certain that they had many discussions as to the expediency of reëstablishing a monarchical form of government, which Monsieur de Talleyrand always believed to be the only one fitted for France. Besides, under such a government he would resume all the habits of his early life, and replace himself on familiar ground.

The advantages and abuses which spring from courts offered him great opportunities of power and of credit.

I did not know Monsieur de Talleyrand, and all that I had heard of him prejudiced me strongly against him. But I was always struck by the elegance of his manners, so strongly contrasting with the rough soldiers by whom I was surrounded. He stood out from among them with the air of a grand seigneur. He was imposing from his disdainful silence, by his patronizing politeness, against which no one could arm himself. He arrogated to himself the right of ridiculing those persons whom the subtlety and delicacy of his jests terrified. Monsieur de Talleyrand, more imitative than can well be imagined, made up an apparently natural character out of a series of habits carefully formed; he preserved them in every possible situation, as if they were absolutely a part of himself. His light manner of treating the most important things has often been useful to him, but it frequently injured that which he did.

I was many years without having any relations with him; I vaguely distrusted him, but I liked to hear him talk, and I liked to watch the charming ease with which he did everything, and the peculiar grace of his manners, which in any one else would have been called affectation.

Meanwhile Paris, and more especially the Tuileries, seemed given over to pleasure and gayety. The château was quiet until one day the First Consul's fancy for a young and beautiful actress of the Théâtre Français disturbed Madame Bonaparte, and gave rise to many scenes.

Two remarkable actresses, Mademoiselles Duchesnois and Georges, had made their *début* about the same time in tragedy: one was very

plain, but with talents which had won for her the approbation of the public; the other was not so good an actress, but wonderfully beautiful. The Parisian public wavered between the two, but talent outweighed beauty finally. Bonaparte, however, thought most of the latter; and Madame Bonaparte speedily learned, through the espionage of her valets, that Mademoiselle Georges had been secretly introduced, on several occasions, to a small apartment slightly apart from the château. This discovery was a sore grief to her. She spoke of it with extreme emotion, and shed more tears than it seemed to me such a passing fancy demanded. I believed it to be my duty to represent to her that sweetness and patience were her sole remedies for a sorrow which time would surely bring to an end; and it was in the conversations which we had at this time that she gave me many new ideas in regard to her husband. The discontent that she showed induced me to believe, however, that there was more or less exaggeration in the bitterness of her complaints. This was what she said: "He had not the smallest moral principle; he concealed his vices merely because he found that they would do him harm; but if he were allowed, and no complaint was made, it would be seen how quickly he would abandon himself to the most shameless passions. . . . Did he not think himself placed in the world merely to gratify all his fancies? And then, too, would not his family profit by her weakness to induce him to relinquish the domestic life he had hitherto led and to alienate him from her? Would not the consequence of this or a similar act be the divorce which she saw always suspended over her head, and of which there had already been some question?"

"It is the greatest misfortune in the world for me," she added, "that I have given no son to Bonaparte. Then no hatred, however venomous, could have troubled my repose."

"But, madame," I answered, "it seems to me that your daughter's child repairs this misfortune; the First Consul loves him, and will probably end by adopting him."

"Alas!" she replied, "would that this might be so; but Louis Bonaparte's jealous and suspicious character forbids the realization of this hope. His family have malignantly informed him of all the outrageous gossip which they have themselves put in circulation in regard to my daughter's conduct and the birth of her child. Hatred gives this child to Bonaparte, and this is reason enough for Louis never to give his consent to any arrangement in regard to the boy. You see how he keeps himself aloof, and how excessively guarded my daughter is compelled to be in her every act. Besides, independent of the higher considerations which will not allow me to

endure with patience these infidelities on the part of my husband, they are always the signal for a thousand annoyances against which I am compelled to arm myself, and which I can only summon all my patience to endure."

And, in fact, I have always noticed that as soon as the First Consul occupied himself with another woman, whether from the despotism of his character, which induced him to think it very strange that his wife would not quietly submit to this exercise of the independence which he always carefully preserved, or from the fact that Nature had endowed him with so small a power of loving that it was absorbed by the person momentarily preferred, leaving him without even ordinary kindness for any other—be this as it may, it is certain that he was hard, violent, and pitiless toward his wife as soon as he had a mistress.

He forced the knowledge upon her without delay, and showed a surprise that was almost savage that she did not approve his abandoning himself to these distractions which he demonstrated mathematically, so to speak, as being allowable and necessary.

"I am not a man like other men," he would say, "and laws of morality and propriety were never made for me."

Such declarations naturally excited the discontent, tears, and complaints of Madame Bonaparte, to which her husband frequently responded by violence, the details of which I should not dare give. This went on until his last fancy suddenly evaporated, and his affection for his wife sprang once more into being. Then he was touched by her grief, and his caresses were as unrestrained as had been his violence. She, naturally of an aimable and trusting disposition, was soon reassured.

But, as long as the storm lasted, I was constantly embarrassed by the strange confidences of which I was the recipient, and even sometimes by the steps which she compelled me to take. I remember one especial evening when I had a terrible fright, at which I have often laughed since.

That winter Bonaparte had not relinquished the habit of coming every night to his wife's bed. She had had the address to persuade him that his personal safety demanded this.

She said she "slept lightly, and, if any nocturnal attack should be made upon him, she would be there to call for help."

She never retired until she was informed that Bonaparte was in bed. But, when he was under the influence of his passion for Mademoiselle Georges, he received her very late, after his work was completed, and did not come to his wife's room until toward morning. One evening Ma-

dame Bonaparte, more jealous even than usual, kept me with her, and spoke with bitterness of all she suffered. It was one o'clock in the morning; absolute silence pervaded the Tuileries. Suddenly she started up.

"I can not endure it!" she exclaimed. "Mademoiselle is certainly up stairs. I will go and surprise them."

Considerably disturbed by this sudden announcement, I did what I could to induce her to give up the project; but I could produce no effect upon her."

"Come with me," she said; "we will go together."

I represented to her that such espionage, while admissible on her part, would be utterly inexcusable in me; and, in case she made the discovery she feared, that I should be entirely *de trop* in the scene which would follow.

She would not listen to one word I said. She reproached me vehemently with abandoning her in her troubles, and urged me with such entreaty of word and voice that I could not refuse to accede to the repugnance I felt. I consoled myself, however, with the thought that our enterprise would amount to nothing, as undoubtedly adequate precautions against a surprise were taken on the next floor.

Imagine us stepping softly after each other. Madame Bonaparte went first, in a state of great excitement, and I followed. We crept up a private staircase which led to Bonaparte's cabinet, I being very much ashamed of the part I played.

Half way up we heard a noise. Madame Bonaparte stood still and whispered in my ear:

"It is probably Rustan, Bonaparte's Mameluke, who guards the door. The creature is quite capable of strangling us both!"

At these words I was overwhelmed with such mortal terror, which was undoubtedly ridiculous, that I waited to hear no more, but turned and fled, and, without thinking that I left Madame Bonaparte in complete darkness, carried off the candle with me. I hurried back to the *salon* as fast as my feet could take me. She followed as quickly as the darkness would permit. When she saw my frightened face she began to laugh, as I did in a moment or two, and we relinquished our undertaking. I left her, saying I was glad that I had yielded to my impulse—glad that she had frightened me.

This jealousy, which affected Madame Bonaparte's naturally sweet temper, was not a mystery to any one. She placed me in the embarrassing position of a confidante whose advice had no weight, and gave me the air of sharing the displeasure I witnessed. Bonaparte at first believed that one woman necessarily enters into the feelings of another, and he showed excessive ill

humor when he discovered that I knew what went on in his home.

Paris in the mean time began to side more and more with the ugly actress. The beauty had been hissed more than once. Monsieur de Rémusat tried to accord an equal protection to these two *débutantes*, but whatever he did for one or the other was received with discontent, either by the public or by the Consul.

All this occasioned some disturbance in our circle. Bonaparte, without confiding to Monsieur de Rémusat the secret of his interest, complained to him, and declared that I should not receive his wife's confidences, unless I promised to give her sensible advice. My husband represented me to be a reasonable person, who was by nature and education thoroughly versed in the proprieties of life, and who could not possibly be guilty of the mistake of adding to Madame Bonaparte's exasperation.

The Consul, who was pleasantly disposed toward us, consented to suspend his opinion of me. After this followed another inconvenience. He took me as umpire often into his conjugal disputes, and insisted on appealing to what he called my common sense to support him in his condemnation of the jealous whims of which he complained, and of which he was weary.

As I had not acquired the habit of dissimulating my thoughts, I, when he talked to me of the annoyance he felt at such scenes, told him frankly that I pitied Madame Bonaparte sincerely, whether her sufferings were needless or otherwise—that it seemed to me that he should find every excuse for her; but I admitted also that I thought her lacking in dignity when she set her servants to watch for proofs of the infidelities she suspected.

Bonaparte speedily informed Madame Bonaparte that I blamed her, and then I found myself involved in endless explanations from husband and wife; as a matter of course, I was carried away by the vivacity of my years, and by the sincere attachment I felt for the First Consul and his wife.

Then followed a succession of scenes, whose details are effaced from my memory, when I saw Bonaparte imperious, hard, and defiant, then all at once softened, almost agitated, kind, and gentle, hastening to repair the wrongs he had committed, and which should never again occur.

This light storm blew over, and the winter passed peacefully. Several new institutions indicated the return of order. Colleges were organized; robes and some importance were given to the magistrates. All the French pictures at the Louvre were assembled together under the name of a museum, and Monsieur Denon was intrusted

with the superintendence of this new establishment. Pensions and rewards began to be bestowed on men of letters, and on these points Monsieur de Fontanes was constantly consulted. Bonaparte liked to converse with him, and these conversations were often very amusing. The Consul delighted in attacking the pure and classic taste of Monsieur de Fontanes, who defended our French *chefs-d'œuvre* with an ability which induced lookers-on to regard him as possessed of a certain kind of courage. For there were already in this court people so adapted to the *métier* of courtier that any one was regarded as a Roman who ventured to express admiration for "Mérope" or "Mithridate," since the master had declared that he liked neither the one nor the other of these works.

He was greatly amused by these literary controversies, and even contemplated procuring this pleasure for himself twice each week, by inviting certain men of letters to spend the evening with Madame Bonaparte. Monsieur de Rémusat, who knew many men of letters in Paris, was empowered to gather them together at the château.

Some academicians and *littérateurs* were invited one evening. Bonaparte was in a genial humor; he talked well and freely; was animated and agreeable. I was charmed that he was seen to such advantage. I was extremely desirous that he should please these persons, who did not know him, and that, by showing himself more, he should destroy the prejudices which were gradually forming against him. Bonaparte's tact and wit were both unimpeachable when he chose to exercise them, and he entered into an argument with old Abbé Morellet, who was clear and decided, going always in logical sequence from proof to proof, and never admitting the power of the imagination in the progress of human events.

Bonaparte contradicted this. He allowed his imagination all the liberty it desired, and in this case her flights were far. He touched on all subjects, frequently lost himself, but was delighted to see that he was taxing the Abbé to keep up with him. He was really extremely interesting.

The next day he spoke with pleasure of this evening, and declared that he wished he could have many more like it. A similar reunion was then appointed about a week later, when some one, I do not know whom, expressed himself with some energy on the liberty of writing and thinking, and on their advantage to nations. This led to a discussion which was much less easy than that of the previous evening. The Consul relapsed into long silences which chilled the assembly. At a third *soirée* he made his appearance late, and was absent-minded, abstracted, and gloomy, and uttered only rare and disconnected sentences.

Everybody was weary, and the following day Bonaparte said that he saw nothing to like, after all, in these men of letters, that nothing was gained by admitting them to intimacy, and that he did not care to have them invited again.

He was never willing to submit to any restraint, and the necessity of showing himself in an agreeable mood at any fixed day and hour struck him as an intolerable restraint, which he shook off as speedily as possible.

By this time faint rumors arose of war with England. Secret correspondence, in regard to some attempts made in La Vendée were published. The English Government was accused of sustaining these attempts, and George Cadoudal was named as the agent between them and the Chouans. It was also said that Monsieur d'André had returned secretly to France after having again, before the 18th Fructidor, tried to serve the agents of royalty.

The Corps Législatif were assembled. The report that was rendered of the state of the *republic* was remarkable, and was remarked. At peace with all nations; the *conclusum* given at Ratisbon on the new division of Germany, and recognized by all the sovereigns; the constitution accepted by the Swiss; the Concordat; the system of public instruction; the formation of the Institute; justice better dispensed; financial improvement; the Code Civil, of which a portion was submitted to this Assembly; the different military works begun along our frontiers and in France; the projects for Anvers, the Mont Cenis, the shores of the Rhine, and the canal de l'Ourey; *the acquisition of the island of Elba*; Saint Domingo, which was still ours; projects of numerous laws for indirect taxation, for the formation of a chamber of commerce, for the practice of medicine, and for manufactures—all offered an honorable and satisfactory picture of the Government.

At the end of this report, a few words were slipped in regarding a possible rupture with England, and on the necessity of increasing the army. The Corps Législatif and the Tribunat made no opposition, and entire approval, which at this time was unquestionably merited, was bestowed on so many labors so well begun.

Early in March bitter complaints appeared in our journals on the publication by the English press of certain libels against Bonaparte. It was preposterous to complain of this, since the English press has absolute liberty, but these complaints were mere pretexts: the occupation of Malta and our interference in the Government of Switzerland were the real causes of the rupture. On March 8, 1803, a letter addressed by the King of England to the British Parliament

announced that important discussions were pending between the two governments, and complained of the armament then preparing in the ports of Holland. At the same time we were witnesses of the scene where Bonaparte feigned, or where he allowed himself to be carried away by, a violent rage in the presence of the ambassadors. Shortly after this he left Paris and established himself at Saint-Cloud.

He was not so absorbed at this time by public affairs that he neglected to order one of his *préfets du palais* to write a complimentary letter to the celebrated musician, Paisiello, on the opera of "Proserpine," which he wished brought out in Paris. Bonaparte was very eager to draw thither distinguished people from all countries, paying them liberally. Not long after this, the rupture between France and England burst out, and the English ambassador, before whose door a crowd had daily assembled to rejoice or mourn over his preparations for departure which they saw in his courtyard, suddenly departed. Monsieur de Talleyrand carried to the Senate a communication of the motives which forced the war. The Senate replied that they could only applaud the moderation and firmness of the First Consul, and sent a deputation to Saint-Cloud to carry the assurances of their gratitude and devotion.

Monsieur de Vaublanc, addressing the Corps Législatif, said with enthusiasm:

"What chief of a nation ever demonstrated a greater love of peace? If it were possible to separate the history of the negotiations of the First Consul from that of his exploits, one would fancy one's self reading the life of a peaceful magistrate who occupies himself with trying every method to insure peace."

The Tribunat added the hope that energetic measures would be taken, and, after these different expressions of admiration and submission, the session of the Corps Législatif terminated.

It was then that we, for the first time, saw in "The Moniteur" the acrimonious and violent charges against the English Government, which were endlessly multiplied, and which only too carefully replied to the articles freely and constantly appearing each day in London. Bonaparte often dictated these paragraphs, which Monsieur Maret afterward corrected. It was most unfortunate that the sovereign of a great empire should enter, as it were, into a personal contest with these journalists, and it was certainly undignified to show such irascibility, and to be so moved by attacks which it would have been wiser to disdain.

English journalists had no difficulty in discovering to what degree the First Consul and afterward the Emperor of France was wounded by the jests they permitted themselves in regard

to him, and, as soon as they made this discovery, they redoubled the activity of their pursuit.

How often he came in the blackest of humors and told Madame Bonaparte that he had been reading articles in the "Sun" or the "Courier" against him! He did his best to excite a war of pens between the different English journals; he had men in his pay in London, spent much money, and deceived no one either in England or in France.

I stated that he often dictated articles in the "Moniteur." Bonaparte had a singular manner of dictating. He never wrote anything with his own hand. His writing was unformed and absolutely undecipherable, to others as well as to himself. He was totally lacking in the patience demanded by any manual labor, no matter what it might be; and the extreme activity of his mind, combined with his strict punctuality, never permitted any of those occupations where one part of himself was under the control of the other.

Those people who wrote for him, Monsieur Bourrienne first, then Monsieur Maret, and his private secretary Menneval, had each adopted a style of abbreviation by which their pens went as fast as his thoughts. He dictated as he walked up and down his cabinet. If he were at all animated, his language became very violent, and was even at times intermingled with oaths, which, of course, were suppressed by the writers, and which had the advantage of giving them a little more time. He never repeated what he said, even when he had not been heard, and, unfortunately for the secretary, he remembered what he had said and detected any omissions.

One day he had just read a manuscript tragedy which had been sent to him; he was so struck by it, that he took it into his head to make some changes in it.

"Take pen and ink," he said to Monsieur de Rémusat, "and write down what I am going to say."

And, almost without giving my husband time to establish himself at his table, he began to dictate with such rapidity that Monsieur de Rémusat, accustomed as he was to writing very quickly, was covered with drops of perspiration in his attempts to follow him. Bonaparte saw this perfectly well, and checked himself several times only to say:

"Come, now, try and understand me, for I shall not repeat a single word."

He always enjoyed any discomfort which he succeeded in inflicting upon any one. His great general principle, which he applied to small things as well as to large, was that people were energetic only when they were uncomfortable.

He fortunately forgot to ask for the sheets he had dictated—I say fortunately, for we two, Mon-

sieur de Rémusat and myself, have never been able to read one word of it, often as we have tried!

Monsieur Maret, Secretary of State, although a man of very mediocre abilities—Bonaparte did not dislike such persons, because he said he had enough talent to give them what they lacked—Monsieur Maret, I say, finished by acquiring quite a reputation because of his quickness in writing. He leaped at the meaning of Bonaparte's words, and, without hazarding an observation, set them down faithfully. This fact serves to show the cause of his success with his master in conjunction with the fact that he affected for him the greatest admiration and the most unbounded regard. Bonaparte could never resist flattery.

This gentleman was so adroit in his flattery that I have been told that, when starting on a journey with the Emperor, he left with his wife models of letters which she was to copy carefully, and in which she complained that her husband's devotion to his master was such that she was jealous of him; and, as during these journeys the couriers delivered the letters and dispatches only into the hands of the Emperor, who never hesitated to break a seal if the fancy took him, these adroit complaints produced precisely the effect he desired and anticipated.

When Monsieur Maret was made Minister of Foreign Affairs, he took care not to follow Monsieur de Talleyrand's example, who often said that in this position it was more especially with Bonaparte that it was necessary to negotiate. But, on the contrary, entering into all his passions, always ready to express surprise that foreign potentates dared to show irritation when they had been insulted, or ventured to offer any opposition to their own ruin, he often strengthened his own fortune at the expense of Europe, when a disinterested and skillful minister would have taken a more just and accurate view.

He had, so to speak, always a courier booted and spurred ready to bear to each sovereign the first angry words which escaped Bonaparte's lips when unpleasant intelligence exasperated him. This culpable complaisance did infinite harm to his master, and caused more than one rupture which was regretted after the first heat had passed. It contributed possibly to Bonaparte's fall, for, in the last year of his reign, while he at Dresden hesitated in regard to the steps he should take, Maret retarded the retreat which was so important to be made by his inability to summon courage enough to inform the Emperor of the defection of Bavaria, which he should have known at the earliest possible moment.

This is, perhaps, the place in which it will be appropriate to relate an anecdote *à propos* of Monsieur de Talleyrand, which proves how well

this skillful minister knew how to manage Bonaparte, and how thoroughly he was master of himself.

Peace was negotiated at Amiens between England and France in the spring of 1802. New questions arose nearly at the close of the negotiations between the plenipotentiaries, which gave considerable uneasiness to Bonaparte, who awaited the arrival of the courier with impatience. He came and brought to the Minister of Foreign Affairs the signature so much desired. Monsieur de Talleyrand put it in his pocket and went to the Consul, appearing before him with that impassive face which he preserved on all occasions. He was there an hour, going over with Bonaparte a number of affairs which it was necessary to complete, and when the work was finished he said with a smile :

"And now I am about to give you a very great pleasure. The treaty is signed, and here it is."

Bonaparte was literally stupefied at this way of making the announcement.

"And why, pray, did you not tell me at once?"

"Because," answered Monsieur de Talleyrand, "you would not have listened to anything else. When you are happy you are not approachable!"

"This power of silence struck the Consul so forcibly that he was not angry," added Monsieur de Talleyrand, "because he at once concluded that he could make this quality useful to himself."

Another man of this court devotedly attached to Bonaparte, whom he admired as well, was Marshal Berthier, Prince of Wagram. He had made the Egyptian campaign, and there learned to love his general. His friendship was so demonstrative that Bonaparte—although very indifferent to any sentiment which sprang from the heart—could not refrain from responding to it in some degree. But their feelings toward each other continued to be unequal, and gave to Bonaparte many occasions to exact all sacrifices which sprung from sincere affection.

One day Monsieur de Talleyrand was talking with Bonaparte before he became emperor :

"I really can not understand," he said, "how Berthier and I fell into relations which have a certain air of intimacy. I never trouble myself much about useless sentiments; and Berthier is so thoroughly commonplace that I am at a loss to know why I am amused by him or feel any interest in him, and yet it is true that I have a certain affection for him."

"If you love him," answered Monsieur de Talleyrand, "I can tell you why: it is because he believes in you."

These anecdotes, which I write down as they occur to me, were in reality unknown to me until later—not, in fact, until an intimate acquaintance with Monsieur de Talleyrand taught me to understand certain characteristics of Bonaparte.

In the beginning, I was profoundly deceived in him, and, at the same time, happy that that was so. I recognized his talents: I saw him disposed to repair the wrongs of which he was guilty toward his wife. I looked on with pleasure at this friendship with Berthier; he petted in my presence the boy—the little Napoleon—whom he appeared to love. I believed him to be accessible to all sweet and natural sentiments, and my youthful imagination adorned him with every good quality.

It is only just to say here that he was intoxicated by his excess of power, that his passions were exasperated by the facility with which he could satisfy them. Young, and uncertain of his future, he often hesitated at exhibiting certain vices, and less often at the affectation of certain virtues.

In the summer of this year a journey to Belgium was determined upon, which Bonaparte wished to be on a scale of great magnificence. He had little difficulty in persuading Madame Bonaparte to do everything in her power to impress the people to whom she was to show herself. Madame Talhouet and myself were selected to go with her, and the Consul gave me thirty thousand francs for our expenses. We left on June 24, 1803, with a *cortège* of several carriages, two generals of his Guard, his aides-de-camp, Duroc, two *préfets du palais*, Monsieur de Rémusat and a Piedmontese named Salmatons, and nothing was omitted to render this journey imposing.

We were to pass a day at Mortefontaine, which place had been purchased by Joseph Bonaparte; all the family were there assembled, and a very odd incident took place. We had spent the morning in the gardens, which were very beautiful. At dinner-time a question of precedence arose: Bonaparte's mother was at Mortefontaine. Joseph told his brother that on entering the dining-room he must place his mother on his right, while Madame Bonaparte sat on his left. The Consul was wounded by this ceremonial, which placed his wife in a secondary position, and ordered Joseph to change the programme. His brother refused, and nothing that was said would induce him to yield. When dinner was announced Joseph took his mother's hand, and Lucien led in Madame Bonaparte. The Consul, irritated by this perseverance on the part of his brother, crossed the *salon* hastily, seized his wife by the arm, preceded every one

into the dining-room, took his seat with his wife in the chair next him, and then called me to take the seat on his other side. The assembly were dumfounded—I, more than any one else; and Madame Joseph Bonaparte,* to whom we all naturally owed every courtesy, was left at the end of the table, as if she were not a member of the family. As may easily be imagined, this arrangement did not add ease or gayety to the repast. The brothers were out of temper, Madame Bonaparte sad, and I much disturbed by the prominence into which I was forced.

During dinner Bonaparte never once addressed a member of his family; he talked with his wife and with me—and even took that occasion to tell me that he had restored to my cousin, the Vicomte de Vergennes, that very morning, certain woods which had been sequestered in consequence of his emigration, but which had not been sold.

I was much touched by this kindness, but also excessively annoyed that he had chosen such a moment to convey to me this information, as the gratitude which at another time I would gladly have expressed to him, and the joy I felt, gave me an air of gayety and ease which I knew to be unbecoming under the circumstances, as well as strongly in contrast with the discomfort I experienced. The remainder of the day passed uneasily, and we left the following morning.

It was at Ghent that he found the daughters of the Duke de Villequier, one of the four First Gentlemen of the Chamber, who were nieces of the Bishop. To these ladies he restored the fine estate of Villequier with its considerable revenues. I had the pleasure of contributing to this restitution by urging it with all my power both with Bonaparte and with his wife.

The evening after this kind act I made some allusion to the gratitude felt by the two young ladies.

"Gratitude!" he exclaimed. "Ah, that is a beautiful word—a poetical word, but one that is void of sense in revolutionary times. And all that I have done would never prevent your two friends from rejoicing should some royal emissary succeed in assassinating me."

I started, but he continued:

"You are young—you know nothing of political hatred. You see, it is a sort of spectacles through which one sees individual opinions and sentiments. It follows, therefore, that nothing is either bad or good in itself, but only according to the way in which one views it. In reality this

is a very convenient fashion of seeing things by which we should all profit. We have our spectacles, and, if it is not through our passions that we look at things, it is at least through our interests."

"But," I said, in reply, "with such a system of action, where would you place all these evidences of approval which now gratify you? For what class of men would you employ your life? For whom would you undertake great and hazardous enterprises?"

"Oh, a man must follow out his destiny! He who feels himself called must not resist. And then human pride creates the public he desires in the ideal world which is called posterity. Let him come to believe that in a hundred years a poem will recall some great act, some noble picture consecrate its memory, etc., etc., then his imagination is stirred, the battle-field is without danger, the cannon roars in vain, he regards it only as the sound which will hand the name of a brave general down to his descendants."

"I can never understand," I answered, "how a man can risk his life for glory if he cherishes only contempt for the men of his time."

Here Bonaparte interrupted me hastily:

"I feel contempt for no man, madame; it is a word which should never be spoken. And I especially esteem Frenchmen."

I smiled at this abrupt declaration, and he, as if he divined the meaning of my smile, smiled in return, and, coming up to me, he pulled my ear, which was a gesture common to him when in good humor, and repeated:

"Understand, madame, if you please, it must not be said that I despise Frenchmen."

Our entry into Brussels was magnificent. Superb and numerous regiments surrounded the Consul, who mounted a horse.

Madame Bonaparte was presented by the town with a superb carriage; the city was decorated; cannons were heard and bells were ringing. The numerous clergy of each church stood on its steps in full ecclesiastical pomp. The crowd was immense and the weather delightful. I was enchanted. There was a succession of brilliant *fêtes* all the time we were in Brussels.

The French Minister, the Consul Lebrun, and the *attachés* of foreign courts which had matters to settle with us, crowded there. It was at Brussels that I heard Monsieur de Talleyrand reply in the most adroit and flattering manner to a question of Bonaparte's which was certainly a little sudden.

One evening the First Consul asked him abruptly how he had made his large fortune so quickly.

* Joseph Bonaparte married Mademoiselle Julie Clary, daughter of a merchant at Marseilles.

"In the simplest possible manner," answered Monsieur de Talleyrand. "I bought stocks on the 17th Brumaire and sold them on the 19th."

One Sunday it was decided to go to the cathedral at Brussels with all possible ceremony. Early in the morning Monsieur de Rémusat was dispatched to the church to superintend the arrangements. He received secret instructions to oppose none of the distinctions devised by the clergy for the occasion. As it was decided that the First Consul should be received with the canopy and the cross at the great door, the question was asked if Madame Bonaparte would share this honor. Bonaparte did not dare say yes, and make her thus conspicuous, and she had a chair in the gallery with the Second Consul.

At noon, the hour fixed upon, the clergy left the altar and arranged themselves in the vestibule. They waited for the sovereign, who did not appear. They were amazed and uneasy, when some one looking around suddenly discovered that he had entered the church and seated

himself on the throne which had been prepared for him. The priests, much troubled, returned to the choir to begin divine service.

The fact was, that just as he started Bonaparte had learned that on a similar occasion Charles-Quint had preferred to enter the Church of Sainte-Gudule by a small side-door, which ever after preserved his name, and he probably took it into his head that if he went in by that same door it would be called thenceforward the door of Charles-Quint and of Bonaparte.

I saw the Consul one morning—I should on this occasion call him the General—review the numerous and magnificent regiments summoned to Brussels. Nothing was ever more exhilarating than the manner in which he was received by these troops. He thoroughly understood how to address them, how to speak to them; he questioned them individually in regard to their campaigns and their wounds, distinguishing more especially those who had accompanied him to Egypt.

(*To be continued.*)

EDITOR'S TABLE.

IS POMP POPULAR?

THE personal simplicity of the President of the French Republic is discussed in European circles, a good many observers believing that M. Grévy's mode of life diminishes the dignity of his office, and weakens his popularity with the mass. It seems that he lives, as he always has lived, without ostentatious expense; that, while first magistrate of the republic, in social life he is no more than a citizen. He receives just as he did when President of the Chamber, dresses like an ordinary professional man, carefully avoiding the uniforms to which he would entitle both by precedent and by his legal position as commander-in-chief of the army; avoids liveries for his servants, drives out and travels like any other gentleman—in short, he lives with as little official display as my own Presidents do. It is gravely feared by many persons, especially those wedded to the old court notions, that this plainness will bring him into contempt with the French people. The Bonapartes, it will be remembered, always believed in the influence, and even necessity, of display; they thought it important to dazzle the imagination of the masses by brilliant *cortèges*, and to amuse them by gorgeous pageants. Madame de Rémusat, in the memoirs of which we publish some extracts in these pages, refers to this conviction on the part of the first Napoleon. But, while this belief has been

very general, it does not appear to be founded upon wide experience. The effects of display have been witnessed—that is, the immediate and surface results have been observed—but no one seems to have thought the evidence incomplete until some one should try what M. Grévy is now trying—viz., the effect upon the multitude of simple and unostentatious living. It would be odd, now, if all the theories of European potentates in the past have been wrong; that at heart the people take the show and glitter of state displays at their real worth. The London "Standard," in discussing this subject, lays it down as a proposition that the majority of men like to see great expense and show. "The populace revel," it affirms, "in the mere apparatus and demonstration of opulence"; and the "Spectator" thinks this opinion almost universal in England, having a distinct effect upon the social habits of candidates for power. It questions wisely, however, whether it rests upon any solid foundation whatever, and declares that it is simply "an opinion based on an upper-class idea of what people would like, not upon evidence of what they do like." There is a great deal of this sort of misunderstanding in the world, and it is always amusing to see the confidence with which superior people proclaim their notions of inferior people, which is generally an estimate of the class as they prefer it to be rather than as it is. One difficulty is, that the utterance and conduct of a few are assumed to be the convictions and feelings of the

many. There are, no doubt, persons who are fond of pageantry and ostentatious living; and, as the "Spectator" says, "the rich like a chief of the state to be rich, just as cultivated people like him to be cultivated." But it is doubtful whether this is the feeling of the great body of the community. On the contrary, it may be questioned if the multitude "do not prefer him not to be divided too far from them by wealth, if a sense that he has, as they say, a fellow feeling with them is not a source of far deeper popularity. The poor exaggerate the separating influence of wealth, and, even when not envious of the things it will buy, believe in its hardening effect upon the sympathies." The "Spectator," in support of this view, cites instances in our history—Lincoln, who was urged upon the people for the presidency as a rail-splitter, and whose simplicity of manners was even made a factor in favor of his popularity. General Harrison, we are told, was elected for his roughness; but here the "Spectator" slips, and doubtless means General Taylor, whose *sobriquet* "Rough and Ready" was the war-cry of his party. English history is not without similar examples. "George III. beat the Whig oligarchs, with all their splendor, as 'Farmer George,' who ate mutton and turnips for dinner; and Pitt, who never had a penny, had far more of the confidence of the people than any duke. George IV., most expensive of mankind, was loathed. Nor is there the slightest evidence that the public taste has changed since George III. The two public men of our day with most influence over the people—Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield—are both comparatively poor men, leading simple lives, and utterly careless of that 'visible opulence' which is supposed so greatly to impress the multitude. The Queen keeps less state than half her nobles, and what little she does keep is not visible, and she is revered, by comparison with her Hanoverian predecessors, to adoration." The "Spectator" might have added that the Lord Mayor's official displays excite the derision more than the admiration of the London people.

It needs no argument to convince the majority of the American people of these facts, but there is an interesting significance in the discussion nevertheless. If M. Grévy succeeds in maintaining his popularity with the French people despite his plainness of living, a host of long-current notions in regard to French character will disappear, and numerous benefits arise therefrom. The notion that a dynasty in France is rendered secure only by intoxicating the people with military glory will vanish with the theory that the populace must be dazzled and amused with pageants in order to be kept in good humor. Confidence in the steadiness and earnestness of the French masses will necessarily lead to the strengthening of the republican idea in other particulars, and eventually a people sober enough to prefer authority without garniture will be thought steadfast enough to possess a free press. In ceasing to cultivate a war-spirit and in disregarding gilt and splendor, there will follow a marked decline in the cost of maintaining the government, and this fact

will aid in securing for republicanism a lasting hold in France. For these reasons it will be interesting to watch M. Grévy's experiment, for the results of which we, for our part, have no fears. He may for many reasons become unpopular, but never, we are convinced, for the reason that he disdains ostentation, and declines as the chief of a republic to imitate the pomp of a chief of a monarchy.

AN ANCIENT IMPOSTOR.

IN the September "Nineteenth Century" Mr. Froude gives, under the title of "A Cagliostro of the Second Century," an account of one of the most extraordinary impostures ever conceived and carried out. The ladies and gentlemen who are convinced of the truth of so-called spiritualism would find in this paper some things well worth their consideration; but, of course, they laugh at us for the suggestion. Credulous people are never so much disturbed as when evidence is adduced likely to impeach their delusions. "A superstition once established," says Mr. Froude, "is proof against commonplace evidence"—we should say proof against evidence of any kind. But, whatever may be the significance of the imposture to which we refer in regard to spiritualism, it at least shows how ready mankind are to believe when their hopes and imaginations are excited.

Alexander was a native of Abonotichus, a small town on the south shore of the Black Sea. He was educated by a doctor, who was learned in all the mystic arts of the period, and who set up for a magician, dealt in spells and love-charms, found treasures with a divining-rod, and performed other mysteries. Young Alexander was an apt pupil, and at twenty had learned all his master's traditional secrets. He was a youth of singular beauty, of light spirits, boundless confidence in himself, and of aspiring ambition. At the death of the old doctor he went to Byzantium and set up for himself. In Macedonia, and especially about Pella, at this time there were a number of large, harmless snakes that came into the houses, where they were useful in keeping down rats and mice; they let the children play with them; they crept into beds at night, and were never interfered with. Alexander saw that something could be made of one of these serpents. A handsome specimen was bought, and the adventurer prepared for work. Some brass plates bearing an inscription that Apollo and Æsculapius were about to visit Pontus, and that Æsculapius would appear at Abonotichus in bodily form, were buried, and in due time conveniently discovered. One here marvels whether Joe Smith had read the story of Alexander. The discovery of the brass plates excited all Asia Minor, and the delighted people of Abonotichus resolved to build a temple to receive the god at his coming. Alexander is described as having been tall, majestic, with eyes large and lustrous, hair flowing, voice sweet and limpid. In a purple tunic, with a white cloak thrown over it, bearing a falchion in his hand, and with rolling eyes and streaming locks, he presented himself to

the people of Abonotichus, declaring that it had been revealed to him by an oracle that Perseus was his mother's ancestor, and that a wonderful destiny was in store for him. The oracle was believed, and Alexander was received with an ovation. The temple for Æsculapius was meanwhile progressing, and the whole town watched eagerly for the coming god. The intending prophet now emptied the egg of a goose, placed inside a snake just born, and then concealed the egg in a water-filled hole in the foundations of the temple. The next morning he rushed into the market-place in a state of frenzy, almost naked, a girdle around his waist, and the falchion whirling about his head, proclaiming that the god had come. The people followed him to the temple; he scooped out the egg, broke it before the multitude, who, when they saw the living snake—that symbol of knowledge and immortality—coiling about his fingers, cried out in ecstasy, and believed without a question. Alexander carried the divinity home, followed by the excited crowd. The snake, which he had purchased at Pella, was by this time of enormous size, and very tame. It would coil around his body, and remain in any position he desired. He had made a human face for it out of linen ingeniously painted, with a mouth that opened and shut by an arrangement of horsehair. To this mysterious being the embryo found in the egg had developed, as Alexander told the people, in a few days! The excitement was tremendous, and people from all the neighboring cities flocked to see the god. In a tabernacle erected for the purpose, behind a rail, on a couch in a subdued light, the prophet sat, visible to every one, the snake wreathed about his neck, the coils glittering in the folds of his dress, the tail playing on the ground. The head was concealed; but occasionally the prophet raised his arm, and then appeared an awful face, the mouth moving, the tongue darting in and out. Everywhere now spread the intelligence. A god had been born at Abonotichus, with a serpent's body and the face of a man. Pictures were taken of him; images made in brass and silver were circulated in thousands. At length it was announced that the god had spoken. "I am Glycon, the sweet one," the creature had said, "the third blood of Zeus and the light of the world."

The temple now being finished, the god was installed within it, and announcement was made that the divinity for a proper consideration would answer any questions that might be put to him. Questions must be written on paper or parchment, which might be sealed up. The packets were received from the anxious inquirers, and after a day or two restored with the answers attached. The seals being apparently unbroken, the mere fact that an answer was given predisposed the people to be satisfied with it. "Either," says Mr. Froude, "a thin knife-blade made red-hot had been passed under the wax, or a cast of the impression was taken in collyrium, and a new seal was manufactured. The obvious explanation occurred to no one. People in search of the miraculous never like to be disappointed. Either they themselves betray their secrets, or they

ask questions so foolish that it can not be known whether the answer is true or false." Here is a thought for frequenters of modern spiritual *séances* to digest—not that they will do so, however. Whether we believe or not always depends upon whether we are inclined to believe. Evidence has very little to do with it. In the case of Alexander his audacity was splendidly rewarded. People came in thousands:

The gold ingots sent to Delphi were as nothing compared to the treasures which streamed into Abonotichus. Each question was separately paid for, and ten or fifteen were not enough for the curiosity of single visitors. The work soon outgrew the strength of a single man. The prophet had an army of disciples, who were munificently paid. They were employed some as servants, some as spies, oracle-manufacturers, secretaries, keepers of seals, or interpreters of the various Asiatic dialects. Each applicant received his answer in his own tongue, to his overwhelming admiration. Success brought fresh ambitions with it. Emissaries were dispersed through the empire spreading the fame of the new prophet, instigating fools to consult the oracle, and letting Alexander know who they were and what they wanted. If a slave had run away, if a will could not be found, if a treasure had been secreted, if a robbery was undiscovered, Alexander became the universal resource. The air was full of miracles. The sick were healed. The dead were raised to life, or were reported and were believed to have been raised, which came to the same thing. To believe was a duty, to doubt was a sin. A god had come on earth to save a world which was perishing in skepticism. Simple hearts were bounding with gratitude; and no devotion could be too extreme, and no expression of it in the form of offerings too extravagant. . . . His fame reached the imperial court, and to consult Alexander became the fashion in high Roman society. Ladies of rank, men of business, intriguing generals or senators, took into their counsels the prophet of Abonotichus. Some who had perilous political schemes on hand were rash enough to commit their secrets to paper, and to send them, under the protection of their seals, for the opinion of Æsculapius. The prophet, when he discovered matter of this kind, kept the packets by him without returning them. He thus held the writers in his power, and made them feel that their lives were in his hands.

There were men of a less credulous character who saw through the impostor's tricks, but they were not believed. "To doubt was a sin," and these blasphemers were even sometimes stoned for their pains. The impostor maintained himself to the last; he lived to be an old man, and died with the faith in him unabated, so difficult is it to overthrow a superstition. The people were wholly unfitted to deal with the problem, and very much like believers in mysteries of to-day, who, because they see things they can not understand or explain, immediately assume that they must be of preternatural origin. In this all ages are largely alike, and there is no more important lesson to be taught than that "men without scientific training who trust their own judgment in such matters are the natural prey of charlatans."

AMERICAN FICTION.

A FRENCH critic declares that the quality conspicuously deficient in American fiction is *taste*. Unfortunately, this defect is strikingly characteristic in the works of the more popular of our writers. The American story-tellers who cultivate taste, who exhibit fastidiousness and artistic finish, are commonly without large constituencies of readers. And yet, in singular contrast with this is the fact that English novelists of the first class are very widely read in America. This being true, the conclusion is inevitable that native authors of superior culture are not neglected because they aim too high. A public that devours tens of thousands of a new novel by George Eliot, or William Black, or Thomas Hardy, shows its capacity to rise to the level of the most fastidious of the Boston penmen. There is a rude, sentimental multitude that delight in the coarse and stirring romances of Southworth and Holmes, and another multitude in keen sympathy with the very best works of English writers, but only a comparatively small group of people that heartily appreciate the productions of home authors such as James and Howells. We in America present the singular spectacle of a public with decided literary tastes, one very much given to the perusal of books, without writers with a conspicuous hold on its sympathies. We are speaking here distinctly of novelists; we have two or three poets that are read in almost every household, and essayists and historians that Americans proudly acknowledge and sometimes study; but we have no novelist with anything like a genuine hold upon the people. It is asserted that the novels of Mrs. Holmes are very popular in the Southwest, but here they are read only by young people with very vealish tastes. The religious novels of Mr. Roe have many admirers among a class of the community that consider the ordinary secular novel improper reading for earnest-minded people, but they are scarcely known to the wider body of readers. Literary folk, and certain groups of people who always take a place by the side of literary leaders whether they understand or not, talk very zealously of Mr. Henry James, Jr., and measure other people's culture by their estimate of this writer's books. They are very good books indeed, very noticeable for keen insight into character, and for refined subtilty, but refinement and subtilty are never enough alone to command wide suffrages. The mountain-stream is clear, sparkling, and full of beauty, but it is the broad, deep sea that encompasses. Of pleasant and sparkling literary rivulets we have perhaps enough, and hence we now long for the majesty and power of the deep—for books that shall have finish and taste without losing the pulse of humanity, that shall stir our passions and our sympathies profoundly without transcending the bounds of nature or the laws of art. Our better writers seem to be frightened at the turbulence of actual life and the passions of earnest men and women; they play on the verge of the great expanses of life, dallying with trifles, analyzing queer specimens, asking us to admire them because they have

dissected a blade of grass, and lamenting because the world casts but a half glance at their pretty toys. It is simply impossible that these writers should find acceptance with the general public. There are English novelists that have all their refinement with a large measure of real power, with strong sympathies with deeper currents of feeling, and these writers must inevitably be preferred to our own writers so long as the latter prefer intellectual legerdemain to earnest purpose, and are content to address their tasteful nothings to each other and their little parlor circles rather than write for the great world at large.

MR. FROUDE ON ARISTOCRACY.

In all nations which have achieved any kind of eminence, particular families have stood out conspicuously for generation after generation as representatives of political principles, as soldiers or statesmen, as ruling in their immediate neighborhoods with delegated authority, and receiving homage voluntarily offered. They have furnished the finer tissues in the corporate body of the national life, and have given to society its unity and coherence. . . .

Hitherto no nation has been able to sustain itself in a front place without an aristocracy of some kind maintained as the hereditary principle. So far the answer of history is uniform. The United States may inaugurate a new experience. With the one exception of the Adamses, the great men who have shown as yet in American history have left no representatives to stand at present in the front political ranks. There are no Washingtons, no Franklins, no Jeffersons, no Clays or Randolphins now governing States or leading debates in Congress. How long this will continue, how long the determination that all men shall start equal in the race of life will prevail against the instinctive tendencies of successful men to perpetuate their names, is the most interesting of political problems. The American nationality is as yet too young for conclusions to be built on what it has done hitherto, or has forborne to do. We shall know better two centuries hence whether equality and the ballot-box provide better leaders for a people than the old methods of birth and training.

This is the language of Mr. Froude in an article in the September number of "*Fraser*." It would be curious to compare with this statement a history in detail of the aristocratic families of the European monarchies. If civilization has advanced, if legislation is wiser to-day than it was in the past, if justice is more uniformly administered, if as a whole right ideas of government have superseded wrong ideas of government, if life and property are more secure, if personal liberty is better guaranteed now than formerly, if despotic rule has yielded to the authority of law, if there are rights, privileges, protection, security, legal safeguards, religious liberty, social advancement—if in all these things the nations of to-day are better off than the nations of the past, how much of all these beneficent results do we owe to those aristocratic leaders whom Mr. Froude thinks so indispensable for our prosperity and eminence? We apprehend that a close examination of history would show that pretty nearly all the modern world

has accomplished in political advancement and reform has been won directly in the face of great hereditary families. It is no doubt true that the great families have produced a few statesmen who have struggled to arrest the exercise of despotic power on the part of sovereigns, but as a rule family leaders have not been leaders of the people beyond their own tenantry, have not identified themselves with necessary reforms, have done little to secure for the world those precious boons of religious and political liberty which England now enjoys. The great families have done some good, however. Their conservative influence has at times been useful; they have doubtless checked disorder and prevented unwise haste, and contributed a good deal to the social balance and well-being of society; but, when Mr. Froude declares them necessary to the achievement of national eminence, one can but wonder that before writing that sentence he did not cast his eyes backward. The aristocracy has contributed its share to

warlike eminence, but everything really great in Mr. Froude's beloved England has come of the commonalty: the grand energy that has carried its ships to every sea, that has peopled vast colonies, that has built up the greatest industries the world has ever seen; the resolute and turbulent spirit that has conquered the right of free government; the righteous forces that have made its jurisprudence respected and studied by all mankind; its superb and copious literature in every department of thought—all these things are products of energies that have found very little support in the hereditary influence of great families. If Mr. Froude argues that an hereditary aristocracy is indispensable to the conservative order and permanent welfare of nations, it may not be easy to gainsay him; but it seems to us obvious that the forces which give eminence to a community in all worthy things are the energies of the people rather than the restrictive tendencies of a cautious aristocracy.

Books of the Day.

A BETTER indication of the growing interest in politics as a science and as a subject of serious study could hardly be found than in the number and variety of the publications dealing with them that have lately appeared in such rapid succession. From Dr. Woolsey's profound and elaborate treatise down to the slenderest pamphlets and tracts, the literature of the subject is being multiplied, and every symptom seems to point to the conclusion that the turmoil and disasters of the period through which the country has recently passed have set the more intelligent portion of the people to thinking anew upon the nature, functions, and methods of government. Two books of the kind referred to appear simultaneously upon our table, and may conveniently be noticed together, not only because they deal with the same general subject, but because each throws light upon the special topics discussed in the other.

Mr. Johnston's "History of American Politics"* belongs to a series of handbooks designed for students and general readers, and aims to furnish a compendious outline of our political history from the formation of the first confederation of the colonies down to the accession of President Hayes. The very narrow limits as to space within which it was necessary for the author to confine himself have rendered it impossible for him to enter into details or to take cognizance of those minor eddies and currents which are perpetually forming within the main stream of politics; but quite as much is gained as is

lost by this restriction of the discussion, since he is thereby enabled to present a much clearer and more luminous view of the direction, force, and volume of the main stream itself. More comprehensive and detailed accounts of our political history have been written than Mr. Johnston has attempted, and the commentaries upon the Constitution are practically without number, but we doubt if there is any work available from which the general reader will obtain a more exact and trustworthy knowledge of the essential facts and lessons of American political history than from Mr. Johnston's little handbook.

It may be well to explain further that Mr. Johnston's plan does not include criticism of parties or exposition of principles, but aims at presenting a perspicuous narrative of leading events with just enough of explanation to indicate their meaning and significance. Beginning with a brief account of the relations of the several colonies to the mother-country, the author describes the structure of the first Confederation, points out in some detail the precise nature of the defects in the government then formed, tells with noteworthy skill the ever-interesting story of the formation and adoption of the Constitution of 1787, and expounds briefly but lucidly the leading features of the Constitution and of the amendments shortly afterward added to it. His work thenceforward is mainly in the form of a chronicle, a chapter being assigned to each Administration, and a summary being given of the work and discussions of each successive session of Congress. Now and then the somewhat monotonous account of legislation and debate is broken by a more general review of the state and character of parties and of the "issues" which from time to time have become para-

* Handbooks for Students and General Readers. History of American Politics. By Alexander Johnston, A. M. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, pp. 274.

mount in the politics of the country. The tone of the narrative is judicial in its impartiality, the author scarcely revealing the tendency of his own sympathies, and evidently feeling that the contests and changing sway of parties are signs of political health among the people. A series of appendices to the volume contain the Articles of Confederation, the Constitution, and tables showing the order of admission of the States, the popular and electoral votes in Presidential elections from 1789 to 1876, the population of the sections from 1790 to 1860, the Congressional representation of the sections from 1790 to 1860, and the population and representation of the sections in 1878.

Mr. Stickney's "*A True Republic*"* is very different from Mr. Johnston's handbook both in aim and in method of treatment. Mr. Johnston's object is to show what the Republic of the United States actually has been and is; Mr. Stickney's to show what it ought to be. Mr. Johnston contents himself with describing how the national Government and politics came to be what we now find them; Mr. Stickney endeavors to point out the original defects of the Constitution as a practical instrument of government, the mistakes that have been made in working it, and the nature of the reforms that are necessary in order that it may really and fully achieve the important purposes set forth in its preamble. It can not be denied that Mr. Stickney's work is of a type which the great majority of readers regard with a sort of impatience and distrust. Even as an intellectual exercise, few things are more barren than the construction of political Utopias; and at a time when the people seem to be really seeking for purer and more efficient methods of government it is simply substituting a stone for bread to offer them the speculations of an idealist or the word-fabrics of a logician. Mr. Stickney has not allowed himself to forget this for an instant, and the distinctive merit of his work is that from first to last it takes firm hold upon fact—that its criticism is directed to defects which are known and admitted, that it appeals to the experience of the race as recorded in history and not to reasoning from principles, and that the remedies it proposes are, if not always self-evident, at least specific and definite. No one can complain of Mr. Stickney on the ground that he is a "doctrinaire." He confines himself almost too closely to facts and the practical aspects of the various questions raised—for it is sometimes well to show that the lessons which seem to be taught by experience are also conformable to right reasoning—and the reforms which he urges are not designed to form an earthly paradise or to inaugurate the millennium, but simply to secure an honest and efficient working government. Moreover, the results aimed at are not such as presuppose a community consisting only of "the good," but are such as may be fairly and reasonably looked for among "the existing people of these United States."

Many details, of course, enter into Mr. Stickney's scheme of constitutional reform; but its main features, to which all others are totally subordinate, are the abolition of political parties and the destruction of politics as a profession. He thinks that nearly all the evils from which the country has suffered or is now suffering have come directly or indirectly from party contests and party government. He admits, of course, that there will necessarily and inevitably be serious differences of opinion among the people about the many vital questions which come before government for adjustment, but he denies that these either require or justify permanent hostile associations, and especially that they require the complex machinery of party as we know it. He holds further that this complex and costly machinery could never have been constructed and would not now hold together for a month but for "the cohesive attraction of public plunder"—in other words, but for the use of public offices as rewards for winning elections. Make the tenure of office permanent during good behavior (that is, as long as the service rendered is honest and efficient), conduct the public business exactly as private business is conducted, abolish all "terms" and "rotation" in office, make competency and efficiency the sole condition of appointment and promotion, and Mr. Stickney thinks that, while the people will continue to divide and combine on essential and living questions as they arise, we shall see no more "campaigns" fought by rival dynasties of party hacks on factitious "issues" and with deceptive "war-cries."

Through the greater part of his argument Mr. Stickney easily carries the reader with him; yet it requires but a slight knowledge of political history to see that he greatly underrates the vitality of those differences of opinion and temperament which lie at the root of party divisions. Our own history suffices to prove that he is mistaken in declaring the desire to possess the offices to have been the sole originating cause of our party antagonisms, past and present. The idea of using the government offices as rewards for political services was scarcely heard of until Jackson's Administration, and was not put thoroughly in practice until that of Van Buren; yet the spirit of party has seldom run higher than in those early years of the Union, even Washington complaining (in a letter to Jefferson) that he was assailed "in such exaggerated and indecent terms as could scarcely be applied to a Nero, to a notorious defaulter, or even to a common pickpocket." The truth is, that, as Mr. Johnston points out, the question of a "strict" or "loose" construction of the Constitution has always been at the root of legitimate national party differences in the United States. As soon as the Constitution was adopted, the Federalists, comprising all those who wanted a "strong" government, endeavored to have it interpreted loosely or broadly, so as to give the Federal Government increased power in various matters of national importance; opposed to them were the Anti-Federalists, comprising all who saw in a strong central government an enemy to liberty, and who insisted that

* *A True Republic*. By Albert Stickney. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo, pp. 271.

the Constitution should be construed strictly according to its terms, and that ingenious interpretations of its provisions should not give the Federal Government any further stretch of power. Precisely this conflict has lasted, amid many fluctuations, to our own day, and the succession of parties is complete from Federalists through Whigs to Republicans, and from Anti-Federalists through Democratic-Republicans to Democrats.

This mistake, as it seems to us, in one of his premises, goes but a little way toward invalidating Mr. Stickney's conclusions, and he is undoubtedly right in thinking that the "machine," as it is called, which has done so much to obscure legitimate party differences, would be irretrievably "smashed" by a permanent tenure of office and appointments solely for competency. It should be said, furthermore, that the interest and instructiveness of Mr. Stickney's book are not conditioned upon the reader's accepting its argument and conclusions in every part. Whether one agrees with him or not, the book can hardly fail to prove both suggestive and helpful; and in these days of political pessimism it is pleasant to find one who, after a sufficiently discouraging survey of popular mistakes and follies, can write as a concluding and culminating conviction: "If these views are sound, men will be convinced by them. If they are not sound, no one will heed them. That is the only question we have to examine—whether these views here urged are sound. If they are, the people will put them in practice."

In our review a year ago of De Amicis's "Constantinople," we remarked that that book sufficed to place its author in the very foremost rank of descriptive writers; and the impression then received is confirmed and deepened by the recently published "Studies of Paris."* This latter work is the result of a visit to Paris during the Exposition of 1878, and, if much less elaborate than the "Constantinople," furnishes even more striking evidence of the author's versatility of talent. For conveying a vivid and realistic idea of the impression made by Paris upon the mind of the newly arrived stranger, we doubt if anything more effective has even been written than the opening chapter of the volume, entitled "The First Day in Paris." The reader is enabled not merely to divine but to *see* the varied and splendid spectacle of the most spectacular city in the world; and, with all its apparent confusion and infinite multiplicity of details, the whole composition forms an harmonious and proportioned picture which will be a long time in fading from the reader's imagination. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that the great majority of persons would get from a perusal of this chapter a far better conception of what the sights of Paris really are than they would from an actual visit to the city. Equally vivid and realistic, and still

more brilliant is "A Glance at the Exposition," in dealing with which the author has a better opportunity for displaying the fertility of his imagination and the extent of his knowledge. As a mere description of the Exhibition, this chapter is well worth reading, but perhaps its most valuable feature is the lesson which it teaches of the way in which such a show should be viewed by one who goes to it simply as a sight-seer, and not for practical instruction. We doubt very greatly whether the author carried away with him a solitary item of practically useful knowledge, or could have enumerated the contents of a single department;—but he gives an incomparably graphic and picturesque idea of the fantastically brilliant *ensemble*, of the curious contrasts of the juxtaposed exhibits, and of the way in which the several exhibits summarize the life and character of the peoples that send them. At the end of the volume is another general chapter on Paris, in which the author leaves off description and analyzes with much subtlety and skill the successive states of feeling which Paris generates in the mind of the visitor who stays in the city long enough to throw off the enchantment which comes from the mere novelty and splendor of its spectacles.

Besides these descriptive chapters the volume contains two papers which may be classed as literary or critical—one on Victor Hugo, and the other on Emile Zola, the novelist. The chapter on Zola narrates circumstantially the incidents of a visit paid to him by the author, and is composed largely of personal and biographical details; but it also contains in brief space quite the best analysis of Zola's qualities and characteristics as a writer that we have seen. To appreciate this criticism at its full value it must be read entire, but a few passages almost compel quotation:

You feel the same pleasure [in reading Zola's novels] that you would have in hearing a very blunt man talk, even if he were brutal; a man who expresses, as Othello says, his worst ideas in his worst language, who describes what he sees, repeats what he hears, says what he thinks, and tells what he is, without any regard for any one's feelings, and just as if he were talking to himself—*à la bonne heure!* From the very first lines you know with whom you are dealing. The delicate persons retire—that is an understood matter; he does not conceal or embellish anything, either sentiments, thoughts, conversations, acts, or places. . . . In the moral order, he unveils in his characters *those* deepest feelings which are generally profound secrets, and are tremblingly whispered through the window of the confessional. In the material order, he makes us perceive every odor, every flavor, and every contact. In language, he scarcely refrains from those few unpronounceable words which wicked boys stealthily seek in the dictionary. . . . Among the myriads of characters in novels whom we remember, his remain crowded on one side, and are the largest and most tangible of all. We have not only seen them pass and heard them talk, but have jostled against them, felt their breath, and perceived the odor of their flesh and garments. We have seen the blood circulating under their skins; know in what positions they sleep, what they eat, how they dress and undress; we understand the differences between their temperaments and ours,

* Studies of Paris. By Edmondo de Amicis. Translated from the Italian by W. W. C. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo, pp. 276.

their most secret appetites, the most passionate anger of their language; their gestures, grimaces, the spots on their linen, the dirt in their nails, etc. And, like the characters, he impresses upon our minds the places, because he looks at everything with the keen glance which embraces all, and which nothing escapes. In a room already drawn and painted, the light is moved, and he interrupts the story to tell us where it glides, upon what it breaks in the new direction, the ray of the flame, and how the legs of a chair and the hinges of a door gleam in a dark corner. From the description of a shop, he makes us understand that it has just struck twelve, or lacks nearly an hour of sunset. He notes all the shadows, all the spots on the sun, all the shades of color which succeed each other from hour to hour upon the wall; and presents everything with such a marvelous distinctness that, five years after reading, we remember the appearance the upholstery presented about five o'clock in the evening, when the curtains had been drawn, and the effect the appearance produced upon the mind of a person who was seated in the corner of that particular room. He never forgets anything, and gives life to everything, and there is nothing before which his omnipotent pencil stops, neither soiled linen, the appearance of drunken men, dirty flesh, or decayed bodies. . . .

Among all these, in all these places, the air of which we breathe and in which we see and touch everything, moves a varied crowd of women, corrupt to the marrow, foul-mouthed shopkeepers, cunning bankers, knavish priests, prostitutes, dandies, ruffians, and filth of every kind and shape (among which sometimes appears, like a *rara avis*, a good man); and between them they all do a little of everything, from the crime of incest (circulating between the penal code and the hospital, and the pawn-shops and tavern), through all the passions and brutish tastes, sunk in the mire up to the chin, in a thick and heavy atmosphere, hardly freshened from time to time by the breath of a lovely affection, and stirred alternately by plebeian sickness and the heart-rending cries of the famished and dying. Yet, despite this, he is a moral writer; one can affirm this resolutely—Emile Zola is one of the most moral novelists of France, and it is really astonishing that any one can doubt this. He makes us perceive the smell of vice, not the perfume; his nude figures are those of the anatomical table, which do not inspire the slightest immoral thought; there is not one of his books, not even the crudest, that does not leave in the soul, pure, firm, and immutable, aversion or scorn for the base passions of which he treats. He is not, like Dumas *fils*, bound by an unconquerable sympathy to his hideous women, to whom he says "Infamous creatures!" in a loud voice, and "Dear ones" just above his breath. Brutally, pitilessly, and without hypocrisy, he exposes vice, nude, and holds it up to ridicule, standing so far off from it that he does not graze it with his garments. Forced by his hand, it is Vice itself that says, "Detest me and pass by!" His novels, he himself says, are really "moral in action." The scandal which comes from them is only for the eyes and ears. And as he holds back, as a man, from the mire mixed by his pen, so completely does he, as a writer, keep aloof from the characters which he has created.—(Page 180.)

The chapter on Victor Hugo also describes a personal visit, and gives many interesting personal details; but, in spite of numerous passages of acute and penetrating criticism, it is so fulsome in its adulation and so rhapsodical in style that the reader will hardly go through it patiently. Such extrava-

gance of homage is about equally discreditable to him who offers and to him who invites and accepts it; and this is entirely apart from the question whether the Continental or the English estimate of Victor Hugo is the correct one.

THAT Mr. Mallock's "Is Life worth Living?" should provoke controversy was naturally to be expected, and probably the readers who were most impressed by the power of its dialectics are the very ones who would be most pleased with an adequate and equally skillful rejoinder to it. To answer it, however, in such a way as to break the force of its impression, might well have been constituted the work of some one of the able and influential writers whom Science has at her command, and it is greatly to be regretted that the task was assumed by one who is apparently so little capable of appreciating what the occasion demanded of him as the author of "The Value of Life."* This book is put forth avowedly as "A Reply to 'Is Life worth Living?'" and its author, though refusing to disclose himself, is evidently a Positivist, not in the general sense in which Mr. Mallock uses the term, but in the more restricted one in which it is commonly understood. It is divided into three sections, in the first of which, after some desultory remarks not very relevant to the subject, the author gives what he calls a summary of Mr. Mallock's argument—a summary of which we are compelled to say that it is not only not a fair or adequate summary, but that the reader will not obtain from it even a faint idea of what Mr. Mallock's argument really is. This would be bad enough if it merely signified the incompetency of the author, for he who can not even state an argument correctly, can hardly be expected to controvert it; but one has to read but a very few pages to be convinced that the author had no intention or desire to make a fair summary, and that the object of his book is not so much to refute Mr. Mallock as to discredit him. This purpose is still more evident in the second section, which is almost entirely devoted to showing that Mr. Mallock is a Catholic propagandist in disguise, that if not actually a Jesuit he possesses three out of the four distinctive characteristics of Jesuits, that he wants to subject the world again to the blight of ecclesiastical despotism, that he is a perverter of the truth and not a seeker after it, and that he "prostrates himself at the feet of a tinsel and plaster Madonna." The entire effort of the author in this portion of his book is to stir up the smoldering fires of Protestant antagonism to Papal pretensions, and to direct against Mr. Mallock whatever may remain of the *odium theologicum*—an effort which would be explicable if not excusable in an avowedly Protestant writer, but which is in the highest degree discreditable to one who does not hesitate to let it be seen later that he holds Protestantism and Catholicism in about equal scorn.

* The Value of Life. A Reply to Mr. Mallock's Essay "Is Life worth Living?" New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 12mo, pp. 253.

It is only in the third and concluding section of the work that the author really attempts to grapple with his opponent's arguments. Here he makes some undeniably strong points, and in several instances convicts Mr. Mallock of inadequate knowledge of subjects which he treats as if he were perfectly familiar with them; but even here the argument is so confused, so incoherent, and occasionally so obscure, that the most attentive reader finds it difficult to follow it, and almost impossible to estimate its cumulative force. One thing among many others which the author might have learned from Mr. Mallock is the art of orderly arrangement and clear and precise expression. Whatever may be Mr. Mallock's other faults, no reader has the slightest difficulty in following his argument and catching his meaning, while in even the best portions of "The Value of Life" the reader is inclined to doubt whether the worth of the ore is sufficient to repay the labor of extracting it.

To the faults for which the author is alone responsible the printer has added a copious and ingenious assortment of typographical errors, some of which are so remarkable that one is compelled to wonder, first, how they could have been made by the compositor, and, second, how they could have been overlooked by the proof-reader. Some fatality, indeed, seems to have attended the production of the book; and we may say of it in conclusion that nothing would more contribute to deepen the already profound impression made by Mr. Mallock's essay than the idea that this is the only "reply" that can be made to it.

If we were asked to select from recent literature its very best example of the way in which to study a great man and interpret him to the people, we should without hesitation name the monograph on Burke which Mr. Morley has contributed to the series of "English Men of Letters."* In it are combined breadth of information, keenness of insight, and nobility of feeling, with something that is less knowledge than wisdom; and the whole finds expression in a style so weighty, opulent, and appropriate, and yet so unobtrusive, that the reader will hardly become aware how much of the charm of the book aside from its instructiveness, comes from the author's mastery as "an artist in words." Even before writing this monograph Mr. Morley had vindicated his right to deal with its subject. A dozen years ago he published a study on Burke which has ever since been a guide and a landmark for students; and his article on Burke in the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" has been selected by competent judges as the best of its kind that has appeared thus far in that vast *omnium gatherum*.

His first essay was, as he says, "almost entirely critical, and in no sense a narrative"; the present volume differs from it in being biographical rather

than critical, though the author has not lost sight of the fact that his task is not merely to tell what Burke did and how he lived, but to interpret his character and define the nature, quality, and value of his work. And, indeed, it is this latter part of his task which Mr. Morley has performed most satisfactorily. Viewed as a succession of external incidents, Burke's life was singularly uneventful; but his character and his works pique the curiosity and baffle the judgment as well as arouse the keenest admiration and interest. His combination of calm judgment and the broadest philosophic ideas with an impetuosity of feeling and a violence of temper which at times seemed like insanity has been regarded simply as one of those inexplicable freaks which Nature sometimes perpetrates in compounding a genius; and the difficulty of explaining why one who stood forth as the champion and advocate of liberty during the American Revolution should, when the French Revolution confronted him, have become its deadliest foe, has been so great that most biographers have solved the problem by assuming that the death of his son had broken down the thin partitions which are supposed to divide great wit from madness. Mr. Morley is the first who has been able to harmonize the apparent contradictions, and to make plain the essential consistency of Burke's character and conduct; and he does this by no strained ingenuity of analysis, but in accordance with our profoundest knowledge of human nature, and by the aid of a more searching and sympathetic study of Burke's writings and speeches than has hitherto been undertaken.

The attempt to quote a characteristic passage from the volume is apt to be baffled by the numbers which clamor for admission, but here is one which is especially worthy of reproduction because it is perhaps the frankest admission that has yet come from a leading English writer of what our own statesmen and historians have always claimed:

It is, however, almost demonstrably certain that the vindication of the supremacy of popular interests over all other considerations would have been bootless toil, and that the great constitutional struggle of 1760 to 1783 [in England] would have ended otherwise than it did, but for the failure of the war against the insurgent colonies, and the final establishment of American independence. It was this portentous transaction which finally routed the arbitrary and despotic pretensions of the House of Commons over the people, and which put an end to the hopes entertained by the sovereign of making his will supreme in the Chambers. Fox might well talk of an early Loyalist victory in the war as the terrible news from Long Island. The struggle which began at Brentford, in Middlesex, was continued at Boston, in Massachusetts. The scene had changed, but the conflicting principles were the same. The War of Independence was virtually a second English civil war. The ruin of the American cause would have been also the ruin of the constitutional cause in England; and a patriotic Englishman may revere the memory of Patrick Henry and George Washington not less justly than the patriotic American. Burke's attitude in this great contest is that part of his history about the majestic and noble wisdom of which there can be least dispute.—(P. 59.)

* English Men of Letters. Edmund Burke. By John Morley. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 214.

The absence of an index, which has been all along the greatest defect of the series, is particularly felt in the case of this volume, which contains so many passages to which one would like to be able readily to refer.

SHORTLY after the outbreak of the recent war between Russia and Turkey, Lieutenant F. V. Greene, of the Corps of Engineers, was selected by our War Department to go to the seat of war for the purpose of observing the military operations from the Russian side, and, the better to accomplish this object, was assigned to duty as Military Attaché to the United States Legation at St. Petersburg. Proceeding to St. Petersburg, he readily obtained permission to join the Army of the Danube, whose headquarters he reached on the 5th of August, 1877, and with which he remained throughout the campaign, and until peace was definitively concluded by the treaty of Berlin, in July, 1878. Returning then to his post at the legation in St. Petersburg, he collected the official war reports, and gathered materials for an authoritative description of the Russian military system; and, finally, supplementing the information thus obtained with his own experiences and observations during the campaign, made his official report to the War Department on the conduct of the war. By permission of the Department he now publishes this report in a volume entitled "*The Russian Army and its Campaigns in Turkey in 1877-1878*"; * the text, which makes a large book, being accompanied by an atlas, separately bound and containing twenty-six plates, most of them colored, and all very handsomely engraved.

Defining the scope of the work in his preface, Lieutenant Greene says: "This report aims to give, first, a concise but accurate description of the Russian Army; second, a narrative of the course of the campaigns in Europe and Asia Minor; and, third, a brief discussion of the use of temporary field fortifications in connection with the modern breech-loading musket." That portion of the volume describing the campaign in Bulgaria is much more extensive than either of the other divisions, and is also decidedly more interesting. The author makes very slight literary use of his personal observations, his work being, as he says, a strictly military report addressed to his military superiors; but the advantage of having been actually on the ground is very great even when the technical details of a battle are to be described, and it is doubtless owing to his presence with the army during the Bulgarian campaign that the portion of his work describing that campaign is so much more vivid and real than any other portion. The account of the operations in Asia Minor is an intelligent and instructive compilation from the Russian official reports; but, though it is carefully and clearly written, there is nothing in it that equals in

vividness of interest the descriptions of the battles in the Shipka Pass, of the terrible repulse of the Russians at Plevna on September 11, 1877, of the capture of Osman Pasha's army, of the passage of the Balkans in winter by Gourko's column, of the battles near Philippopolis, which shattered Suleiman Pasha's army and drove it into the Rhodope Mountains, and, lastly, of the advance on Constantinople.

Lieutenant Greene writes in a clear, direct, and soldierly style, with few attempts at literary ornamentation, and with no straining after effects. His sole aim is evidently to make his meaning clearly understood, and in this he very rarely fails. Military students, in particular, are to be congratulated on having the report disinterred from the public archives.

WHETHER "Haworth's" * is a better or a worse novel than "That Lass o' Lowrie's" is a question with which criticism, properly speaking, has nothing to do, but it is a question which is certain to be asked, the more particularly as the scene and circumstances of the two stories are very similar, and the same class of people is dealt with in both. We may say, therefore, that, to our mind, "Haworth's" is in certain respects a marked improvement upon the earlier story, while in others it is as distinctly inferior. Some one has acutely said that a novel is in general pleasing or otherwise in exact proportion to the attractiveness of its leading female character; and it is when judged by this standard that "Haworth's" is most defective. There was something very fascinating about the robust womanhood and the fine nobility of character of the lass of Lowrie's, but Miss Ffrench, who fills the same relative place in the later story, is decidedly repellent, besides being not very intelligible, while Christian Murdoch is merely a skeleton, which the author has not taken the pains to clothe with flesh and blood. The male characters are about equally well drawn in both stories, but the contrasts and divergences of type are more dramatic and more adroitly managed in "Haworth's" than in its predecessor. The minor characters are also about equally good (and they are very good) in both, though the humor of Mr. Briarly in "Haworth's" is both coarser and far less genuine and amusing than that of "Owd Sammy Crowther." The features in which "Haworth's" is superior to "That Lass o' Lowrie's" are those which pertain to what we may call the structure of the story. The author has made a distinct advance in the artistic quality of her work, and in "Haworth's" the plot is better imagined, the incidents are more skillfully varied and interlinked, the part of the several characters is more clearly defined, and the interest of the story is more continuous and sustained. There is also a gain of self-confidence on the part of the author, and the strokes are laid on with the vigor and rapidity and precision which come from the con-

* *The Russian Army and its Campaigns in Turkey in 1877-1878.* By F. V. Greene, First Lieutenant in the Corps of Engineers, U. S. A. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, pp. 471. Atlas with 26 Plates.

* *Haworth's.* By Frances Hodgson-Burnett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 12mo, illustrated, pp. 374.

sciousness of power and of past success. Altogether, "Haworth's" is a stronger and more matured work than "That Lass o' Lowrie's," and it will certainly not tend to abate the enthusiasm of Mrs. Burnett's admirers. The dialect which was so obtrusive in the former story is here used more sparingly, and the reader will probably not regret it; but it seems also to have lost some of its raciness, though this may come from the fact that it is more familiar to us.

OF all the innumerable speeches and orations that have been delivered in the English language, scarcely any others except those of Edmund Burke and Daniel Webster have taken a high and apparently permanent place in the literatures of their respective countries. Those of Burke have so definitively taken their place that, as Mr. Whipple says, for an educated man to confess ignorance of them "would be a serious bar to his claim to be considered an English scholar." Those of Webster are not so universally acknowledged as literature, but more than any other speeches ever made in America they have exhibited a capacity for living beyond the occasion which called them forth, and are probably as much read and referred to to-day as at any time since they were delivered. This being so, the publishers have done well by Mr. Webster and the public in issuing in a single convenient and inexpensive volume a selection of the most famous and characteristic speeches, orations, and state papers, contained in the six-volume edition of Webster's works, as edited by Mr. Everett.* The selection includes forty-nine titles, and comprises all the great orations by which Webster laid the first foundations of his fame, the best known of the speeches which he delivered in the Senate of the United States, carefully chosen specimens of his legal arguments and state papers, and quite a number of the most famous occasional addresses which he delivered at various periods of his life. Prefixed to the collection is a somewhat extensive essay by Mr. Edwin P. Whipple on "Daniel Webster as a Master of English Style," which is rather over-refined and complicated in its analysis, but which is full of suggestion for the student of literature in general, as well as for the student of Webster's special contributions to it. Taken as a whole, the volume is a fair presentation of the character, variety, and quality, of Webster's work, and, though of course it is not an adequate substitute for the complete edition of his writings, it ought to reach a far wider audience.

... It is necessary to keep resolutely in mind all De Amicis's fine phrases in order to repress a feeling of unspeakable disgust in reading M. Zola's "Rougon-Macquart Family"† and "The Conquest

of Plassans."* These were the first experiments in that series which the author has since worked out with such deadly persistency, and, with all the unflinching "realism" of "L'Assommoir," possess very little of its piercing insight and vivid intensity of characterization. There is a sense in which "L'Assommoir" might truly be called a temperance story, since debauchery is certainly rendered revolting enough in it; but it is idle to pretend that there is any moral motive or lesson of any kind in these earlier tales. If they have any meaning at all, except an instinctive affinity for filth, they mean that the author has accepted as a genuine "working hypothesis" the old theological doctrine of the total depravity of human nature, and is determined to vindicate it by appropriate pictures of life. Complaint is often made of the severe judgments passed by foreigners upon French social life; but if M. Zola's pictures of it are even approximately true, then the restraints of decency would prevent any one except a Frenchman who had been perverted by it from putting his opinion of it into words.

... Many and various are the biographies of Abraham Lincoln that have been written, but we know of none which, as a narrative, is more vigorous, animated, and pleasing, than that of Mr. Charles G. Leland.† Indeed, the strictly narrative portion is so good that one is tempted to regard it as a misfortune that the author's subject led him over the still-smoking embers of the civil war. In this portion of his work he forgets his proper function as a biographer, and assumes that of historian, and seldom has a writer gratuitously undertaken a task for the right performance of which he shows himself to be so utterly incompetent. Mr. Leland is one of those irreconcilables in whose bosoms the fiercest passions of the civil war still rage as tumultuously as when the conflict was at its height; and his book, gathering up anew the worst garbage of the worst period of hate and exasperation, is of the kind which, excusable and intelligible enough fifteen years ago, must be regarded now by all sane and right-minded people with a sort of horror. Happily, the history thus concocted by Mr. Leland is too grotesque to mislead any one in his own country, but, as his book was written chiefly for the English market, it may be well on this account to interpose a word of caution. Englishmen, who might be tempted to draw the inference from Mr. Leland's book that we are a people of whom about one half are savages, while a considerable proportion of the other half are traitors, are invited to consider the fact that Mr. Leland is known to us only as the rather clever manufacturer of dialect ballads, and that no one except himself would ever have imagined that he was entitled to construct (and invent) history for us, or to "deal damnation round the land" on all who happen to differ with him in opinion.

* The Great Speeches and Orations of Daniel Webster. With an Essay on Daniel Webster as a Master of English Style. By Edwin P. Whipple. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

† The Rougon-Macquart Family. By Emile Zola. Translated by John Stirling. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 16mo.

* The Conquest of Plassans. By Emile Zola. Translated by John Stirling. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 16mo, pp. 378.

† Abraham Lincoln and the Abolition of Slavery in the United States. By Charles Godfrey Leland. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo, pp. 246.

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MEMOIRS OF MADAME DE REMUSAT.

(Continued.)

BONAPARTE liked to recall his campaign in Egypt, and it was, indeed, on this subject that he became most easily animated. He had brought with him on this journey Monsieur Monge, the *savant* whom he had made senator, and whom he especially liked, merely on the ground that he had been among members of the Institute who had accompanied him to Egypt. They often talked together of that expedition—of “that land of poetry,” as he called it—which had enchanted Cæsar and Pompey. He dwelt with enthusiasm on the time when he appeared before the surprised Orientals as a new prophet. The influence he exercised over their imaginations he dwelt upon most especially.

“In France,” he said, “all must be demonstrated point by point, but in Egypt we did not need our mathematics!”

It was at Brussels that I began to know Monsieur de Talleyrand. His haughty face and satirical smile had greatly awed me. The indolence of a life at court, which made some days seem at least one hundred hours in length—when we spent hours waiting until it pleased our master to show himself—threw us much together in the same *salon*. It was in one of these hours of *ennui* that I heard Monsieur de Talleyrand complain that his family had in no respect fulfilled the hopes he had formed for them. His brother Archambault de Périgord was in exile, accused of having spoken in the mocking language which was characteristic of the race of persons high in rank, and had, above all, been guilty of the bad taste of refusing to give his daughter to Eugène Beauharnais; he preferred to see her the wife of the Count Just de Noailles. Monsieur de Talleyrand, who was quite as desirous of this marriage as was Madame Bonaparte, spoke of his brother's conduct with great bitterness, and I at once understood he

himself would have reaped some advantage from this union.

One of the first things which struck me when I talked with Monsieur de Talleyrand was that he was utterly devoid of enthusiasm in regard to what was going on about him. He indulged in none of the illusions which the rest of the court felt in greater or less degree.

The absolute subjection of soldiers easily assumes the air of devotion, of which quality there was, to be sure, a great deal. The Ministry affected or felt a profound admiration. Monsieur Maret literally worshiped the First Consul; Berthier regarded him with absolute confidence. Monsieur de Rémusat did his best to like the life to which he submitted, and to esteem the man who imposed it upon him. As to myself, I allowed no opportunity to escape by which I could be touched and moved.

The calmness and indifference of Monsieur de Talleyrand disconcerted me.

“Good Heavens!” I once ventured to say to him; “how can you endure to live without feeling any emotion or receiving any impression from what goes on about you?”

“Ah! what a very woman you are!” he said, “and how very young!”

And then he began to laugh at me as he laughed at everything. His jests hurt me, and yet they made me smile. I most reluctantly allowed myself to be amused by his clever witticisms, while at the same time my vanity was gratified in being able to understand him, while at the same time I revolted at the aridness of his heart. It was a long time before I really understood, and was sufficiently at ease with him to understand, the singular mixture which composed his character.

The republican year terminated, as usual, in

the middle of September, and the anniversary of the republic was celebrated by great *fêtes* and with royal pomp in the Palace of the Tuileries. News came at the same time that the Hanoverians, conquered by General Mortier, had celebrated the Consul's birthday. It was thus by degrees that he—first as head of all, and then all alone—accustomed Europe to see France only in his person, presenting himself in the place of all else.

As Bonaparte fully realized the resistance he would encounter among the older part of the community, he applied himself at once and most adroitly to winning over the youth of France, to whom he opened doors to distinction. He attached auditors to the different ministers, and opened a path to all ambitions, either in civil or military life. He often said that he preferred to govern a new people, and he could only find them among the young.

Bonaparte's brothers were all busy—Joseph at the camp at Boulogne; Louis in the Council of State; Jerome, the youngest, in America, where he had been sent, and where he was well received by the Anglo-Americans. His sisters, who began to enjoy large fortunes, decorated and improved the houses given them by the First Consul, and tried to eclipse each other by the luxury of their appointments. Eugène Beauharnais was absorbed in his military duties, while his sister lived quietly—indeed, I may say, almost sadly. Madame le Duc had fascinated the Prince Borghese (who had recently arrived in France from Rome), and was quite disposed to return his affection. The Prince asked her hand from Bonaparte, who for some reason unknown to me at first refused it.

Perhaps his vanity would not allow him to accept with too much eagerness such a proposal, and that he wished a second application. But, as the *liaison* of these two persons became public, he finally decided to legitimize it by the marriage which took place at Mortefontaine during the sojourn of the Consul at Boulogne.

He left to visit the camp and the flotilla on the 3d of November, 1803. As this journey was essentially military, he was accompanied only by the generals of his Guard, by his aides-de-camp, and by Monsieur de Rémusat. On arriving at Pont de Briques, a small village about a league from Boulogne, where Bonaparte had fixed his headquarters, my husband was taken dangerously ill. As soon as I knew it I hastened to join him, and reached Pont de Briques in the middle of the night. Absorbed in my anxiety, and thinking only of the state in which I should find my dear husband, I had given no thought to anything else; but, when I left the carriage, I was a little

disturbed to find myself alone in the middle of the camp, nor was I quite sure of what the Consul would think of my coming. I was reassured, however, by finding the servants all up, and being told by them that I was expected, and that a room had been ready for me for two days. I went to it at once, deeming it wiser not to appear before my husband until morning, lest I should excite him. I found him very much prostrated, but his joy was so evident on seeing me that I congratulated myself on having started at once without awaiting permission.

When the Consul had breakfasted he sent for me. I was much agitated, which he saw as soon as I entered the room. He kissed my hand, and tranquillized me at once by his first words:

"I expected you, and your presence will cure your husband."

I burst into tears; he seemed quite moved, and took some pains to calm me. Then he told me that I was to dine and breakfast with him, saying, with a laugh—

"I must watch over a woman of your age, thrown among all these officers!"

Then he asked me how I had left his wife. Only a few days before his departure new disputes had arisen in connection with Mademoiselle Georges.

"She disturbs herself," he said, "much more than is necessary. Josephine is in constant terror lest I should become seriously in love with some one. She does not realize that Love and I were not made for each other. After all, what is love? A passion which sets all the world on one side, and on the other only the beloved object. Most assuredly my nature is not such as would submit to that sort of thing! Why, then, should she care for these passing distractions into which my affections never enter? See here!" he continued, more seriously, and with a steadfast look at me, "this is what her friends must say to her: they must persuade her to be more reasonable, and they must not imagine that they are acquiring an influence over me by augmenting her uneasiness."

In these last words there was a dash of severity and distrust which I by no means deserved. And this I am quite sure he knew; but he never lost an occasion of acting upon his favorite theory, which was to keep every one on the *qui vive*—that is to say, in a constant state of worry.

He remained at Pont de Briques fully ten days after my arrival there. My husband's illness was painful and tedious, but the physicians felt no apprehensions. Except the fifteen minutes which I passed at the Consul's breakfast-table, my mornings were all spent in the room of my invalid. Bonaparte went to the camp every day, reviewed his troops, visited the flotilla, and

looked at some slight skirmishes, which were of constant occurrence between ourselves and the English, who hovered just outside the harbor with the intention of annoying the workmen.

At six o'clock Bonaparte returned, and then I was sent for. Sometimes the officers of his household dined with him, or the Minister of the Navy, or the Chief Engineer, who had accompanied him. On other days we were alone, and then he talked freely of a multitude of things. He liked to speak of himself. He said he had always been of a melancholy disposition. My memory has faithfully preserved the recollection of all he said to me on these occasions.

"I was brought up," he said to me, "at a military school, where I evinced a taste only for exact sciences. Everybody said of me, 'There is a boy who is good for nothing but geometry.' I lived apart from my comrades. I had selected a quiet retreat in the school-inclosure where I dreamed at my ease, for I delighted in reverie. When my companions wished to intrude upon me, and take possession of my little corner, I fought for it with all my strength, as I early felt that my will was to overrule others, and that what I wanted ought to belong to me. I was not liked at school; it needs time to win affection; and, even when I had nothing to do, I had a vague sort of feeling that I had no time to lose.

"When I went into service I found garrison-life excessively wearisome; I fell into a way of reading novels, and became quite absorbed in them. I even tried to write several. This occupation gave full scope to my imagination. I used also much of the positive knowledge I had acquired, and I often amused myself by trying to bring my reveries within the bounds of reason. I lived in an ideal world, and sought to discover in what respects it differed from that in which I lived. I have always loved analysis, and, if I were ever seriously in love, I should dissect my passion bit by bit. 'Why?' and 'How?' are questions so useful that one can never ask them too often. I did not study history so much as I conquered it—that is to say, I read it, and kept in my mind all which could give me material for thought, and threw aside all the rest.

"I did not understand the Revolution, and yet it suited me. The equality which was to elevate me I found seductive. On the 20th of June I saw the populace march to the Tuileries. I never liked these movements of the populace. I was disgusted with the miserable appearance of these creatures, and was even imprudent enough to say to the officers who were at their head that 'the advantages of the Revolution would not fall to their share.' But when I was told that Louis XVI. had put the red cap on his head, I

felt that he had ceased to reign, for in politics that which is once debased is never raised again.

"On the 10th of August I felt that, had I been summoned, I would have defended the King, and I rebelled against those who used the people to found the republic. And then I saw fellows in blouses attack men in uniforms; this shocked me.

"Later I learned the *métier* of war; I went to Toulon; my name began to be known. On my return I led an unoccupied life. Some secret instinct warned me that it was best to begin by wasting my time.

"One evening I was at the theatre; it was the 12th Vendémiaire. I heard them say that the next day they expected *du train*; you know that this was the habitual expression of the Parisians, who had become accustomed to looking on with indifference to the changes in the government so long as their affairs, their pleasures, and even their dinners, were not interfered with. After the 'Reign of Terror' they were grateful even for permission to live. It was said that the Assembly was a permanent institution. I went there, and saw only trouble and doubt. Suddenly a voice was heard among the crowd: 'If any one here knows the address of General Bonaparte,' it said, 'let him be informed that he is expected with all possible speed in the committee-room of the Assembly.'

"I have always been impressed by the apparent chance that brings about certain events. These words decided me. I went to the committee-room.

"I there found several of the deputies in a state of terror, among others Cambacérès. They expected to be attacked the next day, and did not know what course to adopt. My advice was asked; I answered by asking for cannons. This proposition frightened them, and the whole night was spent in this state of indecision. In the morning came intelligence that was very bad. They bade me decide, and then raised the question whether we had the right to repel force by force.

"'Will you wait,' I asked, 'until the people give you permission to fire upon them? I am already compromised by your naming me publicly. It is only just to me that I should be allowed to take some active measures.' Whereupon I left these lawyers, who were talking themselves to death, and ordered out the troops, leveled two cannons at Saint-Roch, the effect of which was something terrible; the *bourgeoisie* and the conspiracy were swept away together in one instant. But I had shed Parisian blood! It was a sacrifice the result of which must be cooled down. More and more did I feel that I was called to something. I asked for the command of t

Army of Italy, where all was to be done. All was lacking there—men and ammunition.

"Youth should be patient, because the future lies before it. I left for Italy with men who were full of enthusiasm, but were miserable as soldiers. In the center of the troops were wagons carefully guarded, which were empty, but I said they contained gold and silver. I ordered shoes to be distributed to the recruits. No one wished to wear them. I told my men that fortune and glory were waiting for us on the other side of the Alps. I kept my word, and from that time the army has been ready to follow me to the end of the world.

"My campaign was a glorious one; I became a personage in Europe. I sustained the revolutionary system with one hand, with the other I managed the *émigrés* in secret, allowing them to retain some vestiges of hope. It is very easy to deceive these people because they start always not from what is, but from what they wish it to be. I received magnificent offers in case I would like to follow the example of General Monk.

"The Pretendant himself wrote to me in his hesitating and florid style. I conquered the Pope by avoiding going to Rome, when I might have set fire to his capital. At last I was important enough to be feared, but the Directory, which I kept in a constant anxiety, could not bring any accusation against me. I was reproached for having encouraged the 18th Fructidor, which was much the same thing as if they had reproached me for having supported the Revolution. It was necessary to profit by this Revolution, by the blood which had run at that time. Did they wish to abandon themselves unconditionally into the hands of the Bourbon princes, who would have thrown in our faces all the misfortunes which had followed their departure, and imposed silence upon us by the very need we felt for their return? Should we change our victorious banner for their white one which was not afraid of being confounded with the standards of the enemy? And I, too—was I to be content with a few millions and some duchy?

"It was not as difficult a part to play as that of General Monk's; it would have given me less trouble by far than the Egyptian campaign, or even than the 18th Brumaire; but it would have been an experiment with princes who had never seen a battle-field. To what did the return of Charles II. lead the English if not to the dethronement of James?

"It is certain that I could have dethroned the Bourbons a second time, had I pleased, and the best advice that could have been given them was to get rid of me.

"When I returned to France, I found opinions considerably mollified. In Paris, and Paris

is France, they never take any interest in things. The customs of a monarchy have accustomed them to personifying everything. It is an unwise thing to do for people who really care for liberty, but they never wish anything seriously, unless it be equality, and yet they would all renounce even that if each could be persuaded that he could be first.

"To be equal as long as there are people above them, is what they mean by their cry of '*Egalité!*'—then they all have a hope of rising.

"The great difficulty for the leaders was that no one troubled himself about them, and that people troubled themselves too much about me. I do not know what first put into my head the happy idea of going to Egypt. When I embarked I was by no means sure that I was not bidding an eternal farewell to France; but I was certain that she would recall me.

"The seductions of an Oriental conquest attracted the attention of Europe to me more than I had supposed possible. My imagination and my practical experience this time worked together. I think, however, that my imagination died at Saint-Jean-d'Acre. At all events, I shall never let her influence me again.

"In Egypt I was free from the shackles of irksome civilization; I dreamed of all sorts of things, and I saw a way of executing all that I dreamed of. I created a religion, and I saw myself on the point of penetrating Asia, seated on an elephant, with a turban upon my head, and in my hand a new Koran, which I had composed according to my own fancy. I should have gathered together for my enterprise the experiences of two worlds. I should have attacked British power in India, and by that conquest renewed my relations with Europe. The time I passed in Egypt was the happiest of my life, for it was the most ideal. But Fate decided otherwise. I received letters from France, and saw that I had not a moment to lose. I returned to real life and to Paris—to Paris, where the deepest interests of the country are discussed, in the *entr'acte* of an opera.

"The Directory trembled at my return. I was extremely cautious. I saw the Abbé Sieyès and promised him the execution of his verbose constitution; I received the Jacobin chiefs—the agents of the Bourbons. I refused advice to no one, but I gave it only in the interest and furtherance of my plans. I kept myself out of the way of the people, because I knew when the time came the curiosity to see me would bring them about me in crowds.

"Everybody tumbled into my trap, and, when I became the head of the Government, each party in France looked forward with hope to my success."

Another evening, while we were at Boulogne, Bonaparte led the conversation to literature. I had been deputed by the poet Lemer cier, who was liked by the Consul, to take him a tragedy named "Philip Augustus," which he had just completed, and which contained certain allusions to himself. The Consul wished to read it aloud—myself as his sole audience. It was droll to hear him, who was always in a hurry, even when he had nothing to do, tangled up in the Alexandrine verses whose measure he did not understand, and compelled to pronounce every word before him, and so badly that it was impossible to believe that he could understand one word of what he read. Besides, the moment he opened a book, he wished to sit in judgment upon it. I asked him to give me the manuscript, and I began to read it myself; then he began to speak, and ended by taking the work again. He erased speeches, made marginal notes, found fault with the plan and the characters. He ran no great risk in his hasty judgment, for the piece was really bad. But the thing that astonished me was that at the close of the reading he told me that he did not wish the author to know that all these erasures and omissions were by a hand so important as that of the First Consul's, and ordered me to take them on my own shoulders!

To this—as may readily be imagined—I made most strenuous objections, and had the greatest difficulty in inducing him to relinquish this caprice, and in making him understand that if the author were a little annoyed at his manuscript being thus disfigured, he, by reason of his rank, would suffer no inconvenience from it, while in me such a liberty would be unpardonable.

"Very well," he said—"I give up on this occasion; but please to remember that I am by no means fond of that preposterous phrase of yours—*les convenances*—which you are always ready with on all occasions. It is an invention of fools, who think they may get a little nearer clever people—a sort of social gag which is irksome to the strong, and only useful to those who are thoroughly commonplace. It may be that you find it convenient sometimes, for you have not very much to do in this world; but you know that I, for example, must find many occasions when I must trample *les convenances* under foot."

"But," I answered, "may they not be, in connection with one's daily life, much like those directions which accompany dramatic works? They impart to them order and regularity, and never hamper genius except when it departs from the dictates of good taste."

"Ah, good taste! * that again is one of the

classic conventional phrases that I will never adopt.

"It is probably a great fault in me, but there are certain rules," he continued, "which I never feel. For example, that which is called style, good or bad, never touches me. I am only sensible to the strength of the thought. I loved Ossian at once, but it was for the same reason that I love too the wind and waves of the sea.

"In Egypt I tried to read the 'Iliad,' but it wearied me. As to French poets, I understand none but Corneille. He knew something of politics, was made for business, and would have made a statesman. I think I have a better appreciation of him than any one else, because in judging of him I exclude all dramatic sentiment. For example, it is only a short time since that I understood the *dénouement* of 'Cinna.' I looked at it at first only as a way of adding pathos to a fifth act, and yet clemency is so poor a virtue, unless supported by policy, that the clemency of Augustus, all at once transformed into an easy-going prince, appeared to me an unworthy close to this fine tragedy.

"But seeing Monval on one occasion act the part, I at last got at the mystery of this great conception.

"He pronounced the words, 'Soyons amis, Cinna,' in so clever a tone that I at once understood that the act was only the *ruse* of a tyrant, and my admiration was at once excited for that which I had hitherto regarded as weak sentiment. He must always recite those verses so that all who hear may understand them in the same way. As to Racine, his 'Iphigénie' pleases me; this from beginning to end compels you to breathe the poetic air of Greece. In 'Britannicus' he has been circumscribed by Tacitus, against whom I am prejudiced because he does not explain enough as he goes on. Voltaire's tragedies are impassioned, but they do not search deeply enough into the recesses of the human mind. For example, his 'Mahomet' is neither an Arab nor a prophet. He is an impostor who might have been educated at the Polytechnic School, for the means he uses are those of the present century. The murder of the father by the son is a useless crime. Great men are never cruel unless compelled by necessity. Comedy affects me much as if I were called upon to listen to the gossip and chatter of your *salons*; I accept your admiration for Molière, but I do not share it. He has placed his characters amid surroundings where I have never been in the habit of going to see them move."

"Good taste is your personal enemy. If you could have blown it up with cannon, it would have vanished long since."

* Monsieur de Talleyrand once said to Bonaparte:

It would be easy to conclude from these different opinions that Bonaparte liked to study human nature only in connection with the great events of life, and that he cared little for man by himself.

I have now reached an important and painful epoch ; I am about to speak of the conspiracy of Georges and of the crime which it resulted in.

I shall simply say of General Moreau just that which I have heard. I affirm nothing. It seems to me, however, that I must preface this recital by a short summary of matters as they then stood.

A certain set of people began to talk of the necessity in France that the power which governed them should be hereditary. Politic courtiers, honest Revolutionists, people who believed that the welfare and repose of France hung on one life, were disturbed in regard to the instability of the consulate. By degrees all these ideas verged toward royalty, and this would have had its advantages if they had been able to moderate and control this royalty by laws.

Revolutions have the grave inconvenience of dividing public opinion into many different shades which are all modified by the wounds received by each person under especial circumstances.

Revolutions incline people to favor those enterprises attempted by that despotism which succeeds them. To restrain Bonaparte's power, it was only necessary to pronounce the word "Liberty"; but, as only a few years before, it had been used from one end of France to the other as a shield for the great, terrible, and bloody slavery, no person could control the melancholy, if unreasonable, impression the word made upon us all.

The royalists were anxious, however, and saw that Bonaparte was daily departing further and further from the route they had marked out for him. The Jacobins, whose opposition the First Consul most feared, were uneasy. They found that it was to their antagonists that the Government seemed most desirous of giving guarantees.

The Concordat; the advances made toward the *ancienne noblesse*; the destruction of the Revolutionary *égalité*—all were an encroachment upon them. Happy, a hundred times happy, would France have been, if Bonaparte had done away with factions only, but to do this he must have been actuated by a love of justice, and his ears must have been open to the counsels of liberal generosity.

When a sovereign—it matters little what his title may be—makes terms with either one or the other of the parties which give birth to civil troubles, it may always be concluded that he has

hostile intentions against the rights of the citizens which are confided to his keeping. Bonaparte, wishing to confirm his despotic plans, found himself compelled to treat with these redoubtable Jacobins, and he unfortunately was one of those who do not shrink from crimes, and regard them in fact as the only tangible guarantee. They are reassured only when they place the responsibility of these crimes on some one besides themselves.

This reasoning counts for much in the death-sentence of the Duc d'Enghien, and I am convinced that all that Napoleon did at this time was not done from any feeling of blind revenge or from any violent sentiment, but was simply the result of a Machiavellian policy which determined him to clear all obstacles from his path at whatever cost.

Nor was it for the mere gratification of his vanity that Bonaparte aspired to change his consular title to that of emperor, nor must it be believed that he was the blind slave of his passions; he knew very well how to control them and submit them to his interests, and, if later he yielded more readily to his impulses, it was because he was a little intoxicated by success and flattery. This comedy of republicanism and equality which he was called on to act ever since he became First Consul wearied him inexpressibly, and deceived only those who wished to be deceived. It reminded one of those farces in the days of ancient Rome when the emperors ordered themselves to be occasionally reëlected by the Senate. I have seen people who draped themselves as with a garment in a certain love of liberty, and yet who paid assiduous court to Bonaparte, declaring that they lost their esteem for him as soon as he was called Emperor. I never understood them. How was it that the authority he began to exercise as soon as he assumed the government did not enlighten them? Should they not have said, on the contrary, that he was most honest in assuming the title of a power which he was at that time exercising?

However that may be, at the time of which I write it was essential to the First Consul that he should strengthen himself in some way.

The English were excited by the threats uttered against them. Relations were again established with the Chouans, and the royalists began to look on the consulship as the intermediate step between the Directory and the throne. To this the character of one single man offered the sole obstacle: the natural conclusion was, therefore, that this man must be got rid of.

I remember having heard Bonaparte say in the summer of 1804 that he had been hurried on by events, and that his intention had been not to organize a royal form of government until two years later. He had confided his policy to

the hands of the Minister of Justice; it was a terse and sensible idea in itself, but not one which should have been acted upon at a time when the government was a revolutionary institution. I have already said that Bonaparte's first conceptions were good and great; to create and to establish was his specialty, but to submit to the laws and the institutions of even his own formation was beyond his ability.

Hampered, therefore, by the slow and regular forms of justice, and also by the slow and mediocre abilities of his Chief Justice, he abandoned himself to the innumerable agents of the police who were about him, soon placing every confidence in Fouché again, who admirably understood the art of making himself necessary. Fouché, endowed with extraordinary acuteness and clever to a degree, was an enriched Jacobin, and, as a natural consequence, disgusted with many of the principles of his party—not daring, however, to break with it lest he should need its support in days of trouble. He had not the smallest objection to seeing Bonaparte clothed with royalty. His naturally compliant nature made him ready to accept any form of government wherein he could hope to make a figure. His habits were more revolutionary than his principles—as the only state of things which he could not endure was that in which he would have sunk to a mere nullity.

It was necessary to comprehend this disposition, and also to guard against it, when one required his services. A season of trouble brought out his full value, because, as he was totally without passions and without any vindictiveness, he at such times rose far above the most of the men about him, who were all more or less troubled by fear and resentment.

Fouché has positively denied having advised the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, and in default of absolute certainty I see no reason why he should be weighed down by a crime from which he defended himself so energetically. Besides, Fouché, who saw a long way, knew very well that this crime would give to the party which Bonaparte wished to appease only a very brief satisfaction. He knew the First Consul too well to dream that he would place the King on a throne which he could occupy himself, and Fouché would unquestionably have seen at once that this murder was a mistake.

Monsieur de Talleyrand had less need than Fouché of complicating his plans by advising Bonaparte to clothe himself with kingly dignities. His enemies and Bonaparte himself have accused him of advising the murder of the unfortunate Prince, but Bonaparte and his enemies are hardly to be accepted as evidence on this point. Monsieur de Talleyrand's character is not

akin to such violence. He has told me more than once that Bonaparte informed him as well as the other two Consuls of the arrest of the Duc d'Enghien, and of the determination to which he had arrived; he added that they all three saw that words were useless, and then they said no more.

This course, perhaps, indicated weakness on the part of Monsieur de Talleyrand, but it was nevertheless his usual course, as he disdained to utter useless words merely because they satisfied the conscience. Opposition and courageous resistance might have had its effect—for a cruel sovereign, even a sanguinary one, may sometimes be induced to yield his own determination to the strong arguments which oppose him. But Bonaparte was cruel neither in disposition nor in policy; he merely wished to do that which appeared to him the promptest and surest; he said to himself that it was time that he should be done with Jacobins and royalists. The imprudence of these last furnished him with this most unfortunate chance. He snatched at it, and that which I am about to relate will clearly prove that it was all the calmness of deliberate calculation, or rather of sophistry, that he covered himself with that illustrious and innocent blood.

A few days after the first return of the King, the Duc de Revigo called on me one morning. He wished to justify himself, and to refute the accusations which weighed on his head. He spoke to me of the death of the Duc d'Enghien. "Both the Emperor and I," he said, "were deceived on that occasion. One of the subordinate agents of the Georges conspiracy had been gained over by the bribes of my police; he came to tell us that one night, when the fellows were all together, the secret arrival of an important personage, who could not be mentioned, was announced; and that a few nights later an individual appeared among them who was treated with marks of great respect. This spy described this person in such a way that we at once knew he could be none other than a prince of the house of Bourbon. At this time the Duc d'Enghien was established at Ettenheim to await the success of the conspiracy. Our agents wrote that he sometimes disappeared for several days together; we at once concluded that he came to Paris, and resolved on his arrest. Afterward, when we confronted the spy with the men who were arrested, he at once recognized Pichegru as the important person he had described, and when I told this to Bonaparte he ground his heel into the earth and cried out:

"'Scoundrel! To think of what he has made me do!'"

But to return: Pichegru reached France on the 15th of January, and on the 25th was con-

cealed in Paris. It was known that, in the fifth year of the republic, General Moreau had denounced him to the Government as holding relations with the house of Bourbon.

Moreau was supposed to entertain republican opinions; perhaps he at last changed them in support of a constitutional monarchy. I do not know whether his family would defend him to-day as eagerly as then, from the accusation of having given his aid to the projects of the royalists. I do not know either if it be advisable to repose unbounded faith in admissions made in the reign of Louis XVIII. But the conduct of Moreau in 1813, and the honors accorded to his memory by our princes, incline me to believe that they for some time had had reason to rely on him.

At the time of which I speak, Moreau was greatly irritated against Bonaparte. It was suspected that he held secret communication with Pichegru—he at least kept profound silence in regard to the conspiracy. Some of the royalists took this occasion to accuse him of having shown this hesitation out of that prudence which awaits success before declaring itself. Moreau, they said, was a thoroughly commonplace man away from the field of battle. I think his reputation was too heavy for him.

"There are people," said Bonaparte, "who do not know how to carry their glory. Monk's rôle would have suited Moreau; in his place I should have laid snares as he did, but more skillfully."

It is with no intention of justifying Bonaparte that I present my doubts. Whatever Moreau's character may have been, his glory was a very positive thing—it existed, and Bonaparte should have respected it, and should have found excuses for an old companion in arms, who was angry and embittered: had the reconciliation been merely the result of politic calculations, such as Bonaparte chose to see in Corneille's Augustus, it would still have been infinitely wiser to have carried it out. But Bonaparte had, I am sure, quite an instinctive conviction of that which he called Moreau's moral treason. He thought law and justice should be satisfied when he refused to see the true face of the things which annoyed him. He was assured that proofs would be forthcoming to legitimize the condemnation. He found himself involved, and later would see only party spirit in the judgment of the tribunals; besides, he felt that nothing could well be more disastrous for him than that so-called criminals should be adjudged innocent; and he who had been so near being compromised, could never be arrested again for nothing. After a few days the conspiracy began to be talked of. On the 17th of February, 1804, in the morning, I

went to the Tuileries; Bonaparte was in his wife's room. I was announced. They ordered me to be shown in. Madame Bonaparte seemed much concerned; her eyes were very red. Bonaparte was near the fire with little Napoleon* on his knees. He was very serious, but in his face there was no indication of violence. He played mechanically with the child.

"Do you know what I have done?" he said; and on my making a negative reply, he went on: "Ah! you are astonished, and there will be a great excitement. People will not hesitate to say that I am jealous of Moreau, and that I have revenged myself upon him, and a thousand other foolish things. I jealous of Moreau! Ah! Good heavens, he owes the greater part of his glory to me; it was I who left a well-appointed army to him, and kept only raw recruits in Italy. I wished to live on the best of terms with him. I most assuredly did not fear him. In the first place, I fear no one, and Moreau least of all. I have twenty times prevented him from compromising himself. I told him that people would do their best to bring on a quarrel between us. But he is as weak as he is proud: women have managed him; party spirit has pressed him on."

As he talked Bonaparte rose, and, going to his wife, he took her by the chin, and, making her raise her head, he said: "Everybody has not such a good wife as I have. You are crying, Josephine, and why? Are you afraid?"

"No," she answered; "but I do not like what will be said."

"What would you do, then?" he asked; and, turning toward me, he added, hastily: "I have neither hatred nor revenge to gratify. I reflected long and seriously before sending to arrest Moreau. I could have closed my eyes and allowed him time to fly. Then people would have said that I did not dare to try him. It was necessary to convince them. He is guilty. I am the government. Things should go smoothly on the basis of these two facts."

I do not know if I am still under the influence of my recollections, but I must say that even now I can hardly believe that when Bonaparte uttered these words he was not speaking in good faith. I saw him make marvelous strides in the art of dissimulation, but at this time there were certain accents of truth in his voice which disappeared after a time. It may, however, have been that then I believed in him.

He left us almost immediately, and then Madame Bonaparte told me that he had hardly been in bed the night before. He had paced the floor, debating the question if he should arrest Moreau,

* The eldest child of Madame Louis Bonaparte, later Queen Hortense. He was born October 10, 1802, and died of croup, May 5, 1807.

weighing the for and against without the smallest indication of personal feeling; but toward dawn he sent for General Berthier, and after a long talk determined to send him to Grosbois, where Moreau had withdrawn. This event made much noise, and was discussed with much difference of opinion. At the tribunat, General Moreau's brother, who was a member, spoke vehemently, and produced a certain effect. The three Departments of State sent a deputation to the Consul, to congratulate him on his escape from danger. In Paris a part of the *bourgeoisie*, the advocates, and men of letters, all which could represent the liberal portion of the population, declared themselves in favor of Moreau. It was easy enough to recognize a certain opposition in the interest which was demonstrated in his behalf. They allowed themselves to utter threats if he were condemned by the courts. Bonaparte's private corps of detectives informed him that they had even gone so far as to swear they would tear Moreau from out his prison.

The First Consul now began to lose something of his calmness and indifference. His brother-in-law Murat, then Governor of Paris, hated Moreau, and took care to bring to Bonaparte only the most envenomed reports. He had an understanding with the Prefect of Police that the most alarming denunciations should reach his ears, and unfortunately events favored his plans. Each day new ramifications of the conspiracy were discovered, which the society of Paris refused to accept as truths. It was a little war of opinion between Bonaparte and the Parisians.

On the 29th of February the retreat of Pichegru was discovered, and he was arrested after a courageous defense. This event abated distrust, but general interest centered on Moreau. His wife adopted a tone of theatrical grief, which was not without its effect. Meanwhile Bonaparte, knowing nothing of the forms of law, found them slower than he had supposed. In the beginning, the Chief Justice had taken too little pains to make the proceedings short and clear; and yet only this fact had been reached, that Moreau had secretly received Pichegru, and listened to him without committing himself by any promises. This was not enough to insure a condemnation, which had now become imperative. Notwithstanding this great name, which was thus involved in this affair, Georges Cadoudal has always been regarded as the chief of this conspiracy.

The excitement in the Consul's palace may be better imagined than described. Questions were asked of every one, and all trifles were magnified. One day Savary took Monsieur de Rémusat aside, and said to him: "You have been a magistrate. You know the laws. Do you

think we have evidence enough to convince the bench?"

"No man has ever been condemned," said my husband, "for the mere reason that he has not denounced projects which he has learned. Not to do so is unquestionably a crime toward the Government, but not a crime which should lead to the scaffold. And, if this is all the evidence you have to offer, you have a very poor case against Moreau."

"In that case," answered Savary, "the Chief Justice has been guilty of a great folly, and he had better have contented himself with a military commission."

On the day that Pichegru was arrested all the *barrières* of Paris were closed, that the search for Georges Cadoudal might be faithfully prosecuted. Great disturbance was felt at his success in eluding pursuit. Fouché openly laughed at the stupidity of the police, and took advantage of this opportunity to strengthen his own position. His words rendered Bonaparte more discontented than ever, and when he saw the Parisians unwilling to accept the truth of certain facts vouched for by himself, he was determined to revenge himself.

"You see," he said, "whether or no it be possible for Frenchmen to be governed by legal and moderate institutions. I suppressed a revolutionary ministry, which was useful, for conspiracies were at once formed. I suspended my personal impressions, and abandoned to an authority independent of myself the punishment of a man who wished to destroy me; and, far from being satisfied with this, they laugh at my moderation, and falsify the motives of my conduct. I will teach them now that my intentions are not to be misunderstood.

"I will take advantage of all my power, and prove to them that I am made to govern, decide, and punish."

Bonaparte's anger had increased all the more because he felt himself in the wrong. He had thought he was to govern public opinion, and it had slipped through his fingers. In the beginning he had held himself in strict control—now he swore to himself, probably, that he would never again be caught.

That which will appear especially singular to those persons who have not realized to what point a uniform quenches all individual power of thought, is that the army on this occasion was undisturbed, and occasioned no anxiety. Soldiers obey orders, and rarely receive impressions outside of them. A very small number of officers vaguely remembered that they had served and conquered under Moreau, and the *bourgeoisie* was more agitated than any other class.

Monsieur de Polignac, Monsieur de Rivière,

and several others, were successively arrested. Then a belief began to be felt in the reality of the conspiracy, as well as to understand that it was a conspiracy of the royalists.

Meanwhile the Republican party disclaimed Moreau. The nobility were startled, and held themselves aloof. They blamed De Polignac's imprudence as soon as they found it inconvenient to maintain the zeal with which they had encouraged him. Their fault was that common to the Royalist party of believing in the existence of that which they desired and of acting on these illusions, which is an ordinary delusion of men who allow themselves to be led by their passions and their vanity.

I at this time suffered much. At the Tuileries I saw the First Consul gloomy and silent, his wife often in tears, his family irritated, and his sister exciting him by violent words, while outside of the Tuileries different opinions were raging—distrust, suspicion, and a malignant joy with some, a strong regret with others at the bad success of the enterprise, and much bitterness of feeling. I was agitated and troubled by all I saw and felt; I shut myself up with my mother and my husband; we three talked over together what we heard.

Monsieur de Rémusat, upright and gentle, was deeply afflicted by the faults that were committed; and, as he judged them dispassionately, he began to dread the future, and disclosed to me his wise but sad judgment of a character that he studied in silence. His anxieties hurt me, but I was still more pained by the suspicions of which I was conscious within myself. Alas! the time was not far off when I was to be still further and most unhappily enlightened!

After the different arrests of which I have spoken, the "Moniteur" copied certain articles from the "Morning Chronicle" which announced that the death of Bonaparte and the restoration of Louis XVIII. were near at hand. To these articles was added the statement that people just arrived from London affirmed that they were speculating at the Stock Exchange on these events, and that the names of Pichegru, Moreau, and Georges Cadoudal were in everybody's mouth. In that same "Moniteur" was also printed a letter from an Englishman to Bonaparte, whom he called "Mr. Consul." This letter recommended to him, for his own particular use, a pamphlet circulated in the time of Cromwell, which attempted to prove that persons like Cromwell *could not be assassinated* because there is no crime in killing a dangerous animal or a tyrant. "To kill is not to assassinate," said the pamphlet; "the difference is very great." Meanwhile in France addresses from all the towns, from the army, and from the bishops, poured

into Paris, complimenting the First Consul and congratulating France on the danger she had escaped. All these were carefully printed in the "Moniteur." At last Georges Cadoudal was arrested on March 29th at the Place de l'Odéon. He was in a cabriolet, and as soon as he saw that he was pursued he whipped up his horse. A police-officer courageously snatched at the head of the animal, and was instantly killed by the pistol which Georges fired. But a crowd gathered, the cabriolet was stopped, and Georges arrested. On his person was found a large sum of money—from sixty to eighty thousand francs—in notes, which were given to the wife of the man who was killed. The journals appeared with a statement that Georges Cadoudal had confessed that he came to France only to assassinate Bonaparte. Yet I very well remember that it was said at the time that Georges, who showed throughout the whole of the proceedings extreme firmness and great devotion to the Bourbons, always denied all intention of assassination, but admitted that his project had been to attack the Consul's carriage and carry him off, without doing him the smallest harm.

At this same time the King of England was taken seriously ill; our Government counted on his death to see Mr. Pitt retire from the ministry.

On the 21st of March the following appeared in the "Moniteur": "The Prince de Condé has issued a circular calling on the *émigrés* to assemble on the Rhine. One prince of the Bourbon house has already obeyed this summons." Then followed a secret correspondence that had been seized from a man named Drake, an accredited agent of England in Bavaria, which proved that the English Government neglected no possible means of kindling trouble in France. Monsieur de Talleyrand was ordered to send copies of this correspondence to each member of the diplomatic corps, who showed their indignation by letters which were all inserted in the "Moniteur."

Holy week was near at hand. On Passion Sunday, March 18th, my week began with Madame Bonaparte. I went early in the morning to the Tuileries to assist at mass, which was celebrated with great ceremony. After mass, Madame Bonaparte always held a crowded drawing-room, remaining there some time and conversing with every one.

Madame Bonaparte told me early that day that we were to pass the week at Malmaison.

"I am thankful," she said, "for I am afraid of Paris at this time."

We started a few hours later. Bonaparte was in his own carriage; Madame Bonaparte in hers, and I the only person with her.

During the first part of the drive, I noticed

that she was silent and very sad ; I showed my anxiety, but she seemed afraid to answer my timid inquiries, but at last she said :

"I am going to confide a great secret to you. This morning Bonaparte informed me that he had sent Monsieur de Caulaincourt to the frontier to seize the Duc d'Enghien. He will be brought here."

"Good God ! madame," I cried ; "what will they do with him ?"

"Try him, I suppose."

These words struck a pang of terror through my soul, such as I had never before experienced in my life. Madame Bonaparte thought I was about to faint, and she hurriedly opened all the carriage windows.

"I have done all I could," she continued, "to obtain from Bonaparte a promise that no harm should come to the Prince ; but I much fear that his fate is sealed."

"Do you mean that he will die ?"

"I fear so," she answered.

At these words I burst into tears. Before my eyes swept all the fatal consequences of such an event—this spilling of royal blood which would satisfy only the Jacobin party ; the especial interest which this Prince inspired in every one else ; the name of Condé ; the general horror ; and the hot hatreds which would be rekindled.

I dwelt on all these points *en masse*, while Madame Bonaparte saw only a portion of them. The idea of a murder was all that had struck her. I succeeded in terrifying her thoroughly, and she promised to do all in her power to avert the impending fatality.

We reached Malmaison. I took refuge in my chamber, where I wept bitterly. My soul was shaken to its foundation. I loved and I admired Bonaparte. I believed him called by an invincible power to the highest destiny ; I allowed my youthful imagination to invest him with every noble quality ; all at once the veil which covered my eyes was torn away, and by what I felt at that moment did I only too well understand the impression that this event would produce on others.

At Malmaison there was not a human being to whom I could open my heart and speak freely. My husband was in Paris. It was necessary to compose myself, and appear with a calm face, for Madame Bonaparte had positively forbidden me to allow any one to suspect that she had spoken to me on this subject. When I entered the *salon*, at six o'clock, I found the First Consul playing chess. He seemed calm and serene ; his unmoved face made me feel ill as I looked at him ; for two hours I had been absorbed in thinking of him, and my mind was so disturbed that I could not regain the impression he usually made

upon me ; it seemed to me that he was changed, or that I ought to find him so.

Several officers dined with him, and the time passed much as usual ; after dinner he retired into his cabinet, and to his work. And that night, when I left Madame Bonaparte, she promised me to renew her entreaties.

The next morning I went to her as early as I dared. She was entirely discouraged. Bonaparte had repulsed her on all points.

"Women should not meddle in such matters." His policy necessitated this *coup d'état*. This rigor would give him the right to be more merciful on other occasions. Some decisive action was now incumbent upon him, or a long series of conspiracies would follow, which would require daily punishment. Impunity would only encourage these people. He should be obliged to persecute, to exile, and to punish, to take back what he had done for the *émigrés*, and bestow favors on the Jacobins. The royalists had compromised him more than once in regard to the revolutionists. This act would place him straight with all parties.

The Duc d'Enghien, after all, had joined in this conspiracy of Georges Cadoudal's ; he had brought trouble and discordance into France ; the English made use of him as their instrument of vengeance ; then, too, his military reputation might at some future time have had its influence on the army ; but his death would break all ties between our soldiers and the Bourbons. In politics a death which can insure repose is not a crime ; orders were given, and he could not change them.

In this conversation Madame Bonaparte told her husband that he would aggravate the odium of this act by having selected Monsieur de Caulaincourt, whose relatives had been attached in past days to the house of Condé.

"I did not know that," answered Bonaparte ; "and what does it matter, after all ? If Caulaincourt is compromised, it is of no especial consequence ; he will serve me just as well. The opposite party will never forgive him for being a gentleman." He added that De Caulaincourt had been told only a portion of the plan, and thought that the Duc d'Enghien would remain in prison.

My courage failed as I heard Madame Bonaparte repeat these words. I was a friend of Monsieur de Caulaincourt, and I suffered acutely. It seemed to me that he should have refused to accept the mission with which he was intrusted. The day passed drearily enough ; I remember that Madame Bonaparte, who loved trees and flowers, was busy all the morning in superintending her gardener, who was transplanting a cypress to a part of the grounds which

were newly laid out. She herself put in a little earth, in order to say that she had planted it herself. "Ah, madame!" I said as I looked at her, "it is a tree that well befits the day."

After that time I never passed that cypress without a pang.

My overwhelming emotion troubled Madame Bonaparte. Light and frivolous by nature, and confident that the views of the First Consul were wiser than those of any one else, she was yet impressed by my fears. She felt keenly, but her feelings were evanescent. Convinced by the First Consul that the death of the Duc d'Enghien was a political necessity, she was then desirous of dismissing it from her mind, and discarded all thoughts as useless regrets.

This I would not permit. I employed the greater part of the day in harassing her. She listened to me with great gentleness, but in a discouraged sort of way, for she knew Bonaparte better than I did. I wept bitterly as I entreated her to make one more effort, and finally, being really fond of me, she promised to do so. "Mention my name if you choose to the First Consul," I said; "I am myself of little consequence, but he will judge from the impression I have received how other people will feel. He knows, too, that I am more attached to him than are most persons; I ask nothing better than to find excuses for him, but I can not see one for this thing that he is about to do."

That whole day we saw nothing of Bonaparte. The Chief Justice, the Préfet de Police, and Murat, all came and had long audiences. Everybody looked troubled. I was up the greater part of the night; when I slept my dreams were horrible.

I fancied I heard continual movements in the château, and I was convinced that some new enterprise was in contemplation. I persuaded myself at one time almost into rushing down stairs, and throwing myself at Bonaparte's feet, to implore him to take compassion on his own glory, for I believed it then to be without a spot, and wept that it should be tarnished.

That night will never be effaced from my memory. Tuesday morning Madame Bonaparte said to me: "It is no use. The Duc d'Enghien arrives to-night. He will be taken at once to Vincennes and examined. Murat will attend to it all. He is perfectly odious in this affair. It is he who pushes Bonaparte on. He keeps telling him that any mercy he shows now will be regarded as weakness, and that the Jacobins will be furious. One party will ask why so little regard was paid to Moreau's glorious reputation, and why a Bourbon was of more importance? Bonaparte has forbidden me to say another word. He spoke of you," she continued. "I said that

I had told you, for he could not understand your sadness. Try and be more cheerful."

My passion rose. "Let him think what he chooses, madame!" I exclaimed. "Let him ask me why I weep, and I will tell him that I weep for him," and as I said this I again burst into tears.

Madame Bonaparte was frightened at my nervous excitement. She was a stranger to strong emotions, and when she sought to calm me I could only answer by these words: "Ah, madame, you do not understand me!" She assured me that after this event all would go on as before.

Alas! It was not the future which disturbed me. I did not doubt his power over himself and others, but I felt as if I, personally, were being rent asunder.

The dinner-hour came, and I was obliged to calm myself. Again did I find on going down stairs that Bonaparte was quietly playing chess. He had taken a fancy to this game. As soon as he saw me he called to me, and bade me tell him what move to make. I choked, and could not utter four words. The gentleness of his tone and manner added the finishing touch to my distress.

When dinner was served, he made me sit near him, and asked me many personal questions. It seemed to me that he had taken it on himself to prevent me from thinking.

Little Napoleon had been sent for from Paris. He was placed in the center of the table, and his uncle seemed to be very much amused to see the child touching all the dishes, and upsetting everything about him.

After dinner he sat down on the floor, and played with the child. To me his gayety seemed forced. Madame Bonaparte, who had dreaded lest he should feel irritated against me by reason of what she had said, looked at me with a kind smile, which seemed to say: "You see he is not so cruel, after all. We can reassure ourselves."

As for myself, I hardly knew where I was. Sometimes it seemed to me that I was in a bad dream. My manner was probably a little peculiar, and I perhaps had a frightened look, for suddenly Bonaparte turned toward me, gazed at me fixedly, and said: "Why do you not wear rouge? You are too pale."

I answered that I had forgotten to put it on. "What!" he exclaimed; "a woman forget her rouge!" And he burst out laughing.

"That never happens to you, Josephine, does it?" Then he added: "Women have two things which suit them well—tears and rouge."

These words completed my discomfiture.

General Bonaparte had neither taste nor measure in his gayety. His manners were at

times those of a garrison. He played with his wife for a time with more freedom than decency, and then he called me to a table for a game of chess. He did not play well, and was always unwilling to submit to the rules of the game. I let him do as he would. Every one was quiet, when suddenly he began to sing through his teeth. Then a verse came into his mind. He said in an undertone, "Soyons amis, Cinna" then the lines of Gusman in "Alzire":

"Et le mien, quand ton bras vient m'assassiner."*

I could not prevent myself from looking up at him hastily. He smiled, and continued. I absolutely believed for a moment that he was deceiving his wife and the rest of us, and that he was preparing a grand scene of clemency.

This idea, to which I clung fondly, calmed me; my imagination was then very youthful; besides, I needed hope so much.

"You like poetry?" said Bonaparte.

I was half inclined to reply, "Yes, when it is applicable"—but I dared not.

We continued our game, and I by degrees trusted more and more to his gayety. We were still playing when the sound of a carriage was heard. General Hullin was announced. Bonaparte pushed back the table hastily, and rose. He went into the gallery next to the *salon*, where he remained the rest of the evening with Murat, Hallen, and Savary.

I went off to my room singularly tranquillized. I could not persuade myself that Bonaparte was not agitated by the thought of holding such a victim in his hands. I hoped that the Prince would insist on seeing him—as indeed he did, for he said over and over again, "If the First Consul would consent to see me, he would do me justice, and would understand that I have done my duty." Perhaps, I said to myself, he will go himself to Vincennes, and accord a sensational pardon! If such were not his intention, why should he quote those lines of Guzman's? That night—that terrible night—at last passed away. In the morning, at a very early hour, I went down stairs. In the *salon* I found Savary alone, excessively pale, and, I will do him the justice to say, with a frightfully agitated countenance. His lips trembled as he spoke to me, and yet he uttered only the most insignificant words. I asked him no questions, for questions have always seemed to me very useless when

addressed to persons of his stamp. They say, without being asked, precisely what they please, and never answer you.

Madame Bonaparte entered the *salon*. She looked at me sadly, and seated herself, saying to Savary at the same time:

"It is done, then?"

"Yes, madame," he answered. "He died this morning, and I am forced to admit with admirable courage."

I stood breathless.

Madame Bonaparte asked for details, which have since been made public. They had taken the Prince into one of the dungeons under the château: when they wished to cover his eyes with a handkerchief, he repulsed them gently, saying to the gendarmes:

"You are Frenchmen; you will at least do me the favor not to miss your aim."

He handed them a ring, some of his hair, and a letter for Madame de Rohan; Savary showed them all to Madame Bonaparte. The letter was open, short, and affectionate. I do not know if the last wishes of this unfortunate Prince have ever been executed.

"After his death," resumed Savary, "the gendarmes were told that they could take his clothing, his watch, and the money he had upon his person; but not one of them would touch anything. People may say what they choose; it is impossible to see such men perish without emotions very different from those we have hitherto felt, and I feel that I shall not soon recover my *sang-froid*."

Presently Eugène Beauharnais appeared, too young to realize what had happened, and who saw in the death of the Duc d'Enghien only a conspirator against his master's life. Generals, whose names I will not write down, quickly followed. They lavished on the act that had been committed such unmeasured commendation that Madame Bonaparte, who was always a little confused when any one spoke loudly and energetically, felt obliged to apologize for my sadness by saying over and over again the ill-timed phrase—

"I am a woman, too, and I acknowledge that I feel inclined to weep."

All that morning people continued to pour in—the Consuls and the Ministers, Louis Bonaparte and his wife, the former wrapped in a silence that looked like disapproval. Madame Louis was frightened, not daring to feel, and seemed to be asking what she should think.

The women were even more than the men impressed by the magic power of Bonaparte's sacramental words—"My policy!"

* These are the lines:

"Des dieux que nous servons, connais différence;
Les tiens l'on commandé le meurtre et la vengeance;
Et le mien, quand ton bras vient m'assassiner
M'ordonne de te plandre et de te pardonner."

VIVIAN THE BEAUTY.

BY MRS. EDWARDES,

AUTHOR OF "ARCHIE LOVELL," "OUGHT WE TO VISIT HER?" ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN SILK ATTIRE.

"**L**A philosophie à deux," remarks Kit Marlowe, a couple of hours later on. "Let us thank the gods, whatever gods there be, that one is verdant enough still to prefer a hop to philosophy."

The ballroom windows stand open to the night; soft and low the Bohemian band strikes up the preludory bars of the Tannhäuser waltzes; Jeanne and Sir Christopher are partners. Blonde *fräuleins* with garlands in their hair, with pearls around their throats, with floating knots of ribbon, with superabundant adornment of all kinds, are being led forth, by slim-waisted, yellow-mustached warriors, from the side of stalwart *mammas*. Lady Pamela, falling at once into the easy etiquette of *Kursaal* ballrooms, has accorded her hand to an unknown cavalier—an Austrian, overredolent of Government cigars, of inexpensive macassar; and alas! with cuffs and collar too palpably of paper, but fair and poetic-looking as any stage Faust. Miss Vivash lingers still, "philosophizing" with Wolfgang, who smokes his cigar in the darkness of the gardens. The master, detained by his conveniently elastic pupils, has only arrived by the latest train from Freiburg, and Miss Vivash unselfishly foregoes the certain successes of the ballroom to be his companion.

Somewhat further, perhaps, than Mr. Wolfgang suspects, may the smoking of this cigar, the pursuit of this *philosophie à deux*, land him.

"I believe you are a philosopher without knowing it, Sir Christopher," says little Jeanne gayly. The girl's heart is ice-cold; her cheeks are on fire. She has determined, with all the will that is in her, to show indifference to Wolfgang and his actions; and, like most unpractical actors, runs a risk of overdoing her part. "With a roomful of ribbons and tulle and laces, a man must be a philosopher, indeed, who should choose a Cinderella like me for his partner."

Sir Christopher gazes at the washed-out print with an air of lachrymose gallantry that, whether she be heart-broken or no, brings a smile, perforce, to Jeanne's lips.

"A Watteau, a wood-nymph, a poem," he

remarks sentimentally. "When you are my age, have seen as much of the pomps and vanities of ribbons and laces as I have, my dear child, you will value them accordingly."

"Your age! I should hope some one will have taken pity on me before then," cries Jeanne. "Deserving poverty may be interesting enough in its teens. What would you say to a Watteau, a wood-nymph, a poem, in limp linen at eight-and-twenty?"

Sir Christopher Marlowe sighs. "I should inordinately like to know, in detail, what you mean by 'some one taking pity on you,' Miss Dempster?"

"Would you? Oh, my ambition is modest, very! I could content myself on an allowance of five hundred pounds a year pin-money." Ange and Jeanne, between them, may annually spend on their clothes five hundred marks—not a pfennig more. "Five hundred pounds a year pin-money, with unlimited opportunities for running into debt, and an occasional bonus in the shape of jewelry. I am likely to come across that kind of 'some one' in the Black Forest, am I not?"

"Not only likely, but certain, if you would let 'some one' take you at your word. In the mean time," whispers Sir Christopher tenderly, "shall we begin our waltz, do you think? I am quite contented either way, but shall we make a start—or not?"

The suggestion reminds Jeanne Dempster that during the past two minutes she and her partner have been standing in an attitude of preparation, her hand on Kit Marlowe's shoulder, his arm around her waist—reminds, but disconcerts her not. This is Jeanne's first introduction to the world, the first ballroom in which she has stood, a come-out young lady, playing her part among grown-up men and women. She knows nothing of ballroom ethics; does not surmise that a position, admitted to be correct when in rapid movement, should be open to animadversion when in repose. Looking up, however, toward an open French window near which they stand, it chanced that she catches a glimpse of Miss Vivash and Wolfgang. The master's head is in shadow. Jeanne can see the face of Vivian—clear in the lamp-light, as a delicate cameo upon a setting of dusky-green background.

A faint little sneer is round Beauty's lips; contemptuous is the expression of her half-closed

eyes. And Jeanne's heart sickens. In this moment it is given her to taste of the tree of mundane knowledge, and, with a cold chill, she realizes that its flavor is bitter, exceedingly.

"Let us waltz, of course," she cries impetuously—"waltz, like other *civilized* people, or walk about, or sit down. Why in the world, Sir Christopher, are we making ourselves so ridiculous?"

They waltz—they waltz to perfection. Can Jeanne help it that, though her spirit be heavy, her step is buoyant? Her peasant hat is slung across her arm, the Raphael red hair hangs loose and shining round her throat. A light, whose fountain source a less vain man than Sir Christopher might fail to guess at, is in her dark, imploring eyes.

"If Badenweiler were at the antipodes, 'twould be worth the journey to have one such dance," he whispers, when the fiddling dies into silence. "It is not waltzing, as we in London know the word—'tis music turned into motion. A man as old as Methuselah, as gouty as the Duke of Beaujolais, would have life put into him by such a partner. Yes, Miss Dempster, a couple of turns with you would put fire into a stone."

As he indulges in this bold and original trope, they pass out of the ballroom into the *Erkerweg*, a trellised wooden veranda, overgrown with japonica, sweet-brier, and passion-flower that runs round two thirds of the Kursaal building. Wolfgang and Vivian, slowly pacing, side by side, in the warm, hushed darkness, come across them.

"What are those vain regrets that you are indulging in, Sir Christopher?" cries Miss Vivash, looking sharply back at him across her shoulder. "Methuselah—the Duke of Beaujolais! Will experience never bring you beyond that first volume of the romance?"

"On the contrary, one has a foolish fancy for studying a new romance altogether," says Kit Marlowe readily; "a romance likely to leave one—for a change after too much of Zola and Daudet—with a good taste in one's mouth. And you?"

"We are spectators," says Wolfgang, before Vivian can reply—"spectators looking on with quiet curiosity, while moths burn their wings, and children" (he gives a momentary glance at Jeanne's flushed cheek) "their fingers."

Sir Christopher shakes his head gravely as the pair continue their walk; the master talking low and earnestly, as though his theme moved him—Miss Vivash listening with bent-down face, with an air, real or admirably dissembled, of half reluctant submission.

"I have not had overmuch experience of philosophers, personally," he observes. "And as yet, I can not say I have got to the stage of lik-

ing them. 'Tis a taste, like that for olives or caviare, no doubt, that wants education. Still, Miss Dempster, I am sorry for your Herr Wolfgang. Whatever his sins of priggishness, or otherwise, the Teuton is too good for the evil quarter of an hour that lies before him."

"My Herr Wolfgang!" repeats Jeanne passionately. "Say Miss Vivash's Herr Wolfgang—anybody's Herr Wolfgang, rather than mine!"

"Ach, ist dass so? I have progressed, you see, in German; as well as in other accomplishments, since I came to Schloss Egmont. Miss Vivash's Herr Wolfgang, then, as you prefer the phrase, has an evil quarter of an hour in store for him. Let Miss Vivash's Herr Wolfgang take care of himself. You and I, little Jeanne, for our part, will burn our wings and our fingers just as badly as we choose!"

Jeanne answers not; and her companion—no greater coxcomb, probably, than his peers—regards her silence as an expression of consciousness. Sir Christopher's own heart begins to grow soft. Poor Jeanne, with her big dark eyes, her blushes, her dimples—she really is a charming little girl, red hair, doubtful English, and freckles notwithstanding. At any rate she is not a Beauty—a positive charm to a man who, like Kit Marlowe, has fallen madly in love with a Beauty reputation once, and outlived his madness!

Within thirty steps of the Kursaal is a lime avenue, fragrant, though no longer crowned with the nectared sweetness of its bee-haunted July prime. Thither Sir Christopher leads his partner. No perceptible breath of wind stirs upon the earth's face; but high among the trees little soft airs must be stirring, for you can hear the shivering of light boughs, the kissing of the leaves overhead. Flowers, shrubs, grass, send forth the pungent odor that prophesies on a sultry summer night of rain. The sky is low-hanging, black; only the lamps hung at uncertain intervals, along the garden pathways, enable one to see one's way.

Jeanne is blinded somewhat, after the ballroom's brilliant light, it may be from some other foolish cause; and her foot slips. Sir Christopher saves her from falling; at the same time he gets possession of her hand, holds it tenderly for a moment or two, then draws it through his arm.

"And ye sall walk in silk attire,
And siller ha'e to spare"—

So he sings with theatrical attitude and spirit; the long perspective of avenue, the lamplit "slips," the distant Kursaal fiddles, heightening the dramatic effect of the scene—

"Gin ye'll consent to be his bride,
Nor think of Donald mair."

Sir Christopher's voice is not without a certain canary-like sweetness; yet does its quality fit it rather for music-hall burlesque or nigger melody than for pathetic ballad. And Jeanne begins to laugh.

Laughter and tears both lie nearer to the surface with her to-night than is their wont.

"Yes, I should like to have it out about that 'some one,'" says Sir Christopher, harking back to their ballroom conversation. "Your ambition, I believe, is bounded by five hundred a year pin-money, unlimited opportunities of going into debt—"

"And every two months a bonus in the shape of jewelry. The last few days have taught me the weighty influence of bracelets on human happiness. Don't forget the jewelry."

"It shall be put in the settlements, if you like. I can not speak fairer than that. Miss Dempster, when is it to be?"

He has an intention, Jeanne divines, of again taking possession of her hand! She snatches it quickly from his arm, and, turning aside, buries her face amid the blooming odorous masses of a honeysuckle that overhangs the path. A horrible suspicion that Sir Christopher thinks her *in earnest* makes her flush hot with shame.

"If by 'settlements' you mean when you shall remember me in your will, sir, you may set about it as speedily as you like. Considering you are just ten years my senior, I shall be tolerably advanced in life before I come into my inheritance."

"Oh, wha would buy a silken gown
Wi' a pair broken heart?"

"Jeanne," cries Sir Christopher fervently, "are you crying? No! I could have sworn I heard a sob. Jeanne, don't walk so quick," for all this time she has been getting on steadily ahead, "and confess the truth. Is your gentle heart melting?"

He overtakes her; ere Jeanne has time to suspect, or contravene his design, steals his arm around her waist.

"Is your heart melting?" he repeats. "Does the thought of pin-money touch you? Speak; I can bear anything but suspense."

"If I could have the pin-money without incumbrances," she observed, "you would not have long to wait for my answer."

"Meanwhile, my dear?"

"Meanwhile, Sir Christopher Marlowe, I think it would be quite as nice if you were to leave off speaking affectionately, and, please, could we not manage to walk farther apart? Surely, the path is broad enough for us both?"

But Jeanne's opinions are not those of Sir Christopher Marlowe. He does not leave off

speaking affectionately. Although the path is broad, they do not walk any farther apart.

"You have seen my character on one side only." So, after a little space, he begins again. "Naturally and logically you think me a fool."

"I do not, indeed," cries the girl, conscience-stricken. "On the contrary, I think in many things—oh, ever so many things—you are"—she stammers, casting about her for a word—"are very clever."

"A clever fool! You are trying to let me down as easily as you can. I thank you for the intention. A fool, gifted enough, like Dundreary, to ask a widdle, forgetting the answer; to sing a mild comic song (music-hall and water); whistle a waltz; lead a cotillon; and, generally, go through whatever monkey-tricks may, as a professional funny man, be required of me by society. Yes, Jeanne, I am all this. I am something more. If a sweet, simple little girl gave me her love, I believe I am not such a fool but that I could keep it—ay, and wear it worthily."

The sharpest pang of remorse she has ever known stabs Jeanne's heart. A big lump rises in her throat. In another moment, unless she takes care what she is about, she will infallibly have promised to become Kit Marlowe's wife.

"And ye sall walk in silk attire."

"Unfortunately, you have been defectively educated. You do not care for silk attire, or siller, either. The question is—Donald. *Is* there a Donald in the case, Jeanne? You have only to tell me so, and I withdraw. 'If she be not made for me, what care I,' et cetera. *Is* there a Donald?"

"I felt a drop of rain on my nose," answers Jeanne, vainly trying to escape from him. "One, two—we shall have a thunderstorm! Ange and Hans both predicted it when we started, and none of us brought our waterproofs."

"Rain, or no rain, I intend that you shall give me an answer. Is there" (putting the question slowly and syllabically) "a Donald?"

"I don't know what you mean!" she exclaims, growing frightened. "Who is Donald? We have no people of that name in the Schwarzwald, and I think I would like to go back to the ballroom, if you please. It is raining in earnest, and Ange will not give me another hat before Michaelmas."

Sir Christopher moves a couple of steps away from her.

"You are a child," he remarks, somewhat coolly, "but you are old enough to know that what I say now is no joke. Oh, there is no rain to hurt. You can stay here long enough to give me an answer, without spoiling your ribbons. As you will not speak about third persons, as

Donald's is to be a name tabooed, we will confine our thoughts to ourselves. Fräulein Jeanne, do you detest me?"

"Detest you—no!" she exclaims, with prompt compunction. "Why, Sir Christopher, I should be a wretch if I were not very fond—I mean very grateful—I mean—"

"I believe I know better what you mean than you know yourself," interrupts Kit Marlowe, *sotto voce*.

"You, who always take my part, who never laugh at me—no, for even that first dreadful day at dinner, you laughed good-naturedly. And the time passes so quickly when we are together, and—"

"And we match in height! And our step, when we waltz. Janet, I say it without vanity, you will never find any fellow, even among your beloved Germans, whose step suits you half as well as mine. Will you have me?"

Even as he speaks, comes a lightning-flash, accompanied, rather than followed, by a very artillery of thunder; and then the rain, hot, deluging rain, the specialty of the Black Forest climate, begins to rush down in sheets. Jeanne and Sir Christopher creep under shelter of a lime-tree, somewhat more thickly spreading than its fellows, and with the big drops falling in ever increasing volume on their heads, proceed with their "love-scene."

"Will you have me?" repeats Sir Christopher, and pretty loudly; the rolling of the thunder, the incessant splashing of the rain, put amative whispers out of the question.

"I wish I could have an umbrella," says Jeanne, with a wretched attempt at a laugh. "An umbrella and a waterproof would be more to the point than silk attire just at present."

"We are not talking of silk attire; and coquetry, let me tell you, child, does not sit well on you. Come! There is no time to lose. A set of ribbons might not matter, but I will not ask you to catch a cold for my sake. Yes or no, Janet?"

The light from a neighboring lamp gleams fitfully upon them at this juncture. Jeanne catches a glimpse of Kit Marlowe's roseate, dapper, most unlover-like face, and takes courage.

"Yes or no? As if there could be any doubt as to my answer! Yes, of course, a hundred times, yes. You are rich, Sir Christopher, and a Hochwohlgeboren. Could I be ignorant enough to say 'no' to a Herr Baron? I, a pauper with one mark a week—that is the allowance Ange makes me, sir—and to find myself in gloves, collars, neckties, and the pastor's plate on Sundays."

"There *must* be a Donald in the case," says

Sir Christopher, taking off his hat, and emptying out a pond of water from its brim. "Well, my dear, the day may arrive when he and you will discover that virtuous attachment is a snare; and a cottage, vanity. If it does, and I am living, no matter how bald, and gouty, and prosy, come to me. You may, at least, promise that."

"And be your housekeeper, a new edition of Ange, with account-books that won't come straight, blue cap-ribbons, and flounces. Well, yes; if the place is not already more suitably filled," says Jeanne, with significance, "I promise."

"What do you mean by more suitably filled?" cries Sir Christopher in a suddenly sobered voice.

"I mean—oh, I mean just what I say, sir," she answers innocently. "When your cousin, Lady Pamela, marries again, as in the common course of things she will, and you are left alone in the world, why, naturally, you will want a housekeeper, me or somebody else, to take care of you."

Sir Christopher Marlowe's face could not under any circumstances be tragic; but at this suggestion of little Jeanne's, his expression turns black as the clouds above them. At no point of their love-scene, such love-scene as it was, did he look half so moved.

"My cousin, Lady Pamela, has a vast deal too much *nous* to take a second husband—after such an experience as her first! And if she did, it would make no difference in our relations. Lady Pamela and I have grown up together, have quarreled, kissed and quarreled, like brother and sister, all our lives."

"Then of course, sir, if a second marriage was for Lady Pamela's happiness, her brother would not say nay?"

"Lady Pamela has a vast deal too much *nous* to take a second husband," repeats Sir Christopher, the subject evidently not supplying him with any large stock of original ideas.

"At any rate," observes Jeanne, "you have my promise. When Lady Pamela is—amusing herself somewhere, in the world, as there must be no talk of a second marriage—and when you are old, prosy, gouty, and want a housekeeper, I will come to you."

"If you and Donald chance to have discovered, meanwhile, that you 'are not each other's affinities.'"

"How often must I tell you that I never in my life knew any one called Donald?"

Jeanne turns from him pettishly, then launches boldly forth into the rain.

"And how am I to know that Donald is not High Dutch for Wolfgang?" asks Sir Christopher, following in her steps. "Jeanne, my dear, I believe, after all this, we shall both die and

worms eat us, but 'twill be from a pleurisy, take my word for it, not from love!"

They skirt as best they may under shelter of the lindens while shelter lasts. Then comes an open gravel space which must be taken by assault, and then, blinded, dripping, with sentiment blown and scattered to the winds, they find themselves under cover of the Kursaal veranda.

The venetians of the windows are up. Jeanne looks in: she sees, strikingly contrasted with her own wet, disheveled condition, the beauties of the ballroom, pink, blue, and green, as they whirl round in the arms of spurred and epauleted partners. Lady Pamela and her Faust remain faithful to each other. Vivian is waltzing.

For an instant's space Jeanne does not recognize the Beauty's partner. She catches glimpses only of the training Derby white, of an upheld snowy wrist, a gleaming bracelet. An instant's space! Then an opening in the crowd brings the faces of both dancers full before her. Vivian's partner is Wolfgang.

"Man proposes, but woman fulfills," says Sir Christopher Marlowe. "The serpent is beguiled of Eve. The philosophy of the Teuton has turned to foolishness."

CHAPTER XV.

THOSE HORRIBLE PHOTOGRAPHERS!

THE waltz, ere long, changes to a mazurka; but Vivian and the master continue partners. Under pretext of reassuring Lady Pamela as to her safety, Jeanne has dispatched Sir Christopher into the ballroom; and, sick in spirit, chilled, wretched in the flesh, she stands alone, screened from observation by the darkness, an outside watcher of the scene.

The sleek head of Beauty reposes on Wolfgang's shoulder—an attitude, let me say, not in vogue among the wives and daughters of the Fatherland. His whispers make her smile as they glide round in swift, smooth unison with the music, the two the most noticeable pair of dancers in the room. Lady Pamela, cruelly abandoning her Faust, has taken pity on Kit Marlowe. The many-colored Fräuleins and their warriors gyrate merrily. Flute, violin, and bassoon play their loudest.

What cares the herd for the shorn lamb? What matters it to fifty or sixty wildly-spinning human creatures that one forlorn child should be breaking her jealous heart in the rain and darkness of the night?

All the sorrows, all the losses she has known during her little span of life crowd back, in this

drear moment, on Jeanne's memory. The pink-cheeked doll—her first great anguish—who was fondly hushed to sleep in an August sun, and who "woke," a ghastly heap of wax, blonde wig, sawdust, and eyes! The wounded robin she nursed so tenderly, and who obstinately declined either to sing songs in his cage or to recover! The tortoise-shell cats, a long-doomed race, who used to vanish, generation after generation, by violence or treachery from her arms! What *is* life, she thinks, attaining in a leap to Solomon's philosophy, but loss? Loving passionately to-day that which shall be empty air to-morrow, and discerning meaning neither in our love nor in our loss?

A fear, the ghost of a suspicion, rather, flashes across her that in the last half hour she has acted like a fool; honestly, it may be, according to the notions she once had of such matters, but like a fool—has taken happiness (or what might have passed very decently well for happiness) between her two hands, and wantonly thrown it—as a child disappointed of the moon throws its toy—away from her.

Sir Christopher Marlowe is young, accomplished, likable; better than all, Sir Christopher Marlowe is rich. When Jeanne first heard Lady Pamela discourse of high-stepping horses, Paris milliners, good dinners, well-looking partners, she remembers that she listened with a kind of envy; felt that in herself were as keen capabilities for pleasure as in any Lady Pamela, any Hyde Park goddess of them all. As Sir Christopher Marlowe's wife, whatever else were piteously wanting, these things, at least, had lain to her hand. For the sake of what vain dream has she rejected them—her master's love, perhaps, her master's fidelity!

Jeanne Dempster has not far to seek, she has not long to wait, ere that question be practically answered.

A covered pathway, or veranda, extends, as I have said, round two thirds of the Kursaal. On the north side, where Jeanne stands, this veranda is sheltered; the newly-risen southwest wind bearing away the rain as it descends from the steep, tiled roof above, in sheets. The air is sweet with the thousand odors that the silent chemistry of summer rain distills from thirsty, grateful earth. It has grown cool, almost keen; and when the mazurka is finished a score or so of men and girls come forth to enjoy the freshness of the night—perhaps to exchange a little whispered sentiment beyond the watchful ken of chaperon or of rival.

Two of the number linger longer than the rest, Wolfgang and his partner. At first Jeanne feels secure from observation, expecting at every moment to see them reënter the ballroom with

the crowd. Presently, Miss Vivash, it would seem, taking the initiative, they extend their walk along the more dimly lighted portions of the veranda. They approach nearer and nearer, and Jeanne's breath comes thick. Hemmed in on all sides but one by storm and darkness, what choice has she left but to hide herself? A thickly trellised screen of ivy shuts off the veranda from the garden at two or three yards' distance, and behind this, her heart beating loud and fast, she creeps.

Miss Vivash and Wolfgang stop short. She can see their faces distinctly; with morbid acuteness, born of jealousy, every faculty concentrated on one sense, can hear each word they utter more clearly than she ever heard human speech at any prior moment of her life.

"Yes," observes Beauty, in her lowest, languidest tones, evidently in reply to some remark of Wolfgang's. "Jeanne is, no doubt—er—diverting, in her way, quite a curiosity—ah—for those who appreciate the kind of thing! I don't know that I have much taste for unearthly, Top-sy-like children, myself. Time, perhaps, and experience, may give the creature feeling. I remember being told by a celebrated author at a dinner—you can understand the celebrities all trying to get next *me*—that the one gift a writer might attain by practice was originality, just what the crowd and Dogberry would say comes by nature. It may be the same with heart."

How differently Vivian talks with no member of her own sex near! Her mind seems to have taken up new thoughts, her very voice to have acquired new modulations.

"Whatever Jeanne's faults may be, I should certainly not reckon want of heart among them," says the master.

"No? Well, with your discernment of character you are pretty certain to be right. (And I fear you are awfully discerning, Mr. Wolfgang! I often tell Lady Pamela I could not keep a secret hid from you.) Besides, you know Jeanne so very much better than I do. And I'm sure" (with a sigh) "one should be charitable, when one remembers one's own failings. Naturally, at her age, the enjoyment of the moment, the love of change and attention are everything. It requires an education to teach one to suffer! Yes, and to go through that teaching thoroughly, to learn how to feel, and at the same time to know the madness of feeling, a life of the world, such as mine, is needed!"

She rests her elbows on the balustrade of the veranda; then lightly bows down her cheek on her clasped hands. The attitude is charmingly photographic; well considered, well executed. It brings every best point of Vivian's face into relief. It brings Vivian herself, through a quick,

scarcely perceptible change of position, a foot or so nearer to the master.

Jeanne bethinks her of her own plainness. Convulsively clasping a fold of her drenched skirt within her hands, she realizes the contrast that exists at this moment between her rival and herself: Vivian in her shining white silk (that does duty, like some clap-trap sentiments, for fresh, by lamp-light); with her fair, calm face, her trained low voice, her self-command—and she, Jeanne, rough, ill-dressed, graceless, with her heart on fire, with her cheeks, at no time alabaster, burning under the mingled influence of rain, wretchedness, and tears!

Happily she is well hidden out of sight, and likely to remain so. The night continues dark as Erebus. The lovers, if lovers they be, are too thoroughly engrossed in themselves, and in their own hopes and fears, to pay attention to shadows.

"No man knows where his neighbor's shoe pinches," says Wolfgang, somewhat skeptically. "Judging only from the surface of things, I should not say that suffering and Miss Vivash had made intimate acquaintance. Has there been one crumpled rose-leaf, half a one—"

"In the velvet-piled couch fate has given me to repose on?" Vivian interrupts; and, lifting her face, she gives him a very full gaze, then hastily turns away. "Even in your life, Mr. Wolfgang, even in the wilds of Germany, you may have heard" (actually there is an approach to a blush upon her cheek) "that I am—or was, for, if my friends say true, my reign is over—the unfortunate product of civilization called by the loungers at London club-doors, 'A Beauty'?"

"It is a fact to be divined, a story that needs no telling," says Wolfgang gallantly, yet with a certain coldness in his voice. "A man who has eyes to see, and a heart to feel, needs not the verdict of St. James's Street to confirm his taste."

"St. James's Street?" cries Miss Vivash, lifting up her head, and rapidly making good her retreat from the debatable land of sentiment. "Oh! You know more of London, then, than we have given you credit for, Mr. Wolfgang?"

"I know most of the world's capitals, from the outside," he replies. "My business calls me to London yearly, a very different business, a very different London, to anything that comes within the experience of Miss Vivash."

"London is London. You must mix in some kind of society," she persists. "You must see the Exhibition surely, go to the theatres, read the papers? Whatever your occupation, if you have been in town during the last two seasons, you can scarcely have failed, one would think, to know *my* face?"

"Every one who has passed a Regent Street photographer's window must do that," answers Wolfgang evasively.

"Those horrible photographers! We talked just now of the education of pain. The number of times I have been forced to sit for my portrait may be set, I should hope, against a few of my sins."

"*Have been forced*," repeats the master, italicizing the words somewhat pointedly. "I can imagine it coming among a fashionable Beauty's sorrows to be stared at by the mob, copied by the milliners, interviewed by correspondents of provincial newspapers. Surely there can be no law in England compelling her to sit, against her will, to the photographers; and surely," adds Wolfgang, "there must be a law in England to restrain the photographers from making a traffic of her likeness."

It would seem that Miss Vivash desires not to pursue the question.

"I am sick of the name of Beauty as I am sick of the whole life it involves," she exclaims, with pretty irrelevance—"mob, special correspondents, photographers, St. James's Street, and all. I am sick of being fed on sugar-candy, of being sprinkled with rose-water. I want the solid fireside joys that come to other people naturally." And as she says this there is an unmistakable tremor in her voice. "I want to be as I was in pa's quiet little Devonshire village, only with one heart to care for me, one pair of eyes to look on me as a woman—not a London sight, like the infant hippopotamus at the Zoölogical, or Madame Tussaud's latest waxwork murderer."

She wants—to set her foot upon another neck! Sated though she declares herself to be of rose-water celebrity, the pastime of breaking simple hearts has not for certain lost its zest. She would enjoy the pain even of an obscure German professor ere she dismiss him and his passion from her thoughts for ever. The greed of conquest has, in truth, reached a point in Vivian Vivash at which it becomes a moral disease. She lives only to be admired—honestly, if possible, but admired; and if a victim draw back, would overstep the limits of self-respect rather than see him break, scathless, from her toils.

But Wolfgang's heart is tough. Surrender, no doubt he will—yes, in this very forthcoming "evil quarter of an hour!" But not without a struggle. He knows most of the world's capitals, from the outside, at least, possibly he may have learned a few of the world's ways in his day; have come across women of equal beauty with this one, and of equal worth!

"You talk of a little Devonshire village—how would the quiet of German country life suit

you?" he asks, presently—"a game at six-and-sixty for your amusement in winter, three weeks of mineral-water drinking for your summer dissipation, and a good marital stocking on the knitting-pins at all times—such a lot, let us say, as would fall to the mistress, did she exist, of Schloss Egmont?"

"Schloss Egmont? I should die, I should commit suicide, if I remained another six weeks in that hideous place!" In her desire to appease Wolfgang's prophetic jealousy, Vivian allows herself for once to speak as she feels, without let or hindrance. "Those howling woods! Those poverty-stricken gardens! (The peasants are right, I am sure. Every kind of ghostly demon must inhabit them.) The suites of rooms, each more chill, more comfortless than the other! And the portraits, no doubt of faded Fraus von Egmont, on the walls! And the atrabilious drawing-room curtains! And the visits from the Frau Pastor! And Ange! And Jeanne!"

"And in another day or two, the society of Count Paul von Egmont himself?" suggests Wolfgang, with emphasis. "Do not omit the part of Hamlet from the play."

Miss Vivash hesitates; she trifles, coyly irresolute, with the bracelet on her wrist. In the hand of an expert coquette, silence is to speech what shadow is to light. She who understands it not is ignorant of the very chiaroscuro of her craft. Can a confession from the loveliest pair of lips extant rival in sweetness the avowal that silence masks, and that the vanity of man's nature can construe as he wills?

"I think," so at last she speaks, in fluttering accents, and not trusting her eyes to meet Wolfgang's, "that for once, for this night only, as the acting people say, it would refresh one to speculate, like Maud Muller, on the pleasant might-have-beens of life! London and all the people belonging to it, Schloss Egmont and all the people belonging to it, do not, to my mind, come under the name of pleasant."

"The happiest hours I have known have been spent within the four hideous walls, in the poverty-stricken gardens that surround Schloss Egmont," retorts the master.

His voice reflects loyally the flood of strong feeling at his heart. Poor victim! Surely the end can not be far off, now. A man exchanging warm sentiments with Beauty, at such an hour, in Beauty's present plastic mood, must have advanced tolerably far along the road to execution!

"The happiest hours you have known have been spent at Schloss Egmont?" she repeats, with an air of bewitching consciousness. "Surely you do not reckon any of the hours you have spent there, *lately*?"

"Quite lately, Miss Vivash. Now, in fact, during this present month of July."

"And alone, of course; alone, with your own thoughts, or with those wild books of German poetry, that must so delightfully take you out of this dull, prosaic world! Schiller and Heine" (one feels unwillingly convinced that Beauty's sculptured lips say Heine), "and the rest! Oh, Mr. Wolfgang," impulsively, "those are just the higher interests that I need! Pursuits, studies, some one of superior mind to guide me, to save me from myself! I'm sure I don't know how I dare speak in this open way, but you seem so like an old and valued friend that I take courage. Tell me, you don't quite disbelieve in me—you think there may be better capabilities in me than anything my artificial life of frivolity has called forth?"

And as though swayed irresistibly by some current of strong feeling, she rests a white hand, for a couple of seconds or more, on Wolfgang's arm.

As a bit of acting, the impulse is excellent. Jeanne has not been overmuch affected by the stock sentiment, the carefully learned glances and attitudes of the love-struck Duchess of Carrara. At this moment, words, gestures, alike struck off at white heat, she feels that her rival is an artist.

Is Wolfgang acting a part too?—a more serious one than Vivian's, but still a part, in which vanity rather than passion holds the master-place?

Alas! Such details matter not to Jeanne. *She* is nothing to him. And this picturesque situation, this sample of a reigning Beauty's every-day sensations, is the turning-point in her fate; just that! Standing here, metaphorically and literally, in the cold, a miserable, unwilling listener, Jeanne feels that all the best half of herself—her girlhood, light-heartedness, hope—have died a sudden, violent death; that from this hour forth she will be about on a level, as regards enjoyment of life, with Ange—or lower, perhaps, by reason of the interminable vista of days that stretch out gray and changeless before her!

The principal actors—in this farce, or tragedy—which?—move, ere long, away; and advancing a pace or two from the wet shrubs, out of the pouring rain, Jeanne resolves stoutly to hold her pain in check, to confront whatever immediate ordeal lies before her. But even this respite is brief. Before five minutes are over, Miss Vivash and her companion return once more to their former position, and once more Jeanne is forced to listen.

That a climax of some kind has been reached during these five minutes, it needs but a glance at the two faces to discern.

CHAPTER XVI.

LOST LENORE.

THE master is moved beyond his wont; ice-cold are the looks of Beauty. Her lips have lost their smiles, her brow wears the peculiar heaviness which at times prophesies what the goddess's face will be when the bloom of youth, the glow of conscious power, no longer lighten it.

"In spite of all your discouragement, I am afraid I shall continue to hope," Wolfgang remarks, after a pause, and with a certain doggedness of tone:

'Wer zum ersten Male liebt,
Seið auch glücklich, ist ein Gott;
Aber wer zum zweiten Male,
Glücklich liebt, Der ist ein Narr.'

"Or, to put it in English doggerel:

'The man by love betrayed
A god may be;
Betray him a second time,
A fool is he!'

"I am at an age, Miss Vivash, when a man does not willingly admit to himself that he has been made a fool."

Vivian shrugs her shoulders carelessly. The quotation may be lost upon her. She can scarcely be so poor a physiognomist as to misjudge the expression of the master's face.

"Hope is a cheap amusement, Mr. Wolfgang." (The remark, still more the tone in which it is made, savor of acrimony.) "Unfortunately, there is too little of Micawber in my temperament for me to indulge in it. I see events and men (women also) as they are, and never expect anything to 'turn up' in life but the disagreeable."

"And you extend these pessimist doctrines to other people? You positively refuse to see any future good in store for me? Remember, Miss Vivash, that, although all this may seem a farce to you, to me it is a matter of life and death."

She laughs—the little laugh of affected scorn Jeanne knows so well.

"Life and death dependent upon a girl's caprice! A girl with no other dowry—"

"Than youth, grace, sweetness," Wolfgang interrupts her. "You should look upon me with pity rather than contempt, Miss Vivash. If, as you make me suspect, I am a fool, I shall have to pay dearly for my folly, depend upon it—change, I shall not."

"You have my most sincere pity, my friend," answers Vivian, "as regards your past, your present, and your future—above all, your future,

'Save us from our answered prayers!' as some one or another wisely said."

"You do not hold to any old-fashioned doctrines about wedded happiness?" he asks.

"In the cooing of turtle-doves, the sweetness of barley-sugar temples? Well, yes. I dare say such things are pleasant enough—while they last!"

"And the love that comes when the cooing of turtle-doves, when barley-sugar temples, are things of the past?"

A gesture of Vivian's white hand expresses as much condensed cynicism as would spread over a dozen pages, printed small, of La Rochefoucauld.

"I am not a sentimentalist, Mr. Wolfgang, once and for all. I am seasoned wood; I look at the world without blinkers. Every penniless love-match I ever took the trouble to watch, I have seen end in grief—naturally. How can it be otherwise? When people are married, each year they live brings heavier inevitable expenses on their shoulders. A woman's dress is costly in exact proportion to her age. (I went about in one gown," muses poor Beauty, "straight through the best balls of my first season. And all the fine ladies copied me! I know a great deal too much of human nature to go about in one gown now.) Then, unless the wife is a regular failure, she will look forward constantly to being more invited out, to entertaining more, to having better equipages, richer jewels. Love! unless the husband has an ample balance at his banker's, how *can* love exist, I should like to know, amid the wear and tear of daily anxieties like these?"

"Are you administering a wholesome bitter—speaking in parable—for my good?" says Wolfgang. "Or do you, in earnest, believe that human life contains nothing of higher worth, of keener delight, than equipages, jewels, and invitation-cards?"

"I believe," says Vivian, with an unstifled yawn, "that, unless one wants to be rheumatic for the rest of one's mortal days, it would be well to go back to the ballroom. What a climate!" (peeping forth, with a shudder, at the grand, dark heavens, through whose dome, at one solitary point, a star already shines). "If this is a normal German July, what must December be like—a succession of Decembers, enlivened by six-and-sixty, Frau Pastors, and the eternal stocking? And to think there are thousands—for aught I know, millions—of sentient beings condemned to drone out their days, even by courtesy one can not say to *live*, in the Fatherland!"

She turns brusquely away, the master in dutiful attendance; and stiff, cramped, drenched to the skin, Jeanne Dempster crawls forth out of her place of concealment, and watches their departure.

That Wolfgang has declared his love, and been rejected, she accepts as a certainty, although the actual words of his declaration were unheard by her. That, in spite of Vivian's cold worldliness, he will continue faithful to his folly, she can not, dare not doubt. "Although to you this may seem a farce, to me it is a matter of life and death. Although I may be a fool, although I may have to pay dearly for my folly—change I shall not." Do not his own confessions shut out the possibility of disbelief?

Well, and let him be true or false, a fool or wise, Jeanne Dempster must live on, must brave a hundred human faces, now, in yonder lighted noisy Kursaal, and make no sign that the heart within her breast is dead!

She will not give herself time for cowardice. She stops not to consider what sensation her wet clothes, her tear-stained cheeks are likely to create among the pink-and-white beauties of the ballroom—nay, it seems to her that she derives a certain forlorn satisfaction from the sense of her own uncomeliness. Approaching nearer the light, she sees that the clock above the entrance of the Kursaal points to three quarters past ten. In another fifteen minutes the ball will be over; let her sick heart in this, at least, find a shade of comfort. The fiddlers, even now, are tightening their strings preparatory to the final dance. What are her chances of a partner? she asks herself, ingeniously self-torturing, after the manner of the miserable. Wolfgang, Sir Christopher, thin-waisted, supercilious Baden officers—which among them all will come forward as the squire of the forlorn and draggled Cinderella, who is about to put in an appearance upon the scene?

She walks boldly past the range of windows, makes her way in (readily enough, when people discover the dripping condition of her raiment), through the crowded vestibule, and enters the ballroom. The first figure her eyes light upon is Miss Vivash. The Beauty is talking with an air of confidence to Lady Pamela at the farther end of the saal. Wolfgang, looking pale and disturbed, stands apart, speaking to no one, near the door.

He sees his pupil in an instant, and crosses over to her side.

"Miss Dempster, my little Jeanne, this is a relief, indeed! But you are cold" (whether the girl repulse him or not, he rests his hand on *hers*). "You must be drenched to the skin in that light frock of yours. What, in Gottes namen, have you been doing, child?"

"I have been taking a lesson," answers Jeanne, with a mighty effort, keeping her voice from quivering. "There are a few things to learn in the world, you know, sir, besides Euclid and Latin verbs."

Wolfgang looks at her with unsmiling lips, with grave, mistrustful eyes.

"A singular kind of lesson that has kept you out in such weather, at such an hour of the night as this, and alone!"

"And suppose I was not alone?" she answers curtly. "Suppose, until half an hour ago, that Sir Christopher Marlowe was good enough to be my companion?"

"Sir Christopher!" repeats Wolfgang, glancing across the room at the Bond Street perfections of the little London dandy; "why, Sir Christopher Marlowe would melt away bodily in one of our Black Forest thunder-showers."

"When one is in pleasant society, Mr. Wolfgang, the accidents of wind and rain may be forgotten, as you, surely, ought to know."

Jeanne believes herself to speak with a tolerably successful show of flippancy. Something, at any rate, in her tone or in her mention of Sir Christopher, produces an effect on Wolfgang.

"If Sir Christopher is ready to bear the blame, I, of course, may be silent," he remarks, somewhat coldly. "Otherwise, as I shall have to answer to Mademoiselle Ange to-morrow for your illness—"

"Oh, my illness!" exclaims Jeanne, turning aside from him impatiently. "Do I look, the very least in the world, like a person who is going to be ill?"

"You do not," is Wolfgang's reply; "you look like a person who is ill already. Your poor little pinched face is white as death, with a crimson spot on either cheek; your eyes are glassy, your lips blue."

"What a seductive picture!" cries Jeanne, this time with a laugh 'twould go to your heart to hear. "Who will offer himself as my partner, I wonder, for the next dance? for I *hope* I shall dance it! I hope a day of such wild pleasure as this has been will wind up bravely!"

"I believe I am, or was, engaged, after a fashion," Wolfgang remarks, after glancing at a programme that hangs suspended from his button-hole. "But, if you will accept me, Miss Dempster, I am ready to forswear myself. You and I have never danced together, have we?"

"No, we have had the good fortune hitherto to find other partners," Jeanne answers bitterly. "It would be rather late in the day to mend now. Besides, sir, why should my conscience be made to bear the guilt of your perjuries?"

A glow of telltale indignation suffuses her face, her lips tremble. As Wolfgang watches her steadily, the dawning of some new, not unwelcome truth seems to break upon him.

"If I am ready to bear the guilt myself," he whispers, "will you dance with me? It is never too late in the day to return to one's first—"

The sentence, unhappily for Jeanne's peace, remains a fragment. At this instant a suppliant for her hand, a victim to her drenched and mermaid charms, crosses the room, and with figure bent at an acute right angle, with hands stiffly glued down to his sides, stands, after the manner of academy-taught cavaliers, before her.

"Kann ich die Ehre haben?"—so in a sepulchral voice he addresses her—"Kann ich die Ehre haben, Gnädiges Fräulein?"

The new-comer is an immensely tall, conspicuously ugly university student, distantly known, by reason of his kinship with the Katzenellenbogen family, to Jeanne and Ange; a Herr Graf possessing Tittel ohne Mittel, like most of the Schwarzwald nobles, and of lineage too high, of prejudices too stiff, to seek partners among the rosy-cheeked *bourgeois* daughters of Freiburg or Mühlheim. Three or four tolerably recent duels slashes traverse his cadaverous face; his flaxen hair—long and parted down the center of his head, like the hair of Ary Scheffer's heroes—is drawn tightly behind his ears. He affects black gloves, too long in the fingers; shows an untold length of throat; wears Lord Byron collars, a white cravat, a cutaway riding-coat, and spurs!

And Jeanne turns shortly aside from Wolfgang. With her passion-strung heart just prepared to overflow and relent, she smiles upon this saber-slashed apparition as though he were a creature of light, rests her head with a little willing gesture on his arm, and resigns herself for the remainder of the evening to his guidance!

Lenore's Death Galop is the music chosen for the final dance: wildest, eeriest strains that ever entered into the heart of German composer to weave. The student glides an arm around Jeanne's wet waist, he shakes back his lint-white locks, holds his head aloft, extends his left hand horizontally in space, and in another moment they are off. One glimpse the girl catches of her master's grave face as he watches them depart; one glimpse she has of Vivian, looking on at the little scene with chill composure, with half-closed, indifferent eyes; and then until the galop is finished, during the space of a dozen or more mad minutes, she sees no more.

The Bohemian bandsmen play quick, even according to their national ideas of dancing speed. The strides of the specter student outstrip their strains. Once only in Jeanne Dempster's life before has she experienced such velocity—once, at the age of seven, when her nurse allowed her the supreme bliss of a whirl in a merry-go-round at Freiburg Fair. No matter that her limbs feel heavy, that her breath comes thick. Fast, faster, in her wet clothes, with jealous despair, cold and sick at her heart, she is borne:

"Und immer weiter, hop, hop, hop!
Ging's fort, in faufenden Galopp."

The music is of the order styled descriptive. To Jeanne's overwrought vision it seems that she is actually following the death-ride of Lost Lenore. The "Rapp Rapp" of the ghostly cock-crowing, the hurras of fleshless Wilhelm, the "Hu Hu" of the pursuing skeletons—she hears them all; now shiveringly low, now wildly shrieked forth by the topmost notes of clarionets and horns.

Not once does the long-limbed student pause for breath!

Quick ride the dead; he follows their example. The plumed and ribboned haus-mutters who line the ballroom walls turn into charnel-crowds before Jeanne's excited imagination. She feels faint! She glances up in vain appeal to her partner!

He carries no scythe and hour-glass; the flesh as yet has not fallen from his bones, as it fell from Wilhelm's, but his cadaverous complexion waxes paler and paler as they fly; the saber-wounds show ghastlier:

"Und immer weiter, hop, hop, hop!
Ging's fort, in faufenden Galopp."

Sick and reeling, Jeanne is kept on her legs to the last: when the final crash of fiddles has spent itself, is dropped, not like hapless Lenore into a living grave, but among a feather-bed group of dowagers on an ottoman, and there left to come back to consciousness as she may.

Through all the future nightmare of her life, whenever her brain shall be in a condition to shape sinister memories into evil dreams, that Lenore galop, played by the Badenweiler band, danced with her specter-student partner, must, of a surety, come to the fore.

CHAPTER XVII.

EFFACED.

To the mind of any legitimate heroine the propriety of falling ill must, at this point of Jeanne Dempster's career, present itself. A recreant lover, a successful rival, a thunderstorm, and a wetting, are circumstances to which, about the end of the second volume, no heroine with a decent sense of the responsibilities of her position could fail to succumb. Will not the process of sickening fill a hundred pages, her convalescence another hundred, her last hours, or the lover's reconciliation—according to whether the romantic taste of the hour inclines toward good or "bad endings"—a third?

Jeanne is emphatically not a heroine; no, not even the heroine proper of this little history; and the sequel to her Badenweiler adventures is commonplace, exceedingly. She awakes next morning sound as a bell, in health, not an ache in head or limb, not an accelerated beat of the pulse, but with her voice gone.

Elsbeth, coming into the girl's chamber, according to custom, soon after sunrise, is accosted with a "Guten Morgen" hoarse as the utterance of a strangled raven, and summons Mamselle Ange, in haste, upon the scene. An inspection of Jeanne's frock and shoes reveals the state in which she returned home last night from her day's merry-making, and the sentence pronounced upon her is brief. She shall remain in her bed, drink Haferschleim, and take aconite globules until her voice returns; yes, although twenty private theatricals, although the home-coming of twenty Counts von Egmont, were imminent.

"Nearly all pulmonary disorders," says Ange, oracularly, as though she were on the rostrum of a lecture-room, "begin in the throat. If Jeanne's throat be not affected, her hoarseness must arise from the bronchia" (second only to her proficiency in matters doctrinal does Ange rate her own knowledge of the human frame), "if not from the bronchia, worse still, from the lungs." In any case she shall remain prisoner, if refractory, be visited by the Herr Doctor Gregorius, from Freiburg, and, as the Herr Doctor's first order would be to shut every window in the house, his second to pile the patient high in feather-bed counterpanes, and the third to make her swallow gallons of Lindenbluthen Thee, Jeanne obeys; not, perhaps, without a lurking curiosity as to the emotions that shall be awakened in the different members of the Egmont Incapables by her absence.

"It is nothing catching—you give me your assurance that it is going to be nothing catching?" So, toward mid-day, she hears Vivian holding parley with Ange outside the door. "Of course, if one had even a suspicion of fever, or diphtheria, or anything of the kind, it would be right to have the girl removed out of the house at once. Nothing in the world I have such a horror of as contagion. Now, I do rely on you—I may venture in with safety?"

And, holding a handkerchief saturated with essences to her nose, the Beauty enters the room, seats herself gingerly at about a foot distant from the door, and desires that both the windows may be set open in order to insure a draught above the patient's head.

If little Jeanne were suffering from plague, pestilence, and famine combined, Miss Vivash could not show more prompt and tender solicitude—for her own safety!

"I hear, through Evans, you have lost your voice, Jeanne, and really you might have had a little more consideration, as I had agreed to your attempting a leading part! A radical change of characters will be the only measure open to us. Now, do you mean to tell me you can not speak at all?"

Faintly Jeanne tries to answer that she supposes, if she take very good care of herself, that she may get her voice back by to-morrow, growing exceedingly hot and red as she makes the effort.

Vivian recedes hastily in the direction of the door.

"To me you appear feverish, disagreeably feverish; the same kind of red, swollen look round the eyes that you had last night when you were dancing. I do hope I am running no risk in coming here, the medical men all declare that I have such an exquisitely sympathetic organization; 'sensitive as iodine to light,' the great Sir Leo Smith has been known to say of me! Are you sure you have had the common childish complaints—measles, nettle-rash, whooping-cough?"

"I have never had *small-pox*," gasps Jeanne, hoarsely; and yet with sufficient malicious distinctness to make the color fade from Beauty's cheek.

"Small-pox! Horrors!" she ejaculates, gathering her skirts around her with a gesture of affright.

"Small - pox! Fiddlesticks!" cries Ange, crossing over to the girl's pillow. "Jeanne was vaccinated when she first came under my care as a baby, and again at fourteen. Not that revaccination is much of a protection from the disease. I recollect a laundry-maid of my dear mother's dying of it, who had been vaccinated regularly (or who said she had, for sad things were found out afterward as to her character, and we knew her to be unreliable about the starch) every seven years. If you are frightened at these things, Miss Vivash, you go the straightest road toward catching them. Every one remembers about the prisoners and the cholera-beds, though I call it murder! Cause of science or no, such an experiment should never have been made in a Christian country; and, as to Jeanne's illness, why, her temperature is normal; feel her hand, if you want to convince yourself how much fever the child has about her."

Miss Vivash does not avail herself of this offer. She continues on the extreme edge of her chair, ready if need be for instant flight. She watches the patient's face in silence. Something in Jeanne's expression would seem, after a time, to reassure her.

"Of course, we shall have to arrive at a decision one way or the other," she observes, with

meaning. "That is what I came here to tell you. The theatricals are fixed for Saturday, to-morrow. Will you be well enough to take your part, or will you not?"

Jeanne whispers to Ange, who repeats aloud, for Vivian's benefit, that she hopes to take her part if she gets her voice back sufficiently.

"Oh, but 'ifs' and 'hopes' don't do in emergencies of this kind," interrupts Vivian coolly. "You must decide positively, and at once, whether you will have voice enough to act or not. Mr. Wolfgang comes over to a dress rehearsal this evening." Jeanne feels the pale eyes rest on her with cruel significance at mention of the master's name. "If Laura does not choose to put in an appearance, I as stage-manager must decide what shall be done in Laura's absence."

"I think it would be generous—I think you might fairly give me four-and-twenty hours' grace," utters Jeanne, with an effort. (Ange, just at this moment, has been called out of the room by Elspeth on kitchen-business, leaving the poor child to confront her enemy alone.) "I got hoarse last winter, I remember, after the New-Year's Philharmonic Concert, and it went off after twenty-four hours, and—"

"And if 'it' does not go off? If 'it' turns, as I more than suspect will be the case, to something horrible and dangerous, what then? Do you suppose that a substitute can be found, programmes changed, dresses made up, at the last moment? Remember the hundred and fifty guests, and the twenty pairs of chickens," says Vivian, playfully; "remember the salmon from Geneva, and the pies from Strasburg, and the thunder in the air! With all the dramatic ability in the world you can not act two parts at once, my dear, the interesting invalid and the Maid of Honor, as well. It is for you to decide which you prefer!"

"I am not an invalid," gasps Jeanne, growing hoarser and hoarser; "I am not interesting, to myself or anybody else, and I do not mean to break up the theatricals. I mean to get back my voice, and act, and—"

"Well, as far as breaking up the theatricals goes," interrupts Beauty—"you don't mind my speaking quite plainly? I thought not—as far as breaking up the theatricals goes, nothing would conduce more to our success than for Lady Pamela, as I said from the first, to take the Maid of Honor. Your dress could be made to fit her—I presume you meant to wear the costume you put on one night for our edification?—and Sir Christopher would take the part of Laura, *alias* the Count Cesario."

"Sir Christopher would take the part of Laura!" repeats little Jeanne, raising herself up on her elbows in her amazement.

"Yes. Capital proposal, is it not? Sir Christopher is quite too irresistible dressed as a girl—female characters are his forte. He would bring the house down with every word, and mock flirtation between him and Lady Pamela, when Laura has disguised herself in male attire, would have a piquancy. I more than half regret, positively, that I did not keep Giulia for myself. This would only leave the part of the Grand Chamberlain vacant. Very likely Mr.—Mr.—what is the Freiburg teaching-man's name?—Wolfgang might find some one among his pupils to take it?"

At this mention of Wolfgang, at the intentionally impertinent hesitation with which his name is drawled forth, Jeanne's cheeks flame. She starts up in her bed, she looks at Miss Vivash fixedly.

"It is a thousand pities for himself that the Freiburg teaching-man ever had anything to do with us or our theatricals!" so she breaks forth, indignation, for the moment, lending her voice a certain husky strength.

"Oh, come, come, this will never do; you are working yourself into a fever," interrupts Vivian, rising languidly, and with a manner implying that the argument remains with her. "Drink plenty of water-gruel, my dear, or whatever paraphrase of water-gruel exists in Teuton land, keep yourself cool and collected, and be quite sure we will arrange everything for the best. Remember the adage of the nursery: 'Master Jacky can not eat the cake and have it.'" (This is discharged as a parting shot ere she quits the room.) "You *would* run about the wet gardens, yesterday, rehearsing *ingénue* scenes with Sir Christopher (burning your fingers, as your master sagely forewarned you). You *would* overdance yourself with Byronic saber-scarred German nobles, and to-day comes retribution. So are our pleasant sins ever paid for. Champagne may triumph over night. Repentance and soda-water prevail in the morning."

The Beauty's tone betrays more undisguised active rancor than usual; at which, in her ignorance, Jeanne marvels. Can it be that Vivian holds her last night's triumph incomplete? that Wolfgang, although vanquished, did not yield the full measure of incense which her slakeless thirst for conquest craves after? Does the acrimony of tongue betray some lurking sense of failure—failure whereof, rightly or wrongly, she holds Jeanne's insignificant self to be the cause?

Ample leisure has Jeanne Dempster for meditation ere this weary July day be done. Sick and impatient at heart, she watches the sun creep inch by inch along her chamber-wall; she hears the lagging hours strike drowsily on St. Ulrich's

clock; she listens to the trickling of the trout-stream, the wail of the wood-doves, the southing of the forests. Alas! and for the first time since she was born, sunshine palls upon her; the sounds of stream and forest have lost their tune. For the first time she realizes the meaning of *life*, as the old, the sick, the sorry—the whole army of martyrs, in countless thousands—are obliged to know and to bear it! Is this one day's forced inaction a fitting prelude to the long list of days to come? Does this sudden distaste of sweet, familiar joys accurately strike the key-note of the future that lies before her?

She will not become as Mamselle Ange is! The blood of a keener-strung race, the moral fiber of a more restless generation, are in her. She will not tone down to a cheerful, garrulous state of vegetation—the flavor of raspberry vinegar, or the clearness of calves'-feet jelly for a high-water mark of duty; a game of six-and-sixty, a gossip "behind the stove" with the Frau Pastor for pleasure.

Neither will she be as one of the Fräuleins Katzenellenbogen! Pinched spinsters, who, after sighing through a sentimental youth, console themselves as they go down the gray slopes of middle age with the remembrance of their father's sixteen quarterings of nobility; with the half-yearly attendance at Residenz *levées*; with torturing an unhappy white slave, their *dame de compagnie*; with lapdogs; Viennese sugar-plums; provincial scandal, and French novels.

As she has sown, or rather, as the iron hand of circumstances has sown for her, so shall she reap. Seventeen years of a child's automatic contentment, a few summer weeks of awakening, a little reading of Heine's verse, a few brief passionate hopes, some poignant hours or days of pain, and then—all over! To satisfy a coquette's caprice, happiness torn roughly out of her grasp; fifty or sixty loveless years—centuries, to the hot, onward-looking spirit of youth—to be existed through!

Jeanne exists through the prelude, through the interminable stretch of July hours, as best she can. Evening brings her a faintly brightening prospect of release. Her hoarseness abates; her voice begins to strengthen. Not Ange's threats of the Herr Gregorius, not Miss Vivash, not fate itself, shall hinder her from taking her part in the theatricals, if this improvement last. Her heart may be *broken*; she will wear her brocaded silk, her Valencia lace above the fragments; will cover the traces of tears with rouge and rice-powder, will show a brave front before Wolfgang, before Vivian, before the whole world, to the last.

So Jeanne tells herself: reckoning without an influence more potent than the Herr Doctor's

prescription, mightier far than the sneers of Beauty, or than the irony of Fate!

"Mr. Wolfgang thinks that we have recast the piece to admiration," cries Lady Pamela, bursting unceremoniously into the girl's room, a little after sunset. "We have been running it all over without you, Jeanne, and we are just going to light the foot-lights, if they will light, and begin the dress rehearsal, now. You don't hear our voices, I hope? That is right. It would be such a sin to disturb you. My dear child, I wish you could see us! Sir Christopher as Laura, *alias* Cesario, is inimitable. I give up my Hesians to him without a sigh, the more readily, perhaps, when I remember that sweet little *poudré* dress of yours! You will let me run away with it now, won't you? Too short in the skirts?" (This, as poor Jeanne attempts to put in a feeble protest.) "Oh, ankles will not matter for rehearsal, and Evans can add a flounce to-morrow, if strictly necessary. I suppose I shall find it all in the wardrobe, yonder?"

And ere Jeanne can collect herself sufficiently for resistance, the costume of the village Marchioness, carefully laid ready, with every adjunct of lace and furbelow and ribbon, is in Lady Pamela's hands.

"Pink and azure! Not quite the colors for an *ingénue* of nine-and-twenty. However, I must trust to bistre for my downcast eyelids, and to carmine for my modesty. It seems a shame, I must say, child" (testing a knot of ribbon against her complexion), "a crying shame that you should have none of the fun. But one must think of the guests, and the supper, and the programmes. There will be only just time, if we send to Baden to-night, to get the names altered. As Mr. Wolfgang says, it is one of those things that can not be left an open question."

"As Mr. Wolfgang says?" repeats Jeanne, feeling her powers of utterance growing stronger and stronger. "Mr. Wolfgang is extremely good to interest himself in my concerns, and I have no doubt his recasting of the piece is admirable. But I mean to act my part. I mean to wear my dress. I mean my name to remain where it stands in the programme."

With the close of each firm, staccatoed sentence, Lady Pamela's face falls lower and lower. She is as generous, as little selfish, as the blood that runs in her veins will allow. *But the blood runs there.* Grapes must no man ask from thistles, nor pretty feeling more durable than powder on the wing of a butterfly from Lord Vauxhall's granddaughter. Would not poor Lady Pamela, with her half-cynical, half-pathetic outspokenness, be herself the first to tell you so? Hard, doubtless, for a child of Jeanne's age to

forego promised pleasure; but life altogether (who knows it better than Lady Pamela Lawless?) has a trick of being hard on most of us, and, if none piped while others wept, where were a good two thirds or more of the world's cheeriest piping?

"You think, really and truly, that there is a chance of your being well enough to act by to-morrow? I understood from Miss Vivash—" she is beginning—

"There is every chance of my being well by to-morrow," interrupts Jeanne; "the more so as I am just as well as I ever was—my hoarseness, even, gone—at this moment. As to Miss Vivash," she continues hotly, "Schloss Egmont, as yet, is not under Miss Vivash's rule. Neither am I!"

Lady Pamela tosses down Jeanne's brocades and laces on the nearest chair that comes to her hand.

"Then the theatricals, to my mind, had best be given up," she exclaims, with considerable ill humor; "just as we had every prospect, too, of assured success— The scenes between Sir Christopher and myself would be perfect, naturally! Kit Marlowe and I have been acting together all our lives—and, as Mr. Wolfgang says, the play, as art, is a vast deal better with the Grand Chamberlain struck out. But, of course, if people are determined, they are determined."

Jeanne does not contradict this profound aphorism. A feeling deeper than balked vanity, sharper than regret over a few hours' frustrated pleasure, holds her dumb.

Taking the girl's silence as a hopeful earnest of coming surrender, Lady Pamela runs on volubly:

"I am quite as disappointed for you as you can be for yourself. You would make a delightful little Maid of Honor, in your patches and powder—although a trifle grave, perhaps! a character in one of the Tyrolese Passion plays might suit your coloring better—and if you like to wear your dress for the dances afterward, I don't mind giving it up to you a bit. (Indeed, I more than suspect I look better in my own crimson and silver.) A heavenly notion, is it not, of utilizing Evans? Oh, I forgot, you were not present at the conclave. Mr. Wolfgang deserves the whole credit of the idea. The Grand Chamberlain is to be effaced bodily, my dear, and Evans introduced, as a dumb crambo page, to bow us all in and off the scene. We thought you would not care for a page's dress—doublet, and hose, etc. No, Mamselle Ange was sure you would not. So Mr. Wolfgang suggested Evans—Evans, amid whose manifold faults that of ultra-prudishness can *not* be reckoned."

"I—I think I begin to see how matters stand,"

remarks Jeanne, after a minute's reflection, a minute during which months, years of pain seem, prospectively, to cast their shadows across her heart. "It was Mr. Wolfgang's idea, you say, that the Grand Chamberlain's part should be struck out. From Mr. Wolfgang, also, came the suggestion, no doubt, that my name should be effaced from the programme?"

Lady Pamela draws forth a folded slip of paper from her waist-belt.

"A tender billet-doux, of which Mr. Wolfgang asked me to be the bearer—nay, never turn so red, child, I can be discreet on occasion—let alone that the billet is written in an unknown tongue! Mr. Wolfgang feels sure, he says, that the missive will put an end to all our difficulties."

And this is what the missive contains; two lines written, in German, in the rapid, firm hand Jeanne knows so well:

"MY LITTLE PUPIL: Do me a favor—the second favor I have asked of you—give up your part in the theatricals.

"WOLFGANG."

"Well!" cries Lady Pamela, with scarcely veiled impatience. "What is your ultimatum? Is Evans to make her appearance in hose and doublet, or—"

"You will do as you like—let Mr. Wolfgang and Miss Vivash decide everything as they choose," cries Jeanne with a firm lip, a steady color. "The play will go on better without me, and I—am only too glad to be a spectator, not an actor."

"And I may really take possession of your dress?" cries Lady Pamela with tardy compunction, but suiting the action to the word. "I vow this is all too bad. If it were not for my sense of honesty toward the public, I should be tempted to scratch my own name too. Brocaded petticoat, bodice, fan! Yes" (examining her borrowed plumes critically), "all the materials are here, and the only item wanting will be a face of seventeen to set them off. A pity you could not lend me that as well, Jeanne! A face of seventeen, and the heart that belongs to it."

"You would pretty soon find that you had the worst of the bargain," answers Jeanne Dempster sorrowfully.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IM WALD.

SATURDAY comes, and Schloss Egmont, from morn till dusk, is astir with feverish preparation.

Mamselle Ange's faculties, like those of a general in battle, seem to quicken, her perceptions to clear, under the pressure of immediate action. She remembers her own orders for at least five minutes at a time; keeps her keys in her basket, keeps her cap on her head; and, ably seconded by the Frau Pastor Meyer, contrives ubiquitously to render miserable the life of every serving person, male and female, throughout the Schloss.

The London visitors, a hasty one o'clock meal swallowed, appear no more; so intent is each member of the Bernstein Incapables upon wigs, rouge, patches, false eyebrows, paste diamonds, and sentiments to correspond! Mistress Evans haunts the staircases in picturesque disarray—Mistress Evans, amid whose manifold faults that of ultra-prudishness can not be reckoned—with pinching-irons, perukes, plumes, Hessians, and other theatrical properties in her hand. Incessant hammering resounds from the saal, where the village carpenters, tardy to the last, bestow final touches on footlights, slips, and drop-scenes. A rich dramatic flavor of oil and sawdust, intensified by culinary whiffs from kitchen and larder, fills the atmosphere.

As evening approaches, the avenue leading to the Schloss begins to fill with working-people; the women in their Sonntagschleife, holiday petticoats, smart kerchiefs, full white sleeves and silver jewelry; the men in gayly buttoned jackets, slouched felt hats, and long plush waistcoats, *à la Grandison*. Grave are they all of demeanor, silent, dignified, as the guests of a court concert.

"A stone-mason's bill can make poor amends for a broken heart."

... The Black Forest peasant is by nature stolid, a human creature chary of speech—save at rare vinous intervals—reticent of memory. And the story of Wendolin's Malva has long been a household word throughout the district. Paul von Egmont will receive welcome to his father's house, among his own people. The sunshine of a dozen Julys has not effaced from men's memories the winter morning when Paul von Egmont's sweetheart was laid to rest among new-fallen snows—not whiter than the maiden's own fair name—in St. Ulrich's churchyard.

And Jeanne—how fares it with her?

Alone, among the festive preparations, is Jeanne Dempster, dull, unexpectant, a spectator, not an actor in the play. She helps, with mechanical show of interest, as long as her help is wanted; assists the Frau Pastor in garnishing the supper-table with flowers; writes out the tickets for the cloak-room; is called upon, more than once, to aid Mistress Evans in her green-room labors. A tuck must be run here; some plaits are wanted there. As she, Jeanne, is not

going to act, surely she would find it an amusement to take in hand the crimping of Beauty's wig, to play prompter while Kit Marlowe and Lady Pamela run over one or two of their most telling love-scenes? And then there are the programmes. As the Ugly Duckling has no part to rehearse, no details of dress upon her conscience, would she kindly affix pencils to one hundred and fifty pink programmes, with ribbon—and neatly?

Only when the sun has begun to sink is Jeanne free to steal out to the Wald, sharer of her childish joys, confidant, during the past summer weeks, of sweetest, most golden, most fallacious dreams. Alas! and the Wald comforts her not. We receive from Nature as much as we bring to her; ounce for ounce. Nature gives back faithfully; she does not modify our moods. Jeanne Dempster has, hitherto, been content to live without horizons. The environment of pine-girt mountains, the bounded vistas of closely columned forest have brought to her, as they bring to every true child of the Wald, a sense of liberty rather than imprisonment. In this hour, her feverish heart yearns for a wider outlook, a freer breathing-space. Taught by the same instinct that informed Doctor Johnson's "Rasselas," she feels that she needs more than the Schwarzwald can yield; would fain overstep the Blauen tops and enter upon a world alien to Schloss Egmont, uncolored by her personal hopes and disappointments.

The village Kirchhof, with its pair of giant yews, its crowd of low black crosses, stands on a sandy mound among the fir-woods. From the steps of the little Chapel of the Dead you may see the blue Vosges Mountains above the Rhine plain, may even, in fair weather, catch a glimpse of white-gleaming Strasburg Cathedral spires. Thither Jeanne makes her way; her face down-bent, her step slow and unelastic. Late summer though it be, the Wald orchestra is not dumb. Although their second broods are on the wing, the ousel and goldhammer pipe a blithe duet; the woodpecker taps his castanet accompaniment on the branches; at intervals the crane calls softly from a neighboring patch of yellowing corn.

Jeanne bethinks her of the July evenings, years ago, when she and blind Lottchen held it a kind of holiday pleasure to visit the churchyard, their small arms laden with flowers for the grave of Wendolin's Malva. Lottchen's sympathy, she remembers, would on these occasions flow forth without let or hindrance. In her own mind, there lurked, ever, a certain tinge of pitying contempt for the fate of Paul von Egmont's sweetheart. With a child's healthy skepticism she used to doubt the wisdom of dying (merely

because one lover proved recreant) in a world so full of potential lovers as this! The philosophy of the grave, the excellence of lying at rest, untouched by praise or blame, by truth or infidelity, come home to her to-day.

"Whoever smells a churchyard flower," so runs a legend of the Schwarzwald, "shall die within the year."

Jeanne has stood long beside the sleeping-place of Malva and of Lottchen—the echoless solitude, the golden white sky, the faint cold odor from the grave-gardens seeming to bring to her a kind of peace—when suddenly the words of the legend run through her heart.

A spray of rosemary is still in blossom above poor Malva's head. She stretches forth her hand to pluck it—her fingers touch the stem—she hesitates, shivers.

"Jeanne!" A man's voice at a little distance calls to her—a voice, low though it be, which arrests her arm, which hurries back the blood-hue to her cheek.

She turns languidly; with faint limbs moves a dozen paces away from Malva's grave, and finds herself face to face with Wolfgang.

"The air grows chill here," says the master, taking her reluctant hand in his. The cross above the chapel's roof has in truth at this moment gone from amber to gray. "On the heights among the Zaubereisen we shall find ourselves in sunshine for another half hour at least, and half an hour's sunshine is something worth adding to one's life. Come."

He keeps possession of Jeanne's hand; he leads her as one would lead a child forth from the graveyard. A few minutes' climbing brings them to the Zaubereisen—three or four huge granite boulders bedded among bracken and mosses in the hillside, and upon which, through an oblique clearing in the forests, the crimson level sun streams full.

"I came up to you just in time," the master whispers, after a silence. "Have you lived all these years in the Schwarzwald without learning the fate in store for those who pluck a graveyard flower?"

"Not half a bad fate," answers Jeanne, hurriedly, "if the legend were but true! Unfortunately, my faith is lukewarm. I do not believe that death can be wooed and our troubles ended by so easy a means as breaking a sprig of rosemary."

"And what reason have you for talking of trouble—for spending the goldenest hour of the twenty-four among the dead? At my age," says the master, "every day is an anniversary, a fitting occasion for sad remembrance—a day of forced rejoicing like this most of all. But you, little Jeanne, what made you choose the evening of

Von Egmont's return for visiting *her* grave who lies below us there?"

"I chose because there was no joyfuller thing for me to do," is Jeanne's answer. "No one wants me in Schloss Egmont. I have no place in the merry-making. And my visit to Wendolin's Malva has done me good," she adds, with an effort. "It has reminded me that sorrowful lives come to an end, 'that even the weariest river'—you taught me that line once, sir; you were jealous, you said, that Heine had not written it—'that even the weariest river winds somewhere safe to the sea.'"

Her deep eyes fill, the wild-rose color dies from out her delicate cheeks.

"Jeanne, my child," says Wolfgang, stealing his arm around the girl's slight shoulder, "am not I your friend? Are you so changed by association with smart people, by stories of 'silks and scandals,' of court balls and Twickenham dinners, as to count my friendship for nothing?"

"Friendship," she repeats, with drooping lids, with lips over-ready to surrender. "Ah, Herr Wolfgang, if I could think, could believe—" Then the scene of which she was an unwilling witness at Badenweiler thrills through her brain; she turns upon him with an abrupt flash of indignation. "But you have not the right to speak to me like this. No, sir, you have not the right! You can not, honestly, be Miss Vivash's suitor one day, and the next—"

"I have never been Miss Vivash's suitor," interrupts Wolfgang firmly, "and never shall be while she and I inhabit the same planet. Through blind accident, a mischievous caprice of Paul von Egmont's sister, I have been thrown into Miss Vivash's society. I have not once forgotten, I hope, the distance that lies between us. As to being her suitor, Fräulein Jeanne, what could have put a notion so extravagant into your head?"

"Your own language and hers," answers Jeanne Dempster, unhesitatingly. "There shall be no more secrets, sir, between you and me. I will make full confession of the truth. The other night at Badenweiler, when you and Miss Vivash walked together under the veranda, I was there, hidden—and I heard all! It was scarcely my fault at first. You—you came upon me so suddenly I had not time to think about being honorable, and afterward I felt too miserable, too covered with shame, to show myself. Yes, *and I heard all!* Now, believe as badly of me as you choose."

Her head droops on her breast. She turns as though to leave him; but with kindly force Wolfgang's arm holds her close.

Ousel and goldhammer by now have piped themselves to rest; the wind sinks lower as the

sun's last beams fall round and yellow upon the fir-stems. It seems to Jeanne in this palpitating light, this tremulous stillness, as though Nature herself held her breath.

"You heard all." The master's voice comes to her as from a sweet, partially familiar world of dreams. "I half suspected as much when you told me in the ballroom that you would not bear the weight of my perjuries on your soul. You heard all, and I have nothing more to add, for you know—that I love you! It was forced on me," he goes on, like one who would fain settle some moot point of conscience with himself, "to take Miss Vivash into my confidence. She showed a good-natured interest in my prospects, and our talk so shaped itself that I had no choice but to speak to her of my hopes—my hopes of winning Jeanne Dempster's heart. If you heard all, child, you must know that Miss Vivash's forecasts as to my fate were unfavorable. Was she right" (and the tremble of strong emotion is in Wolfgang's voice), "or was I?"

But Jeanne answers not. In thought she passes again through that hour's physical torture when she believed Wolfgang to be false. She sees the error into which blinded jealousy betrayed her; realizes, with rapture so keen as to be wellnigh pain, that she has not, has never had, a rival in his affection.

"If—if you care for me a very little, you have found a strange way, during the past week, of showing your regard, Herr Wolfgang."

"I might make a like remark, Miss Dempster. Oh, the lonely walks with Sir Christopher (that first walk, on the night of his arrival, not forgotten), the dances with Sir Christopher, the pretty speeches from Sir Christopher, that I have been forced to endure!"

She turns aside; the consciousness of a heart stirred by new instincts painting her face.

"May not Sir Christopher Marlowe have taken pity on me because he saw that I was neglected?"

"And is there not some English saying about pity being near akin to love?"

"As much love as Sir Christopher can give belongs to Lady Pamela Lawless!" cries Jeanne, with a deeper blush. It will be long before the scene under the dripping Badenweiler lime-trees ceases to occasion her some retrospective twinges of remorse. "Whatever my sins have been in the past, they are punished, and by you, sir. Is not my name effaced from the theatricals? Have you not refused to play Leoni to my Giulia?"

The master takes her in his arms. During a few quick breaths he holds her close, as though pausing, with epicurean hesitation, on the brink of his own happiness. Then he kisses her.

"As we are making a clean confession," he says presently, "I had better let mine be complete. I am inveterately suspicious by temperament, jealous as a Spaniard—as well prepare you betimes for the future that is in store for you! I grudged that the eyes of a hundred strangers should see my little Jeanne, rouged, travestied, making equivocal love-speeches before the foot-lights. To women of the world, great ladies, reigning beauties, such an exhibition," says Wolfgang, "comes in the natural order of things. For you I would have none of it—that much I determined on the evening when a certain simple heart first awoke to vanity, mein Fräulein, in the moment when I first saw a little figure I love, patched and powdered and painted, in Kit Marlowe's arms. The rest of us will go through our parts to admiration, untroubled, certainly, by any foolish diffidence, and you will put on your muslin frock and coral beads—yes, I will take no refusal about those coral beads—sit, Griselda-fashion, in a corner, and listen to our plaudits."

"And not dance throughout the evening, of course, sir? Say 'No,' even if Count Paul should invite me to be his partner?"

"Even if Count Paul should invite you!" repeats Wolfgang, with a smile, repressed, ere Jeanne has had time to suspect its import. "Ay, there will be the crucial temptation. How, if Count Paul should offer himself—not as your partner in a waltz only? How if he should place Schloss Egmont and all belonging to it, Count Paul included, at your feet?"

"Schloss Egmont and all belonging to it will be offered to Miss Vivash," says Jeanne, not without a certain wistfulness. "Count Paul, we know, is a passionate worshiper of beauty, and I—although Mr. Wolfgang is good enough to care for me a little—I have red hair and freckles and thin arms, and might sit as a model, so says Miss Vivash, in the Great Art School of Ugliness. Do you suppose Count Paul would even look at me in *her* presence?"

"Hard to prognosticate. Paul von Egmont, like all his race, is of an unreliable, many-sided temperament. Although his artistic sense may have been led captive by a full-cut mouth, a sweep of throat (and such charms will pose for you in Rome, I am told, at five lire the hour), who shall say that the fellow is not true at heart to his boyish ideal, that he may not wish to take up his life and the best inspiration for art at the point where he was faithless to both more than a dozen years ago? Little Jeanne," says Wolfgang, earnestly, "would you have strength to withstand the temptation, did it arrive? On one side, a position, name, competence; on the other—"

But Jeanne's arms are round the master's

neck; her dark eyes look up, with infinite tenderness in their depths, to his.

"For competence, for position, for all that Count Paul von Egmont has to offer, I care nothing. Miss Vivash may have them, freely. She can not take from me the only riches, the only happiness I desire to possess."

Her voice, her glance might set jealousy, even more inveterate than Wolfgang's, at rest.

CHAPTER XIX.

BEAUTY'S CROWNING TRIUMPH.

EIGHT o'clock has struck; the guests are assembled; the curtain is in readiness to rise. But the places of honor, in the foremost row of "stalls," remain unoccupied. Their High Transparencies, at the Residenz, have not even sent a gentleman-in-waiting to represent them. Paul von Egmont himself arrives not.

Miss Vivash, an ideally lovely (stage) Duchess, in paste brilliants, satins, rouge, is not at the smallest pains to dissemble her ill humor from her fellow actors. Coquettes have existed, in poets' brains, if nowhere else, who, on occasion, would pardon a man the injury they had wrought him. "Oft she rejects," wrote Pope of his Belinda, "but never once offends." From the ashes of each of Ninon's discarded lovers, we read, arose, phoenix-like, a friend! The type is obsolete. Modern beauty has her head too full of practical business interests to give heed to the finer niceties of generous sentiment. Pass beyond the stage of concrete admiration, the stage of bracelets, bouquets, and opera-tickets; escape with only a surface-wound or two, as Sir Christopher and Wolfgang have both escaped from Vivian's hands, and she will feel such bitterness toward you as only foiled vanity, frustrated greed of conquest, can, in a nature of a certain caliber, engender.

"If I could have foreseen that the thing was to end in a contemptible *fiasco*, I would have thrown up my part at the eleventh hour." (Thus the Goddess, angrily pacing up and down the boards of the extemporized green-room.) "Indeed, I am by no means certain I shall not do so now."

"And our audience?" expostulates Wolfgang. "The hundred and fifty spectators who, at this moment, await the rising of the curtain?"

"An audience of dowds and boors!" (The body of the saal is filled with Grafs, Gräfins, and barons—the whole collected High-well-borns of the district. The workmen and smaller *bourgeois* of St. Ulrich have, by Paul von Egmont's orders, been admitted to the music-gallery.) "Of course,

if one were in a first-rate *troupe* it would be different. Even before a set of country bumpkins one might act, for the pleasure of acting. But with such a cast as ours!"

"Thanks for the implied compliment," cries Sir Christopher, from the corner where he and Lady Pamela are contentedly rehearsing, or forestalling, their coming love-scenes. "The cakes are eaten, the ale is drunk, Miss Vivash. Still, I remember the day when you and I flattered ourselves on being two of the best amateur actors in London—or Leamington, which was it?"

The Beauty's pale eyes flash. It was in Leamington that Kit Marlowe, not one brief twelve-month ago, received the blow that should have been his death-wound. And Kit Marlowe is heart-whole already—nay, if a certain radiant look on Lady Pamela's face speak true, is already far upon the road to another and a happier love.

"A thousand pities the cast was changed," she resumes. "Little Jeanne's classic pronunciation would have appealed, charmingly, in her final speech to the gods, our critics.

"Oh, bray don't do anything for mich! Above all, matam, don't get me a huspand."

So Miss Vivash imitates, or believes she imitates, the slightly German accents of Jeanne Dempster's voice. The color deepens on Wolfgang's face; but self-control is the habit of his life, and he keeps his temper to admiration.

"Brava, Miss Vivash, brava! If Paul von Egmont have inherited the family proclivities, he will be a lover of all things dramatic, a judge of histrionic talent. Be sure he will appreciate your powers of mimicry to the full!"

Even while Wolfgang speaks, the blast from a postilion's horn reëchoes through the avenue; the clang of horses' hoofs, the rattling of wheels, stir in the court below. A couple of minutes later comes the sound of footsteps passing the green-room; there is a creaking of hinges as the doors of the audience-saal are thrown open, and then—a hush! Paul von Egmont, if it be he, is welcomed to his father's house with more state than enthusiasm.

Lady Pamela and Vivian rush, with one accord, from the green-room across the stage.

"A faded-looking lad with well-cut clothes, a military order on his breast, an inch and a half of brain, and eyelids." So exclaims Lady Pamela, peeping cautiously between the folds of the curtain. "A couple of faded followers, all bows and scrapes, and yellow gloves and polished boots! Can *this* be the careless Bohemian, the prodigal son, the picturesque heir of all the Von Egmonts!"

"It is the young Prince, Ernest Waldemar," cries Vivian, an inflection of newly-awakened eagerness in her voice. "He must have heard

—the people at the Residenz must have heard—that *I* was to act. Don't you remember Mr. Chodd's wrath about him at the Derby? Prince Ernest was on Lord William Frederick's drag, and poor Samuel would not allow me—Oh" (breaking away from these reminiscences of the Chodd tragedy), "we must begin at once! now that his Highness is here, it would be in the worst possible taste to wait. Paul von Egmont desired, in his last telegram, that the curtain should rise punctually at eight, whether he arrived in time or not.—Am I rouged enough, my dear Pamela? Are you certain my left patch is in its proper place?—Sir Christopher, you understand these things" (turning to her old lover with restored affability)—"is not my left patch the least fraction imaginable too low?"

She flies to one of the mirrors in the green-room, and holding a taper on high, surveys the artificial snow and rose-bloom of her own face, eagerly. Sir Christopher Marlowe follows her.

"For anything short of princes, I should say, let the patch stand," he remarks after grave deliberation. "For a scion, no matter how remote, of royal blood, I consider the patch one sixteenth part of an inch too low."

"Honestly and truly?"

"On my faith as an Englishman. You must think poorly of my principles, Miss Vivash—you must consider me culpably light-minded, if you can suspect me even of a jest in such a matter!"

Well-cut clothes; a military order; an inch and a half of brain; and eyelids—a somewhat inadequate summing up, one would say, of any human creature possessing the normal amount of bone, muscle, nerve, and phosphorus. Still, considering the very small rôle Prince Ernest Waldemar has to play in the drama of Beauty's life, we may, perhaps, allow Lady Pamela's rapid silhouette to pass as a likeness!

Whatever intellectual qualifications accompany his clothes and his order, Ernest Waldemar, at least, is a prince; and, inspired by the delightful consciousness of quasi-royal presence, Vivian surpasses herself in the performance of her part. Above all, although she has to play down to the teaching-man from Freiburg, do the "scenes of love and jealousy" elicit applause from his Highness's delicately gloved, pearl-gray hands. Tender, by natural default, Vivian Vivish can not be, either before foot-lights or away from them. The mute, pathetic touches, the fine and subtle tints of emotion by which a character like Olympia's can be lifted out of the realms of commonplace, are wanting. In effective poses of limb and head, in alluring glances, in the sweep of a train, in the furl of a fan, in all the graces of such heroines as Offenbach's and Le Clerc's, the Hyde Park

Goddess need only remain herself, to be perfection!

Prince Ernest Waldemar applauds long and frequently; the gentlemen of the Court who accompany him applaud; the audience, from the highest Hochwohlgeboren in the front seats, to the clock-makers and wood-merchants in the gallery, applaud—human nature, in this matter of following the leader, being much the same in the Black Forest as in nineteenth-century London. Scarcely in the palmiest days of her first season (those brief, enchanted days when, under Lord Vauxhall's guidance, she learned hourly to shape her lips to higher titles, when all the smart town ladies imitated the cut and color of her one provincial gown) did Vivian obtain a more genuine ovation than has befallen her now, a dethroned, scepterless queen, and an exile.

And still her triumph is incomplete! Just as in London there was ever one drawing-room into which the very highest bribery and corruption could not gain her admittance, one painter who sought not to immortalize her in his pictures, one editor whose columns were closed to the mention of her charms, so, to-night, one drop is wanting in the cup of her success. The craving heart of Vivian Vivash is dissatisfied; yes, even when, the performance over, she walks around the ballroom on Prince Ernest Waldemar's arm. One drop is wanting in the cup—Paul von Egmont is not here to swell the list of her worshippers!

Is she sure of him?

Poor Beauty has lost so many things within the last few weeks, has felt so much ground crumble away beneath her feet, that she is prepared for misadventure—prepared for every cruel transformation in that ficklest of all human possessions, man's favor! Sir Christopher, the most Quixotic once of lovers, consoled, and by her own familiar friend—Sir Christopher, who but for Will-o'-the-wisp visions of strawberry-leaves, would have given over his happiness, his honor, to her keeping! Mr. Chodd's half million lost for the sake of a Twickenham dinner and of Lord Vauxhall! Even Wolfgang's valueless heart in the possession of little red-haired Jeanne!

How if Von Egmont's romantic worship should end—in a sketch for the next Munich Exhibition, or a copy, say, of impassioned German verses!—end in the clouds, as, alas! so much artistic admiration of the florid order has already done! Passing homages, ballroom compliments from a prince of royal blood, are sweet. Who knows the smarting sweetness thereof better than Vivian Vivash? But princes of royal blood, however æsthetic in their taste, must look for wives under kings' daughters. Their prettiest speeches are such stuff as dreams are made of.

And the solid walls and towers of Schloss Egmont are realities. And she, the fairest woman the world has seen since the days of the Queen of Sheba, is six-and-twenty, and unwed!

"Et Monsieur Chodd?" asks the Prince, condescending to press the hand that rests upon his arm; "le pauvre Monsieur Chodd?" (or as his Highness pronounces the name, Jodd.) "Qu'est il devenu?"

"Mr. Chodd left London an eternity ago," says Vivian—"Mr. Chodd is making a lengthened tour in Lapland for his health."

"He suffers, as you call it, vom heart complaint?" asks his Highness.

Beauty laughs, but uneasily. The mention of her quondam suitor's name seems like an evil omen at this new turning-point of her ever-shifting career.

It stands in the evening's programme that the fiddlers, honest members of the St. Ulrich Philharmonic, shall begin their labors at ten. Already the band-master, hot and important, is at his post in the music-gallery; already a preliminary scraping of strings is warning old gentlemen to look for whist-tables, and young ones to look for partners—when Hans, his cheeks redder than the facings of his livery, makes his way toward the dais at the upper end of the dancing-saal. He whispers a hurried message to Mamselle Ange, at this moment doing the honors, in all the glory of her ribbons and flounces, to the Prince. Ere another minute passes, the news that Paul von Egmont has arrived begins to circulate with electric speed through the ballroom; and soon, from the avenue and gardens without, rises a shout, loud, prolonged, sonorous—a true Black Forest "*Hoch!*" to the like of which the gray old walls have not echoed since the day when the Countess Dolores was first brought home to the palatinate, a bride.

A thrill goes through every feminine breast in the assemblage—from the most venerable of the Fräuleins von Katzenellenbogen, down to little Jeanne in her confirmation frock and coral beads. Mamselle Ange, ludicrously irresolute, hovers suspended, like Mohammed's coffin, between the dais and the door. Her heart yearns to welcome Paul, the boy whose smile she would recognize among a thousand—yet will etiquette not suffer her to turn her back upon a prince of the reigning family, so long as that prince shall think fit, by word or look, to recognize the fact of her existence.

Just at this exciting juncture Sir Christopher Marlowe, still wearing the silks and laces of Cesario, crosses the ballroom to Jeanne. He is fanning himself daintily with his three-cornered velvet hat, a rose is in the button-hole of his azure

satin coat, a diamond snuff-box in his left hand. His powdered love-locks, his ruffles, rouge, and patches, become his accurately handsome face to a nicety. It would be hard, save on the canvas of Boucher or of Watteau, to find a more artistically perfect representation of the eighteenth-century marquis than that presented by Kit Marlowe. (Possibly the historian of the future may pronounce the difference slight—one of degree, rather than kind—between the Victorian dandy and the *frizé*, painted *petit-maitre* of the Regency.) Jeanne bethinks her of Wolfgang's Spartan indifference to fashion-books and tailors' shops—not without a certain sense of pride in the contrast.

"Will you give me the first waltz of the evening," he supplicates, with a bow that surely Lord Vauxhall could not surpass, "or has Donald been before me?"

The blush on Jeanne's cheek might rival an April sunrise over the Blauen.

"If by 'Donald' you mean Mr. Wolfgang, you ought to know that he is engaged. On the evening you all arrived here, Miss Vivash promised to give him the first dance after the theatricals."

"And you think the promise will hold good, now that Von Egmont has arrived? Well, I, for one, have no false pride," cries Sir Christopher, drawing Jeanne's hand under his arm. "Although merit can not always win the race, perseverance may insure one's coming in a decent second, may it not?"

"I am not quite sure what you mean by 'second,' says Jeanne, with a glance in the direction of Lady Pamela.

Kit Marlowe's face becomes grave to edification.

"*On se range*," he observes in the melancholy tone of a man who has been married a dozen years. "Who shall say, in the present instance, through what agency? If it had not been for our dance in Badenweiler, my dear, for our wetting in the thunderstorm, our *philosophie à deux* under the lime-trees—"

"I should not have lost my voice and my share in the theatricals," cries Jeanne gayly. "I might have won as many laurels as the best of you. But it is too late now for regrets. No use, the Wald folks say, in mourning over a harvest that never was sown."

"Especially when one's present prospects are cloudy. Ah! little Jeanne" (in a sentimental whisper), "rivals gather round me fast. Against our particular Teuton I am forewarned, but not against a legion of Teutons—not against royal highnesses, barons, and counts! If the returned prodigal—if Paul von Egmont should invite you, suddenly, for this waltz, I wonder in how many

seconds you would have the cruelty to throw me over?"

"The returned prodigal will dance with every noble lady present before he thinks of me—if indeed he thinks of me at all," says Jeanne evasively.

But her pulse, as she speaks, beats high; her eyes scan the crowds that line the entrance-hall with keenest interest. Her heart's whole love she has given to Wolfgang; she would quit Schloss Egmont, would start with him, glad sharer of his poverty, to the ends of the world, to-morrow! And still, to-night, she craves—passionately craves for a sight of Paul von Egmont. The master himself might pardon the infidelity. Through how many lonely bygone years has not Paul von Egmont's boyish face been her companion, her ideal, I had almost said the god of her idolatry?

A movement begins to vibrate through the crowd. The musicians play eight bars of the opening waltz. Prince Ernest Waldemar, with the stoutest, most noble married lady present, prepares to lead the ball. The gentlemen of the Court choose their partners and follow. And then, as the non-dancers clear away, Jeanne discovers—not Paul von Egmont, but Wolfgang, quietly standing beside Mamselle Ange, near the door, with Vivian on his arm.

The master is in evening dress; his head is held high; some subtle transformation seems to have come over his whole manner and person. He exchanges a word, a salutation, with all who pass him in the crowd. And Beauty smiles on him—not as once she smiled, but timidly, imploringly! Beauty hangs, with eager show of interest, on his words. Beauty sighs, turns aside her face, calls into action her whole artillery of well-used charms for his benefit!

Can a Bond Street coat, a cambric cravat, a pair of lavender gloves have wrought this change, or is Miss Vivash tardily repentant? Does she remember, with compunction, how she strove for Wolfgang's heart, but to break it? Does she think of the letters she wrote her beloved princess, of the dust she wiped from the master's threadbare sleeve, of the bored hours spent in his society, while she longed, openly and without disguise, for Paul von Egmont's return?

Jeanne's beating heart is in a tumult. She feels herself whirled round, amid an ocean of laces and tulles and satins, in Sir Christopher's arms. Mingling with her partner's whispered gallantries, she hears the rushing of flying footsteps. She sees the lights, the flowers, the garlanded walls, like one who dreams. Confused foreshadowings of some overwhelming surprise, some revolution in her fate, are upon her—vivid, despite their incoherency. Her cheeks suffuse;

her deep eyes are alight with animation. Never during her seventeen years of life has Janet Dempster looked so fair.

The moment the waltz ends, a throng of young men flock around, eager to write their names upon the *débutante's* card. But Wolfgang, who has quickly consigned Vivian to the Prince, bears her away from them all and from the ballroom.

"You are looking your best, my little Jeanne," he whispers. "And the moment of temptation is at hand: Paul von Egmont is in the oak parlor, and desires to make himself known to you."

CHAPTER XX.

UPON THE ARM OF A PRINCE.

A SOLITARY lamp sheds its rays upon the young Count's portrait, upon the marble spirit-faces of Goethe and Schiller. A sleepy fire of early moonlight cleaves the dusk. No sound of distant clarinet or fiddle jars on the ear. Through wide-opened windows streams the air, untainted by wine, millefleurs, patchouli—fresh only with the keen night-odors of the adjacent Wald.

"At last!" says Wolfgang, closing the door behind them, then taking Jeanne's trembling hands and drawing her to his side. "Jeanne, little sweetheart, what have you all been thinking about in Schloss Egmont not to recognize me sooner?"

"To recognize—Mr. Wolfgang!"

"I have been with you, at all hours of the twenty-four, in this very room. (Do you remember the night when Ange imprisoned me here?) Paul von Egmont's name ever on your lips, his portrait ever before your eyes, and yet the truth has not once been suspected! A terrible lesson as to what a dozen years' wear and tear will do for a man."

Thus speaking, Wolfgang places himself beneath the portrait; and suddenly a veil seems lifted from before Jeanne Dempster's sight. The boy's fair cheek has grown bronzed; the hair has lost its brightness; but for the rest—forehead, eyes, expression—all remain unchanged.

A choking sensation rises in the poor child's throat—her limbs tremble. It seems to her as though the earth itself—the good old familiar earth on which she and Wolfgang construed and parsed, quarreled and fell in love together—were melting away beneath her feet. In such a crisis, the first thought of a woman of the world would be that she had gained a wealthy lover. To Jeanne's simple heart the crushing, intolerable dread is, that she may have lost a poor one!

"Count Paul, gnädiger Herr," she is beginning, while a thousand confirmatory trifles, unheeded at the time, rush back in a crowd upon her memory, "how shall I ever ask your forgiveness?"

"You have every reason to feel conscience-stricken," he interrupts her. "With Miss Vivash I have been fortunate enough to establish a truce. With Ange I have already made my peace—our good Ange, who declares that she had intuitions pointing in the right direction from the first moment that she heard my voice. But you—to be rejected after months or weeks of acquaintance would be stab enough to a man's vanity—but you, Jeanne, have rejected me unheard. Oh" (as she tries to stammer forth an excuse), "you think that I can forget what you told me, six hours ago, upon the Zauberkelsen? You would value a home, a name, all that Von Egmont could offer, not one jot. Miss Vivash might have them freely. Do you say so still?"

"I say that my heart belongs to my master, to Herr Wolfgang," she answers, lifting her face, dyed in loveliest shame, to his. "If I had known sooner—"

"That Herr Wolfgang was an impostor, a sham, a pretender, you would have felt toward him as he deserved? Little Jeanne, be pitiful. Remember the evening on the terrace when you told me" (his dark cheek pales) "the story of Paul von Egmont's youth! Remember *what* cause has made him shrink from returning under his own name to his father's house!"

For a few seconds Jeanne is mute. Then, timidly, she rests her hand upon Von Egmont's arm.

"I believe, sir, that I have cared for you a little all my life." (As though to gain courage, she glances up at the friendly, boyish face upon the wall.) "And I know you will continue to be Herr Wolfgang, my master, until the day I die."

He folds her to his breast without another word.

When they reënter the ballroom the violins are playing; the first square dance of the evening has been formed. Kit Marlowe and Lady Pamela stand side by side, best-mated of partners, for a Lancers, or for the somewhat more complicated set of figures called Life. Prince Ernest Waldemar is Beauty's cavalier.

Ill-starred Beauty, regnant, alas! no longer; loverless, friendless, although she leans upon the arm of a prince! With smiles gilding the practiced, painted lip, but with bitterest disappointment, with the remembrance of opportunities lost, gifts misused, natural affections quenched in her heart. . . . So for the present we take our leave of her.

SOME ASPECTS OF ROBERT BURNS.

TO write with authority about another man, we must have fellow-feeling and some common ground of experience with our subject. We may praise or blame according as we find him related to us by the best or worst in ourselves; but it is only in virtue of some relationship that we can be his judges, even to condemn. Feelings which we share and understand enter for us into the tissue of the man's character; those to which we are strangers in our own experience we are inclined to regard as blots, exceptions, inconsistencies, and excursions of the diabolic; we conceive them with repugnance, explain them with difficulty, and raise our hands to heaven in holy wonder when we find them in conjunction with talents that we respect, or virtues that we admire. David, King of Israel, would pass a sounder judgment on a man than either Nathaniel or David Hume. Now, Principal Shairp's recent volume, although I believe no one will read it without respect and interest, has this one capital defect—that there is imperfect sympathy between the author and the subject, between the critic and the personality under criticism. Hence an inorganic, if not an incoherent, presentation of both the poems and the man. Of "Holy Willie's Prayer," Principal Shairp remarks that "those who have loved most what was best in Burns's poetry must have regretted that it was ever written." To the "Jolly Beggars," so far as my memory serves me, he refers but once; and then only to remark on the "strange, not to say painful," circumstance that the same hand which wrote the "Cotter's Saturday Night" should have stooped to write the "Jolly Beggars." The "Saturday Night" may or may not be an admirable poem; but its significance is trebled, and the power and range of the poet first appears, when it is set beside the "Jolly Beggars." To take a man's work piecemeal, except with the design of elegant extracts, is the way to avoid, and not to perform, the critic's duty. The same weakness is displayed in the treatment of Burns as a man, which is broken, apologetical, and confused. The man here presented to us is not that Burns, *teres atque rotundus*—a burly figure in literature, as, from our present vantage of time, we have begun to see him: this, on the other hand, is Burns as he may have appeared to a contemporary clergyman, whom we shall conceive to have been a kind and indulgent but orderly and orthodox person, anxious to be pleased, but too often hurt and disappointed by the behavior of his red-hot *protégé*, and solacing himself with

the explanation that the poet was "the most inconsistent of men." If you are so sensibly pained by the misconduct of your subject, and so paternally delighted with his virtues, you will always be an excellent gentleman, but a somewhat questionable biographer. Indeed, we can only be sorry and surprised that Principal Shairp should have chosen a theme so uncongenial. When we find a man writing on Burns, who likes neither "Holy Willie," nor the "Beggars," nor the "Ordination," nothing is adequate to the situation but the old cry of *Géronte*: "*Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?*" And every merit we find in the book, which is sober and candid in a degree unusual with biographies of Burns, only leads us to regret more heartily that good work should be so far thrown away.

It is far from my intention to tell over again a story that has been so often told; but there are certainly some points in the character of Burns that will bear to be brought out, and some chapters in his life that demand a brief rehearsal. The unity of the man's nature, for all its richness, has fallen somewhat out of sight in the pressure of new information and the apologetical ceremony of biographers. Mr. Carlyle made an inimitable bust of the poet's head of gold; may I not be forgiven if my business should have more to do with the feet, which were of clay?

YOUTH.

Any view of Burns would be misleading which passed over in silence the influences of his home and his father. That father, William Burnes, after having been for many years a gardener, took a farm, married, and, like an emigrant in a new country, built himself a house with his own hands. Poverty of the most distressing sort, with sometimes the near prospect of a jail, embittered the remainder of his life. Chill, backward, and austere with strangers, grave and imperious in his family, he was yet a man of very unusual parts and of an affectionate nature. On his way through life, he had remarked much upon other men, with more result in theory than practice; and he had reflected upon many subjects as he delved the garden. His great delight was in solid conversation; he would leave his work to talk with the schoolmaster Murdoch; and Robert, when he came home late at night, not only turned aside rebuke, but kept his father two hours beside the fire by the charm of his merry and vigorous talk. Nothing is more characteristic of the class in general, and William Burnes

in particular, than the pains he took to get proper schooling for his boys, and, when that was no longer possible, the sense and resolution with which he set himself to supply the deficiency by his own influence. For many years he was their chief companion; he spoke with them seriously on all subjects as if they had been grown men; at night, when work was over, he taught them arithmetic; he borrowed books for them on history, science, and theology; and he felt it his duty to supplement this last—the trait is laughably Scottish—by a dialogue of his own composition, where his own private shade of orthodoxy was exactly represented. He would go to his daughter, as she staid afield herding cattle, to teach her the names of grasses and wild flowers, or to sit by her side when it thundered. Distance to strangers, deep family tenderness, love of knowledge, a narrow, precise, and formal reading of theology—everything we learn of him hangs well together, and builds up a popular Scotch type. If I mention the name of Andrew Fairservice, it is only as I might couple for an instant Dugald Dalgetty with old Marshal Loudon, to help out the reader's comprehension by a popular but unworthy instance of a class. Such was the influence of this good and wise man, that his household became a school to itself, and neighbors who came into the farm at meal-time would find the whole family, father, brothers, and sisters, helping themselves with one hand, and holding a book in the other. We are surprised at the style of Robert; that of Gilbert need surprise us no less; even William writes a remarkable letter for a young man of such slender opportunities. One anecdote marks the taste of the family. Murdoch bought "Titus Andronicus," and, with such dominie elocution as we may suppose, began to read it aloud before this rustic audience; but when he had reached the passage where Tamora insults unhappy Lavinia, with one voice and "in an agony of distress" they refused to hear it to an end. In such a father and with such a home, Robert had already the making of a famous education; and what Murdoch added, although it may not have been much in amount, was in character the very essence of a literary training. Schools and colleges, for one great man whom they complete, perhaps unmake a dozen; the strong spirit can do well upon more scanty fare.

Robert steps before us, almost from the first, in his complete character—a proud, headstrong, impetuous lad, greedy of pleasure, greedy of notice; in his own phrase, "panting after distinction," and in his brother's, "cherishing a particular jealousy of people who were richer or of more consequence than himself": with all this, emphatically of the artist nature. Already in Tar-

bolton church he made a conspicuous figure, with the only tied hair in the parish, "and his plaid, which was of a particular color, wrapped in a particular manner round his shoulders." Ten years later, when a married man, the father of a family, a farmer, and an officer of excise, we shall find him out fishing in masquerade, with fox-skin cap, belted great-coat, and great Highland broadsword. He liked dressing up, in fact, for its own sake. This is the spirit which leads to the extravagant array of Latin Quarter students, and the proverbial velvetreen of the English landscape-painter; and, though the pleasure derived is in itself merely personal, it shows a man who is, to say the least of it, not pained by general attention and remark. His father wrote the family name *Burnes*; Robert early adopted the orthography *Burness* from his cousin in the Mearns; and in his twenty-eighth year changed it once more to *Burns*. It is plain that the last transformation was not made without some qualm; for in addressing his cousin he adheres, in at least one more letter, to spelling number two. And this, again, shows a man preoccupied about the manner of his appearance even down to the name, and little willing to follow custom. Again, he was proud, and justly proud, of his powers in conversation. To no other man's have we the same conclusive testimony from different sources and from every rank of life. It is almost a commonplace that the best of his works was what he said in talk. Robertson the historian "scarcely ever met any man whose conversation displayed greater vigor"; the Duchess of Gordon declared that he "carried her off her feet"; and, when he came late to an inn, the servants would get out of bed to hear him talk. But in these early days, at least, he was determined to shine by any means. He made himself feared in the village for his tongue. He would crush weaker men to their faces, or even perhaps—for the statement of Sillar is not absolute—say cutting things of his acquaintances behind their backs. At the church-door, between sermons, he would parade his religious views amid hisses. These details stamp the man. He had no genteel timidities in the conduct of his life. He loved to force his personality upon the world. He would please himself, and shine. Had he lived in the Paris of 1830, and joined his lot with the Romantics, we can conceive him writing "Jehan" for "Jean," swaggering in Gautier's red waistcoat, and horrifying *bourgeois* in the public *café* with paradox and gasconade.

A leading trait throughout his whole career was his desire to be in love. *Ne fait pas ce tour qui veut*. His affections were often enough touched, but perhaps never engaged. He was all his life on a voyage of discovery, but it does

not appear conclusively that he ever touched the happy isle. A man brings to love a deal of ready-made sentiment, and even from childhood obscurely prognosticates the symptoms of this vital malady. Burns was formed for love; he had passion, tenderness, and a singular bent in the direction; he could foresee, with the intuition of an artist, what love ought to be; and he could not conceive a worthy life without it. But he had ill fortune, and was besides so greedy after every shadow of the true divinity, and so much the slave of a strong temperament, that perhaps his nerve was relaxed and his heart had lost the power of self-devotion before an opportunity occurred. The circumstances of his youth doubtless counted for something in the result. For the lads of Ayrshire, as soon as the day's work was over and the beasts were stabled, would take the road, it might be in a winter tempest, and travel perhaps miles by moss and moorland, to spend an hour or two in courtship. Rule X. of the Bachelors' Club at Tarbolton provides that "every man proper for a member of this society must be a professed lover of *one or more* of the female sex." The rich, as Burns himself points out, may have a choice of pleasurable occupations, but these lads had nothing but their "cannie hour at e'en." It was upon love and flirtation that this rustic society was built; gallantry was the essence of life among the Ayrshire hills as well as in the Court of Versailles; and the days were distinguished from each other by love-letters, meetings, tiffs, reconciliations, and expansions to the chosen confidant, as in a comedy of Marivaux. Here was a field for a man of Burns's indiscriminate personal ambition, where he might pursue his voyage of discovery in quest of true love, and enjoy temporary triumphs by the way. He was "constantly the victim of some fair enslaver"—at least, when it was not the other way about; and there were often underplots and secondary fair enslavers in the background. Many—or may we not say most?—of these affairs were entirely artificial. One, he tells us, he began out of "a vanity of showing his parts in courtship," for he piqued himself on his ability at a love-letter. But, however they began, these flames of his were fanned into a passion ere the end; and he stands unrivaled in his power of self-deception, and positively without a competitor in the art, to use his own words, of "battering himself into a warm affection," a debilitating and futile exercise. Once he had worked himself into the vein, "the agitations of his mind and body" were an astonishment to all who knew him. Such a course as this, however pleasant to a thirsty vanity, was lowering to his nature. He sank more and more toward the professional Don Juan. With a leer

of what the French call fatuity, he bids the belles of Mauchline beware of his seductions; and the same cheap self-satisfaction finds a yet uglier vent when he plumes himself on the scandal at the birth of his first bastard. We can well believe what we hear of his facility in striking up an acquaintance with women: he would have conquering manners; he would bear down upon his rustic game with the grace that comes of absolute assurance—the Richelieu of Lochlea or Mossgiel. In yet another manner did these quaint ways of courtship help him into fame. If he were great as principal, he was unrivaled as confidant. He could enter into a passion; he could counsel wary moves, being, in his own phrase, so old a hawk—nay, he could turn a letter for some unlucky swain, or even string a few lines of verse that should clinch the business and fetch the hesitating fair one to the ground. Nor, perhaps, was it only his "curiosity, zeal, and intrepid dexterity" that recommended him for a second in such affairs; it must have been a distinction to have the assistance and advice of "Rab the Ranter"; and one who was in no way formidable by himself might grow dangerous and attractive through the fame of his associate.

I think we can conceive him, in these early years, in that rough moorland country, poor among the poor with his seven pounds a year, looked upon with doubt by respectable elders, but for all that the best talker, the best letter-writer, the most famous lover and confidant, the laureate poet, and the only man who wore his hair tied in the parish. He says he had then as high a notion of himself as ever after; and I can well believe it. Among the youth he walked *facile princeps*, an apparent god; and even if, *from time to time*, the Reverend Mr. Auld should swoop upon him with the thunders of the Church, and, in company with seven others, Rab the Ranter must figure some fine Sunday on the stool of repentance, would there not be a sort of glory, an infernal apotheosis, in so conspicuous a shame? Was not Richelieu in disgrace more idolized than ever by the dames of Paris; and when was the highwayman most acclaimed but on his way to Tyburn? Or, to take a simile from nearer home, and still more exactly to the point, what could even corporal punishment avail, administered by a cold, abstract, unearthly schoolmaster, against the influence and fame of the school's hero?

And now we come to the culminating point of Burns's early period. He began to be received into the unknown upper world. His fame soon spread from among his fellow rebels on the benches, and began to reach the ushers and monitors of this great Ayrshire academy. This arose in part from his lax views about religion;

for at this time that old war of the creeds and confessors, which is always grumbling from end to end of our poor Scotland, brisked up in these parts into a hot and virulent skirmish; and Burns found himself identified with the opposition party, a clique of roaring lawyers and half-heretical divines, with wit enough to appreciate the value of the poet's help, and not sufficient taste to moderate his grossness and personality. We may judge of their surprise when "Holy Willie" was put into their hand; like the amorous lads of Tarbolton, they recognized in him the best of seconds. His satires began to go the round in manuscript; Mr. Aiken, one of the lawyers, "read him into fame"; he himself was soon welcome in many houses of a better sort, where his admirable talk, and his manners, which he had direct from his Maker except for a brush he gave them at a country dancing-school, completed what his poems had begun. We have a sight of him at his first visit to Adamhill, in his plowman's shoes, coasting around the carpet as though that were sacred ground. But he soon grew used to carpets and their owners; and he was still the superior of all whom he encountered, and ruled the roost in conversation. Such was the impression made that a young clergyman, himself a man of ability, trembled and became confused when he saw Robert enter the church in which he was to preach. It is not surprising that the poet determined to publish: he had now stood the test of some publicity; and, under this hopeful impulse, he composed in six winter months the bulk of his more important poems. Here was a young man who, from a very humble place, was mounting rapidly; from the cynosure of a parish, he had become the talk of a country; once the bard of rural courtships, he was now about to appear as a bound and printed poet in the world's bookshops.

A few more intimate strokes are necessary to complete the sketch. This strong young plowman, who feared no competitor with the flail, suffered like a fine lady from sleeplessness and vapors; he would fall into the blackest melancholies, and be filled with remorse for the past and terror for the future. He was still not perhaps devoted to religion, but haunted by it; and at a touch of sickness prostrated himself before God in what I can only call unmanly penitence. As he had aspirations beyond his place in the world, so he had tastes, thoughts, and weaknesses to match. He loved to walk under a wood to the sound of a winter tempest; he had a singular tenderness for animals; he carried a book with him in his pocket when he went abroad, and wore out in this service two copies of "The Man of Feeling." With young people in the field at work he was very long-suffering;

and when his brother Gilbert spoke sharply to them—"O man, ye are no for young folk," he would say, and give the defaulter a helping hand and a smile. In the hearts of the men whom he met, he read as in a book; and, what is yet more rare, his knowledge of himself equaled his knowledge of others. There are no truer things said of Burns than what is to be found in his own letters. Country Don Juan as he was, he had none of that blind vanity which values itself in what it is not; he knew his own strength and weakness to a hair; he took himself boldly for what he was, and, except in moments of hypochondria, declared himself content.

THE LOVE-STORIES.

On the night of Mauchline races, 1785, the young men and women of the place joined in a penny ball, according to their custom. In the same set danced Jean Armour, the master-mason's daughter, and our dark-eyed Don Juan. His dog (not the immortal Luath, but a successor unknown to fame, *caret quia vate sacro*), apparently sensible of some neglect, followed his master to and fro, to the confusion of the dancers. Some mirthful comments followed; and Jean heard the poet say to his partner—or, as I should imagine, laughingly launch the remark to the company at large—that "he wished he could get any of the lasses to like him as well as his dog." Some time after, as the girl was bleaching clothes on Mauchline green, Robert chanced to go by, still accompanied by his dog; and the dog, "scouring in long excursion," scampered with four black paws across the linen. This brought the two into conversation; when Jean, with a somewhat hoydenish advance, inquired if "he had yet got any of the lasses to like him as well as his dog?" It is one of the misfortunes of the professional Don Juan that his honor forbids him to refuse battle; he is in life like the Roman soldier upon duty, or like the sworn physician who must attend on all diseases. Burns accepted the provocation; hungry hope reawakened in his heart; here was a girl, pretty, simple at least if not honestly stupid, and plainly not averse to his attentions: it seemed to him once more as if love might here be waiting him. Had he but known the truth! for this facile and empty-headed girl had nothing more in view than a flirtation; and her heart from the first and on to the end of her story was engaged by another man. Burns once more commenced the celebrated process of "battering himself into a warm affection"; and the proofs of his success are to be found in many verses of the period. Nor did he succeed with himself only; Jean, with her heart still elsewhere, succumbed to his fascination, and early in the

next year the natural consequence became manifest. It was a heavy stroke for this unfortunate couple. They had trifled with life, and were now rudely reminded of life's serious issues. Jean awoke to the ruin of her hopes; the best she had now to expect was marriage with a man who was a stranger to her dearest thoughts; she might now be glad if she could get what she would never have chosen. As for Burns, at the stroke of the calamity he recognized that his voyage of discovery had led him into a wrong hemisphere—that he was not, and never had been, really in love with Jean. Hear him in the pressure of the hour. "Against two things," he writes, "I am as fixed as fate—staying at home, and owning her conjugally. The first, by heaven, I will not do!—the last, by hell, I will never do!" And then he adds, perhaps already in a more relenting temper: "If you see Jean, tell her I will meet her, so God help me in my hour of need." They met accordingly; and Burns, touched with her misery, came down from these heights of independence, and gave her a written acknowledgment of marriage. It is the punishment of Don Juanism to create continually false positions—relations in life which are wrong in themselves, and which it is equally wrong to break or to perpetuate. This was such a case. Worldly Wiseman would have laughed and gone his way; let us be glad that Burns was better counseled by his heart. When we discover that we can be no longer true, the next best is to be kind. I dare say he came away from that interview not very content, but with a glorious conscience; and as he went homeward, he would sing his favorite, "How are Thy servants blest, O Lord!" Jean, on the other hand, armed with her "lines," confided her position to the master-mason, her father, and his wife. Burns and his brother were then in a fair way to ruin themselves in their farm; the poet was an execrable match for any well-to-do country lass; and perhaps old Armour had an inkling of a previous attachment on his daughter's part. At least, he was not so much incensed by her slip from virtue as by the marriage which had been designed to cover it; of this he would not hear a word; Jean, who had besought the acknowledgment only to appease her parents, and not at all from any violent inclination to the poet, readily gave up the paper for destruction; and all parties imagined, although wrongly, that the marriage was thus dissolved. To a proud man like Burns, here was a crushing blow. The concession which had been wrung from his pity was now publicly thrown back in his teeth. The Armour family preferred disgrace to his connection. Since the promise, besides, he had doubtless been busy "battering himself" back again into his affection for the girl; and the blow would

not only take him in his vanity, but wound him at the heart.

He relieved himself in verse; but for such a smarting affront, manuscript poetry was insufficient to console him. He must find a more powerful remedy in good flesh and blood; and, after this discomfiture, set forth again at once upon his voyage of discovery in quest of love. It is perhaps one of the most touching things in human nature, as it is a commonplace of psychology, that when a man has just lost hope or confidence in one love, he is then most eager to find and lean upon another. The universe could not be yet exhausted; there must be hope and love waiting for him somewhere; and so, with his head down, this poor, insulted poet ran once more upon his fate. There was an innocent and gentle Highland nursery-maid at service in a neighboring family; and he had soon battered himself and her into a warm affection and a secret engagement. Jean's marriage lines had not been destroyed till March 13, 1786; yet all was settled between Burns and Mary Campbell by Sunday, May 14, when they met for the last time, and said farewell with rustic solemnities upon the banks of Ayr. They each wet their hands in a stream, and, standing one on either bank, held a Bible between them as they vowed eternal faith. Then they exchanged Bibles, on one of which Burns, for greater security, had inscribed texts as to the binding nature of an oath; and surely, if ceremony can do ought to fix the wandering affections, here were two people united for life. Mary came of a superstitious family, so that she perhaps insisted on these rites; but they must have been eminently to the taste of Burns at this period; for nothing would seem superfluous, and no oath great enough, to stay his tottering constancy.

Events of consequence now happened thickly in the poet's life. His book was announced; the Armours sought to summon him at law for the aliment of the child; he lay here and there in hiding to correct the sheets; he was under an engagement for Jamaica, where Mary was to join him as his wife; now he had "orders within three weeks at latest to repair aboard the *Nancy*, Captain Smith"; now his chest was already on the road to Greenock; and now, in the wild autumn weather on the moorland, he measures verses of farewell:

"The bursting tears my heart declare;
Farewell the bonny banks of Ayr!"

But the great master dramatist had secretly another intention for the piece; by the most violent and complicated solution, in which death and birth and sudden fame all play a part as interposing deities, the act-drop fell upon a scene of

transformation. Jean was brought to bed of twins, and, by an amicable arrangement, the Burns took the boy to bring up by hand, while the girl remained with her mother. The success of the book was immediate and emphatic; it put twenty pounds at once into the author's purse; and he was encouraged upon all hands to go to Edinburgh and push his success in a second and larger edition. Third and last in these series of interpositions, a letter came one day to Moss-giel Farm for Robert. He went to the window to read it; a sudden change came over his face, and he left the room without a word. Years afterward, when the story began to leak out, his family understood that he had then learned the death of Highland Mary. Except in a few poems and a few dry indications purposely misleading as to date, Burns himself made no reference to this passage of his life; it was an adventure of which, for I think sufficient reasons, he desired to bury the details. Of one thing we may be glad: in after-years he visited the poor girl's mother, and left her with the impression that he was "a real warm-hearted child."

Perhaps a month after he received this intelligence, he set out for Edinburgh on a pony he had borrowed from a friend. The town that winter was "agog with the plowman poet." Robertson, Dugald Stewart, Blair, "Duchess Gordon, and all the gay world," were of his acquaintance. Such a revolution is not to be found in literary history. He was now, it must be remembered, twenty-seven years of age; he had fought since his early boyhood an obstinate battle against poor soil, bad seed, and inclement seasons, wading deep in Ayrshire mosses, guiding the plow in the furrow, wielding "the thresher's weary fling-in'-tree," and his education, his diet, and his pleasures had been those of a Scotch countryman. Now he stepped forth suddenly among the polite and learned. We can see him as he then was, in his boots and buckskins, his blue coat and waistcoat striped with buff and blue, like a farmer in his Sunday best; the heavy plowman's figure firmly planted on its burly legs; his face full of sense and shrewdness, and with a somewhat melancholy air of thought, and his large dark eye "literally glowing" as he spoke. "I never saw such another eye in a human head," says Walter Scott, "though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time." With men, whether they were lords or omnipotent critics, his manner was plain, dignified, and free from bashfulness or affectation. If he made a slip, he had the social courage to pass on and refrain from explanation. He was not embarrassed in this society, because he read and judged the men; he could spy snobbery in a titled lord; and, as for the critics, he dismissed their system

in an epigram. "These gentlemen," said he, "remind me of some spinsters in my country who spin their thread so fine that it is neither fit for weft nor woof." Ladies, on the other hand, surprised him; he was scarce commander of himself in their society; he was disqualified by his acquired nature as a Don Juan; and he, who had been so much at his ease with country lasses, treated the town dames to an extreme of deference. One lady, who met him at a ball, gave Chambers a speaking sketch of his demeanor. "His manner was not prepossessing—scarcely, she thinks, manly or natural. It seemed as if he affected a rusticity or *laudertness*, so that when he said the music was 'bonnie, bonnie' it was like the expression of a child." These would be company manners; and doubtless on a slight degree of intimacy the affectation would grow less. And his talk to women had always "a turn either to the pathetic or humorous, which engaged the attention particularly."

The Edinburgh magnates (to conclude this episode at once) behaved well to Burns from first to last. Were heaven-born genius to revisit us in similar guise I am not venturing too far when I say that he need expect neither so warm a welcome nor such solid help. Although Burns was only a peasant, and one of no very elegant reputation as to morals, he was made welcome to their homes. They gave him a great deal of good advice, helped him to some five hundred pounds of ready money, and got him, as soon as he asked it, a place in the excise. Burns, on his part, bore the elevation with perfect dignity; and with perfect dignity returned, when the time had come, into a country privacy of life. His powerful sense never deserted him, and from the first he recognized that his Edinburgh popularity was but an ovation and the affair of a day. He wrote a few letters in a high-flown, bombastic vein of gratitude; but in practice he suffered no man to intrude upon his self-respect. On the other hand, he never turned his back, even for a moment, on his old associates; and he was always ready to sacrifice an acquaintance to a friend, although the acquaintance were a noble duke. He would be a bold man who should promise similar conduct in equally exacting circumstances. It was, in short, an admirable appearance on the stage of life—socially successful, intimately self-respecting, and like a gentleman from first to last.

In the present study this must only be taken by the way, while we return to Burns's love-affairs. Even on the road to Edinburgh, he had seized upon the opportunity of a flirtation, and had carried the "battering" so far that, when next he moved from town, it was to steal two days with this anonymous fair one. The exact importance to Burns of this affair may be gath-

ered from the song in which he commemorated its occurrence. "I love the dear lassie," he sings, "because she loves me"; or, in the tongue of prose, "Finding an opportunity, I did not hesitate to profit by it; and even now, if it returned, I should not hesitate to profit by it again." A love thus founded has no interest for mortal man. Meantime, early in the winter, and only once, we find him regretting Jean in his correspondence. "Because"—such is his reason—"because he does not think he will ever meet so delicious an armful again"; and then, after a brief excursion into verse, he goes straight on to describe a new episode in the voyage of discovery with the daughter of a Lothian farmer for a heroine. I must ask the reader to follow all these references to his future wife; they are essential to the comprehension of Burns's character and fate. In June we find him back at Mauchline, a famous man. There the Armour family greeted him with a "mean, servile compliance," which increased his former disgust. Jean was not less compliant; a second time the poor girl submitted to the fascination of the man whom she did not love, and whom she had so cruelly insulted little more than a year ago; and, though Burns took advantage of her weakness, it was in the ugliest and most cynical spirit, and with a heart absolutely indifferent. Judge of this by a letter written some twenty days after his return—a letter to my mind among the most degrading in the whole collection—a letter which seems to have been inspired by a boastful, libertine bagman. "I am afraid," it goes, "I have almost ruined one source, the principal one, indeed, of my former happiness—the eternal propensity I always had to fall in love. My heart no more glows with feverish rapture; I have no paradisaical evening interviews." Even the process of "battering" has failed him, you perceive. Still he had some one in his eye—a lady, if you please, with a fine figure and elegant manners, and who had "seen the politest quarters in Europe." "I frequently visited her," he writes, "and, after passing regularly the intermediate degrees between the distant formal bow and the familiar grasp round the waist, I ventured, in my careless way, to talk of friendship in rather ambiguous terms; and after her return to — I wrote her in the same terms. Miss, construing my remarks further than even I intended, flew off in a tangent of female dignity and reserve, like a mounting lark in an April morning, and wrote me an answer which measured out very completely what an immense way I had to travel before I could reach the climax of her favors. But I am an old hawk at the sport, and wrote her such a cool, deliberate, prudent reply, as brought my bird from her aerial towerings, pop, down to my foot,

like Corporal Trim's hat." I avow a carnal longing, after this transcription, to buffet the Old Hawk about the ears. There is little question that to this lady he must have repeated his addresses, and that he was by her (Miss Chalmers) eventually, though not at all unkindly, rejected. One more detail to characterize the period. Six months after the date of this letter, Burns, back in Edinburgh, is served with a writ *in meditatione fugæ*, on behalf of some Edinburgh fair one, probably of humble rank, who declared an intention of adding to his family.

About the beginning of December, 1787, a new period opens in the story of the poet's random affections. He met at a tea-party one Mrs. Agnes McLehose, a married woman of about his own age, who, with her two children, had been deserted by an unworthy husband. She had wit, could use her pen, and had read "Werther" with attention. Sociable, and even somewhat frisky, there was a good, sound, human kernel in the woman; a warmth of love, strong, dogmatic, religious feeling; and a considerable, but not authoritative, sense of the proprieties. Of what biographers refer to daintily as "her somewhat voluptuous style of beauty," judging from the silhouette in Mr. Scott Douglas's valuable edition, the reader will be difficult if he does not approve. Take her for all in all, I believe she was the best woman Burns encountered. The pair took a fancy for each other on the spot; Mrs. McLehose, in her turn, invited him to tea; but the poet, in his character of the Old Hawk, preferred a *tête-à-tête*, excused himself at the last moment, and offered a visit instead. An accident confined him to his room for near a month, and this led to the famous Clarinda and Sylvanda correspondence. It was begun in simple sport; they are already at their fifth or sixth exchange, when Clarinda writes, "It is really curious so much *fun* passing between two persons who saw each other only *once*"; but it is hardly safe for a man and woman in the flower of their years to write almost daily, and sometimes in terms too ambiguous, sometimes in terms too plain, and generally in terms too warm for mere acquaintance. The exercise partakes a little of the nature of battering, and danger may be apprehended when next they meet. It is difficult to give any account of this remarkable correspondence; it is too far away from us, and perhaps not yet far enough; in point of time and manner, the imagination is baffled by these stilted literary utterances, warming in *bravura* passages into downright truculent nonsense. Clarinda has one famous sentence in which she bids Sylvanda connect the thought of his mistress with the changing phases of the year; it was enthusiastically admired by the swain, but on the mod-

ern mind produces mild amazement and alarm. "O Clarinda!" writes Burns, "shall we not meet in a state—some yet unknown state—of being, where the lavish hand of Plenty shall minister to the highest wish of Benevolence, and where the chill north wind of Prudence shall never blow over the flowery field of Enjoyment?" The design may be that of an old hawk, but the style is more suggestive of a bird-of-paradise. It is sometimes hard to fancy they are not gravely making fun of each other as they write. Religion, poetry, love, and charming sensibility are the current topics. "I am delighted, charming Clarinda, with your honest enthusiasm for religion," writes Burns; and the pair entertained a fiction that this was their "favorite subject." "This is Sunday," writes the lady, "and not a word on our favorite subject. O fy! 'divine Clarinda!'" I suspect, although quite unconsciously to the lady, who was bent on his redemption, they but used the favorite subject as a stalking-horse. In the mean time the sportive acquaintance was ripening steadily into a genuine passion. Visits took place, and then became frequent. Clarinda's friends were hurt and suspicious; her clergyman interfered; she herself had smart attacks of conscience; but her heart had gone from her control; it was altogether his, and she "counted all things but loss"—heaven excepted—"that she might win and keep him." Burns himself was transported while in her neighborhood, but his transports grew somewhat rapidly less during an absence. I am tempted to imagine that, womanlike, he took on the color of his mistress's feeling; that he could not but heat himself at the fire of her unaffected passion; but that, like one who should leave the hearth upon a winter's night, his temperature soon fell when he was out of sight and touch; and, in a word, though he could share the symptoms, that he had never shared the disease. At the same time, amid the fustian of the letters, there are forcible and true expressions, and the love-verses that he wrote upon Clarinda are among the most moving in the language.

We are approaching the solution. In midwinter, Jean, once more in the family-way, was turned out of doors by her family; and Burns had her received and cared for in the house of a friend. For he remained to the last imperfect in his character of Don Juan, and lacked the sinister courage to desert his victim. About the middle of February, 1788, he had to tear himself from his Clarinda and make a journey into the southwest on business. Clarinda gave him two shirts for his little son. They were daily to meet in prayer at an appointed hour. Burns, too late for the post at Glasgow, sent her a letter by parcel, that she might not have to wait. Clarinda on

her part writes, this time with a beautiful simplicity: "I think the streets look deserted-like since Monday; and there's a certain insipidity in good kind folks I once enjoyed not a little. Miss Wardrobe supped here on Monday. She once named you, which kept me from falling asleep. I drank your health in a glass of ale—as the lasses do at Hallowe'en—'with myself.'" Arrived at Mauchline, Burns installed Jean Armour in a lodging, and prevailed on Mrs. Armour to promise her help and countenance in the approaching confinement. This was kind at least; but hear his expressions: "I have taken her a room; I have taken her to my arms; I have given her a mahogany bed; I have given her a guinea. . . . I swore her privately and solemnly never to attempt any claim on me as a husband, even though anybody should persuade her she had such a claim—which she has not, neither during my life nor after my death. She did all this like a good girl." And then he took advantage of the situation. To Clarinda he wrote: "I this morning called for a certain woman. I am disgusted with her; I can not endure her"; and he accused her of "tasteless insipidity, vulgarity of soul, and mercenary fawning." This was already in March; by the 13th of that month he was back in Edinburgh. On the 17th he wrote to Clarinda: "Your hopes, your fears, your cares, my love, are mine; so don't mind them. I will take you in my hand through the dreary wilds of this world, and scare away the ravening bird or beast that would annoy you." Again, on the 21st: "Will you open, with satisfaction and delight, a letter from a man who loves you, who has loved you, and who will love you, to death, through death, and for ever? . . . How rich am I to have such a treasure as you! . . . 'The Lord God knoweth,' and, perhaps, 'Israel he shall know,' my love and your merit. Adieu, Clarinda! I am going to remember you in my prayers." By the 7th of April, seventeen days later, he had already decided to make Jean Armour publicly his wife.

A more astonishing stage-trick is not to be found. And yet his conduct is seen, upon a nearer examination, to be grounded both in reason and in kindness. He was now about to embark on a solid worldly career; he had taken a farm; the affair with Clarinda, however gratifying to his heart, was too contingent to offer any great consolation to a man like Burns, to whom marriage must have seemed the very dawn of hope and self-respect. This is to regard the question from its lowest aspect; but there is no doubt that he entered on this new period of his life with a sincere determination to do right. He had just helped his brother with a loan of a hundred and eighty pounds; should he do nothing for the poor girl whom he had ruined?

It was true he could not do as he did without brutally wounding Clarinda; that was the punishment of his bygone fault; he was, as he truly says, "damned with a choice only of different species of error and misconduct." To be professional Don Juan, to accept the provocation of any lively lass upon the village green, may thus lead a man through a series of detestable words and actions, and land him at last in an undesired and most unsuitable union for life. If he had been strong enough to refrain, or bad enough to persevere in, evil; if he had only not been Don Juan at all, or been Don Juan altogether, there had been some possible road for him throughout this troublesome world; but a man, alas! who is equally at the call of his worse and better instincts, stands among changing events without foundation or resource.

DOWNWARD COURSE.

It may be questionable whether any marriage could have tamed Burns; but it is at least certain that there was no hope for him in the marriage he contracted. He did right, but then he had done wrong before; it was, as I said, one of those relations in life which it seems equally wrong to break or to perpetuate. He neither loved nor respected her. "God knows," he writes, "my choice was as random as blind-man's-buff." He consoles himself by the thought that he has acted kindly to her; that she "has the most sacred enthusiasm of attachment to him"; that she has a good figure; that she has "a wood-note wild," "her voice rising with ease to B natural"; no less. The effect on the reader is one of unmingled pity for both parties concerned. This was not the wife who (in his own words) could "enter into his favorite studies or relish his favorite authors"; this was not even a wife, after the affair of the marriage lines, in whom a husband could joy to place his trust. Let her manage a farm with sense, let her voice rise to B natural all day long, she would still be a peasant to her lettered lord, and an object of pity rather than of equal affection. She could now be faithful, she could now be forgiving, she could now be generous even to a pathetic and touching degree; but coming from one who was unloved, and who had scarcely shown herself worthy of the sentiment, these were all virtues thrown away, which could neither change her husband's heart nor affect the inherent destiny of their relation. From the outset, it was a marriage that had no root in nature; and we find him, ere long, lyrically regretting Highland Mary, renewing correspondence with Clarinda in the warmest language, on doubtful terms with Mrs. Riddel, and on terms unfortunately beyond any question with Anne Park.

Alas! this was not the only ill circumstance in his future. He had been idle for some eighteen months, superintending his new edition, hanging on to settle with the publisher, traveling in the Highlands with Willie Nichol, or philandering with Mrs. McLehose; and in this period the radical part of the man had suffered irremediable hurt. He had lost his habits of industry, and formed the habit of pleasure. Apologetical biographers assure us of the contrary; but from the first, he saw and recognized the danger for himself; his mind, he writes, is "enervated to an alarming degree" by idleness and dissipation; and again, "my mind has been vitiated with idleness." It never fairly recovered. To business he could bring the required diligence and attention without difficulty; but he was thenceforward incapable, except in rare instances, of that superior effort of concentration which is required for serious literary work. He may be said, indeed, to have worked no more, and only amused himself with letters. The man who had written a volume of masterpieces in six months, during the remainder of his life rarely found courage for any more sustained effort than a song. And the nature of the songs is itself characteristic of these idle later years; for they are often as polished and elaborate as his earlier works were frank, and headlong, and colloquial; and this sort of verbal elaboration in short flights is, for a man of literary turn, simply the most agreeable of pastimes. The change in manner coincides exactly with the Edinburgh visit. In 1786 he had written "The Address to a Louse," which may be taken as an extreme instance of the first manner; and already, in 1787, we come upon the rose-bud pieces to Miss Cruikshank, which are typical examples of the second. The change was, therefore, the direct and very natural consequence of his great change in life; but it is not the less typical of his loss of moral courage that he should have given up all larger ventures, nor the less melancholy that a man who first attacked literature with a hand that seemed capable of moving mountains, should have spent his later years in whittling cherry-stones.

Meanwhile, the farm did not prosper; he had to join to it the salary of an exciseman; at last he had to give it up, and rely altogether on the latter resource. He was an active officer; and, though he sometimes tempered severity with mercy, we have local testimony, oddly representing the public feeling of the period, that, while "in everything else he was a perfect gentleman, when he met with anything seizable he was no better than any other gauger."

There is but one manifestation of the man in these last years which need delay us; and that

was the sudden interest in politics which arose from his sympathy with the great French Revolution. His only political feeling had been hitherto a sentimental Jacobitism, not more or less respectable than that of Scott, Aytoun, and the rest of what George Burns has nicknamed the "Charlie-over-the-water" Scotchmen. It was a sentiment almost entirely literary and picturesque in its origin, built on ballads and the adventures of the Young Chevalier; and in Burns it is the more excusable, because he lay out of the way of active politics in his youth. With the great French Revolution, something living, practical, and feasible appeared to him for the first time in this realm of human action. The young plowman who had desired so earnestly to rise, now reached out his sympathies to a whole nation animated with the same desire. Already in 1788 we find the old Jacobitism hand in hand with the new popular doctrine, when, in a letter of indignation against the zeal of a Whig clergyman, he writes: "I dare say the American Congress in 1776 will be allowed to be as able and as enlightened as the English Convention was in 1688; and that their posterity will celebrate the centenary of their deliverance from us as duly and sincerely as we do ours from the oppressive measures of the wrong-headed house of Stewart." As time wore on, his sentiments grew more pronounced and even violent; but there was a basis of sense and generous feeling to his hottest excess. What he asked was a fair chance for the individual in life; an open road to success and distinction for all classes of men. It was in the same spirit that he had helped to found a public library in the parish where his farm was situated, and that he sang his fervent snatches against tyranny and tyrants. Witness, were it alone, this verse:

" Here's freedom to him that wad read,
Here's freedom to him that wad write;
There's nane ever feared that the truth should be
heard
But them whom the truth wad indite."

Yet his enthusiasm for the cause was scarcely guided by wisdom. Many stories are preserved of the bitter and unwise words he used in country coteries; how he proposed Washington's health as an amendment to Pitt's, gave as a toast "the last verse of the last chapter of Kings," and celebrated Dumouriez in a doggerel impromptu full of ridicule and hate. Now his sympathies would inspire him with "Scots, wha hae"; now involve him in a drunken broil with a legal officer, and consequent apologies and explanations, hard to offer for a man of Burns's stomach. Nor was this the front of his offending. On February 27, 1792, he took part in the capture

of an armed smuggler, bought at the subsequent sale four carronades, and dispatched them with a letter to the French Assembly. Letter and guns were stopped at Dover by the English officials; there was trouble for Burns with his superiors; he was reminded firmly, however delicately, that, as a paid official, it was his duty to obey and to be silent; and all the blood of this poor, proud, and falling man must have rushed to his head at the humiliation. His letter to Mr. Erskine, subsequently Earl of Mar, testifies, in its turgid, turbulent phrases, to a perfect passion of alarmed self-respect and vanity. He had been muzzled, and muzzled, when all was said, by his paltry salary as an exciseman; alas! had he not a family to keep? Already, he wrote, he looked forward to some such judgment from a hackney scribbler as this: "Burns, notwithstanding the *fanfaronnade* of independence to be found in his works, and after having been held forth to view and to public estimation as a man of some genius, yet, quite destitute of resources within himself to support his borrowed dignity, he dwindled into a paltry exciseman, and shrunk out the rest of his insignificant existence in the meanest of pursuits, and among the vilest of mankind." And then on he goes, in a style of rodomontade, but filled with living indignation, to declare his right to a political opinion, and his willingness to shed his blood for the political birthright of his sons. Poor, perturbed spirit! he was indeed exercised in vain; those who share and those who differ from his sentiments about the Revolution, alike understand and sympathize with him in this painful strait; for poetry and human manhood are lasting like the race, and politics, which are but a wrongful striving after right, pass and change from year to year and age to age. The "Twa Dogs" has already outlasted the constitution of Siyès and the policy of the Whigs; and Burns is better known among English-speaking races than either Pitt or Fox.

Meanwhile, whether as a man, a husband, or a poet, his steps led downward. He knew, knew bitterly, that the best was out of him; he refused to make another volume, for he felt that it would be a disappointment; he grew petulantly alive to criticism, unless he was sure it reached him from a friend. For his songs he would take nothing; they were all that he could do; the proposed Scotch play, the proposed series of Scotch tales in verse, all had gone to water; and in a fling of pain and disappointment, which is surely noble with the nobility of a viking, he would rather stoop to borrow than to accept money for these last and inadequate efforts of his muse. And this desperate abnegation rises at times near to the height of madness; as when he pretended that he had not written, but only found and pub-

lished, his immortal "Auld Lang Syne." In the same spirit he became more scrupulous as an artist; he was doing so little, he would fain do that little well; and about two months before his death, he asked Thomson to send back all his manuscripts for revisal, saying that he would rather write five songs to his taste than twice that number otherwise. The battle of his life was lost; in forlorn efforts to do well, in desperate submissions to evil, the last years flow by. His temper is dark and explosive, launching epigrams, quarreling with his friends, jealous of young puppy officers. He tries to be a good father; he boasts himself a libertine. Sick, sad, and jaded, he can refuse no occasion of temporary pleasure, no opportunity to shine; and he who had once refused the invitations of lords and ladies, is now whistled to the inn by any curious stranger. His death (July 21, 1796), in his thirty-seventh year, was indeed a kindly dispensation. It is the fashion to say he died of drink; many a man has drunk more and yet lived with reputation and reached a good age. That drink and debauchery helped to destroy his constitution, and were the means of his unconscious suicide, is doubtless true; but he had failed in life, had lost his power of work, and was already married to the poor, unworthy, patient Jean, before he had shown his inclination to convivial nights, or at least before that inclination had become dangerous either to his health or his self-respect. He had trifled with life, and must pay the penalty. He had chosen to be Don Juan, he had grasped at temporary pleasures, and substantial happiness and solid industry had passed him by. He died of being Robert Burns, and there is no levity in such a statement of the case; for shall we not, one and all, deserve a similar epitaph? If you had put that man in Eden, with all his godlike qualities, with all his generous and noble traits, he would have made a desert around him as he went.

WORKS.

The somewhat cruel necessity which has lain upon me throughout this paper only to touch upon those points in the life of Burns where connection or amplification seemed desirable, leaves me little opportunity to speak of the works which have made his name so famous. Yet, even here, a few observations seem necessary.

At the time when the poet made his appearance and great first success, his work was remarkable in two ways. For, first, in an age when poetry had become abstract and conventional, instead of continuing to deal with shepherds, thunderstorms, and personifications, he dealt with the actual circumstances of his life, however matter-of-fact and sordid these might

be. And, second, in a time when English versification was particularly stiff, lame, and feeble, and words were used with ultra-academical timidity, he wrote verses that were easy, racy, graphic, and forcible, and used language with absolute tact and courage, as it seemed most fit to give a clear impression. If you take even those English authors whom we know Burns to have most admired and studied, you will see at once that he owed them nothing but a warning. Take Shenstone, for instance, and watch that elegant author as he tries to grapple with the facts of life. He has a description, I remember, of a gentleman engaged in sliding or walking on thin ice, which is a little miracle of incompetence. You see my memory fails me, and I positively can not recollect whether his hero was sliding or walking; as though a writer should describe a battle, and the reader, at the end, be still uncertain whether it were a charge of cavalry or a slow and stubborn advance of foot! There could be no such ambiguity in Burns; his work is at the opposite pole from such indefinite and stammering performances; and a whole lifetime passed in the study of Shenstone would only lead a man further and further from writing the "Address to a Louse." Yet Burns, like most great artists, proceeded from a school and continued a tradition; only the school and tradition were Scotch, and not English. While the English language was becoming daily more pedantic and inflexible, and English letters more colorless and slack, there was another dialect in the sister country, and a different school of poetry tracing its descent, through King James I., from Chaucer. The dialect alone accounts for much; for it was then written colloquially, which kept it fresh and supple; and, although not shaped for heroic flights, it was a direct and vivid medium for all that had to do with social life. Hence, whenever Scotch poets left their laborious imitations of bad English verses, and fell back on their own dialect, their style would kindle, and they would write of their convivial and somewhat gross existences with pith and point. In Ramsay, and far more in the poor lad Fergusson, there were mettle, humor, literary pluck, and a power of saying what they wished to say definitely and brightly, which in the latter case should have justified great anticipations. Had Burns died at the same age as Fergusson, he would have left us literally nothing worth remark. To Ramsay and to Fergusson, then, he was indebted in a very uncommon degree, not only following their tradition and using their measures, but directly and avowedly imitating their pieces. The same tendency to borrow a hint, to work on some one else's foundation, is notable in Burns from first to last, in the period

of song-writing as well as in that of the early poems, and strikes one oddly in a man of such deep originality, who left so strong a print on all he touched, and whose work is so greatly distinguished by that character of "inevitability" which Wordsworth denied to Goethe.

When we remember Burns's obligations to his predecessors, we must never forget his immense advances on them. They had already "discovered" nature; but Burns discovered poetry—a higher and more intense way of thinking of the things that go to make up nature, a higher and more ideal key of words in which to speak of them. Ramsay and Fergusson excelled at making a popular—or shall we say, vulgar?—sort of society verses, comical and prosaic, written, you would say, in taverns while a supper-party waited for its laureate's word; but on the appearance of Burns this coarse and laughing literature was touched to finer issues, and learned gravity of thought and natural pathos.

What he had gained from his predecessors was a direct-speaking style, and to walk on his own feet instead of on academical stilts. There was never a man of letters with more absolute command of his means; and we may say of him, without excess, that his style was his slave. Hence that energy of epithet, so concise and telling, that a foreigner is tempted to explain it by some special richness or aptitude in the dialect he wrote. Hence that Homeric justice and completeness of description, which gives us the very physiognomy of nature, in body and detail as nature is. Hence, too, the unbroken literary quality of his best pieces, which keeps him from any slip into the weariful trade of word-painting, and presents everything, as everything should be presented by the art of words, in a clear, continuous medium of thought. Principal Shairp, for instance, gives us a paraphrase of one tough verse of the original; and for those who knew the Greek poets only by paraphrase this has the very quality they are accustomed to look for and admire in Greek. The contemporaries of Burns were surprised that he should visit so many celebrated mountains and waterfalls, and not seize the opportunity to make a poem. Indeed, it is not for those who have a true command of the art of words, but for peddling, professional amateurs that these pointed occasions are most useful and inspiring. As those who speak French imperfectly are glad to dwell on any topic they may have talked upon or heard others talk upon before, because they know appropriate words for it in French, so the dabbler in verse rejoices to behold a waterfall, because he has learned the sentiment and knows appropriate words for it in poetry. But the dialect of Burns was fit to deal with any subject; and whether it was a stormy

night, a shepherd's collie, a sheep struggling in the snow, the conduct of cowardly soldiers in the field, the gait and cogitations of a drunken man, or only a village cockcrow in the morning, he could find language to give it freshness, body, and relief. He was always ready to borrow the hint of a design, as though he had a difficulty in commencing—a difficulty, let us say, in choosing a subject out of a world which seemed all equally living and significant to him; but, once he had the subject chosen, he could cope with nature single-handed, and make every stroke a triumph. Again, his absolute mastery in his art enabled him to express each and all of his different humors, and to pass smoothly and congruously from one to another. Many men invent a dialect for only one side of their nature—perhaps their pathos or their humor, or the delicacy of their senses—and, for lack of a medium, leave all the others unexpressed. You meet such a one, and find him in conversation full of thought, feeling, and experience, which he has lacked the art to employ in his writings. But Burns was not thus hampered in the practice of the literary art; he could throw the whole weight of his nature into his work, and impregnate it from end to end. If Dr. Johnson, that stilted and accomplished stylist, had lacked the sacred Boswell, what should we have known of him? and how should we have delighted in his acquaintance as we do? Those who spoke with Burns tell us how much we have lost who did not. But I think they exaggerate their privilege; I think we have the whole Burns in our possession set forth in his consummate verses.

It was by his style, and not by his matter, that he affected Wordsworth and the world. There is, indeed, only one merit worth considering in a man of letters—that he should write well; and only one damning fault—that he should write ill. We are little the better for the reflections of the sailor's parrot in the story. And so, if Burns helped to change the course of literary history, it was by his frank, direct, and masterly utterance, and not by his homely choice of subjects. That was imposed upon him, not chosen upon a principle. He wrote from his own experience, because it was his nature so to do, and the tradition of the school from which he proceeded was fortunately not opposed to homely subjects. But to these homely subjects he communicated the rich commentary of his nature; they were all steeped in Burns; and they interest us not in themselves, but because they have been passed through the spirit of so genuine and vigorous a man. Such is the stamp of living literature; and there was never any more alive than that of Burns.

What a gust of sympathy there is in him,

sometimes flowing out in by-ways hitherto unused, upon mice, and flowers, and the devil himself; sometimes speaking plainly between human hearts; sometimes ringing out in merry exultation like a peal of bells! When we compare "The Farmer's Salutation to his Auld Mare Maggie" with the clever and inhuman production of half a century earlier, "The Auld Man's Mare's dead," we see in a nutshell the spirit of the change introduced by Burns. And as to its manner, who that has read it can forget how the collie Luath, in "The Twa Dogs," describes and enters into the merry-making in the cottage?

"The luntin' pipe an' sneeshin' mill,
Are handed round wi' richt guid will;
The canty auld folks crackin' crouse,
The young anes rantin' through the house—
My heart has been sae fain to see them
That I for joy hae barkit wi' them."

It was this ardent power of sympathy that was fatal to so many women, and, through Jean Armour, to himself at last. His humor comes from him in a stream so deep and easy that I will venture to call him the best of humorous poets. He turns about in the midst to utter a noble sentiment or a trenchant remark on human life, and the style changes and rises to the occasion. I think it is Principal Shairp who says, happily, that Burns would have been no Scotchman if he had not loved to moralize; neither, may we add, would he have been his father's son; but (what is worthy of note) his moralizings are to a large extent the moral of his own career. He was among the least impersonal of artists. Except in "The Jolly Beggars," he shows no gleam of dramatic instinct. Mr. Carlyle has complained

that "Tam o' Shanter" is, from the absence of this quality, only a picturesque and external piece of work; and I may add that in "The Twa Dogs" it is precisely in the infringement of dramatic propriety that a great deal of the humor of the speeches depends for its existence and effect. Indeed, Burns was so full of his identity, that it breaks forth on every page; and there is scarce an appropriate remark either in praise or blame of his own conduct, but he has put it himself into verse. Alas for the tenor of these remarks! They are, indeed, his own pitiful apology for such a marred existence and talents so misused and stunted; and they seem to prove for ever how small a part is played by reason in the conduct of man's affairs. Here was one, at least, who with unflinching judgment predicted his own fate; yet his knowledge could not avail him, and with open eyes he must fulfill his tragic destiny. Ten years before the end, he had written his epitaph; and neither subsequent events, nor the critical eyes of posterity, have shown us a word in it to alter. And, lastly, has he not put in for himself the last, unanswerable plea?—

"Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human:
One point must still be greatly dark—"

One? Alas! I fear every man and woman of us is "greatly dark" to all their neighbors, from the day of birth until death removes them, in their greatest virtues as well as in their saddest faults; and we, who have been trying to read the character of Burns, may take home the lesson and be gentle in our thoughts.

R. L. S. (*Cornhill Magazine.*)

THE SEAMY SIDE.

CHAPTER XXII.

HOW ANTHONY HAMBLIN LOOKED.

NO other than Uncle Anthony!

When the boy, recovering from the first shock, had made up his mind, by much staring, that it really was his deceased uncle come to life again, only without his beard, he tried to pull himself together, and to assume, with indifferent success, his usual air of importance.

"This," he said, with a little stammer and a natural quiver in the voice, "is a pretty Go! A very pretty Go, it is!"

Anthony Hamblin stared blankly at the boy, with reddened cheeks. No criminal, caught *in flagrante delicto*, red-handed, knife in fist, with the spoil under his arm, actually lifting the swag, ever showed so hang-dog a countenance. He said nothing.

"Now, Uncle Anthony," the boy continued, feeling every moment firmer as to head and legs, and awakened to the comprehension that this was the noblest opportunity that ever came to mortal boy, "considering that a public coffee-house is not the best place to discuss family secrets, and that I at least am accustomed to more respectable places of appointment, we had better

go to your own house or lodgings, if you have any, and talk things over there. If you are ready, we will go at once. If not, I will wait. As for waiting, I don't care how long I wait. I can send a telegram to relieve the old lady. And as for that, the ice is melted long ago, and she won't think I've followed your example. Bah! You and your ice. Oh, the cunning! For such an oh-be-joyful occasion as the present I could wait all night, and go home with my eyes skinned in the morning, with Alison to tell the news to."

Anthony Hamblin moved one foot. Nicolas interpreted the motion, wrongly and hastily, as indicative of a desire for flight.

"No," he said firmly, "you don't. Give up that idea. You've bolted enough already. You know me, Uncle Anthony, and my character for determination. If you run, I run too. And if I run after you, there *may* be—I don't say there will—but there *may* be such a crowd, and such a howling, and such a diving after a middle-aged, elderly bolter and a younger man, with white eyebrows, as you never heard of before in all your life. Besides, if you were to get away, I've only got to go to the House and tell the partners that you're not drowned at all, but living at the far-end of Cable Road, which leads to the west extremity of nowhere. Then they will just come over and catch you somewhere or other in the very act, as I did. Think of that. Because you must eat, Uncle Anthony."

Anthony Hamblin, with pale and shame-faced cheek, sighed, rose, and led the way. Nicolas followed closely at his heels.

Anthony turned to the left, and walked slowly along the pavement. Nicolas saw that he looked older. His shoulders stooped; his hair had gone grayer; his beard, as we have seen, was quite gone. Also he was very shabby in his dress—his hat was rusty at the edges; his boots were down at heel.

Notwithstanding these symptoms of distress, the boy felt inclined to the most rapturous joy. He was fain to give outward and visible expression to it by a double-shuffle, a wild contortion of the limbs, a cracking of the fingers, as he followed his prisoner, so that he looked like some grim old caricature of the devil, as carved on a cathedral-wall, capering behind a victim. No victim, even under the melancholy circumstances imagined by mediæval Freemasons, could have looked more miserable than Anthony, who walked on with hanging head and downcast demeanor, as if he were going—anywhere—where those victims were going. Suddenly the boy stopped, and began feeling in his pockets.

"Stop, Uncle Anthony!" he cried. "Stop, I say. We've got to turn back."

"What is it?"

"My knife—left it at the coffee-house. Now, then, right about. You go first. A new knife—three blades—real buck's-horn."

They observed the same order in returning to the coffee-house, where the knife was found on the floor; and, in coming back again, the boy prepared, by turning up cuffs and squaring his shoulders, for precipitate action, if necessary.

About half way down the Cannon Street Road, which was the name of this retreat, and next door to a small Dissenting chapel, Anthony Hamblin stopped and pulled out a latch-key. The house was, like all its neighbors, small, having four or six rooms only. The door was painted a rich, a flaunting red. In the window of the ground-floor was a large card, on which Nicolas read the following announcement:

MR. A. HAMPTON,

Teacher of Writing, Arithmetic, and Free-hand Drawing.

Below this legend, and on either side of it, was drawn, with many an artful flourish and crafty curve, in free-hand, and apparently with a quill-pen, gigantic quills, whose feathers were like the branches of a palm for richness and redundancy. Nicolas recollected, all at once, that his uncle had often, in the old days, delighted himself with such caligraphic exercises.

Anthony Hamblin, crestfallen and shame-faced, opened the door, and led the way into the ground-floor front. Arrived there, he sat down before the window in a hopeless, resigned sort of way, as if he would do no more, but must, unresisting, let Fate go on.

"Upon my word," said the boy, looking round—"upon—my—word, this is a very pretty sort of lodging for the head of the House! Gone a writing-mastering, too."

"I am no longer head of the House," said Anthony humbly; "I am a dead man."

It certainly was not such a room as once sheltered the head partner in the firm. It was only about twelve feet square. Its furniture consisted of one arm-chair and two cane-bottomed chairs, of which one had lost a leg; there was a table and a sort of sideboard *pratique* in the wall beside the fireplace; on it stood half a dozen books, the whole of Anthony Hamblin's library. There was a cupboard on the other side of the fireplace. Nothing else. No pictures on the wall, no decorations of any kind, except a couple of wooden pipes on the mantel-shelf, and a tobacco-pouch. There were no curtains, but only a clean white blind.

"This is my one room," Anthony explained, while the boy curiously examined every article of

the furniture; "my only room. Here I live. My bed is in that cupboard; at night I drag it down."

The boy examined every portion of the furniture minutely, and then turned to his uncle.

"You look thin, Uncle Anthony. Your boots are gone at the heels; your coat is shabby—the cuffs are frayed; your hat is seedy; and you don't look happy; and—and—"

Here this remarkable boy choked, and seized his uncle by the hand, and burst into a fit of sobbing and crying.

"Don't, boy!" cried Anthony Hamblin, much more deeply moved by this passion of grief than he had been by the boy's bounce and arrogance. "Don't, Nicolas; crying will do no good. Tell me, tell me about Alison."

Nicolas stopped crying almost as suddenly as he began.

"Every man," he said presently, by way of apology to himself for his weakness, and while still mopping up the tears, "has his weak point. You find that out, uncle, when you've got an enemy, and then you can stick pins into him all day long."

A thought struck him here. He went to the door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket.

"Now," he said, "the door's locked. You can't get out till I let you, and I don't intend to let you till I know what this little game means."

He sat on the table, one leg dangling and the other resting across it; an elbow on the leg, and his chin in his hand. He had taken off his hat, and with his white eyebrows, the knowing light in his eyes, and the smile of pride which he naturally felt in the situation, he looked more like an imp than seemed possible in living boy.

"Nicolas," said Anthony, sitting before him like a culprit, "you have, by accident, discovered a great secret."

"Under Providence, uncle, as the old lady would say, I have."

"Is it possible for a boy to keep a secret?"

"I have lived in his house," said Nicolas, addressing the furniture, which was very unsympathetic in its scantiness—"I have lived in his house for thirteen years and more, and he doubts my power of keeping a secret!"

"Boy," said the man risen from the dead, sternly, "no fooling! This is no matter for laughing. Can you and will you keep this secret?"

"I can, Uncle Anthony," replied young Nick, with a sudden change of manner; "I can and I will!"

There was something reassuring about the boy's manifest resolution of honestly keeping the secret. He enjoyed it too much, in fact, to reveal it, at least immediately. Yet Anthony Ham-

blin, filled with shame and dismay, looked upon the boy with suspicion. Was his sacrifice to be worthless, after all? Did it depend solely on the discretion of a child so volatile?

"Living at the East End," said Nicolas, as if desirous to change the subject, "is all very well for a man who, like me, takes an interest in the Docks, in indigo-stores, and shipping; but for you, Uncle Anthony, who never put on a canvas coat, nor wore a cap to keep off the blue dust in your life, I can't understand the attraction. All very well if a man wanted to write a novel of dull life, and came here to see what dullness really means; but you don't write novels, and you used to like cheerfulness. Or if you wanted to find out how poor people lived, and what a beastly thing it is to be poor; but you never wanted to know that. Silver-spoon babies never do. The taste, I suppose, is so different from pewter that they don't feel a yearning for change, nor a curiosity to taste any other kind of metal. And yet if you didn't like the Docks, didn't care for poor people, and weren't curious about their ways, what was it drove you away from home? It wasn't any row that I know of. You and Alison hadn't quarreled, had you?"

Anthony shook his head dejectedly.

"As for me," the boy went on, stroking his chin, "I can't remember that I ever said or did anything that could induce you to run away. I was always kind to you, I believe."

"Always," echoed Anthony, without the ghost of a smile.

"Then," said young Nick, getting down from the table to get better vantage-ground, standing with his feet well apart, his hands rammed down into his pockets as far as they would go, and his shoulders raised—this gave him an expression of wonderful sagacity, combined with the deepest cynical knowledge of human nature—"then, Uncle Anthony, I am sorry to say that there remains only one supposition. It pains me to say it, but I must. Why does a rich man, with a comfortable home and people who are fond of him, suddenly bolt, leaving his coat behind him too, as if he was Joseph in the pit, to prove that his goose was already cooked and his bucket kicked? Why, I say? O Uncle Anthony! who would have thought it of you? Because HE'S DONE SOMETHING—I don't know what—SOMETHING! Somebody must have given you the straight tip in good time. You thought you had better bolt so as to avoid the row."

Anthony made no reply. Nicolas resumed his seat on the table.

"If you like to confide in me," Nicolas went on, "I'll give you the best advice in my power. Perhaps it isn't too late."

Still Anthony was silent; but he rose from

his chair, and began to walk up and down the room.

"Everything," said Nicolas encouragingly, "can be squared for money. Give me money and the name of the party, and I'll undertake to square him."

Anthony laughed. He was at last moved to laugh. The boy's importance and confidence were too absurd.

"You, boy! What could you do?"

"Now, here's prejudice again!" he expostulated. "After knowing me intimately for thirteen years, my uncle can't trust me for a confidential piece of work because I've got a jacket on instead of a coat! I thought better of you, Uncle Anthony."

Anthony stopped in his walk, and regarded his youthful adviser meditatively.

"Boy," he said gravely, "I can not tell you the reasons of my disappearance; that is impossible. Nor can I ever reappear again; that is equally impossible."

"Quite impossible? O Uncle Anthony! surely money will square it!"

"No; money can not do everything."

"Can't *anything* be done?"

"Nothing."

"Think of Alison, uncle—think how she's cried her eyes out."

"Poor child! poor child!"

He turned his face to the window, and there was silence for a space.

"Think of ME!" said Nicolas. "Think of my ruined prospects if you don't come back. How do I know that Mr. Augustus will take me into the House?"

"I think he will," said Anthony; "at any rate, I hope he will. Nothing can be done, Nicolas. You have found me. I shall go away from here, for fear that some one else may find me. But you must keep the secret."

"I will keep it if you promise to let me know always where to find you. Let me write to you; and I say, uncle—O Lord! what a game we *will* have—what a game! I didn't tell you how Uncle Stephen is going on."

"No. What is Stephen doing?"

Anthony stopped now to listen.

"He—well, first of all he came to Clapham, and took up his quarters there; smoked your cigars in your study, slept in your bed, and took your place at dinner. Oh, it was beautiful at the go-off! 'My poor Alison! my dear child! My dear Flora!'—that to the old lady, you know; and to me it was, 'Nicolas, my boy—Nicolas, my son,' till we began to think that Black Stephen hadn't got horns and a tail, after all. Wait a bit, though! All of a sudden his manner changes. First he orders me and the old lady to pack up

and be off out of the house; then he ups and tells Alison that she wasn't your heiress after all, because you never were married."

"What?" cried Anthony, with a sudden hot flush on his cheek.

"Steady, steady! Wait a bit. I thought when it came to the old lady and me being ordered into the street that would fetch you as nothing ever fetched you before. It shows your proper feeling, uncle, and I like you the better for it. Let me go on. Then he goes to the partners, and tells them that he—Uncle Stephen—was the real heir to everything; and then he goes to the Court of Probate, and demands letters to carry on the estate. 'O Jeminy!' says the judge—crafty old man that!—'here's artfulness!'—said he'd be blowed if he'd write him any letter at all—said he didn't believe you were dead, but only gone away somewhere on a lark, as had happened to his own brothers more than once—said Alison was to go on-enjoying the estate, and eating as much as ever she possibly could, till such time as it was proved, first, that you were really dead and gone, whereas here you still live and kick; and, second, that Alison was not your heiress, whereas everybody always knew that she was."

"Tried to rob Alison of her inheritance!" murmured Anthony, with livid face. "The scoundrel!"

"Now, you see, uncle," pursued Nicolas, "here we are in a cleft stick, on the horns of a dilemma, and in a quandary such as you never thought was coming out of it, I'm sure. What's to be done?"

"Tell me more about Alison."

"Alison's very jolly," the boy replied—"eats hearty and sleeps well. That fellow Gilbert Yorke is always about the place since Uncle Stephen first showed the horns. He seems to consider that Alison looks pretty in black. I don't. That is to say, you know, it's a matter of opinion. A dark girl wants the relief of a bit of color. However, Alison is a fine girl, dress her how you like; and, if she'd wait for me, I might think of her in ten years' time. After all, she'd be gone off a good deal by the time I was four-and-twenty. Worst of girls, that is—no last."

"Then she doesn't fret much. She has forgotten her father."

"Well, she does—that's the uncomfortable part. You never know when she won't break out again. Spoiled a really good pudding yesterday by crying in the middle of a plateful—her pipes always burst when you least expect it. And then the old lady chimes in. A man *can't* enjoy his meals if he's rained on that way. It's all your fault. If we'd had a regular funeral, with mourners and hat-bands and that, as we

had every right to expect in a respectable family, we should have got through our crying and a-done with it, once for all. How's a man, I should like to know, to feel comfortable over his grub when first it's Alison, and then it's the old lady, crying in chorus? Might as well sit down to dinner, with your umbrella up, in a shower-bath. It was a roll jam-pudding, too!"

"I wish I could trust you," said Anthony, laying his hands on the boy's shoulders. "Will you promise not to betray me?"

"I promise faithfully, uncle. I will say nothing, on two conditions, which I'll tell you presently. But are you going to let Alison be dished out of all her money?"

"No, I am not. That is the one thing, the only thing, that will force me out of my seclusion. That is the one thing. If Stephen wins his case, he will find that he has reckoned without—his dead brother."

"You will come back again, in that case, and in spite of everything?"

"I will, in spite of everything."

Nicolas breathed freely. This was good news, indeed. In any case Alison was safe. And if Alison was provided for, then he himself would not be forgotten. The bright eyes beneath those long white eyebrows twinkled with delight.

"Very well, uncle. Then we understand one another. If things go wrong, you'll turn up at the right moment, frustrate his politics, make him sing out like bricks, and confound his knavish tricks. But, I say, why not tell me just now where you were married?—just for curiosity, and because we are both enjoying the same jolly game."

"No, Nicolas, I shall not tell you that. I shall tell you no more; and now you must go."

"Well, if you *won't* let me square the other side, and if you won't tell me all about your marriage, I suppose I must. Still" (he got off the table again, and put on his hat slowly), "I don't half like it. You have promised to interfere at the last moment, just when Uncle Stephen thinks he's going to grab it all. That's satisfactory so far; but how do I know that you won't bolt yourself the moment you are out of my sight?"

"If I trust my secret in your keeping," said Anthony, "is not that a sufficient guarantee?"

"Well, no," said Nicolas; "because the truth is that you didn't trust it. I found it—I took it; you couldn't help yourself."

"Well—well!" said Anthony impatiently.

"Now, then, for my conditions. I keep your secret, Uncle Anthony, faithfully, if you promise me two things. They are—first, don't bolt."

"I will not, unless I have cause for suspecting you."

"Second, when you come back to the House—because, of course, you will; Uncle Stephen *can't* be endured much longer—you will take me into it. I'm not a fool, Uncle Anthony" (the boy became here almost solemn in his earnestness)—"no albino ever was a fool yet, so far as universal history-books (with dates) can inform the class. I'm always trying to learn things that will make me fit for City life. There's nothing in all the world I would rather have, after a bit, than a partnership in the House. Not at first, you know; I am content to work my way right up from the very bottom, only let me have the chance."

"My dear boy," said Anthony, his kind eyes softening, and laying his hands on the lad's shoulders, "I shall never be able to give you the chance. I shall not be there."

"But promise, uncle."

"I promise, if I am there."

"That's quite enough," said Nicolas, resuming his habitual manner. "Some fellows—suspicious fellows—would require a stamped agreement. Between man and man, I say, if men's words are worth anything, a verbal agreement is enough."

"You may come to see me sometimes, if you like," said Anthony. "Come on half-holidays, when no one suspects you. Come and tell me about Alison."

"I will, uncle," said the boy; "and about the old lady and myself. Oh, I'll keep you lively! And you shall tell me how you like writing-mastering. And remember your promise—fain larks—no bolting! Here's your key."

Nicolas shook hands with head erect, but his hands were a little shaky, and outside the house he put his knuckles into his eyes for a moment. Then, because a boy in the street who was passing by laughed at him, he chuckled that boy's hat into a passing cab, and gave him one to remember him by on the left ear. The necessity of recovering the cap prevented the boy from retaliating, although he was bigger. After that, Nicolas went on his way in a serene and even joyous frame of mind. Presently, thinking over the convivial side of the new discovery, over all the possibilities of this delightful game of hide-and-seek, and how it would light up and illumine the summer months, and how it would eventually glorify and immortalize himself, he grew more than joyous—he became rapturous. He could no longer walk, but began to dance. He danced behind and beside nervous old gentlemen, so that they were fain to stop and beg him to pass on; he danced beside grave matrons and elderly single women as if he were their frisky son; he mingled in the ranks of girls' schools, and danced among the girls, as if he were a frivolous pupil;

he chanced upon a pale and unhappy two-by-two belonging to a commercial academy, and danced among the spiritless boys as if he dared the usher to box his ears; he overtook a heavily-laden and very stout old lady going home from shopping, and danced all round her, whistling loudly the while. This figure, if it is executed properly, with the back presented to the victim's face, and plenty of double-shuffle, is really expressive, and disconcerts old ladies excessively. It was a favorite feat, I believe, with the Mohocks and Scourers of old. This old lady, for her part, was so much put out by it that she dropped all the things she was carrying—her bag, her basket, her parcels, her gloves, her shawl, her umbrella, her spectacles, and her thimble—anything that could possibly tumble from her. These spread as they fell till the whole pavement was strewn with the wreck. She is still, I believe, engaged in picking up her property. But long before she realized the extent of the calamity, the boy, whose good spirits prompted him to so great activity, was out of sight, still dancing and still whistling as he went.

He arrived at Clapham about half-past five. He was boisterous, he was joyful in that house of subdued melancholy. He boldly suggested champagne instead of tea; he spoke vaguely about great things in the way of festivities to come; he declined altogether to learn his lessons for the next day; he led his mother to think that he was going to have something—the measles, a fit, or perhaps the mumps, which are said sometimes to begin with an accession of supernatural and unaccountable hilarity.

When he got Alison quite by herself for a moment he assumed a mysterious manner, and winked and nodded.

"How are they getting on for you, Alison?" he asked.

"Nothing has been found yet, I am sorry to say."

"Well, I am not a man who promises rashly; only, the moment you think the game is up, you give me the tip straight away."

"Give you the tip?"

"Tip it to me. Then you shall see—hey! presto! up goes Uncle Stephen, horns and tail and all, blown to little smithereens, and Alison comes home in triumph! Ring the bells! beat the drums! and hooray for writing-masters all!"

For several days after that the boy maintained, with Alison, a running fire of obscure allusions to writing-masters. He talked about the great amount of their gains, their enviable position in the social scale, their enjoyable work, their content and happiness. What did he mean?

CHAPTER XXIII.

HOW ADVERTISING PROVED A DISAPPOINTMENT.

THE advertisements were all put into the papers, and the cousins waited impatiently for the result.

There were no results at all after a week. "They are searching the registers," said Gilbert.

They waited another week; there were no results still. "Give me time to look through the London registers," said Alderney Codd hopefully.

Alison shook her head. She was not sanguine of success, even in her brightest moods, when she continually thought about that story of the ship's captain who went off his head and signed articles as an able-seaman.

"He may come back," she said, foolishly dwelling on this dream—fortunately, it was not often that she permitted herself so great a happiness. "He may come back. Perhaps he will come back. I shall never give up that hope. What is the good of trying to discover what he wanted to conceal? You had better give it up, Gilbert, and give the other man all the money, and let me go away somewhere and be forgotten."

"Give it up!" he cried; "why, we have only just begun."

"It is useless," she replied despondently; "you are only making yourself and me more unhappy than we need be. Give it up, and me too, and go back to your chambers and your law-work."

Alison's despondent view was not the only disheartening thing about the work which Gilbert had set himself to do. It was impossible to deny the difficulty which presented itself at the very beginning. Why was all mention of the marriage, if there was a marriage, suppressed in the diaries? Even a courtship takes time. Why was even the courtship concealed and suppressed? Why did a man who was frank and candid as the day in everything else, keep a guarded silence in what was probably his only love-affair? and, silence or not, what opportunity could be found for love-making? What room was there in that busy life, so faithfully recorded in the diaries, for love, courtship, and wedlock?

Many young men live in chambers; whatever their occupations during the day, they have at least their evenings free; they are not generally supposed to record in diaries the *menus plaisirs* of those evenings. Other young men live at home, but do not always, as their mothers would wish, spend the evening at home; nor do they

always truthfully explain in the morning where they have been and what they did the night before: deception, *suppressio veri*, is practiced. Anthony Hamblin did not have chambers, nor did he spend his evenings abroad. Not at all: he devoted himself, with the devotion of a Frenchman, to his mother. He never showed the least inclination to any kind of profligacy, wastefulness, or fastness. He was that very rare creature, a young man who is "steady," and yet not a prig in morals. Had he been, for instance, a young man of the present day, he would have made himself an athlete, and kept himself in constant training. The only athletics in his day were those games which a late lamented dean once stigmatized as "immoral, because athletic"—whist and cricket. Billiards there was also, but the dean never heard of that game. Football was for boys; young men scorned to run races; no one would have gone a yard out of the way to see the longest jump, the highest jump, the farthest shy, the fastest run. Anthony Hamblin, up to the age of three- or four-and-thirty, went home every evening to dinner, and staid at home. He was the constant companion, the solace, the prop of his mother. He was passionate in his love for her. Stephen it was who early broke away from the domestic coop—Stephen it was who lived in chambers, paid duty-visits, borrowed money, squandered and scattered. It was Anthony who cheered the last years of his mother's life, and for her sake, and not because he was a passionless young prig, was content to forego his own pleasures—the ordinary and innocent gayeties of early manhood.

How, then, could he find the time to get married?

These doubts, when they arose, Gilbert pushed into the background. Before Alison he was confident, brave, and cheerful. Everything, he declared, would happen just exactly as they wished.

As regards the rest of the family, there was division. The two partners remained stanch. So did the Colonel and the Dean, and the rest of the male cousins who belonged to the generation of Anthony. The younger members, accustomed in these latter days to the contemplation of a laxer code of morals, generally took the more gloomy view; one or two openly declared themselves of the Black Hamblin faction. Female cousins called on Alison, and hinted at compromise, while there was yet time. If these hints were such as she could take hold of, Alison astonished those cousins, as she had gratified young Nick, by the mightiness of her wrath and the free hanging of her tongue. What they did not see, when they retired, confused and beaten

down like the long grass after a thunderstorm, was the humiliation which fell upon their cousin, and the bitter tears which these doubts wrung from her when she knew that they could not see them.

Compromise! No; nothing that could show belief in her uncle's theory; nothing that should allow the bare possibility of that theory; nothing that did not admit to the full her father's honor, her mother's honor, and all that these involved.

Nothing is more certain than that, if you advertise long enough, you are sure to get something out of it. I was once assured by a stranger, whom I afterward discovered to be connected with the advertising interests, that for twelve thousand pounds he would undertake to float anything, from a quack pill or a saline mixture to a daily paper. Thinking over this assertion, I had a dream, in which I thought I was a millionaire, that my money was all divided into little heaps of twelve thousand pounds each, and that I was devoting the whole of my vast wealth, by means of giving this philanthropic stranger one of these heaps at a time, to floating pills, papers, theatres, saline draughts, books, music, pictures, and artistic furniture. I woke up before I reached the last heap, and I do not know how far I advanced the world.

As for the Hamblin advertisements, the first result of them was to bring Mrs. Duncombe to light.

She called herself at the office in Bedford Row, and sent up her name, with a great air of mystery, in a folded piece of paper, which, she instructed the clerk, was not to be opened, on any account, by anybody except Mr. Billiter himself.

She was a florid lady, between middle and elderly age, with a fat, good-natured face, much resembling an overblown cabbage-rose. She looked about her with suspicion. A lawyer's office has something fearsome about it, even to those who "ought to know better"; to a woman of Mrs. Duncombe's social standing it is simply terrible. The appearance of the sharp-visaged old gentleman who received her, with his bright eyes and pointed chin, did not reassure her.

"Oh," said Mr. Billiter, looking her all over with suspicion, "you are Mrs. Duncombe, are you? You are the lady for whom we advertised, are you? And you are come for your reward, I suppose. Very well. Of course we do not pay anything until we are satisfied that there is no imposture. So you will be good enough to sit down and answer a few questions."

Mrs. Duncombe obeyed, though she regarded the very chairs with distrust. Still she obeyed. Her breath was short too, and getting up the stairs had tired her.

"I am Mrs. Duncombe," she said, presently, and without waiting for the questions—indeed, the old lawyer had gone on writing as if no one was in the office at all, which was his pleasant way of giving sinners time for meditation and repentance—"and I am here in answer to an advertisement which my nephew read to me. Because I don't read papers myself, as a general rule, my eyes not being so good as they were, and the news not up to what it used to be and one has a right to expect." She paused for a moment only. "There may be, perhaps, two Mrs. Duncombes in the world. But there can't be two in connection with the sweet flower, which her initials were A. H."

"Tell me, if you please," said Mr. Billiter, "what those initials stand for?"

"Aha!" she replied, with a look of profound caution, which sat comically upon her jovial and easy face. "And suppose you want to find out the dear young lady yourself, and you've got designs upon her, and you've sent to me to help you do a mischief to my dear darling?"

"Shall we divide the name into syllables, then?" asked Mr. Billiter. "That will be fair. I will begin. Now, then, A, L—Al."

"There you are with your Al," responded the lady, pleased with this ingenious manœuvre. "Al, I, i—there you are with your Ali."

"S, O, N—son," Mr. Billiter went on gravely.

"And there you are with your Alison," she added. "That's the Christian name right enough, and the only girl I ever meet with such a name out of a printed twopenny book. Now the surname. H, A, M—Ham; there you are with your Ham."

"B," Mr. Billiter added, emphasizing with his forefinger.

"B," taking the word out of his mouth; "there you are with your B—Ham-bee," as if it was a syllable."

"L, I, N—lin; which completes the name."

"There you are with your Hamblin—there you are with your Alison Hamblin. Lord help you, sir, I taught that little dear to spell myself, though rather rusty after all these years, and a spelling-bee not to my taste, nor a prize likely at my time of life. There you are with your Alison Hamblin. To think that I should ever have spelled her name turn-about with a lawyer! Well, sir, you haven't told me what you want to do to the dear child."

"No harm, Mrs. Duncombe—quite the contrary. We want to do her as much good as possible. We want to protect her against a man who is trying to keep her out of her property."

"Is he, now? The pretty dear! And a goodish bit of property, too, I shouldn't wonder."

"It is a goodish bit, indeed. Now for our questions, Mrs. Duncombe."

"As many as you like, sir; but not too fast, through the breath being shorter than it was twenty years ago, when first I set eyes on that most blessed of little girls."

"Yes. When did you make the acquaintance of Mr. Anthony Hamblin?"

"A fortnight before he brought me the child. I answered an advertisement for a careful person who would take charge of a child; references required. I referred to the parish doctor—the same who attended my husband in his last illness—and the vicar, the same who buried him. They spoke to my respectability, and Mr. Hamblin took me on at a truly liberal salary, being a most generous and open-handed gentleman, though never, seemingly, knowing the real value of money, and too liberal to the poor—a thing which does them more harm than good in the long run—"

"Pray excuse me. Mr. Hamblin engaged you, on the strength of those references, to take care of the child?"

"He did, sir. He placed me in a house furnished with everything you could wish, except that the cabinets and the chests of drawers were new and used to crack of a night, which is fearsome to a lonely widow woman; and a fortnight later he brought me the prettiest child, of a year old or thereabouts, that ever laughed in a nurse's eyes, or said 'Ta' for a piece of sponge-cake."

"He brought you the child? Did you not, then, go for it yourself?"

"No; he brought her. He came by the train."

"Where did he come from?"

"Surely it was not my place to ask? He had no servant with him; he brought the infant in his own arms."

"That is odd. Had the child any linen?"

"Yes, a basketful; but there was no mark on any of it. And she had a coral necklace. That was all she had."

"Pray tell me more."

"Mr. Hamblin said her name was Alison Hamblin, and that her mother was dead; then he went away. In a fortnight he came again. In a little while he used to make me send a daily report to his office in London of the child's health and progress; and he used to run down from Saturday to Monday when she got a little older. He had a bedroom in the house—his own house it was."

"Ay," said Mr. Billiter, "we remember that he used to go down to Brighton."

"The little maid grew up much like her father, only dark-complexioned; and that fond of him as she couldn't bear to say good-by, and

was always reckoning up the days to Saturday. Well, the time went on, and I was sorry indeed, I can tell you, when the day came that Mr. Hamblin said he thought the sea-air had made her a strong child, and that he intended taking her to live with him in London. So we had to part; and it was terrible—"

The good woman paused, while hot tears ran down the furrows of her nose.

"It does you credit, Mrs. Duncombe," said Mr. Billiter, referring, perhaps, to the present rather than to the past tears. "Mr. Hamblin, then, took her away. What did he do for you?"

"He bought me an annuity, sir; one hundred pounds a year it is, and a permanent income for a woman that would otherwise have been in the workhouse in her old age. Wherefore I say every day, 'God bless him and magnify his name!'"

"Thank you, Mrs. Duncombe. But he is dead—yes, Mr. Anthony Hamblin was drowned in the Serpentine in that accident of January last."

"Dear, dear me!" she sighed; "poor dear gentleman! This is more trouble. And Miss Alison, sir?"

"She is well. But her succession and title to the estates are disputed. We want to find, Mrs. Duncombe—we must find out somehow, when and where, and to whom, Mr. Hamblin was married. We were in hopes that you would know something about it. Can you not tell us where the child came from? Was there no mark at all upon her clothes? Was there no railway-label on her box? Think; even the least hint might be of use."

But she shook her head.

"I know nothing, sir—no more than I have told you. A child was brought to me, and I took care of her for nine years or thereabouts. Where she came from I know no more than the baby herself knew."

"Then, Mrs. Duncombe, I am afraid you are no use to us. But you shall have the advertised reward for producing yourself."

"And the dear young lady, sir—may I see her?"

"Assuredly; here is her address." Mr. Billiter wrote it down for her. "Go whenever you please. I think she will like to see you again. And—and—Mrs. Duncombe, if you stay in the house a day or two, you might look round. Perhaps that very same box may be lying in some attic—there is always a box-room in those big houses—and you might find the railway-label; or—or if you can pick up anything, or remember anything, or find out anything, let me know. Now, good morning."

It was, indeed, very little to go upon—a coral

necklace. Gilbert had already ascertained its existence, and that it was safe, and in Alison's custody; but no amount of searching could find the box in which, twenty years before, the child's clothes were dispatched. Mrs. Duncombe, exuberant in her demonstrations of affection and anxiety to help, herself conducted the search in the trunk-room, lumber-room, and every garret and attic where was hidden away the accumulated worthlessness of half a dozen generations. Many curious things were found, but no such box as they wanted.

So far, therefore, the advertisements had not proved a success. Gilbert waited, like the Earl of Chatham, longing to be at 'em; or like Charles the Wrestler, wondering if his antagonist would come on; or like a knight-errant who wanted nothing so much as to go out instantly and slay the loathly worm, if that crafty creature, safe and snug in its cave, would only come forth to do battle and be killed.

Perhaps the parish clerks had not seen the advertisements. "All parish clerks," Gilbert thought, "do not take in daily papers." He hit upon a novel device of a more searching and thorough character. He sent a circular to every beneficed clergyman in the country, asking him to make special search. There are about twelve thousand parishes and district churches. The thing made a capital job for an agency, which charged sixpence a hundred for addressing the envelopes, and paid the women who did the work fourpence-halfpenny. This shows what a good thing it is to have middle-men, and proves the beneficence of Providence in multiplying them so mightily that they cut each other's throats, instead—as they would do were their number less—of waxing strong, devouring the rest of mankind, getting all the money into their own hands, consuming the harvests, eating up the butter, bread, oil, honey, wine, fruit, corn, cattle, and all the fat of the land. Yet, though many women worked, several days passed before the circulars could be issued and answers received.

This time the recipients of the circular did answer; at least a good many of them sent answers. They were all to the same effect. Search had been made, and no such marriage had been discovered. Some sent useless returns, finding the marriage of a certain Hamblin a hundred years back, and demanding the reward by return of post. When it did not come, they wrote again, asking indignantly for the cause of delay, and threatening legal proceedings. Others, while admitting that their search had been fruitless, took the opportunity of advocating the claims of their Restoration Fund; their Increase of Beneficed Clergy Stipend Fund; their Soup-kitchens; their Pickled Onions Fund; their Fund

for enabling the Clergy to see their Way out of It; their Deaconesses' Aprons Fund; their Sisters' Cold Shoulder of Mutton Fund; their Schools; their Impoverished Bishops' Fund; their Homes; their Penitentiaries; and their Grand National Society for the Pauperization of the British People, officered entirely by the Bishops and Clergy of the Church of England, and embracing the aims and objects of all the preceding minor societies. No fewer than twenty-five sent in a bill for time spent in conducting the search. Eight hundred and thirty-seven curates, answering for their rectors and vicars, hinted at the patronage of the Hamblins (which consisted of one small living), and their own unappreciated merits. Three hundred and sixty-five asked for nominations to City schools for their boys. One hundred and fifty-two asked for scholarships on the City Companies' Foundations for sons about to go to Oxford or Cambridge. All alike addressed the advertisers in terms of affectionate intimacy, as if they were all round grateful, personal friends, who could refuse each other nothing. And most of them exhibited a proficiency in mendicity to be equaled in no other profession.

This was gratifying so far; and Gilbert, who opened and read the letters, felt that this universal confidence in the generosity of a stranger had taught him to love his fellow creatures more deeply. At the same time, there was no discovery.

He then hit upon a third plan. If he could not find proof of the marriage, he might get upon the trace of the unknown mother.

He drew up a crafty advertisement, in which, after a brief preamble addressed to the relations and friends of missing people, he stated that at some unknown period, probably about twenty-one or twenty-two years before the date of the advertisement, a young lady, name unknown, was believed to have contracted a secret marriage, presumably under an assumed name, with a certain A. H.; that she was believed to have died within two years of the marriage; that she had left one daughter, whose initials were also A. H.; that information which would prove the marriage was now being sought, and would be very liberally rewarded.

This masterpiece he inserted in all the papers, and waited for a reply. There were hundreds of answers.

Observe that Gilbert's advertisement gave certain data—probable date, marriage, birth of a daughter, death, initials of husband, initials of child—six in all. Obviously, therefore, the replies which fell short in any one of these data would certainly be useless; or, as one or two of them might have been missed by unlearned readers, it was reasonable to suppose that some at least

would be considered. But the mind of the middle- and lower-class Briton is illogical. He considers one fact at a time. Therefore, when the advertisement appeared, everybody from whose hearth daughter, sister, aunt, or great-aunt had eloped, disappeared, or run away any time during the last fifty years wrote in reply. It was astonishing, first, to mark how common an incident in family life of a certain rank this misfortune must be; secondly, to see how long and with what keenness it is remembered; and, lastly, how ready a large proportion of the bereaved are to make money out of the calamity, should a way seem open.

This time Gilbert's opinion of human nature was lowered and not raised at all by the correspondence which ensued. For some, writing as if with a bludgeon in the left hand, ready for transfer to the right when the pen was dropped, called Heaven to witness that the villain had been found at last, and demanded compensation—large and liberal compensation. Others, adopting a more Christian line, thanked Providence that the sinner was repentant, and asked what sum the advertiser proposed to pay for loss of services, anxiety, wounded honor, hope deferred, affections blighted, and lacerated feelings. Others, again, still with an eye to business, wrote to say that they held in their hands information which would prove of the highest value, but could not part with it without a proper understanding beforehand. One or two informed the advertiser that the young person wanted was not dead at all, but alive, and quite ready to forgive the past in return for an annuity or proper settlement. Some concurred in demanding that the daughter should be restored to her mother's people, of course with liberal compensation and large annual allowance for her keep. Every side of human selfishness seemed laid bare in this correspondence.

Yet there was another side, else it would have been too contemptible. Dozens of letters came, written while the eyes were blurred with tears, and the mind was sick with sadness at the revival of past unhappiness. These went to the young man's heart, and brought the tears to his own eyes as he read them. They came from old ladies, from middle-aged ladies, from women of all classes. They were written in forlorn hope: they all told the same monotonous tale, how a girl had wandered from the fold and never come back again; how the mother, aged now, or her sisters, were waiting still in hope that the prodigal daughter might return. They gave their own particulars, and they asked if these would suit the story of the girl about whom the advertisers were inquiring.

"Is it a great and bottomless gulf, this London?" thought Gilbert. "Are there, every year,

hundreds of girls who listen to the voice of the tempter? Are there yearly hundreds of homes saddened irretrievably by the flight of one? Anthony Hamblin could not have been such a man."

"It could not be," he repeated, "that Anthony Hamblin was a vulgar and selfish deceiver of girls. Yet Alison's mother must have had an existence. Suppose they found her relations among the *canaille* who burned to make money out of their own shame! Better, almost, that her friends should be found among those who still wept for the loss of their sister." It must be owned that at this period doubts assailed the young man. He found himself sometimes in the Slough of Despond, sometimes on the Hill Difficulty, sometimes in the Castle of Despair. Yet he met Alison with brave eyes, and words of courage. He would not dishearten her. To Alison, indeed, it seemed as if the arrival of Mrs. Duncombe was all that was wanted to prove her own case.

The confidence of the partners in the power of advertising rapidly diminished. They sent secretly to one Theodore Bragge, formerly of the Metropolitan Detective Police, and, unknown to Gilbert, sought his advice.

Mr. Bragge's appearance was disappointing. Nothing of the sleuth-hound about him at all. No more intelligence in his face than in that of any ordinary police-constable. "But a solid face," said Augustus Hamblin. Solidity, in fact, was the one virtue Mr. Bragge's face could boast. He was clean-shaven, rather red in the nose, and looked like a butler out of place.

When the case was thoroughly put before him—it was curious that a man of such remarkable acuteness should be so slow in mastering facts—Mr. Bragge sat down and tapped his nose. Anybody can execute that simple feat. It is only when Thaumast, Panurge, and Theodore Bragge perform it that one is struck by the boundless capabilities of so simple an action.

"This will be, likely, a longish case."

"But do you think you can unravel it?"

Mr. Bragge smiled superior.

"There is no case, gentlemen," he said, "that I would not undertake." (Which was strictly true.) "I called this a longish case, not a difficult one. You have heard, perhaps, of the great Shottover case? I was the man who unraveled that. However, I do not boast."

He proceeded to point out how expensive a process is detective work, and then, armed with a check on account, went away to begin his work at once.

He began it by a preliminary meditation, which commenced in a neighboring tavern immediately after his interview with the partners, and

lasted till eleven o'clock in the evening. It was interrupted by a whisky-and-water hot at four, a steak at five with a pint of stout, six whiskys-and-water between six and eleven, and an animated conversation during the evening with a few friends.

An English Secret Service officer tries clumsily to do what the Continental secret police are supposed, I do not know how truly, to do cleverly. It sends men to watch, spy, and ask questions. The men always get found out in their watching at the very beginning of their investigations. They are not good actors; they can not disguise themselves; they are not generally clever; they are not always commonly intelligent. But people believe in the private-inquiry man; they think that he who owns such an office must have sources of information at his command not to be got at by anybody else; they believe that he can discover a criminal, unearth a lover, prove a marriage, or find a will, when all the rest of the world have failed.

Let us, in justice to these gentlemen, acknowledge that they do nothing to undermine or lessen this belief. Quite the contrary: they accept the position assigned to them. They are professors of sagacity. In a sense they are professors of the science of human nature. Thus upon two or three axioms, science rests, according to these *savants*—

1. Everybody is, has been, or will one day be engaged in some crime.

2. There is nothing, in reality, but the Seamy Side. The rest is pretense.

3. Truth is to be sought, not in a well, which would be foolishness; but behind and beneath the walls and roofing of lies which it is necessary to build round her in order to protect her against the wicked world's shower of gold.

4. Good men are those who only lie in the way of business.

5. Suspect every friend: look on every stranger as an enemy.

6. The booniest companion is often he whom you should trust least. Virtue does not necessarily accompany good-fellowship.

7. If there is a choice of motives, choose the worst.

8. In any case, never suppose a motive which is not in some way based upon personal interest.

9. Friendship means common interest; pals are those who run in couples; friendship ceases when a man can work by himself.

10. It is generally thought better to work in the dark than in the daytime.

I have gathered these maxims from a hitherto incomplete work by Theodore Bragge himself. They form the introduction to his unwritten treatise on the "Philosophy of Human Nature."

Meantime, he cheerfully undertook the search. He wrote on the third day that he had found a clew. On the sixth day he said they were following up the clew. On the tenth day he said, darkly, that other paths were opening, and that more money would be necessary. This was as exciting, if it should prove as unprofitable, as the search for the philosopher's stone. The partners, rejoicing in their secret, sent more money. "It was," said Augustus, "trained intelligence

(To be continued.)

against the brute force of advertising; and, in the long run, trained intelligence must win."

The man with the solid face received the money, and followed up his clews. Trained intelligence, acting on the decalogue of scientific maxims quoted above, quickly jumped at the conclusion that there never had been any marriage at all, which was not what the partners wanted. "But we can find, perhaps, the young lady's mother. She must have had a mother."

PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT IN AMERICA.

IT must be accounted one of the notable facts in the history of the Anglo-Saxon race, and likewise in the annals of representative institutions, that the Government of the United States, formed originally for the needs and exigencies of three millions of people, inhabiting a narrow strip of seaboard, has remained without any material change for nearly a century, and is found to work as well for a nation now fifteen times as numerous, occupying a territory fifty times greater. Indeed, it may truthfully be said to work with less friction and more general satisfaction now than then. Its infancy was embroiled with controversies, respecting the interpretation of the Constitution, so fierce that the Union was more than once in real danger before it had come of age. Some of the States had to be dragged into the Federal compact, and others were threatening to go out long before the institution of slavery became a rock of offense between North and South.

The task of statesmanship during the first quarter of a century was not so much to make it work well as to make it work at all. At the present time nobody looks upon a separation of the States as possible, and none desire it except a few straggling adherents of the Lost Cause, whose voice is as ineffectual and unheeded in the general movement as that of the irate Tory at the creation of the world who demanded that chaos be preserved.

How far this contentedness with existing institutions is to be ascribed to material prosperity, how far to the excellence of the institutions themselves, and how far to the inherited conservatism of the race, it would be futile to inquire. The country has advanced in wealth with great rapidity, notwithstanding temporary checks, during the whole period of the national existence; and few people desire to change their condition when

they are well off. Apart from this, the Americans are at heart, and perhaps without knowing it themselves, among the most conservative peoples in the world. Although nobody is readier than the Yankee to devise and adopt new modes of doing things, and while the earth does not contain a more ubiquitous traveler or daring speculator, nobody offers a more angry resistance to anything in the nature of organic change. The wicked persecution of the abolitionists during a quarter of a century was part and parcel of the national tendency to cling to whatever is, for not one in twenty of the Northern people who participated in it, and voted with the slaveholders, had any pecuniary interest in slavery direct or indirect. The uprising in behalf of the Union was a conservative rather than an anti-slavery uprising. President Lincoln uttered the voice of the majority of the nation when he said that if he could save the Union by freeing all the slaves he would do that, and if he could save it by freeing none he would do that, and if he could save it by freeing some and not freeing others he would do that. Catholic emancipation was carried in England half a century ago. It was not carried in the State of New Hampshire until a few years since, if indeed it has been fully effected even yet. The laws of Rhode Island regulating the right of suffrage were, until a recent period, as fantastic as those of England before the Reform Bill, and the States of Vermont and Connecticut are full of rotten boroughs to this day—each town electing one member of the Legislature without regard to population.

It may be said that national vanity is accountable for this fixedness of attachment to national institutions. It is immaterial what name it is called by. The conservatism of one country is most commonly vanity in the eyes of another. The English fondness for titles and a state church

is a preposterous vanity to Americans, and the rock-ribbed conservatism of China is vanity to all the world else. It makes no difference what name is given to the set of ideas which cause a people to cling tenaciously to their own fashions. It remains a fact that the Americans are an extremely conservative people, while not desiring to be considered so.

To the great majority of Americans it is a matter of no consequence whence they derived their institutions—in what ancient quarry their forefathers digged. The popular Fourth of July conception is that they were invented, made out of whole cloth, struck out at a heat; that they sprang into existence Minerva-like without gestation or heredity. It needs no professor of evolution to tell us that this kind of birth for a government as for an individual is impossible. Historically the American form of government is the British government of the last century with hereditary succession left out. I am speaking now of the *form* of government, and not of the machinery by which it is kept going; of the legislative, executive, and judicial processes, not of the distribution of the suffrage or the sources of power. The form of King, Lords, and Commons was adopted not only for the Federal Government, but for each of the thirteen original States, and has been copied in regular succession by twenty-five additional States—King, Lords, and Commons without hereditary succession, and of limited tenure.

Since the adoption of this form of government far greater changes of substance have taken place in England than in America. The powers vested in the President, Senate, and House of Representatives, and in each of them, are no whit less now than they were under George Washington. Those of the Crown and the Lords are vastly less than they were under George III. So attenuated have these become that it is a matter of dispute whether they have any direct powers left that can be successfully asserted against the Commons. Indirect powers they have, undoubtedly, of considerable magnitude and import, the greatest being the influence exercised by the Lords upon the elections of the Commons. This, however, is the influence of landownership rather than of lordship. The House of Lords a short time since rejected the Irish Volunteer Bill after its passage by the Commons. Possibly they may reject it a second time, for it will surely come up again. But after its third passage by the Commons the Lords will pass it also, not because they will like it any better than before, but because they must. And so it would be with any other bill about which the Commons should show any decided purpose and determination. The Senate of the United States

would reject any bill from the House which the majority of its members did not like—would reject it thirty times as easily as once. On the other hand, the House, finding its measure rejected once, would not pass it a second time until changes in the *personnel* of the Senate should give indications of a change in its temper.

The difference between the executive modes of the two countries is still more marked. Any measure which passes the Commons is supposed to have received the royal sanction in advance at the hands of her Majesty's Ministers, or, failing that, at the hands of her Majesty's Opposition, who straightway become Ministers. Hence the subsequent approval of the bill is a matter of form, and a matter of course. But the President of the United States would veto a bill without hesitation as many times, and under as many different forms and guises, as Congress should pass it—as President Hayes did during the recent session of Congress; and in so doing he would be sustained by public opinion as exercising a lawful discretion. The country might think the discretion erroneously exercised, but the right to exercise it would never be questioned. As a matter of fact nine tenths of all the Executive vetoes in the annals of Congress have been salutary and conducive to the public weal; and probably the same proportion will hold good as to the vetoes of the State Governors. The veto power is a conservative force which has nothing corresponding to it under existing English practice. The unqualified power of restraint which the upper House exercises over the lower in the United States is also one of the lost arts of government in the United Kingdom, and I suppose very few desire, and none expect, to see it restored.

The question whether the United States might usefully ingraft upon their system of government the principal improvement wrought in the English system since the separation of the two countries, has been a good deal discussed in pamphlets and on the rostrum of late years. Reduced to its simplest terms, the question is, whether it would be wise for the United States to have one government like the House of Commons, upon which public opinion can impinge and concentrate readily and effectively, or three governments, to wit, President, Senate, and House of Representatives, upon which public opinion is dispersed and unable to act effectively except at certain periods fixed in the almanac, and even then not simultaneously upon all three—a question not so easily answered as this statement of it would seem to imply. To accomplish such a change it would be necessary to give the members of the Cabinet seats on the floor of Congress, to confide to them the initiative of the

principal measures of legislation, to hold them collectively responsible for everything, and to send them adrift whenever for any reason they should fail of the support of a majority of the popular branch of the Legislature. Mechanical difficulties in the way of such an arrangement, which are very considerable if not insurmountable, will be noticed hereafter. An initial step has been proposed in the form of a bill in Congress by Senator Pendleton, of Ohio, which presents no difficulties at all except the difficulty of getting a majority to agree to it. The bill provides that seats shall be assigned to the Cabinet in both branches of Congress; that they shall be free to occupy them at all times, and required to be present at certain times to answer questions propounded to them, in the same way as her Majesty's Ministers are catechised by members of the House of Commons. The right to participate in general debate is not recorded by the bill, and the right to vote is denied by the Constitution.

Looking at the general run of questions and answers in Parliament where members are at liberty to ask the Right Honorable Secretary of This what he thinks about the deterioration of the quality of Irish butter, and the Under-Secretary of That whether the survivors of Rorke's Drift have been allowed an extra flannel shirt and trousers as a reward for their gallant conduct—two questions which, with others of like gravity, were propounded in the writer's hearing at the sitting of the 16th of June last—it would seem hardly worth the effort of passing Mr. Pendleton's bill in order to get so little as he offers to give. I have attended many spelling-schools that were livelier and more entertaining. The right to join in general debate saves the Ministerial bench from becoming a mere class in conundrums. Indeed, it would seem impossible to draw a line between answers to questions and general debate thereon. In the greater number of cases where information is sought by the Legislature concerning the acts of the Executive, what is especially wanted is the reason for the act. When the head of a department is asked for his reasons for a particular line of action, he must be allowed to choose his own words, and decide for himself how much time is needed for his explanations. It is impossible to open the mouths of the Cabinet in Congress, and close them at the same time. The Cabinet would probably decline to occupy the seats offered to them on such conditions, and the power to compel their attendance is at least doubtful.

Mr. Pendleton expressly disclaims the intention to introduce or even to pave the way for the English style of parliamentary government. The advantage he ascribes to his measure is that it

would greatly facilitate and expedite the business of Congress to have the heads of the executive departments within reach when information is wanted; and here it must be allowed that the argument on his side is strong. Under existing methods the procuring of information from a department for the use of the House is most cumbersome and dilatory. Some member of the House, on resolution day (which comes once a week), offers a resolution calling for it. The House may adopt the resolution or reject it, or refer it to a standing committee. In the latter case the committee can report it back when the committee is called in its order, which will happen about three times in the course of a session, the mover having meanwhile lost all responsibility for his resolution, and the committee having assumed it. Most commonly, however, the House adopts or rejects the resolution without referring it. It is then engrossed by a clerk, signed, and certified, and conveyed by a messenger to the Secretary of the proper department, who refers it to a bureau where manuscript is accumulated upon it more or less. Then the answer is sent back to the Secretary, who takes time to consider whether the information ought to be given at all. Before it actually reaches the House all interest in it has perhaps evaporated, or, if it be still alive, the time when it would have been most useful has gone by. It frequently happens, however, that some part of the desired information is wanting, or is furnished in such shape that it is unintelligible to the member who called for it, so that a supplementary resolution of inquiry must be sent through the same devious channel. By this time, probably, nobody cares whether the question is ever answered at all.

Evasion of the point of an interrogatory is not uncommon when the answer is communicated in writing. If the Secretary is reluctant to give the information, or if he wishes to puzzle a political adversary, or wear out his patience, or do anything except deal frankly and openly with him, it is very easy to employ words which seem to answer, but do not. Such trickery is impossible when the parties are brought face to face in an open court of two or three hundred practiced dialecticians. A good illustration is found in the colloquy which took place in the House of Commons on the 14th of August, when the Secretary for the Colonies was asked whether it was true that a price had been put on King Cetewayo's head. Of course, the gravamen of such an inquiry was whether her Majesty's Government sanctioned assassination as a means of getting rid of an enemy in war. The Right Honorable Secretary replied that he did not know whether a price had been put on Cetewayo's head or not. He was evidently apprehensive that the thing

had been done, and he hesitated to condemn the practice lest he should cast censure upon the commander of the forces in South Africa. The Opposition saw the opening, and rushed at it. After a brief skirmish the Chancellor of the Exchequer was fain to admit that assassination was an unjustifiable mode of warfare, and to pronounce against it in unqualified terms. Under our system it would have been impossible either to get a satisfactory answer from an unwilling Secretary, or to punish him for withholding it.

Committees of Congress have a more expeditious way of obtaining information. They invite the Secretary to attend their sittings, and, although he may come or not as he pleases, he generally does come, and, through the medium of questions and answers and verbal colloquy, he soon puts the members in possession of all the facts they desire to know, and of his own reasons and opinions also. But what transpires in a committee-room is supposed to be secret. None but members of the committee are enlightened in this way. Congress itself is as much in the dark as the public in reference to the proceedings of committees. In fact, Congress depends upon the newspaper reporters for the details of such proceedings, which are wormed out of members with every variety of inexactitude. Now, publicity and responsibility—responsibility for the question, and responsibility for the answer—are as desirable as expedition in the obtaining of information, and precision in its character when obtained; and all these desiderata may be secured by Mr. Pendleton's bill. But it is hardly conceivable that the reform proposed should be merely a change of vehicles by which information is conveyed from the departments to Congress, like substituting the telephone in place of pen and ink. The tendency to a change of substance—a change in the relations which the legislative and executive branches of government hold toward each other—would grow stronger with each day's wrestling in the arena of Congressional debate. Indeed, it is only in this view that the measure calls for any philosophical attention. Personal contact is a step toward fusion of the two bodies brought together. There will still be a wide difference between English and American methods of administration, but less difference than before. If the American Cabinet is ever to become what the English Cabinet is—an executive committee of the popular branch of the Legislature—the first step in that direction will be something like Mr. Pendleton's bill. It is proposed now to glance at the principal advantages and disadvantages of such a change.

The principal advantage would be the establishment of harmony between the Legislature and the Executive, so that they might always be pull-

ing in harness together, instead of contrariwise, as now often happens. Under existing arrangements a Republican President can usually be relied upon to be at cross-purposes with a Democratic Congress all the time, and with a Republican Congress half the time. President Johnson's Administration was a continued scene of conflict between the executive and legislative branches, growing out of differences respecting the reconstruction of the Southern States; and the fact that both President and Congress belonged to the same political party served rather to intensify than to mitigate the bitterness between them. President Grant commenced his civic career with a prodigious quarrel of the same sort, growing out of the attempted annexation of San Domingo, leading to the ostracism of such men as Sumner, Schurz, and Trumbull, the evil consequences of which have not even yet disappeared. The relations between Congress and President Hayes were those of mutual suspicion and aversion until a very recent period, when active hostilities broke out, and veto messages followed each other like the discharges of a Gatling gun. In the cases of President Johnson and President Grant the civil service was used unsparingly to tempt the weak and break down the strong among their opponents in Congress. The public offices furnished ammunition for the fray, and demoralization was spread far and wide. The course pursued was very much in harmony with the precedents of George III., and the personal quarrels of that monarch with the most eminent men of his day. It is much to President Hayes's credit that he has abstained from such exhibitions of spite, but we have no guarantee that his next successor may not arm himself with the carnal weapons of eighty thousand offices when he comes in collision, as he probably will, with the politicians at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue. Civil-service reform is the crying problem of the day, and the difficulties that beset it would be diminished by any step which should insure to the Executive a majority in the Legislature, or to the Legislature the control of the Executive, whichever form of expression be preferred.

The independence of the two, or rather of the three, branches of government is so inbred and ingrained among American conceptions, that the idea of the President controlling Congress, or Congress controlling the President, is repulsive at first sight. But seeing that both are elected by the people at regular and short intervals, the evils arising from such a condition, whether more or less, can not be dangers to liberty, and they may be wholly imaginary. The objection oftenest raised to the plan of bringing the Cabinet officers into Congress is that the power of the Executive would be unduly augmented; that

this power is already swollen beyond reasonable bounds by means of the patronage; that members of Congress are already sufficiently under Executive influence as sharers of the patronage; and that under the proposed *régime* the powers of Congress would be submerged under those of the President. This objection is not only fallacious in itself, but it involves a complete misconception of the objects sought to be attained. These objects are avowedly to blend the two functions of government together, which is not the same thing as overthrowing and destroying one of them. But experience shows that parliamentary government tends to the absorption of executive power by the Legislature rather than of legislative power by the Executive. The course of English history is conclusive upon this point, and that of French history has furnished some notable illustrations of it since the establishment of the republic. If we suppose the seven members of the American Cabinet to be placed upon the floor of Congress with all the rights and privileges extended to delegates from the Territories (who are likewise extra-constitutional members), their influence and standing would depend upon their ability, experience, and force of character. At first the President might choose a Cabinet of his own cronies, as General Grant did, without reference to their training, their eminence in public life, or their acceptableness to anybody but himself. A selection thus made may answer its purposes without any great harm in mere routine work, already organized in bureaux and divisions and circumlocution, and especially in a country which needs more than anything else to be let alone. But when brought into the rough-and-tumble of parliamentary life the House will soon find out which of them are fit for their places and which are not. The jackdaw with peacock's feathers in his tail was soon plucked by the nobler fowls in the farmyard, and so it would be with any pretender of statecraft who should be thrust into competition with three or four hundred of the shrewdest and most active, if not the most highly trained intellects of the country, and required *ex officio* to be a leader among them. His position would soon become too miserable to be borne. The law of natural selection would come in play, and after more or less floundering and groping, which must be looked for in any political transition, the President would learn to choose for his Cabinet men who were acceptable to the House, and capable of leading it. Thus the Cabinet would be virtually the choice of the House, although nominally that of the President. The President would still be their chief, and eventually his will must prevail over theirs, within constitutional limits, but the success of his Administration would depend upon

his having a Cabinet capable of leading the House, and *ex necessitate rei* in harmony with it.

The next advantage claimed for the plan is that it would bring the whole framework of government more within the range and influence of public opinion. Whether this would be a real advantage under our system of universal suffrage is a debatable question, which will be considered further on; but that it would have the effect mentioned can not be doubted. At present the Administration can be brought to account only once in four years. Its measures are often taken with indifference to public opinion, oftener still in ignorance, and sometimes in defiance of it. The people seldom or never rule effectively with reference to a particular measure, but only with reference to a sum total and average of all the measures for which an administration or party can be held responsible. Instances might be enumerated where the people have voted against measures after they were passed, and when opposition to them had ceased to be effective. The mischief had been actually done, and the after-indignation of the public served perhaps to punish, but not to prevent or cure. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise and the so-called "back-pay grab" were cases of this kind. Neither the annexation of Texas nor the purchase of Alaska could have been accomplished by popular vote; or under any system where the judgment of the people could have been brought to bear upon them in good time. Chastisement is often a good thing, but prevention of the offense is better. Most commonly the offense itself is forgotten before the election comes round, having been superseded by some new excitement. Moreover, the periods for settling accounts with the three branches of government are not the same, the nearest approach to a general verdict being the quadrennial election for President, at which time one of the biennial elections for members of the House of Representatives occurs. The Senators are elected at no particular time; but one third of the whole number must go out every two years.

Public opinion is thus greatly scattered and frustrated in its action upon particular measures, being much less prompt and effective than its action in England, where it strikes the whole government at once through the House of Commons. Geographical distance and preoccupation with State affairs are accountable, in some degree, for the slower and less energetic movements of public opinion upon Washington City; but still more is this sluggishness chargeable to the division of responsibility at Washington, and to the fact that nobody's term of office can be shortened by any amount of public clamor, unless for some impeachable offense. Now, if it be

desirable to make the Government more amenable to public opinion than it is, and to give the people a chance to act upon particular measures while they are pending, instead of passing judgment upon them in a lump after they have been adopted or rejected at Washington, some one body of the three must be selected to receive the impact of popular force; and it would naturally be the one which most often returns to the people to give an account of itself, and to solicit the suffrages of the community—to wit, the House of Representatives. And to enable the impact to reach the Executive as well as the Legislature—as frequently and as powerfully—a responsible Cabinet, having seats in the House, initiating the principal measures of legislation, answering publicly for all Executive acts, and standing or falling according to their ability to get their measures and policy approved by the House, would seem to be well adapted to that end.

These are the principal but not the only advantages of the proposed change. Another may be mentioned before passing to the consideration of objections. Since all legislation relates to one or other of the executive departments, imposing duties or restrictions upon them, it would be manifestly advantageous to have the benefit of their experience, and to hear what they have to say, not through incomplete and tedious statements in writing, or private conferences in committee-rooms, but through the medium of free public debate. Not long since the House of Representatives passed a bill transferring the entire administration of Indian affairs from the Interior Department to that of War, without consulting the Secretary of either!

Turning to the other side, we remark, first, that responsible, or parliamentary, or cabinet government is the product of that natural evolution by which monarchical or personal government turns itself into free government. Wherever it exists there has been a force from behind pushing it on. It is a growth, and not a device. It was never invented by anybody; and, probably, the world's verdict upon it *a priori* would have been that it would not work at all. Nevertheless, it is overrunning Europe irresistibly. Its highest development is found in England; but it exists with scarcely less vigor in the Low Countries, Italy, and Scandinavia. Its various shadings are found everywhere, from Gibraltar to Constantinople. Wherever we hear of a ministerial crisis, we hear the tocsin of responsible government. We never hear it in Russia, Prussia, Switzerland, or the United States, because those countries are governed upon different principles. The republic of France is aiming at ministerial responsibility with an elective President of limited tenure, and bids fair to achieve

that novelty. M. Waddington gave offense to his party some months ago by saying that a parliamentary republic was a great experiment. The remark was both true and timely. The friends of freedom throughout the world ardently wish success and permanence to the latest born of republics; but in its attempted blending of English and American forms it is a new thing under the sun, and has not yet passed beyond the region of experiment. In the Dominion of Canada parliamentary government exists under a written Constitution, and with the smallest thread of connection with the Crown. If this connection were severed entirely, there is no reason to suppose that Canada would need to establish a dynasty, or do anything different from what she does now. In America, there being no monarchy, no hereditary governing power, whose hands must be tied, there is no force from behind pushing toward parliamentary forms of administration. The movement is wholly in the domain of theory. It appeals to the reason, not to the necessities, of men; and it may fairly be urged as an objection against such doctoring, that the country does not particularly feel the need of medical treatment.

Again, in America the greatest possible extension has been given to the democratic principle. The suffrage has been granted to all adult males, including, for instance, a vast body of blacks who were only recently toiling under the lash of slavery, and who will continue to toil under the lash of ignorance till they sink into their graves, and their children succeed to a brighter inheritance. The suffrage is granted every day to a still more mischievous class from the Old World, who have brought the doctrines of Lassalle and Karl Marx into an atmosphere where they can not be so summarily dealt with as at home. As the population of cities increases, a pernicious sort of demagogism gains ground. The idea that the majority have a right to govern tends to expand into the idea that what the majority want to do is *ipso facto* right. The dangers arising from this condition are, I think, considerably overstated in Macaulay's letter to the editor of the works of Jefferson, and also in a recent widely read article in the "Atlantic Monthly Magazine." But it is a serious question, and entirely apposite to this discussion, whether, under such conditions, it is wise to throw away any of those checks and balances which now and then disable the majority, prevent them from carrying hasty decisions into effect, and compel them to reconsider their purposes and the grounds thereof. For the introduction of responsible government, in its entirety, would put more power into the hands of the majority than they now have, and a good deal more. It would make the House of

Representatives as irresistible as the House of Commons. In all civilized countries and governments there is a ceaseless struggle going on between the forces of what is, which may be called conservative forces, and those of what ought to be, which may be called progressive, and those of what ought not to be, which may be either revolutionary or reactionary. To the first of these political elements in the United States have been given the Executive veto, which may be overcome if the majority in Congress is sufficiently great, and the Senate's veto, which may be overcome in time, if the majority is sufficiently persistent. To the second and third has been given every other weapon in the arsenal of politics. It is necessary for the advocates of the change we are considering to show that it would be conducive to the public weal to deprive the minority of the safeguards and barriers mentioned above; for the nearer we come to the realization of responsible government, the more completely do we put in the hands of the majority the means of executing their decrees without hindrance or delay.

A third and weighty objection is found in the practical or mechanical difficulty of ingrafting this system upon one so totally different as that which the Constitution of the United States provides. In the first place, the President is, nowadays, always elected by a party. The two elections of Washington, and the second election of Monroe, are the only exceptions to this rule found in our history. The party which elects the President expects, and will always insist, that the Cabinet shall be composed of its own members, representing and enforcing its policy regardless of the political complexion of Congress. At the present time we have a Republican President with a Democratic Congress. In the latter part of Pierce's Administration there was a Democratic President and Senate with a Republican or Opposition House. The indispensable condition of parliamentary government is that the Cabinet shall be agreeable to the majority of the Legislature; and there is no way to bring about this condition of things in America. This difficulty does not exist in the French republic, the President being elected by the Legislature—elected for a fixed period indeed, but having the grace to resign when he finds himself absolutely unable to yield his convictions to those of the Chamber. Such a government must exist very much upon good understanding. President MacMahon gave it a heavy wrench, and might have wrecked it entirely if he had had the purpose in his heart to do so. An amendment of the Constitution of the United States to bring about this *sine qua non* of parliamentary government is not to be looked for. The nearest possible approach to it at pres-

ent would be a change of practice, whereby the President should keep himself, or be kept, always in harmony with the majority of his own party in Congress; and it remains to be proved that even this would be salutary upon the largest view.

In a word, the Constitution of the United States is made up of checks and balances. Harmony of the different branches of government was not contemplated by its framers. It does not presume upon good understanding. While providing that the majority shall prevail in the long run, it provides also for the freest play of passions and interests within defined limits. It is based upon the philosophy of Hobbes and the religion of Calvin. It assumes that the natural state of mankind is a state of war, and that the carnal mind is at enmity with God. It takes into consideration, also, a vast diversity of interests growing out of an extended territory and widely separated population. It has to deal with the fact that nearly everybody is a statesman and a political economist, or capable of becoming such at the shortest notice. There is no country where so little respect is paid to acquirements, preparation, and training in the arts of legislation and government. Lawyers are generally preferred for such offices, it is true; but this is not because they are learned in the law, but because their vocation has given them readiness of speech. Moreover, the doctrine of rotation in office is too widely prevalent, and it not unfrequently happens that an excellent Senator or Representative is turned out merely because he has held office for the customary period, and another elected because he has never held office at all. The claims of locality are so highly regarded, that not a single instance can be found of a Representative elected by any other district than that of his domicile; and there is a tacit agreement among politicians to divide all the offices, including the Cabinet, as nearly as possible among geographical divisions. If Mr. Sherman and Mr. Schurz, for instance—the ablest members of Mr. Hayes's Administration—happened both to reside in the same State, it would be practically impossible for both to be Cabinet officers at the same time, although the President might legally choose his entire Cabinet from one State or one town. The claims of fitness for public employment are thus subordinated to a variety of other considerations, from which it must not be inferred that Congressmen are generally of an inferior grade of intellectual endowment; but only that they might be of a higher range and type if the rules and practice of the constituencies were different.

The Constitution takes this heterogeneous governing force, and authorizes it to do its best or its worst. It undertakes to minimize the evils

which the rule of the majority can bring forth, while still maintaining the rule of the majority. This it accomplishes by a written instrument and an irremovable court of last resort. The late Mr. Mill, in his speculations on Theism, imagined, among other possibilities, that the Deity might not have been able to create a world with-

out sin in it, on account of the obduracy of the material in his hands. Considering all the toughness of material that the Constitution of the United States has to deal with, and its success in dealing with it thus far, it is, perhaps, the part of wisdom for us to let well enough alone.

HORACE WHITE (*Fortnightly Review*).

CHARLES JAMES MATHEWS.*

TO many other hopeful signs afforded by the last few years of an increasing interest in the well-being of the stage in England may be added the welcome that has been accorded to memorials and biographies of divers leading members of that profession. Within ten years, for example, have appeared a memoir of Charles Mayne Young, by his son; the autobiography and journals of Macready; biographies of Edmund Kean and the principal members of the Kemble family, including the most interesting journals of Mrs. Butler; to which may be added—though the contribution to the stock is slighter in point of bulk—a charming essay in the “Quarterly Review” on Garrick, which we violate no confidence in attributing to the genial hand of Mr. Theodore Martin. And now we have to acknowledge a further addition to the number in the life of the late Charles Mathews, which Mr. Charles Dickens has put together, by consent of the family, from materials collected by the late comedian with a view to publication. The editor has done his work of arrangement with great judgment, and has been only too modest in the part he has allotted to himself. His remarks and criticisms, so far as they go, are so judicious that it makes us the more regret that he had not allowed himself greater scope on this head, and had not attempted a more formal estimate of the place filled in the past forty years’ history of the stage by the distinguished subject of his memoir.

The charm of the memoir, however—as we are sure Mr. Dickens would be the first to admit—belongs to a feature in which the editor makes no appearance at all. The greater part of the memoir consists of Mathews’s autobiography and letters, and these have been very properly published as they were left by the writer, though it is probable that had the writer lived to edit

them himself they might have undergone some change in passing through the press. For a distinct change of style is visible as the writer becomes used to a form of composition doubtless at the outset unfamiliar to him. In the opening pages of the autobiography there is too much of the conventional and rather forced humor of the comic author and the after-dinner speech-maker. But as the writer settles down to his work, and becomes really interested in it, the merely comic vein subsides, and he comes to evince narrative power of considerable mark. And certainly, as the following rapid abstract of the book may serve to show, Charles Mathews had no lack of incident and adventure in his life on which to employ his skill.

CHARLES MATHEWS was born as long ago as 1803, and those who saw him the year before last in “My Awful Dad,” or some other piece of his older *répertoire*, might well doubt whether the still unflagging spirit was that of a man in his seventy-fifth year. The unflagging spirit began early, and the first reminiscences that the writer has to record are those of the scrapes he got into at school through a too early development of animal spirits. His father had sent him to Merchant Taylors’ with a view to a scholarship, the university to follow, and the Church as a profession, but he made little or no progress in his school studies. “The fact is, I was a dunce; there is no disguising the truth”; and a dunce he might have remained but for, literally, a happy accident.

For some offense against school-discipline, involving a broken head, an angry correspondence arose between Mathews’s parents and the authorities of the school, which ended in the removal of the boy. This led to his being placed at a private school at Clapham, kept by the well-known lexicographer, Dr. Richardson, where, he tells us, “in the company of many boys I knew—especially the sons of Charles Kemble, Charles Young, Liston, and Terry—I found a more con-

* The Life of C. J. Mathews, chiefly Autobiographical; with Selections from his Correspondence and Speeches. Edited by Charles Dickens. In 2 vols. Macmillan & Co.

genial soil." The change was in all respects a happy one for the boy. Dr. Richardson proved "more like an affectionate friend than a rigid schoolmaster," and under this fostering care young Mathews seems to have developed that taste for literature which the rougher discipline of Merchant Taylors' had failed to bring out. His new master encouraged him to appreciate the worth of Horace and Homer for their own sakes, and not merely as tasks to be gone through; and furthermore, being then at work upon his English dictionary, he made use of his more intelligent pupils in the work of citing from the old English authors, to which Mathews refers with gratitude as having sown the first seed of a taste for English literature which remained with him for life. "I was one so distinguished," he writes, "and was thus delightfully introduced to the study of Chaucer, Gower, Spenser, and all the early poets and historians, the honor of whose acquaintance I had previously been denied, and I imbibed a taste for that style of reading which I have never lost; and often among the worries of life, when people have thought I was closeted with my difficulties, engaged, as perhaps I ought to have been, with the battle of figures, I have taken down the tall folio of Gower, or the huge quarto of 'Piers Ploughman's Vision,' and let the world go on without me." The liberal character of the education thus received at Dr. Richardson's was unquestionably the turning-point in Mathews's life. The associations of his home made all matters connected with the theatre near and dear to him, and the taste for these was in no degree weakened by the cultivation of other tastes by their side. An interest in architecture was silently growing up—Mathews himself hardly understood how or why—while the pursuit of this art was to afford him occupation till he was over thirty years of age, he never lost that fondness for the actor's art which led him ultimately to choose the profession by which his bread must be made. In his very early youth he was fond of being taken behind the scenes, and an exquisitely droll letter written by him to Fawcett the actor, after having served as amateur prompter on one occasion, is too funny not to be quoted:

KING'S ROAD, *July 1, 1813.*

HONORED SIR: Last night I went behind the scenes with my papa, to see Mr. Liston in the character of Moll Flaggon, and held the book while Mr. Glasinton was away, and I found you guilty of several mistakes, and I mentioned them to my papa and mamma, and they said I had better tell you of them, and I thought so too, because next time somebody in the front of the theatre might have a book too, and find you out, as I did, and then they will hiss you off, which I should be sorry for. You said, "No, no, no," when you ought to have said nothing; and you

said, "I suppose," at the beginning of a sentence, where you ought to have said, "Ah"; and you said, "I believe," where there was nothing to say. I only write these few lines that you may remember another time.

I remain, sir, your respectful servant,

C. J. MATHEWS.

After four years spent under the roof of Dr. Richardson, architecture was chosen as the future calling of young Mathews, and through the introduction of Nash, an old friend of the elder Mathews, the boy was articled to the famous Augustus Pugin. "I now set to work," writes Mathews, "to begin life in earnest. Every day increased my love for the profession I had adopted. I actually doted on the delightful science of architecture, and pursued the acquirement of it with positive passion." Pugin was "a delightful instructor," making himself the intimate friend and companion of his pupils; and Mathews certainly began his new work under the happiest auspices. But even these fascinations were not to retain an uninterrupted sway over the young man. Pugin was called by professional duties to Paris, and his pupils all accompanied him, and there Mathews was introduced to all the glories of the French theatre: Talma and Mademoiselle Mars at the Français; Perlet, Potier, and a host of other artists of first-rate mark at the Variétés and the Gymnase. Here was another turning-point in the young man's life. It did not weaken the affection for his newly-adopted profession, but it unquestionably fired him with the desire to distinguish himself—as an amateur—in the actor's art. On his return to London, an opportunity soon presented itself, or was made. A performance was got up at the English Opera-House in the Strand, and a programme of curious interest was constructed for the occasion. In a spirit of ingenious bravado two of the pieces were chosen on the very ground that they had been unsuccessful elsewhere. One of them was no less classical a work than Charles Lamb's farce of "Mr. H——." "N.B.—This piece was damned at Drury Lane Theatre," was the cynical announcement in the play-bill of the evening. Lamb's hero—originally played by the great El-liston—was on this occasion acted by Captain Hill, an amateur of some celebrity, who afterward adopted the stage as a profession with some success. The farce, under these new circumstances, proved more fortunate than on its original performance, and went off, Mathews relates, "with roars." Probably, as he also remarks with reference to his own performance on the same evening of a part in a burlesque on the "Sorrows of Werther," the fact of its being played by amateur actors before their personal friends had something to do with the result. "Amateur

acting," says Mathews, "is always over-praised," and it is not likely that Lamb's unfortunate play will ever be resuscitated on the strength of this one reversal of its original doom.

On the expiration of his articles with Pugin, Mathews was on the point of devoting himself to the practical part of his profession, under Nash, the famous architect, the creator of Regent Street and the Regent's Park, when Lord Blessington, an old friend of the Mathews family, having it in contemplation to build a castle upon his Irish estate, offered the work to the young architect, the son of his old friend. The proposed scheme came to nothing, but it led to an intimate friendship between the younger Mathews and the Blessingtons, which was to have important influences on the career of the former. The Blessingtons were on the eve of a tour in Italy, and the first incident of the new friendship was an invitation to the young man to accompany his friends thither, and mature his architectural designs under the actual eye of his employer.

A considerable part of the first volume is occupied with an account of this Italian tour, with the correspondence maintained with Mathews's parents and other friends in England. Count d'Orsay was also of the party, and an account of a quarrel between that accomplished aristocrat and Mathews, the termination of which was at least creditable to both parties, plays a rather too important part in Mathews's reminiscences. It arose out of a criticism of D'Orsay's upon a certain diminution which had appeared in his young friend's architectural zeal. Young Mathews carried his sketching materials with him, but did not sketch, and it may well be understood that the luxury and brilliancy of his new surroundings were not calculated to help a young beginner in the first stages of an arduous profession. Indeed, the acquaintance with the Blessingtons, though it afforded Mathews advantages of many kinds for the profession he was ultimately to adopt, was perhaps in some degree answerable also for the less successful portions of his subsequent career. His parents were at this time in flourishing circumstances, and did not grudge him the outlay necessary for associating with companions who moved in a very different sphere; but it seems likely that some of the tastes thus acquired remained with him through life, and fettered his movements. It is clear that Mathews, hard as he worked, and manfully as he fought against difficulties to the very end of his career, never possessed a talent for finance, and probably a harder discipline at the outset might have been of good service to him.

Certainly, however, he never showed a disposition to avoid hard work when it stared him in the face, and on the conclusion of the Italian

tour he set to work in earnest at his profession. Some one offered him the post of architect to the "Welsh Iron and Coal Mining Company," at Coed Talwn, in North Wales, which he promptly accepted, and a very amusing chapter of the first volume is occupied with his Welsh experiences. The company in question was one of the many creations of a certain John Wilks, who seems to have been the George Hudson of that day, and, though it proved sounder and longer-lived than many of its companions, Mathews found it impossible to maintain friendly relations with its promoter, and resigned the post after not many months of trial. "Workmen's cottages and village alehouses," he says, "were not congenial to a mind filled with Italian images, and panting with desire to execute works of Palladian grandeur." It is clear that besides his natural dislike for the necessary drudgery of the work, he had never yet mastered the more prosaic details of his profession. His fancies were still dallying, moreover, with other arts, and the most notable episode of his Welsh sojourn was his authorship of a song destined to enjoy a wide and long popularity.

During my sojourn at Plas Teg we made a brilliant equestrian expedition to Llangollen. Dean Roper and his daughter, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Roper, myself, and the respective grooms, formed an imposing cavalcade. After a charming ramble up to Castle Dinas Bran we had a jolly dinner at the hotel, and during the repast were entertained by a venerable white-bearded Druid, one of the most splendid specimens of his craft I ever encountered. The old fellow was a noted artist, and had a fine collection of all the most popular melodies, and among them one I had never heard before. He said it was some twenty years since he had first met with it. It was called "Cader Idris"; and I made him play it over to me till I had learned it correctly.

Elated with my discovery, for such it really seemed to be—none of my friends having heard it before any more than myself—I lost no time in putting words to it, and the result was a great success.

At the picturesque farmhouse at Pontblyddyn, in which I lived, was a pretty little Welsh dairy-maid, named Jenny Jones, and a simple plowman, called David Morgan. The ballad I then composed to my newly-discovered national air, bearing the young lady's name, has since made the interesting couple familiar to London ears. They would perhaps be astonished to know their history publicly recorded, and blush to find it fame.

This, of course, was years before I had any idea of going upon the stage, and I only mention it in connection with the mortifying disenchantment that awaited me.

I had been singing my new ballad one evening at the house of some friends in London to a tolerably large party, when an old gentleman in a voluminous white choker and a shiny suit of black, looking

very like a Methodist parson, came up to me with a very serious face to remonstrate with me, I feared, for the levity I had been guilty of, and, to my surprise, said :

"My dear sir, allow me to express to you the great gratification the perfect little ballad you have just sung has afforded me, and to assure you that I appreciate the honor you have done me in selecting for its illustration an air of my humble composing."

With a look of ineffable pity, I answered the poor maniac : "I am sorry, dear sir, to rob you of so pleasant a delusion, but, unfortunately, the air is one I picked up myself years ago among the Welsh mountains, and is, I flatter myself, quite original, and hitherto unknown."

"Pardon me, in my turn, dear sir," said the old gentleman, smiling, "if I inform you that the air in question was composed by me for the Eisteddfod in 1804, obtaining the prize at that festival. I named it 'Cader Idris,' and I shall have great pleasure in sending you the music, published at the time, with my name attached to it."

Patatras ! down went my great antiquarian discovery, and I was left desolate.

The old gentleman was John Parry, the Welsh composer, and father of the illustrious John, whose genius has delighted thousands ; and when, long afterward, I introduced the ballad of "Jenny Jones" in my piece of "He would be an Actor," and it got to be whistled about the streets, he presented me with a handsome silver cup, with a complimentary inscription in most elegant Welsh, in commemoration of the event.

The year 1827 found Mathews again in London, working in earnest, and seeing plenty of it, in the office of Nash. He retained his own office in Parliament Street, and undertook what work was sent him, but was all the while working under Mr. Nash, in the humble capacity of a clerk. Nash seems to have taken small personal interest in his pupils, and, in the mean time, very little work of any profit came to Mathews's own office. Theatrical matters still claimed his attention, and were possibly the most real and deep-seated of his affections. His days were spent in much work that was clearly distasteful ; his evenings in writing "entertainments" for his father, articles for the magazines, and comedies and burlesques for the theatres. It is not surprising that this state of things was not satisfactory to any party concerned, and, tired of this enforced idleness as regarded the money-getting part of his profession, Mathews sought and obtained his father's permission to make a second tour in the south of Europe, and acquire (as he said) "that knowledge which is only to be acquired by the investigation of the buildings of Italy and Greece." On this tour he set out with a young friend and former fellow pupil under Pugin, James d'Egville. The remainder of the

first volume of these memorials is occupied with the journals and letters written by Mathews during the tour for the benefit of his parents, to whom he was always a considerate and devoted son.

Mathews returned from the trip, by which no special advantage seems to have been gained, in 1830, and for the next few years was in a state of enforced suspense as to his future calling. "During the next few years," writes Mr. Dickens, "he led a somewhat desultory life. Architecture, painting, writing for the stage, traveling, and amateur acting, all in turn occupied his time and attention ; but there can be no doubt that very soon after his return from Italy, the slow progress he was making toward a position was gradually drawing him more and more from the profession he had at first so enthusiastically embraced." It is evident, in short, that the charming manners and social qualifications of the young architect were terrible disqualifications for the need of "roughing it," which belongs to the outset of any and all professions. We read of him next as the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, in Scotland, and the life and the soul of the party, as he had been in old days with the Blessingtons. It was not a hopeful period of probation for the next post he accepted—that of district surveyor. This step was taken on the advice of his friend, Samuel Angell, who thought, wisely or not, that the tonic of a more prosaic experience of his calling would be of service to the young man. "You must study the act of Parliament, superintend the erection of all the dwellings in the district, regulate all the party walls and flues, and show yourself master of the practical part of the science as well as the ornamental. Bow and Bethnal Green are both vacant. Start at once." "Here was a bathos," adds Mathews, in his autobiography. "From Rome and Venice to Bow and Bethnal Green. However, it was to be done, and at it I went." He went at it boldly, offered himself as candidate for the surveyorship of Bow, and was elected. The salary was as modest as the duties were unattractive, forty pounds a year, payable by "fees," which had to be collected by the unhappy surveyor in person. "At one house I knocked humbly after considerable hesitation. The door was opened cautiously, with the chain up, and a stout, suspicious-looking dame, in a pair of nankeen stays, asked me if I came 'arter the taxes or summat ?' 'No, madam,' I said, deferentially ; 'I am the district surveyor from Cut-throat Lane' (Mathews's actual official address at Bow), 'and I have called for—'"

"Oh, bother !" said the lady ; "summons me if you like. I'm not going to be humbugged by you."

"Shade of Vitruvius!" cries Mathews, "was this architecture?" And there was for him obviously but one answer, to be returned sooner or later.

It was returned the sooner that financial difficulties had begun to gather round the elder Mathews. Unfortunate speculations in which the old man had embarked, together with a course of bad seasons, had brought him to the verge of bankruptcy, and the younger Mathews found the money question affecting him in new shapes. It became necessary that he should at once earn something more respectable than the forty pounds a year collected in "fees." The stage, so long loved and coquetted with, was the most obvious resource, and after a short preliminary campaign as joint manager of the Adelphi with his father's old partner, Frederick Yates, he enrolled himself as a member of the Olympic Company under Madame Vestris, and made his first appearance as a recognized "professional" on the evening of the 6th of November, 1835. It is to be remembered that he was now thirty-two years of age.

"I come now," says Mathews, "to the second part of my career, and I must confess I feel no small difficulty respecting it. I am aware that it is delicate ground I am entering on, and whether it can be made interesting or not is still to be ascertained. The poetry of my life is over, and I commence the prose; and, if I can not make it amusing, I will at least try and make it instructive by offering an illustration of the old quotation, 'Facilis descensus Avernus,' and showing how easy are the stages by which a man may descend from the airy empyrean of poetry, music, and painting to the heavy slough of pounds, shillings, and pence." How heavy this slough proved, and for how long it was to be borne, is shown by the ominous heading of chapter three of the second volume—"Difficulties—1835-1858"—twenty-three years, that is to say, of incessant labor and struggle. The precise defects in Mathews's character or ability as an administrator, which led to these difficulties, are not, of course, set forth in these volumes. Probably he was himself unaware of them, and in any case it is not likely he would have discussed them with the public.

Theatrical management is one of the uncertain things of the world besides demanding a special aptitude on the part of those who embark in it. Mathews and his wife (for he married Madame Vestris in 1838) were certainly successful at the outset, and this success may have encouraged a policy of *laissez-aller*. They visited America, leaving the Olympic to shift for itself, and Madame Vestris on her return was obliged to admit, in addressing her audience, that the

degree of patronage accorded to her theatre during her absence was more flattering to her vanity than calculated to fill her treasury. This temporary drawback led to the managers taking a step, by way of recouping their losses, which plunged them into further difficulties, extending over all the rest of Mathews's managerial life. They migrated from the Olympic to Covent Garden, a house with a bad name for tempting on and then wrecking theatrical argosies. They opened with "Love's Labor's Lost," a play which his company had never acted or seen acted, and which proved a complete failure. And now began the struggle against pecuniary difficulty. "Money had to be procured at all hazards, and by every means, to prop up the concern till this new mine could be worked, and I was initiated for the first time in my life into all the mysteries of the money-lending art, and the concoction of those fatal instruments of destruction called bills of exchange. Duns, brokers, and sheriff's officers soon entered upon the scene, and I, who had never known what pecuniary difficulty meant, and had never had a debt in my life before, was gradually drawn into the inextricable vortex of involvement—a web which once thrown over a man can seldom be thrown off again." One of the most interesting portions of these reminiscences—because the most real and unaffected—consists of a record of the struggles of this unfortunate time, and the shifts and appliances to which Mathews had to have recourse. The following account of an interview with a money-lender is only, Mathews declares, a fair sample of many others, and is in no respect over-colored:

Even the borrowing money at sixty per cent. is not so easy an operation as some people may think, not unattended with risk and worry, worse even than the frightful percentage. When not compelled to take a portion of it in wine or paving-stones, the getting the money *when* you want it is by no means so simple. I remember after a week or two of very hot weather, and consequent empty benches, I had occasion to borrow a couple of hundred pounds to patch up the Saturday's treasury. I applied to a professional discounteur on the Wednesday.

"Ah, Mr. Mathews! How d'ye do, Mr. Mathews? Glad to see you. Have a glass of sherry?"

"No, thank you. I want a couple of hundred pounds to-morrow."

"Certainly, Mr. Mathews; with pleasure, Mr. Mathews. How long do you want it for? Have a glass of sherry?"

"Say three months."

"What security?"

"None."

"Very good. I must have a warrant of attorney."

"Of course."

"All right, Mr. Mathews. Look in at twelve to-morrow and I'll have it ready. Do have a glass of sherry."

Without the slightest belief in any such promptitude, I looked in at twelve—one of his great points being to have my carriage drive up to his door as often as possible, that his neighbors might see his importance.

"Well, Mr. Mathews, I find I can't manage the two hundred pounds. I can only let you have one hundred and fifty. I had no idea I was so short at my banker's—account actually overdrawn. But I've got a friend to do it for you—it's all the same." Sheridan's "unconscionable dog" of a friend was always sure to figure in. "He'll be here directly. Bless me! How long he is! Have a glass of sherry? Are you going back to the theatre? I'll bring him with me in half an hour."

The day passes, of course, and no sign of either my friend or my friend's friend. This is Thursday. On Friday the same scene.

"Didn't come till too late—but all right. You don't want it till to-morrow, you know. What's your treasury hour?"

"Two."

"Be here at twelve and it shall be ready."

Saturday at twelve. "Here I am according to appointment."

"All right, Mr. Mathews. Have a glass of sherry? My nephew Dick has gone to the City for the check."

"But it is past one now."

"You go on. I'll be with you as the clock strikes two."

Two, three, four o'clock, and no signs of the money, the salaries remaining unpaid to the amount promised. Then a note to say he will be with me at six to the moment. At seven, just as I am going on the stage, in he comes breathless.

"Such a job Dick's had for you, Mr. Mathews! However, here I am with the money. My friend disappointed me, but I managed without him. My nephew will read over the warrant of attorney."

"But I'm just going on the stage; there's no time now."

"Won't take five minutes.—Dick, read the warrant.—Now here is the money. Now, let's see—fifteen pounds left off the old account."

"Oh, pray, don't deduct that now!"

"Better, Mr. Mathews, better—keeps all square, you know—that fifteen pounds. Then the interest, three months, seventeen pounds ten shillings and fifteen pounds—thirty-two pounds ten shillings. Warrant of attorney, seven pounds ten shillings—that's forty pounds. Then my nephew's fee, one pound one shilling, and my trouble, say one pound—forty-two pounds one shilling. Here's fifteen shillings—that's forty-two pounds sixteen shillings.—Dick, have you got four shillings?"

"I've got three shillings and sixpence."

"That will do. I've got sixpence—that's forty-three pounds; and seven pounds cash makes the fifty pounds."

"Yes; but I only get seven pounds odd."

"Never mind—keeps all square. Now the hundred pounds. Here's a check of Gribble and Company on Lloyd's for twenty-five pounds ten shillings."

"Oh, what's the use of a check at this time of night?"

"Good as the bank—same as money—you can pay it as money. Fifty sovereigns makes seventy-five pounds ten shillings, and a ten-pound note makes eighty-five pounds ten shillings. Stay, it ought to be ninety-five pounds ten shillings. Oh, here's another ten-pound note, I'd forgot. There you are, ninety-five pounds ten shillings. Only wants four pounds ten shillings to make up the hundred.—You haven't got four pounds ten shillings about you, have you, Mr. Mathews, you could lend me till the morning, just to get it straight, you know?"

"I believe I have. There are four sovereigns and ten shillings in silver."

"That's all right; four pounds makes ninety-nine pounds ten shillings, and ten shillings—stop, let's count them—count after your own father, as the saying is—five and four's nine, and the three fourpenny pieces: all right. Stop, one's a threepenny. Got a penny? or a post-office stamp? Never mind, I won't be hard upon you for the penny. There you are, all comfortable. Good evening."

I paid away the check "as money." Two days afterward I got an indignant note to say the check had been dishonored. In high dudgeon I sent for my friend the discounteer. To my surprise he appeared with the greatest alacrity.

"Not paid! Gribble's check not paid! Some mistake—it's as good as the bank. Here, give it me. I'll get it for you in five minutes. How long shall you be here?"

"An hour."

"I'll be back in twenty minutes."

Need I say that I never saw anything more of my friend or the check? He had totally disappeared, with the only proof against him safe in his pocket.

The difficulties pursued him to the smaller theatre, the Lyceum, which was his next venture; and in spite of his own unflinching popularity, both as an actor and a man—in spite of such great hits as the "Game of Speculation," and the famous extravaganzas of M. Planché, with Mr. Beverley's scenery—he never succeeded in getting into smooth water. The Lyceum season of 1854-'55 came to an untimely end in March, and, in a farewell address to the public, Charles Mathews, announcing his inability to face any longer the difficulties of his position, took leave for ever of the cares of management. The measure of his distress was not, however, yet full. In the following year, while fulfilling an engagement at Preston, in Lancashire, he was arrested by a sheriff's officer on a debt of four hundred pounds. With curious malignity the creditor had instruct-

ed the officer to make the arrest at the exact moment when the large audience had actually assembled, and the curtain was waiting to rise. The account of the arrest, and the imprisonment of Mathews in Lancaster Castle, is one of the most graphic passages in his autobiography, and shows the writer to have had literary gifts which would have served him in excellent stead in other walks of life. For this we must be content to refer the reader to the volumes themselves.

If this was the crowning disaster of Mathews's life, it was also the final one. Once more freed, and now wholly, from the burden of the past, and having renounced management for ever, the remainder of his life is a continuous record of professional success, and the content that belongs to easy circumstances. He had in the mean time married again, and the new alliance was as helpful to him, by his own cordial acknowledgment, in the business part of his career, as in other ways. "With his second marriage Mathews brings his autobiography to an end, and there are no signs among his papers of any intention of resuming it. Probably he felt that the story of the rest of his life—at all events as to its private side—would have but little general interest. The romance of youth and of adventure was finished. The interesting and curious train of circumstances which gradually transformed the clever, versatile, eager young man into the accomplished actor and the self-possessed man of the world, had been developed to its end. There was no longer any excuse for associating Mathews himself with the Puffs, the Affable Hawks, or any of the host of reckless characters he personated so admirably. Sir Charles Coldstream was *un homme rangé*." So writes Mr. Dickens, and with chapter four of the second volume romance and adventure are at an end. But the remainder of the volume is by no means without interest. It contains a record, peculiarly instructive at the present moment, when the visit of the Comédie Française is fresh in our memories, of the foolish and malignant opposition to the similar visit of a French company—the Théâtre Historique—in 1848. The story was worth telling, if only to remind us of the more cordial understanding between artists of different nations that thirty years have brought about. It has for its pleasant sequel in Mr. Dickens's narrative the account of Mathews's professional engagement in Paris in the year 1863, when he appeared with undisputed success at the Théâtre des Variétés, in a French version of Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's farce, "Cool as a Cucumber." The triumph was so unequivocal that in the following year he made the still bolder attempt of playing a character originally created by a French comedian, Arnal, that of the hero of "L'Homme blasé"—the original of the

English "Used up." Mathews's long tour in Australia and America—another series of successes—in 1870 and 1871, fills another interesting chapter, and the concluding five years of his life is the simple record of unvarying professional success in all parts of his native country. Mathews had been from the first day he went on the stage the most hard-working of artists. It had always been his wish that he should die in harness, and the wish was granted. It was while fulfilling an engagement in Lancashire that an attack of bronchitis—he was now seventy-five years of age—at last overcame the stubborn resistance of a naturally splendid constitution. He died at Manchester on the 24th of June, 1878.

To the second volume Mr. Dickens has most judiciously appended a series of Mathews's most characteristic speeches. He was an excellent speaker—bright, humorous, and effective. Perhaps the one that will be read with most pleasure and surprise is that delivered at a dinner given in Montreal in celebration of the Walter Scott Centenary in 1871. Mathews was on his Australian-American tour just referred to, and was playing at Montreal at the time. It was remembered that when a boy he had enjoyed the personal friendship of Sir Walter, and he was accordingly invited to preside at the dinner, and propose the toast of the evening. He accomplished the task with admirable tact and skill. Every side of Mathews's unique versatility comes out in it in turn. The enthusiasm for Scott as a writer which he exhibits is unquestionably real, but he does not forget to bind up with it the element, personal to himself and to his fellow actors, of Scott's intimate love for the stage and all connected with it; and he found a happy climax to the speech in the circumstance that it was on an occasion of special interest to that profession that Scott first publicly divulged the authorship of the Waverley novels.

The incident just recorded seems to us to be connected, by no means remotely, with the higher qualities of Mathews as an actor, and the position he occupied for so many years on the English stage. That position was an exceptional one, and arose out of exceptional circumstances. The short summary of his life just given may serve to show that his actual advantages of mind and person, and his many and varied natural accomplishments, were not more remarkable than the preliminary training which he undesignedly received from the circumstances of his early manhood. It must never be overlooked, in trying to estimate the groove within which his artistic powers so easily learned to move, that Mathews did not adopt the stage as a profession till he was over thirty years of age, a time when most actors have been ten years in the arduous pursuit of its

earlier phases. He came to the profession, that is to say, without having served the usual apprenticeship. For him there was no probationary period of two years in the provinces at two guineas a week. But he had served another apprenticeship of a most valuable kind. He had had a gentleman's education; he had mixed with men of all classes, including the leading fashionable society of the day. He had been the favored friend and companion of aristocratic circles. His accomplishments had had full play as an amateur. He could write, and sing, and draw, and act better than most amateurs. He had studied one art at least with zeal, if not with much chance of attaining ultimate excellence. It was natural therefore that after a few experiments he should settle down into that line of character which circumstances had best prepared him for. His natural advantages were quite remarkable. He had, in his prime, the pleasantest face, the most agreeable voice, the most attractive figure, of any actor of his day. It was a distinct and undeniable pleasure even to look at Charles Mathews. And even before he was seen, when his voice was heard behind the scenes rattling off some introductory phrases before entering on the stage, the spectator was aware of an actual feeling of exhilaration. He was too much of an artist, and too well acquainted with the manners that please, to play *at* the audience. He never "mugged at the pit" as we once heard him warn Whiskerandos against doing, in the second act of "The Critic." But he had a way of letting the audience "catch his eye" every now and then, in a good-humored, apologetic sort of way that was irresistibly captivating. It was not strange that, being a delightful figure in a drawing-room, he should prefer to remain such, and to present for the rest of his life innumerable phases of the same thing. A disparaging remark of one of his Australian auditors is preserved for us in the memoir. The critic, who had seen other performers in Mathews's favorite parts, did not at all take to the original representative when he appeared. "He is not half as good as the old man," said this worthy citizen; "he does not act a bit. It is only like a gentleman walking about a drawing-room." This is in substance only a repetition of the famous criticism of Partridge upon Garrick's "Hamlet." The performance was so true to life, that the critic could not allow that it deserved the name of acting at all. The proper reply to the Melbourne gentleman's criticism would have been to ask him in turn whether he had ever in his life seen any other actor who *did* look like "a gentleman walking about a drawing-room." It was the rarity, quite as much as the perfection, of this gift in Mathews which accounted for his popularity.

But, again, he was popular as a man. His very "difficulties" won him sympathy, and that pity which is akin to personal affection. It was known for years that he was entangled in money troubles, and all the time he was seen to be the most industrious of contributors to the public amusement, acting often in two or three pieces the same evening—acting audiences "*in*," and acting them "*out*"—and with the most imperturbable good humor and unflagging spirit. Like Falstaff, "he turned diseases to commodity." His very circumstances were taken advantage of by cunning play-writers and adapters to give a piquant interest to his representation of different characters upon the stage. The character of Mr. Affable Hawk in "The Game of Speculation"—one of the finest of his impersonations—owed unquestionably some of its attractiveness to the coincidences, actual or at least generally accepted, between the circumstances of the character and those of its representative. Mathews himself came to make humorous capital out of his own embarrassments. When he addressed the audience at his farewell benefit, before leaving England on his Australian tour, he called attention to the fact that the performance had been announced without the aid of any advertising; not a single bill or placard had been employed. "Now, this," he said, "ladies and gentlemen, is a step in the right direction. Time was when my bills were flying all over the town," and we well remember with what an instantaneous burst of appreciation the allusion was received by the entire house. Twenty years before this he was making the same kind of allusion, and taking the public into the same kind of friendly confidence. In a letter to the newspapers (not reproduced in Mr. Dickens's volumes), he once had to defend himself against a criticism that had been passed on his spelling of the name "Methuselah" in one of his own comedies, we believe "The Ring-doves." After gravely maintaining his position on philological grounds, he added words to this effect, "and I think my opinion on the point is entitled to some respect from the long and intimate connection I have had with the Jews." There were times, however, when the flavor of insolvency that had gathered about his name could not have been altogether pleasant to him. When he was returning to London after his week in Lancaster Castle, he overheard a conversation between two passengers in the same carriage, who did not recognize their traveling companion. "That is where Charley Mathews is confined," said one of them, pointing to the castle-walls. "Really!" said a sympathizing lady; "poor fellow!" "Poor fellow!" rejoined the jolly gentleman, with a gingerbread-nut in his mouth, "not at all. He revels in it. Lord bless you,

he has been in every prison in England!" "I need not say," adds Mathews, who tells the story, "that I did not immediately introduce myself." There was thus a kind of foregone sympathy, not perhaps of the most elevating kind, between Mathews and his public, and this must have contributed to the long and uninterrupted course of his popularity.

There is still more to be said, however, on the side of his Australian critic. "Actor"—in the sense of one who is able to merge his own individuality in very different types of existence—Charles Mathews certainly was not. Within their range his powers were consummate, but that range was, when all is said, exceedingly narrow. It certainly was an extreme case of the triumph of "quality" over "amount." He had, as Sarcey said of him when he played in Paris, "un naturel exquis, et une incroyable finesse," and this carried him triumphantly through a long series of characters for the most part identical in their features. Mathews himself thoroughly understood within what boundaries his capacity lay, and he was seldom tempted to stray beyond them. He certainly knew as well as his best critics in what qualities he was wholly deficient. "No good actor I have ever seen," says Mr. G. H. Lewes, "was so utterly powerless in the manifestation of all the powerful emotions: rage, scorn, pathos, dignity, vindictiveness, tenderness, and wild mirth are all beyond his means. He can not even laugh with animal heartiness. He sparkles, he never explodes." Many of these emotions, we may add, if he did not possess the power of expressing, were hardly necessary for any form of high comedy; but some of them, notably pathos and tenderness, were terribly conspicuous by their absence, and more than any other of Mathews's natural deficiencies served to keep his range narrow. Pathos, in particular, he so little understood, that he evidently shrank from its portrayal with something of pain. We remember, for example, his performance of the bachelor-friend, the roaming man of the world who brings such disquiet to the old couple in their country home, in "A Cozy Couple," the Lyceum version of Octave Feuillet's "Le Village." As long as he was chattering about the delightful independence of foreign travel, and rallying his friends upon their Darby and Joan existence, he was excellent as usual; but when at the end he had to relate how he was once laid by with fever, in a lonely foreign village, and what different feelings coursed through his mind at that time, we remember how he slurred over what might have been the most charming situation in the comedy, leaving an impression of being utterly uncomfortable, and thankful when the episode was at an end. It is this defect in particular which pre-

vents our instituting any comparison between Mathews and some renowned comedians of the present day upon the French stage, especially that delightful artist, M. Delaunay, with whom we have lately been enabled to renew our acquaintance. In many natural gifts of face, figure, and the graces of movement, these two actors were well matched, but the points of likeness are soon exhausted. Of *intensity*, Charles Mathews knew nothing: nor can it be fairly said that he was a poetical actor in any real sense. If his acting was akin to any form of poetry, it was to that which the French call "vers de société"; but even here we can hardly admit the comparison, for at least since Praed and Thackeray have written we can not think of this form of lyric verse apart from tenderness and the charm of sadness.

But, after all, a great actor is to be judged by his strong and not by his weak points, and Mathews's contributions to the advance of his art are tangible enough. He owed it to his early training amid beautiful sights and sounds, amid the landscapes of Italy and the undying forms of beauty which he went there to study, that he was able to be the first to bring artistic considerations to bear on the acting and the mounting of the modern drama. "When I first came upon the stage," he said in one of his many after-dinner speeches, "I found everything conventional. I don't presume to say that I reformed it, but in my own particular, limited line I, for the first time, broke through the old conventionalities, and have lived to see my example followed till they are all nearly, if not quite, exploded." It should never be forgotten what Mathews accomplished in the way of artistic innovation. In costume, scenery, and general appointments, the *régime* of Mathews and Madame Vestris at the Olympic, Covent Garden, and the Lyceum was memorable, although to Macready belongs the credit of earlier reforms in the same direction. To these two manager-actors we indeed owe it that the acted drama was first made a "thing of beauty" in other respects than those of histrionic excellence, and in this change was involved more than that of the pleasure actually afforded to the audience. It enlarged the scope of the stage's sympathies. It brought into connection with it the other arts, and with this brought artists of all kinds into a new relation with one another—a relation fraught with advantage to all concerned. Side by side with the present memoir of Charles Mathews should certainly be read by those who would properly understand the advance of the acted drama during the last forty years, the memoir and journals of Macready. If only to the student of human nature, Macready's "confessions" are among the most profoundly interest-

ing of modern times. In his case, as in that of Mathews, the life which the actor lived, outside of and beyond the strictly professional part of it, was intimately concerned with his qualities as an actor. The two men were radically unlike. Save that they were both actors and managers, and fought strenuously in their respective ways against money difficulties, they had scarcely a point in common. But they both pursued their ideal, different as those ideals were, with zeal and consistency; and both served as a link between many and divers forms of art. It is to them in great part that we owe the encouraging circumstance that the poet, the musician, the painter, and the man of letters are coming more and more to welcome the "poor player" to the ranks of a brother artist, and to recognize that he may be a fellow worker with them on equal terms.

And this brings us to the last word which it seems good to say on the lesson of these memoirs, as they bear upon the prospects of the English stage. The success of Mathews, as we have tried to show, was largely due to the fact that he was something more than an actor. If he was lacking in versatility as an actor, he was eminently versatile as a man. He was allied by sympathy, as well as in actual accomplishments, with half a dozen other arts; but he was also allied by sympathy with all sorts of other men, and with many and varied phases of common life. If, during the hard-working years of his career as actor and manager, he was necessarily thrown most with that profession, he had still thirty years of a very different life on which to look back, and from which to draw refreshment. He had reminiscences, if not surroundings, on which to feed his talent. We are persuaded that the gradual elevation of the average of ability, and of *tone*, in the actor's profession depends upon the degree to which the conditions of that profession enable him to take his place on equal terms with his brethren in other walks of art, and with the general current of educated English society. There was a time when the very name of actor, save in a few rare personalities, placed its possessor in a class by himself, and was all but a disqualification for entrance into the common life of the upper classes in England. The very hours during which his art was practiced being those devoted elsewhere to social intercourse, proved of itself a very complete barrier between the two classes. But now, as has been lately pointed out with great truth (if we are not mistaken, by the able dramatic critic of the "*Athenæum*"), an obstacle in the actor's path, of a totally opposite kind, is what he has most to fear.

There is now a halo of glory about the head of the successful actor, which obtains for him so ready a welcome and so exaggerated a tribute of homage, that he is in greater danger from flattery and the eulogiums of unwise friends, than ever he was of old from the respectable world's neglect. Things will right themselves in time, but in the mean while the successful actor has many insidious foes about his path. The remedy for this state of things lies, as we have said, in a more *natural* association among artists of all kinds, and between artists and the wholesome, ordinary, commonplace, friendly intercourse of daily society. Artists of all kinds have to beware of the demoralizing effects of mutual admiration. It fosters vanity and it fosters jealousy, the two prevailing foibles of artists, and preëminently of actors. In the actor's profession, what needs toning down is the *personal* element. Of too many of them in all time it must be admitted—we are sure that the best among them will be the readiest to admit the truth—that their besetting temptation is that expressed in the Laureate's lines—

"It's always ringing in your ears,
'They call this man as good as *me*!'!"

Hitherto there has been some excuse, or at least explanation of this in the gulf which has separated the actor from ordinary society. His personal supremacy became his compensation for other things that were denied him and his defense against the educated world's contempt for his profession. But as the dignity of that profession rises, and with it the social position of the actor, the desire for personal supremacy ought to yield to, or at least be tempered by, other gains. Pride in the profession, and a sense of its worthiness and the worthiness of the work it is doing, ought to take the place in some degree of less ennobling aims. But, among other reforms, there is one which in any case ought to be early introduced. An actor should not have to play every night; or, if a continuous "run" of a certain piece is necessary, it should be followed by a period of comparative repose, or at least of alternations of leisure evenings. It is only so that the actor can fill his place in some measure in ordinary society, and obtain the benefit of taking friendly and wholesome part in the common interests of the world, among which, after all, are fostered the best and most healthy development of human character, and therefore the conditions which go to make art also wholesome and fructifying.

Macmillan's Magazine.

DOMESTIC ART.

TO furnish our houses comfortably is undoubtedly a task which, if well fulfilled, leads to a considerable increase in the happiness of the hours we spend at home. And this increase of happiness is of that most subtle kind which winds itself among all our pleasures, and makes them deeper and more refined. We all feel this to a certain extent. We all love a warm room, a cheery fire, a comfortable arm-chair, cleanliness and brightness. These are the grosser parts of household comfort which all can enjoy. And we cherish and grow fond of the things that have ministered to our material wants—of the chair we are accustomed to repose in after our day's work, of the fire that casts a ruddy light round our room as we sit and warm ourselves after we have been chilled through in the cold outside, when the sleet and the snow are beating against the windows, and the wind is wailing drearily round the corners of the house. But these comforts, or rather luxuries, are not among the refinements of domestic life. They belong to laborers' cottages as much as to stately houses, or perhaps more.

There is, indeed, a charm of homeliness about the poor man's cottage which the rich man in his palace might often envy. But many of us do not live in cottages, and do attempt to surround ourselves with things not purely utilitarian. We ornament our walls with paper and paint, our doors with moldings, our ceilings and cornices with plaster-work, our floors with carpets, our fireplaces with marbles, our chairs with chintzes, and most things with vulgarity. And the consequence of all this is, that we spend a good deal of money in making ourselves less comfortable than we should have been if we had spent very little. I believe the motive of this outlay usually to be a desire to obtain cheap magnificence, to imitate with our little what our richer neighbors have bought with their plenty. And we certainly succeed in imitating their gaudiness. Only we forget one of the essential principles of all good art, that if a thing is conspicuous it should be able to bear close examination. How much better it would be if, instead of trying to produce cheap imitations of things which properly belong only to long suites of reception-rooms and stately galleries, we could contrive to form a style of decoration which should be in keeping with the houses in which we live, and with our manner of life! But perhaps it is a new light to many of my readers that they are living surrounded by vulgar furniture and in vulgar rooms. Let us,

then, consider what things in every-day life we are in the habit of calling vulgar. If we were to meet a poor girl tidily, cleanly, and quietly dressed, we might remark her as a person whom we would be glad to take into our own service, or perhaps attend to our own children. We should feel it probable that she would do her work diligently, and, above all, honestly. We should feel it probable that our children's characters would be safe in her hands; that she was possessed of a natural refinement which would prevent her doing or saying anything which we should fear might have a bad influence on the tone of their minds. If, on the other hand, we were to meet a girl of the same class gaudily dressed, with false jewelry and a flowery bonnet, we should probably be exactly as much prejudiced against her as we were in favor of the tidy girl. Our judgments in each case might be false; but they would be instinctive, that is to say, founded on our universal experience. And the difference between the two girls would be the difference between refinement and vulgarity. Few will disagree with me on this point. Now let us try to find out from this instance of it what we mean by the term *vulgarity*, or at least some of its characteristics, as applied to things that are seen.

The first that strikes us is the love of show. But it is the love of show for its own sake that is vulgar here. It is not the beauty of the thing shown, but the desire to create a sensation; and this becomes at times such a passion that it is blinding to all discrimination between beauty and ugliness. To show a beautiful thing because it is beautiful, there is no vulgarity in that; but to show anything, whether beautiful or ugly, for the sake of show—that is vulgar. This, then, is the first characteristic of vulgarity. The second is subordinate to, and depends on, the first. It consists in the falseness of the thing shown, a falseness that takes in no one but the creature who produces the sham, and only deceives her in this sense, that she believes she is deceiving others. Her passion for show is so great that she prefers the pretense of richness to the reality of neatness, and the exhibition of tawdriness to the comfort of quietness. Now, there are few men or women who would not consider that cheap gaudiness in dress, with all its accompaniments of false jewelry and what is called "loudness," was to the last degree vulgar. But the strange thing is, that these very men and women, who are really in many ways cultured and refined, do not see that they themselves commit the very

same faults in the decoration of their drawing-rooms that they blame with such severity in the dressing of their maid-servants.

It would be impossible, within the limits of the present paper, to discuss, on the one hand, all the vulgarities of ordinary furnishing, or to describe, on the other hand, more desirable refinements in it; but a few instances we may deal with. We will suppose that we are in a drawing-room about twenty feet square (the size of an ordinary drawing-room in a moderately sized house). The first object that strikes us as we enter, perhaps, is a gigantic looking-glass, about four feet wide and six feet high, placed over the mantel-piece. It is surrounded with a rather elaborate and very coarse gilt molding. Such a mirror is the first thing that is thought of to decorate the walls, and to prevent the room looking bare. If we ask why a large mirror over the chimney-piece (or anywhere else) is thought desirable, we probably hear that "it gives size to the room" or that "it brightens it up." When we are told that it gives size to the room, I suppose we are to understand that it makes us believe that there is a second room over the chimney-piece just like the first. Of course, we are never thus taken in by ordinarily arranged mirrors; and, if we were, it would be very unpleasant. So that the first reason given in defense of them falls to the ground. With respect to the second excuse for their existence, we must observe that they undoubtedly do to a certain extent reflect, and therefore do increase the amount of light in the room, but that they diminish the amount of light that there appears to be by reflecting the darker parts of the room only to the spectator owing to their positions. And it is the amount of light that there *appears to be*, not the amount of light that there *is*, in a room that is important. So much for the supposed advantages and beauties of mirrors. Now let us consider the objections to them. We have seen that gloominess is one. Another is the appearance of smallness in rooms which they invariably produce. It is almost always possible to increase the apparent size of a small room in a legitimate way by avoiding large objects. A large statue or a large picture makes a small room look smaller still, not so much by filling it up as by destroying its scale. The eye naturally compares one thing with another, and measures one thing by another. As a rule, a big pattern on a wall paper, a large door, a large sheet of plate-glass in a window, all tend to make a room look smaller. Thus the vulgarity of cheap magnificence defeats its own object, and the effort to avoid supposed meanness succeeds only in making evident the very thing it is most anxious to hide. Another serious objection that may be made to large mir-

rors as usually placed is the unpleasant way in which we catch sight of ourselves reflected in them. This, of course, is a pure matter of taste, but I believe that most people share this dislike of having their own personality suddenly brought under their notice.

The use of gilding requires very great care. Gold-leaf in the hands of an artist may be employed with wonderful effect. It may be made to give lightness or heaviness, brightness or shadow. It may be made to harmonize a system of coloring that would be crude without it, and it may produce a marvelous richness; but exactly in proportion as it may be used to adorn, in that proportion it may be used to destroy beauty, and to draw attention to ugliness. And it must be admitted that the way in which gilding is generally used displays an extraordinary ignorance of its artistic properties. In the first place it makes the objects it covers more conspicuous. There are some things (some carvings, for instance) which are very good, both in design and workmanship, but which require some of their parts to be emphasized and made to stand out against other parts. In these cases we may gild either of the parts and so produce the desired contrast. As a rule, it will be found best to gild those intended to catch the light. It will be found in almost all cases that the use of gold should in decoration be reserved for the accentuation of form. This is of course only a general rule, and is liable to many exceptions under peculiar circumstances. But how is gold generally used? Let us look round the room and see. It is to be seen on the frames of the mirrors above mentioned; the cornices above the valances of the curtains look as if they had been dipped into it, the pattern of the wall-paper is drawn out with it, and the moldings of the doors are covered with it. We shall discuss the nature of these carvings and moldings presently; meanwhile, let us suppose that they are of good design and carefully wrought. Consider those of the panels of the doors. The beauty of good plain moldings consists in the contrast of light and shade that exists between its members, and of the relative proportions of those members. On moldings of this kind gilding might be employed with great effect, not by covering over the whole, but by so carefully choosing those members that the contrasts of light and shade between them shall be increased, and the proportions of them maintained or improved. The same rules will apply to all moldings and carvings whatsoever that have to be gilt. As a matter of fact, however, in most houses the moldings are very far from being either well designed or carefully executed. They are, on the contrary, poor in form and lumpy and coarse in workmanship. In such cases

gilding usually merely serves to attract attention to what should be carefully left as subdued as possible.

But, indeed, as we look round, we see that discord prevails. What can be more harsh than the white-marble chimney-piece surrounding the cold steel grate? It is in the nature of the British mind to love open grates. To preserve them we sacrifice warmth, cleanliness, and even economy; so dearly do we love the sight of the red-hot coals and the dancing flames! They are more beautiful in our eyes than the red rays of a precious ruby. And yet if we had such a ruby should we not surround it with a setting suitable to its beauty? Why not so, then, with the fire? If we chose to give a large sum of money for a marble chimney-piece, we could procure one which, with the help of delicate sculpture, might have been made beautiful; but this is no reason why we should spend on bare and repulsive polished marble much more than would be necessary to carry out a beautiful design in wood, such as can often be met with in houses about a hundred years old. But, not content with putting up white marble, we double the effect of its coldness by contrasting it with black iron or steel. There is really no excuse for this. Steel requires much cleaning to keep off rust, and iron requires the application of black-lead daily. A certain amount of iron, of course, there must be, as it is required to stand the heat, but the heavy moldings and flat surfaces, which seem made on purpose to give work to housemaids, are quite unnecessary. Grates can be easily procured calculated to give a large amount of heat for the fuel consumed, with a very small edge of iron round a square opening in front, delicately molded. If this be surrounded above and on each side with tiles about six or eight inches square of good color and design, and the whole be inclosed with a good bold molding of painted deal or oak, the result is most effective, and the cost is slight. One or more shelves may be erected above on brackets or otherwise. All the beauty will depend on the proper choice of tiles, grate, and moldings. In this arrangement, if the hearth be covered with tiles as well as the sides, the only thing that requires any labor to clean is the grate itself, and this should be made as little conspicuous as possible. Any amount of play of design may be given to the wooden surroundings. They may be ornamented with pilasters or brackets or shelves or panels, carried up to the ceiling or left three or four feet high; and all this may be done both more effectively for Scotch and English houses, as well as much more cheaply, in wood than in marble.

There are three methods commonly adopted for covering and decorating wall-spaces—plain

color in paint, paper, or distemper; patterns in paper, textile fabrics, or paint; and paneling. If the first method be employed, all the interest of the wall-surfaces is made to depend upon color. There can be no objection to this; a plain surface of color is a beautiful thing provided it be beautiful and adapted for its purpose. But, unfortunately, it is in rare exceptions only that we find walls of beautiful or suitable tones. Those most usually employed are pale green and yellowish drab. It will be said that these are harmless; and, to a certain extent, this defense is true. But it must be borne in mind that the harmless is not a very high ideal to aspire to, and that it is this inability in most of us to make our walls better than harmless that drives us to seek relief in vast-sized mirrors or other coarse decorations to give some life to our rooms. If we are fortunate enough to possess good pictures the problem is simple. All we have to do is to paint, paper, or distemper the walls with such a tint as shall form a good background to, without interfering with, the pictures. A rich brownish green will be found one of the best for this purpose. If, however, we have no pictures, or very few, we must depend on the beauty of our wall-decorations themselves. Now, if we call to mind the colors that we have seen on the walls in our friends' houses, is there any one among them that ever gave us an even momentary feeling of interest or pleasure? Some, as we said before, are harmless, that is to say, entirely uninteresting; but for the most part they are actually aggressive by their extreme crudeness. There is one, for instance, very much like that of lavender kid gloves, that is used often in distemper and paint, and mixed with pure white or white and gold in papers. The effect is one of astonishing repulsiveness. It possesses no brilliancy, no depth, no warmth, no interest or beauty of any kind. It is unsuitable for pictures, and clashes with almost every tint that is brought near to it.

It is impossible, without the help of illustration, to say much about color that will be of much practical value; nor, indeed, have we space to refer to all the thousands of harsh tints, single and mixed, which may be seen disfiguring the walls of houses. The only thing that can be done in this matter is to appeal to every one's own taste as far as possible, and to try and make him exercise his judgment. Do not let us be content, on the one hand, with gloominess and dullness; let us avoid with horror, on the other hand, all crudeness and mere showiness. Let us be careful that the color chosen shall be one not merely beautiful in small quantities, as, for instance, scarlet or bright blue, but suitable to covering large spaces, and sufficiently quiet to be a permanent rest to the eyes.

When wall-papers printed in patterns are used, there are further considerations which should guide our choice. It should be borne in mind, however, that although in these cases more than one color is employed, yet there is always a general effect of harmonious blending of tone together which should be sought after, an effect best seen at such a distance that the pattern ceases to be very distinct. This general effect is analogous to, and should be considered in the same light as, one tint. Many papers, when viewed from certain distances, give undue prominence to one particular feature, owing to its color not being in proper harmony with those of the other features of the design; and the constant repetition of the pattern over the wall-surface often causes the prominent features to be arranged in lines and figures in themselves unpleasing, though all the lines and figures of the design unpeated may be faultless. Before a wall-paper is chosen, therefore, care should be taken that two or three breadths are placed side by side in order to detect this secondary pattern, if it exists. Exactly the same effect may be produced without prominence in color by the unequal distribution of the design. Supposing, for instance, it is printed light on a dark ground, and owing to this fault the pattern is thicker in some places than in others, then the thick parts, viewed from a short distance, will make little masses of light, and the thin parts little masses of dark color, which may make, on a large surface, a secondary pattern of unpleasing appearance.

But besides the production of general effect at such a distance that the primary design can not be distinctly seen, we have to consider the latter itself, the curves of its lines, and the beauty of its elementary features. It is, of course, impossible to discuss all the infinite variety of forms that wall-paper patterns have assumed, but there are certain classes of them about which something may be said. The first of these classes is that in which natural objects, flowers, leaves, birds, etc., are used in what is called an unconventional manner, that is, drawn on the paper as the artist would draw them were he simply making studies from nature. Now, even supposing that it were possible, at a considerable cost, to reproduce exactly the illustrations of a first-rate work on botany or ornithology, such a design would be eminently unsuited to its place. This, I suppose, no one will venture to deny. Not only, however, would it be unsuitable, it would be intrinsically bad; it would lack the first element of artistic design, arrangement. But it may be said that, in all patterns that repeat themselves, in the way in which wall-papers of necessity must, there must be *some* arrangement. This is true; but the fact only makes the want

of arrangement in the subordinate parts more conspicuous by contrast with the formality of the main features. I have seen, for instance, a pattern made of little bunches of flowers, red and blue and yellow (just as they might have been had they been copied directly after they had been picked, only very badly done), at the angles of a diamond-shaped trellis-work of gilt lines. Here, it is true, the flowers which compose the bunch are natural, but not the bunch itself, nor the placing of bunches at regular intervals. It is, in fact, absurd to talk of naturalism on a wall-paper at all; at best we can only produce but a feeble parody of it. What we can do, however, is to make use of certain forms suggested to us by nature, which will be really suitable to the positions they have to occupy, which will be pliable, that is to say, capable of being worked up into a continuous, evenly-distributed, and well-arranged design, and which will be besides all this very beautiful in themselves. Such idealizations from nature are the honeysuckle pattern of the Assyrians and Greeks; all the wonderful stone carvings which fill our mediæval churches, so renowned for the appreciation they bear evidence to of the most subtle forms of birds, beasts, and flowers; all the Persian designs for ceilings, textile fabrics, pottery, and paintings, unrivaled for intricacy of form without confusion, grace of line without weakness, and brilliancy of color without gaudiness; all the flowing friezes of Renaissance times, so faultless in their curves. It is not because we love Nature more, but because we understand her less, that we have ceased to follow a precedent that has been hitherto universal.

There is another class of papers in which the main part of the pattern is geometrical. Papers of this kind are often very satisfactory, but do not usually possess as much interest as those involving free curves. They are, however, often very suitable to passages and halls, and may be used with advantage in places where something a little less monotonous than a plain surface of color is required. The geometrical patterns should always be small, never more than a few inches square, and should be simple also. Their want of interest tends to make them coarse and vulgar if used on a large scale. As a rule, it will be found that where figures involving squares are employed, it will be much better to place them with their sides vertical and horizontal, than with their corners at their highest and lowest points, like the diamond-shaped panes of glass in church-windows.

The difficulties of decoration are very much increased in many cases by the thorough badness of the groundwork on which it has to be placed, and by the thorough badness of the thing that has to be decorated. So that often all that can

be done is to make the best of a bad job. And here the decorator is placed in a dilemma, for he must never descend to the level of much that he can not remove, and much of his work is on this account made to seem out of keeping, and to jar with things that are near to it.

Many who read this article will be inclined to resent the application of the term *vulgar* to their house-decoration. They will say that these things are matters of taste, and that they have as much right to call my recommendations vulgar as I have their drawing-rooms. I attempted to prove at the beginning that the essence of vulgarity in people was the desire to get as much show, independent of beauty, for the sum of money they are prepared to lay out. Though I believe this vulgarity is often owing to long neglect of taste,

and may coexist with refinement in other things, I believe that most of us, when we look round our rooms, will find that this is the spirit that has prevailed. I have tried to describe ways of decorating that shall not make show but beauty their chief object. The result will often be simplicity verging on plainness. But if any will honestly try to work in the line I have laid down, they will find that they have discovered for themselves new interests and pleasures in life, which will perpetually surround them. And they will find, as time goes on, that the pleasure is a growing one, and that, as we are able to buy new treasures out of our savings, we shall not despise our earlier efforts, and that the new picture or the new piece of china we have bought will add a luster to, without creating a discord in, the old room.

EUSTACE BALFOUR (*Good Words*).

FRAGMENTS.

DR. HILLEBRAND ON MODERN ENGLAND.

[IN the October "Nineteenth Century" Dr. Karl Hillebrand begins a series of papers which he designates "Familiar Letters on Modern England," the purpose of which is to show Englishmen "how they appear to foreign eyes." The first article exhibits much acute and suggestive comment. We can not find room for all of Dr. Hillebrand's "Letter," nor would all its topics be of as much interest to American as to English readers, but we select a few passages which seem to us specially noteworthy.—EDITOR APPLETON'S JOURNAL.]

THERE are two things which first strike the foreigner who wanders through the endless and perplexingly homonymous streets of west London, or lounges through the lanes of its innumerable suburbs, or the scarcely less numerous watering-places of England. These two things are the immense wealth of this country and the apparent sameness of its domestic life.

If you chance to pass before these houses between one and two in the afternoon, the shining silver and the shining linen of the luncheon-table will intrude themselves on your sight, even without your throwing an indiscreetly piercing eye through the large and well-polished glass pane of the thousands of ground-floors you pass by. Together with the sight comes upon you the thought of the expensiveness of the life which the inmates of these thousands of identical three-windowed houses lead. To speak the striking language of num-

bers, and to take a rough estimate, one might say that on every one of these dwellings comes a yearly income of at least twelve hundred pounds; that is to say, double the average income of the same class of society in the richest country of the Continent (France), fourfold that of a German, eightfold that of an Italian family of the same position! Nay, the revenue of an Italian Minister himself—even since the radical friends of the poor tax-payers on the day of their accession to office raised the salary by three hundred pounds—does not yet attain to two thirds of that income which I suppose necessary for the maintenance of an ordinary household in one of the simpler abodes of the West End of London. And all these well-to-do people are English. They are not like the rich of Paris and Rome, the privileged few of every distant country flocking together in a Western capital, as in a great pleasure-factory or round a curiosity-shop. All the inmates of these houses wear the British stamp as well as the houses they inhabit, and suggest at once the wealth of the whole higher middle class in this country.

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It requires work, hard work, and well-paid work, to allow a hundred thousand families to live as we see them live under so inclement a sky. More than that, it supposes that for longer than a century generations have worked equally hard and been equally well paid, in order not only to maintain such a life and to indulge in improvidence and a generosity likewise unknown

elsewhere, but also to accumulate enough that after their death thousands and thousands might still continue to live so on their fathers' work and without working themselves, or at least with a margin of leisure which might allow the nation to maintain its high standard. It is this surplus of leisure, indeed, which insures to England its grand position in modern civilization. The English gentleman has already for more than a century found the time to cultivate athletic sports without sacrificing his professional work, and, to put it in Mr. Bagehot's words, to "spend half of his day in washing the whole of his person"—a by no means unimportant start over the Continent, where such civilizational habits could only be introduced a very short time ago. But the Englishman of business has not only time to devote to his body, he has also leisure to cultivate his mind. England is the only country where people read—where they read instructive books, I mean, not novels only. Next to England ranges France, where the species of "general reader" still exists, although it is on the wane, and people begin to put their Thierry and Guizot nicely bound on their book-shelves, convinced that they have in this way sufficiently proved their respect for higher literature. As for the Italian, he seldom masters courage and perseverance enough to read more than a newspaper article of one paragraph; and the German, as everybody knows, reads a book only when he wants to write another book destined to supersede the one he is reading. The English alone find the leisure and the humor to read works of a general but serious character. I do not enter a sitting-room without finding some new volumes on the table; if expensive, coming from Mudie's or Smith's library—which always supposes that such a library purchases at once a hundred copies or more of a book—or, if cheap, bought at the next bookseller's shop. No wonder, when on opening one of these by no means "popular" works, you read "seventh thousand" on the back of its title-page. On the Continent such a thing happens only with books destined for amusement or for the flattering of vulgar passions and vulgar curiosity, such as M. Tissot's and Herr Busch's twaddle. The leisure, coexisting with hard work, and the noble use made of leisure, are perhaps the most remarkable results of the enormous wealth which first strikes the eye of the foreigner in England.

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There is, however, another feature of English life which a guest from the Continent can not fail to notice when he strolls for the first time through the streets of London or a provincial town, and this is the wonderful sameness of existence. There you pass house after house for miles and miles, and one is as like the other as

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any twin-brothers can be; and not the outside alone. You enter, and you find the disposition the same everywhere; the dining-room here, the drawing-room there, the bedrooms above. At the same hours the inmates sit down to the same breakfast, lunch, and dinner. At the same moment the same roast-lamb is brought in with the same mint-sauce; at the same period of the dinner the same kind of glass is removed, to be replaced by the same set of new glasses. People rise at the same hour, go to business or to church at the same hour, wear the same hats and caps, and read the same book. Why should they not, one is tempted to ask one's self, think the same thoughts and feel the same feelings, from Regent Street to Kensington? And so it is, to a certain degree. The more vigorous the inborn individualism of the race, the stronger the fetters of conventionalism which must be imposed upon them, if they are to form a powerful society. Nowhere is there greater individual liberty than in England, and nowhere do people renounce it more readily of their own accord.

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When I live among the English I always feel as if I were aboard ship, and every now and then all the passengers at once rushed to starboard when their attention was called to something on that side, and again to larboard, with the same awkward impetus, as soon as some authoritative voice pointed out something there. Yesterday it was Fra Angelico who was the object of general worship; to-day it is Sandro Botticelli—don't forget the "Sandro," it gives more character to the thing—and young ladies fresh from school forthwith hunt through all Tuscany after Botticellis, without giving even so much as a glance to a Benozzo Gozzoli or a Masaccio, the Lippis or the Ghirlandajos, who might perchance have some of those qualities which the infallible art-critic has pointed out in Sandro Botticelli. Years ago Lord Byron was the poet of poets; nowadays it has been discovered that Keats was infinitely greater; and it becomes a sure sign of inferior taste and being behind the times, a proof of "philistinism" at least, to find that the singer of "Childe Harold" had a somewhat stronger breath than the poet of "Endymion." So mighty is the gregariousness that everybody blindly obeys the orders of the arbiter of taste as a regiment might those of its officers. When a foreigner timidly suggests that there are perhaps two Byrons—the Byron who obeyed "fashion" and was "fashionable" then, and consequently has perished and deserved to perish, and the Byron who gave utterance to the most personal feelings and thoughts in a most chastened though apparently neglected form, he encounters the commiserating glances of his astonished

hearers, and never finds a single ally to remind them that, if there is the Byron of "Lara" and "The Corsair," there is also such a thing as the Byron of "Don Juan," the stanzas for music or the verses to Augusta, which no Keats ever equaled in power and ease.

Fashions, however, are fashions, and you might as well try to demonstrate to a lady that crinolines are unnatural and ugly, as long as fashion imposes them, as to endeavor to make a fashionable public understand that fashionable poets are perhaps no poets at all.

Art—under whatever form it may be, poetry and music, sculpture or painting—is the reproduction (or the management) of what is eternal in nature, man, and society. It may in its forms submit with impunity to all the caprices of fashion, be it the academical form of the classics or the Gothic of the romanticists; be it the conventionalities of Racine's tragedy and Guarini's pastorales, or even those, more open to censure, of Victor Hugo's drama and George Sand's village-story, provided its essence is eternally human and true as it is in the former, instead of being artificial and false as in the latter two. For it will be judged by posterity on this standard alone. When, consequently, art makes itself the expression of transient feelings and thoughts, of feelings and thoughts nobody will understand a hundred years hence, it will perish, whatever may be the form in which it has produced itself. If D'Urfé's novels were written in Pascal's French—which they are not and which they could not be, Pascal's prose supposing Pascal's thought—they would have died nevertheless, as have died those parts of "Clarissa Harlowe" and the "Nouvelle Héloïse" which only expressed the thoughts and feelings of the time, as also will die most of the poems and pretentious novels—let me say of Germany, in order to hurt nobody in this country—which have now *il grido*. "Wilhelm Meister," on the contrary, will be as eternally young as "Don Quixote" and "Tom Jones," although its form is as exclusively of its time and its country as that of Cervantes's and Fielding's works; and it will be so because it paints human nature as it will be always and everywhere, whereas certain novels of our day are not likely to live a day longer than the conventional feelings and thoughts they embody. It is not so with science, although the object of science is likewise unchanging nature; because science has not to reproduce or manage its object; it has to analyze it and to discover its laws. Science is a collective, and consequently a progressive work, to which every workman brings his stone. Art is an individual concern, and consequently not susceptible of progress, except in

unimportant technicalities. He who wishes his work not to be lost must rely upon himself alone: no help of fellow toilers will avail; no stream, however mighty, will carry him on to posterity.

A rather narrow national exclusiveness was characteristic of English thought and feeling ever since the great French Revolution. A reaction set in toward 1840, when it first became fashionable to depreciate English things; and, together with a strange infatuation for this our own advanced time, to adopt a sort of severely censorious tone in speaking of England. Till then the idea an Englishman of average culture had of a German, a Frenchman, and an Italian, did not differ widely from the popular one of the uncouth pedant, the dapper dancing-master, and the dark-eyed bravo. They were altogether not taken *au sérieux* by the Englishman of 1830. Things have since been reversed by one of those violent reactions I spoke of a moment ago; for, when the English do a thing, they do not stop midway. Just as Macaulay has in our own days become, from an English Thucydides, a species of British Capefigue, so did the awkward scholar of Jena or Heidelberg, who "did not understand himself," change into a poetical dreamer, full of hidden treasures of thought; the flippant and frivolous Parisian wit, half malicious monkey, half good-natured child, into the model of all radical and democratic virtues; the passionate plotter and schemer of Italy into the hero and martyr of patriotism. The great virtue of the Englishman at home—confidence—was extended slowly to the foreigner, who till then had been mostly looked upon with quite different feelings; and, as usual, the virtue was carried too far. All society rests on credit—not the state, if we may believe Hume, who would have it based on distrust. No social relations could indeed be possible, any more than commercial, without credit. But credit supposes knowledge—if not scientific, analytical knowledge, at least experimental or intuitive knowledge—of the persons you have to deal with. Now, Englishmen knew little of the foreigner whom they began thus to trust, and to whom they lent all sorts of fine sentiments and deep thoughts, until they seem to have come in our days to a rather extravagant estimate, which will lead, sooner or later I am afraid, to a reaction in favor of national exclusiveness.

Germany received the first caresses of this strange xenomania from the hands of youthful Carlyle and old Coleridge, but the friendship developed into fashion only half a generation later, in the days of Bunsen and Sir Cornewall Lewis, Liebig and Sir James Graham, Mrs. Austin and Felix Mendelssohn. It was Italy who succeeded

her in the favors of Britannia, and for ten years there was no end to the admiration of the resurg-ing nation, who was to produce new Dantes and Galileos by the score, and showed already political aptitude of character and mind worthy of old Rome. Since then it is France who has become the pet. People here have discovered that under the shiny surface of the Frenchman there lies many a good and sterling virtue—thrift, and sobriety, and taste, and common sense; that, besides the frivolous literature which they used to take for the expression of French intellectual life, there was solid scientific work being done; that the uniformity of the modern democratic state which the Revolution and the First Consul had founded, if it exposed the country to the surprises of despotism, guaranteed it a system of administration, justice, finance, as well as a civil law, which were not so easily to be found in freer countries. This led to a more attentive study of French laws and literature, and, the natural and generous compassion for the misfortunes of the hereditary enemy supervening, the fashion moreover helping, as in the days of Charles II., the consequence has been an overrating admiration, which scarcely admits any spots on the sun.

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From the seriousness of the contemporary English mind—the contemporary, I say, for it was by no means so in former times—comes also the want of perspective, which is so perceptible in the English judgments on the Continent, as well as the absence of *nuance* in the English endeavors first to master, then to appropriate and assimilate to themselves foreign ideas and ways. You hear people speak quietly of Mademoiselle Sarah Bernhardt and Rachel, of Gambetta and M. Dufaure, of G. Planche and Sainte-Beuve, of O. Feuillet and Mérimée, without the slightest perception of the distance between such names and the very relative consideration their bearers enjoy in their own country. And such jarring discords are by no means peculiar to second-rate hack-writers; I see also one of the foremost authors of the younger generation, and one who would occupy a still higher rank if he did not persist in giving to his admirable disquisitions on historical problems the name and the form of history—I see also a Mr. Lecky, sinning alike against proportion and accuracy, speak of “the class of (French) mind that once followed Bossuet or Pascal” and “now follows Voltaire or Comte,” as one might speak of “Hume or Shadworth Hodgson.” Even when the discrepancy is less shocking, the *nuance* and the taste are often wanting in the use made of foreign names. I am confident, for instance, that the illustrious author of “Theophrastus Such” would be the first to be disagreeably touched by the over-zealous critic’s *pavé*-like declaration, that

La Bruyère had been superseded for ever since the summer of 1879. Had such English writers lived only for a short time in the French atmosphere, the unseen degrees of literary, artistic, and social hierarchy would have forced themselves naturally upon them, unless the characteristic rigidity of the strong English mind had not been too developed, as is often the case.

It is strange, on the other side, how awkwardly eminent English writers, who recommend to their countrymen French models, often fail in what they recommend so zealously—*nuance* and lightness of touch. I see an important review say of Heine that “he is a German in nothing but language”; I hear a well-known critic declare roundly that Englishmen ought to take method in Germany, but form in France, because there existed no such thing as a “well-written book” in Germany; I read in a celebrated writer’s warnings against metaphysics, that there is absolutely nothing to be learned from “Kant, Strauss, and all the other Germans” (the copulation “Kant-Strauss” is delightful); I discover in a fourth not less eminent author, that Macaulay is the “King of Philistinism.” Now, to take up only one of those instances of want of *nuance* resulting from a misunderstanding of foreign words and ideas, the word *philistine* is a new expression, taken from the German, and if an Englishman uses it he is bound to use it in the German sense, or to declare that he gives it another sense, else nobody will understand his meaning. But if there was ever a man who was not a *philistine* in the German sense of the word, it was Macaulay. I do not attempt to write an apology of Macaulay. Few men have stronger than he the two qualities most antipathetic to the Germans, faithful to the creed of their fathers: rhetoric and party spirit. Still he is not the least a *philistine* for all that. A man who takes part in a great public life, who has breasted and breathed the storms of Westminster, who has seen the wonderland of India, and legislated for a hundred million British subjects; a man who alternated in his readings between Alexandre Dumas and Thucydides, and could relish Charles II.’s *mots* and Peterborough’s freaks without allowing his moral disapprobation to disturb his enjoyment—such a man is *not* a *philistine*, can not be a *philistine*. This word, indeed, has always kept in the German mind something of its origin: the opposition to the liberty and Bohemian life of the student. What constitutes *philistinism* is pedantic regularity of habits, both in life and thought, prosiness, want of enthusiasm, narrowness of social and intellectual horizon, a certain mild conventionalism and timid shrinking from paradox, noise, and phantasy. Never was there any man less *philistine* than the dashing,

bustling, passionate Whig, whose ponderous rhetoric charmed the youth of our generation throughout the civilized world.

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Frenchmen are particularly struck by the want of proportion in certain English books and essays, Germans by the subjective tone of many of them. With the former the smallest essay has its regular plan, with an introduction, well-balanced parts, and a peroration. They never break up abruptly, alleging want of space, never dwell disproportionately on one argument or fact of their subject. I have read English articles on M. Rénan which neglected the most elementary rules of composition in the very praise of the master in architectural harmony. So it is with simplicity of language. There are some modern English writers who seem to have gone to school at Victor Hugo's and T. Gautier's rather than at Musset's or Mérimée's, who, in our century, represent the real tradition of France in poetical literature. Clearness and fluency, once the characteristic sign of English prose and verse, such as Addison and Pope framed them, seem to be no longer considered as virtues; at least the combination of both these qualities becomes rarer and rarer. And, as the sentences are often either hacked up and minced, or intricate and involved, so the words have a tendency to become more and more abstract and pale, or of a coloring so loud and glaring that the ordinary reader shuts his eyes after a few pages. This, however, is—as the aforesaid defects—not exclusively English: Germany, France, Italy, are also having their "Venetian" writers, after having had their "Giotteschi." Nor is the extreme subjectivity of the modern English writer, particularly the critics and literary historians, more exclusively British. The person of the modern author is everywhere nowadays inclined to put himself unconsciously into the foreground. He is always present, even when he deprecates his presence, and precisely when he does so. He will never allow his subject to speak for itself, never allow the reader the highest pleasures of reading, viz., to draw his own conclusions, make his own observations, and connect his own reminiscences. The writer seems ever preoccupied to show his own wealth of ideas, *aperçus*, and knowledge, lest the reader should not know what a thoughtful and learned and superior man the critic is. Nor can there be anything more un-English than the modern mania of generalizing and discovering historical laws (instead of collecting facts), of which England seems to have caught the infection from the Continent. What is perhaps more particularly characteristic of the English writer is that he has generally his practical aim in writing. He likes to be a reformer. I might name English unbe-

lievers who have more of the saint of Cromwell's time than many a believer who would not miss his Sunday service for the world.

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No nation is absolutely devoid of the intellectual and moral qualities which are more characteristic of their neighbors, and more frequent among them. The thing Heine most wondered at in history, after the fact that Jesus was a Jew, was the circumstance of Shakespeare being an Englishman. Witty as this may be, it would betray a very shallow view of national characteristics if we were to take it for more than a joke. There are many sides, assuredly, by which Shakespeare is totally un-English, as Goethe is totally un-German by many of his qualities. So was Luther, so is Bismarck. Still, the one and the other would only have been possible in England and Germany. What they have over and above the highest degree of national qualities is not French or Italian, but the highest expression of the human—it is genius. Obviously it would be ridiculous to pretend that all the cultivated men of a nation should be geniuses, and unite the best of national qualities with the noblest gifts of humanity at large; still, something of the kind must be the ideal aim of a national culture if that culture is to be looked up to by the civilized world as one of the highest expressions of human civilization.

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I have always thought that the true English gentleman (I mean gentleman not in the modern sense—for *jampridem vera vocabula rerum amissimus*—but in the good old sense of the word, because with a strong race like the Teutonic it requires the education of generations to refine the rough nature and bring out a higher type)—I have always been of opinion that the Englishman of good birth, well balanced in body and soul, a master of manly sport, but fed with the classical education of an English university, accustomed to liberty and public life, having seen the Continent and understood it, never shrinking from responsibility, full of national pride, but putting truth higher than blind love of his country, and having the courage to denounce his country's shortcomings—that such an Englishman comes nearer than any other national type of modern times to the *kalokagathia* of the ancients. Doubtless he has not in a general way the artistic nor the speculative bent of mind which even the Dorian possessed so eminently, but in amends he has often an almost virginal delicacy of feeling, coming out in his family life as well as in his love and poetry, and which was utterly unknown to the ancients. Doubtless this type of the Englishman is here and there veiled, as it were, and threatens to disappear altogether, be it before

the narrow Puritan who forbids all the merriment of Old England, be it before the Nimrod, who cares for naught but hounds, horses, and sherry. Doubtless, also, there is a danger sometimes that even the most highly cultivated may ignore too completely and altogether disdain the Continental culture, sometimes (as seems to be the case just now) that they may too indiscriminately admire the foreigners and lose their own qualities by trying to imitate those of others. But is there not a "golden mean"? Might not the cultivated Englishman of the nineteenth century know the Continent as well as his forefathers of the sixteenth or eighteenth centuries did, and *judge* it, instead of admiring or despising it without criticism? Is it necessary that he should affect the meditative attitudes and theoretical habits of the German, or the social flippancy and political *systematicism* of the ever-organizing Frenchman? If the great aim of all individual culture is to remain one's self, but to develop this self by looking around intellectually and morally, not by being wrapped up in self, is not the highest aim of national culture similarly to try to know one's national character, such as history and experience show it us, and not to copy other nations, but to know them, to understand their peculiarities, to respect their liberty and their opinions, as in private life we try to understand and respect the oddities, the freedom, and the thoughts of our fellow creatures?



GEORGE ELIOT AS A GODLESS WRITER.

[THE subjoined passage from a long essay in the last "Edinburgh Review," on George Eliot, is eminently valuable in itself, and will have additional interest to some of our readers as bearing on the subject of an article in the Editor's Table of our May number, entitled "Paganism in Fiction."—EDITOR APPLETONS' JOURNAL.]

SHE is the first great *godless* writer of fiction that has appeared in England; perhaps, in the sense in which we use the expression, the first that has appeared in Europe. To say this may sound a paradox or an insult; but it is neither. And this will appear presently, when we have explained the meaning which we attach to the obnoxious word *godless*.

We must remember that generally, up to the present time, human conduct was, among serious people, supposed to bear reference, before all things, to some power above ourselves, and of a different nature, to whom our souls belonged, and for whose sake we were bound to keep them pure. And this conception has so penetrated our modern civilization that it has been implied in the entire lives and thoughts of numbers who not

only never thought of affirming it, but who even posed as deniers of the belief upon which it rested. Shakespeare, for instance, may or may not have been a religious man; he may or may not have been a Catholic, or a Protestant. But, whatever his personal views or feelings may have been, the light by which he viewed life was the light of Christianity. The shine, the shadow, and the colors of the moral world he looked upon, were all caused or cast by the Christian Sun of Righteousness. But now, among the vast changes that human thought has been undergoing, the sun that we once all walked by has for many eyes become extinguished; and every energy has been bent upon supplying man with a substitute, which shall have, if possible, an equal illuminating power, and at any rate the same power of moral actinism. This substitute at present is, it is true, somewhat nebulous; but the substance it is composed of is already sufficiently plain. The new object of our duty is not our Father which is in heaven, but our brothers and our children who are on earth. It is to these alone, according to the new gospel, that our piety is due; it is, indeed, to these that all true piety has, in all ages, been ignorantly paid. It is needless to dwell upon this conception longer. Whether we think it sound or hollow, its general character is familiar enough to all of us; and we know that a growing number of men and women around us are adopting it. But it is one thing to adopt a belief in theory—another thing to put it in practice; and again another thing to receive it, as it were in solution, into our daily thoughts and feelings, so that we not only act and think by it, but also instinctively judge and feel by it. This third stage is the one that is reached latest, and we doubt whether as yet any considerable body of men and women have attained to it. The nearest approach to it, so far as we know, is to be found in the novels of George Eliot: only there even it is not reached perfectly; for the moral standard of the novelist, and the rational justification of her own judgments and sympathies, are not present to her mind instinctively, and as matters of course; but they are for ever being consciously emphasized by herself, and for ever being pointed out, more or less directly, to the reader. At any rate, in the world of earnest art, she is the first legitimate fruit of our modern atheistic pietism; and, as such, she is an object of extreme interest, if not to artistic epicures, at any rate to all anxious inquirers into human destiny. For in her writings we have some sort of presentation of a world of high endeavor, pure morality, and strong enthusiasm, existing and in full work, without any reference to, or help from, the thought of God. *Godless* in its literal sense, and divested of all vindictive meaning, exactly

describes her writings. They are without God, not against him. They do not deny, but they silently and skillfully ignore him. We have the same old liturgies of human faith and action, only they are intercepted and appropriated by a new object, when they seemed to be on their way to the old. The glory and the devotion that were once given to God are transferred silently to men.

The way in which this feat is performed is very remarkable; for the characters she presents us with are suffered rarely, if ever, to hold opinions that are consciously to themselves at all akin to the author's. On the contrary, they are most of them Christian people, with the love of God and the fear of hell presumably before their eyes. But, in all their more vital struggles after God, the supernatural element in their beliefs is represented as having no effect on them. It is treated as a husk or shell, concealing, or perhaps sheltering, something more precious than itself; or at best conveying a truth in metaphor through the channel of a sacramental lie. Mr. Tryan, in "Janet's Repentance," and Savonarola in "Romola," are both of them marked instances of this; and the author's dealing with these characters is exceedingly skillful. Mr. Tryan is a clergyman, passionately devoted to his sacred calling, an ardent disciple of a special school of divinity, and eaten up with the sincerest zeal for souls. And yet the writer contrives to exhibit all that she wishes us to admire in him as resting on a basis with which his religious beliefs have nothing at all to do. In her portrait of Savonarola this treatment is yet more distinguishable and yet more significant. His chief connection with the story in which she introduces him, is his conversion of the heroine, from the neo-paganism of the Renaissance to the precepts of Christ, and to a humble acceptance of sorrow. But in all his exhortations to her, and they are some of them singularly beautiful, there is hardly one appeal to Christianity on its supernatural side. Savonarola is the spokesman of humanity made divine, not of Deity made human. In so far as he is not this, but the reverse of this, there, according to George Eliot, lies his weakness and not his strength. The "higher life," the withdrawal from man for the sake of communion with God, is for her a diseased weakness, if not a wickedness. The Christ of the Christian Church says, "If a man love father and mother more than me, he is not worthy of me." The Christ of George Eliot says the exact opposite, "A man is not worthy of me unless he love me less than father or mother." With her, as she says often and explicitly, the "transcendent morality" is to share willingly in the "common lot," and not to seek escape from ties "after those ties have ceased to be pleasant."

She urges with a solemn eloquence, she seems to see in a solemn ecstasy, that a man's highest life is to be found in sorrow, borne for the sake of others; and that all seeming miseries may be turned to blessings, by making an offering of them to something beyond ourselves. But an offering to what? To the God who has made us, loved us, and suffered for us, and into whose presence we may one day win admission? To no such God; but to some impersonal cause, some force of human progress. "Make your marriage-sorrows," says Savonarola to Romola, "an offering, too, my daughter: an offering to *the great work* by which sin and sorrow are to be made to cease." This is the one teaching of all her novels; and its fundamental difference from the higher Christian teaching lies in this, that it asserts the part to be greater and more complete than the whole; that it asserts those human hopes, and loves, and enthusiasms which Christianity has developed for us, and bequeathed to us, to be in reality complete in themselves, and clogged and weighted only, not supported by, what were once supposed to be their divine foundations.

This fact, as we have said before, is probably little suspected by the majority of George Eliot's readers. These carry with them the lamp of their own religion into that tender but gloomy world into which the author leads them; and do not perceive what the only light is, with which it would be else provided. They have themselves supplied what is wanting before they have felt the want. And they have imagined that the beliefs which they do not find dwelt upon, have been presupposed as true, instead of being studiously ignored as false. But if we would really see George Eliot in all her full significance, we must not close our eyes thus. If we do, we shall not only miss the one thing which she has renounced much to teach us, but we shall miss something that is of an importance far more general. We shall miss the first concrete examples of the workings of the new religion of humanity, and the only means as yet offered us by which to test the results of it, as seen or anticipated by one of its own apostles. Further, if we look at her in this way, and with this intention, her work, which seems so chaotic when judged by any mere artistic tests, becomes congruous and intelligible. It is not so much a series of novels, interspersed with philosophical reflections; it is a gradual setting forth of a philosophy and religion of life, illustrated by a continuous succession of diagrams. That this is the true view of the matter has been getting more and more evident as the career of the author has proceeded. How far this line of development has been conscious and intentional, with herself,

it is not ours to inquire. But, consciously or unconsciously, the main stream of her powers has drifted into the philosophic channel, and has left her artistic powers as a mere auxiliary to these,

although from the very nature of the case closely connected with them. It is, therefore, by her philosophy that she has the strongest claim to be judged.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE PURPOSE OF FICTION.

IT is a recent theory that fiction must depict the mishaps and defeats of life with realistic fidelity. The heroes and heroines of the earlier novel underwent innumerable tribulations, but always in the end overcame adverse circumstances as well as enemies, and sat down in peace with their hearts' desires accomplished. This regulation *dénodment* is now a good deal derided, and story-writers are absolutely taking excessive pains to make their characters permanently unhappy. A marriage in the last chapter is looked upon as a weak concession to a conventional and inartistic prejudice, and heroes and heroines are thus made for the express purpose of exemplifying defeat, and showing how the best-laid plans may come to grief. It seems to be the accepted method to select characters with marked flaws in them, in order to indicate how "the rift" will "by and by make the music mute." This wanton design to make sadness the fashion clearly arises from the notion that art should consist of devices for showing all the unhandsome features of life, all the disagreeable and calamitous possibilities that beset mankind; and he thus is thought to be a master hand who is most expert in multiplying mischances, and who exhibits the greatest ingenuity in bringing right things to wrong ends. For the sake of that part of the community that by this theory are subjected to a great deal of gratuitous suffering, we venture to inquire into the legitimacy of the current dogma.

It is often assumed that the purpose of fiction is fulfilled by the delineation of character. This is an error, we are convinced. No matter how skillfully peculiarities of mind or tendencies of feeling may be portrayed, they are really side conditions of the novel. They are necessary, it is true, to give vitality to the picture. Without them the people of the story would not seem to be genuine, and consequently would fail to awaken our sympathies. It no doubt requires a high degree of skill to depict character truthfully and logically—to look into the minds of men and see their workings, to trace the operations of cause and effect, to measure accurately and depict authentically the reflex actions of temperament and emotion. But when a novel is confined to these things, it is like a splendid highway that leads nowhere; and, however well we may be briefly entertained by its ornamental attractions, there will be a feeling that no adequate end has

been served by it. Now, the real reason for the novel, the why and wherefore that men and women delight in the fictitious fortunes of other men and women, is because something is given which supplements nature, which bestows that which life too often denies. Every man has at heart a passionate love for what may be called the symmetries of fate—for the rewards that follow earnest and honest endeavor, and the justice that gives us finally full compensation for all that we endure. Through all the calamities and mishaps that surround us, we dream of possibilities—we imagine the good that will come by and by to cheer us; of difficulties that are assailed and overcome, of enemies that are put down, of the felicitous completion of our schemes. And it is exactly because these dreams so rarely come true in real life, that we delight in those inventions called novels, wherein wrong and suffering are suitably rectified. When mischance pursues us, there is sweet compensation in following the career of a hero who overcomes misfortunes, and wrests things to his own ends. In real life, bitterness and jealousy may be felt at the better fortunes of other men; but in the novel the hero is the very reader's self, and all the felicitous achievements and successes are enjoyed with almost as much zest as if they were his very own. The very foundation of fiction, its significance and meaning, lies in this power to reflect each reader in one of the principal personages. It shows us what we would like to do, and what we know we feel. The young lady who reads many novels has many lovers, and is married many times. The much-talked-of psychological novel is valuable for this reason solely, because it analyzes successfully our own moods and emotions; and the extent to which people delight in the novel always depends upon the facility with which they can transfer themselves to the pages they are reading. If fiction did not succeed in getting us out of ourselves, in creating worlds more delightful than the world we experience, in fashioning things better to our liking than Fate fashions them, it is certain that novels would go generally unread. If we are right in this, the true function of the novel is at once apparent. It must give us pictures of life with a great core of sweetness, enlarging our individuality by multiplying our experiences and delights—the artistic requirements being simply that the people and incidents shall be possible and wholly thinkable. The writers who imagine they can secure sympathy by endowing their

characters with unheard-of virtues, or showering upon them impossible good fortunes, defeat their ends; but writers who, in disgust at these excesses, turn around and portray characters without charm, and substitute calamities for blessings, drift altogether away, not only from public sympathy, but from the real purpose of the novel.

If these notions are sound, it follows that the old-fashioned novel is the novel on the right model—in this particular only, however. The novel has improved in many things; it is more flexible, more natural and easy, and at the same time more dramatic; but the old practical theory that it is the business of the novelist to rescue his hero and heroine from the evils that surround them, and bring all their trials to a happy end, was founded on a right perception of the reason for the novel, was the instinctive recognition of the principle we have endeavored to indicate. Distinctly, nobody wants novels that reproduce all the sufferings and struggles of real life unless supplemented with those compensations that in real life ought to follow, but rarely do; for the novel is nothing more than a device for setting the disorders of life right, and making us all happy by the contemplation of final, and so often rightly called poetic justice. The novel that does not do this thing for us may entertain a good many people by its character sketches and its descriptions, but, in missing the fundamental purpose of the novel, must fail to command the earnest sympathies of the general world of readers.

HISTRIONIC REALISM.

REALISM has its advocates and its opponents; but, after all, is there or can there be such a thing as perfect realism in either literature or the arts? Zola has doubtless come nearer to it than any one else, and this is the reason why he is so repulsive to many persons; but would he be tolerated at all if he wholly obliterated every distinction between his pictures and the ugly facts? There is, even in a delineation of squalor, however much the artist may endeavor to be faithful, a certain vivid, picturesque effect that the real scene does not possess. Art is tolerably sure to bestow on its most objectionable and realistic transpositions some quality or elevating touch that lifts them from repulsiveness to sympathy; and the very persons who are most determined that art in all its forms shall be exact copies of nature, unconsciously give little ideal touches that subtly transform the object or the scene. Beggars, for instance, have been painted, modeled, and delineated on the stage, often with a very resolute purpose to make them real, but in every instance the rags in the copy have lost the disgusting foulness of the original, and fallen in lines or produced effects of light and shade that were agreeable rather than offensive. Art thus instinctively finds pleasant features in the worst subjects, and idealizes by virtue of a fundamental law, even when it imagines it is strictly realizing. It does not follow from this fact, however, that art does

not sometimes succeed in being too realistic; it only shows that painters and poets often build better than they know.

The deduction we have made indicates that the passion for realism is not likely to go as far as its friends desire; and the tendency is likely to be arrested by the conspicuous absurdity of a few ambitious attempts in this direction. In pictorial art realism has probably already had its day; the cry everywhere now is for imaginative painting, for the poetic and the ideal in nature. In literature the camp is wholly in confusion, everybody seeming to be struggling for a school of his own, while he belabors everybody else who attempts the same thing, realism having no very conspicuous following except in France. On the stage realistic art seems to be gaining rather than losing, especially in England. We recall seeing, in London, Sheridan's "School for Scandal" in a reconstructed form, after it had been acted for more than two hundred nights. It was the "School for Scandal" with Sheridan left out—with all the breadth, the humor, the pointed wit, the essential qualities that make the play what it is, deliberately eliminated. Sir Peter Teazle had lost all his crustiness, Lady Teazle all her brilliant sparkle, Charles Surface all his overflowing spirits, and the entire group of scandal-mongers all the spice in their malice. The stage was set in some very pretty scenes, giving careful studies of the drawing-rooms of the period, and the ladies and gentlemen came in, talked, and went out with an easy, graceful, well-bred manner that was wholly untheatrical, but at the same time wholly colorless. It was, no doubt, an excellent imitation of "good form," but the soul of Sheridan's wit had escaped into thin air. Realistic enterprises of this kind seem to be more common on the English stage than with us. An English essayist, deploring innovations of this character, informs us that the histrionic realist, not content with incursions into modern comedy and dramatic romance, has ventured to subject Shakespeare himself to the new theory. Here is an account which he gives of two recent renditions of Shakespearian characters:

An actor of admitted ability, for example, has treated us to a representation of Shylock, in which the profound sense of wrong, the identification of the man's injuries with those of his people, and the yearning for a terrible revenge, were discarded as so many turgid excesses. The Jew dwindled, in consequence, from a representative and poetic figure into an ill-used and, on the whole, very reasonable individual. Now and then, indeed, he complained of his injuries with a touch of asperity, but with a willingness to argue out his case, and a general moderation of tone, that left quite inexplicable his relentless adherence to his bond. For this the white heat of passion which imagination alone can conceive and portray might have accounted; but imagination the actor had intentionally renounced. At a later period another performer, who had been gradually advancing in his art, found a chance of presenting himself as Othello. That he, too, was a disciple of the reasonable school which eschews violence of expression soon became evident. The generous but half-civilized Moor, with his transports

of love and jealousy, sank into an amiable and much tried gentleman, whose meek subjection to the arts of Iago it was really irritating to witness. Deep emotion subsided into sentiment, passion into temper, terrible misgiving into uneasy perplexity. As in the case of Shylock, it was difficult to trace the grand catastrophe to human impulses so carefully restrained. The massive scheme of the plot and its *dénouement* fell in upon its frail supports. The design of the poet belonged to the unchanging truths of our being. The modes of representing it were derived from the artificial and fleeting manners of contemporary life, and thus lost the seal of imagination.

The attempt to take Hamlet, Romeo, Juliet, Rosalind, and Imogen out of their proper atmosphere is a sacrilege, but to retain the poetic language and yet kill the poetic spirit is monstrous as well as absurd. The realists may throw overboard if they will the stilted style and theatrical mannerisms with which heroic characters are often personated, but nothing of their poetic loftiness, of their ideal elevation, elements which if not true to the accidents of casual life, are yet true to the emotions and aspirations of our inner nature. We unconsciously, as we have already said, idealize the rags of a beggar; the painter can not depict a tree or a brick wall that he does not give it some grace or picturesque suggestion; and assuredly the imaginative personages of our literature should be held on their ideal plane. As an instance of how necessarily and how inevitably the art of ordinary life, the pictures of which are called real scenes and events, give even to homely incidents an imaginative touch, the following, from the essayist referred to, is instructive:

It may, we think, be laid down as a principle that whenever modes of exhibition, though borrowed from the facts of actual life, excite our disgust and revulsion, they cease to have a place in art; in other words, they cease to be representative, since, in our recoil from them, we necessarily lose sight of the mental qualities or states they were intended to represent. If it be urged that such modes of exhibition are justified, inasmuch as they spring from the realities of external life, we reply that our disgust at them springs also from reality. It springs, in a word, from a law of our nature which, since it is part of ourselves, while the forms exhibited are derived only from the external world, is for us the deeper reality of the two. If this be true, no representation that wantonly shocks the mind can be legitimate in art. Let us glance, in the first place, at modes of representation which, without inspiring the deeper sentiment of disgust, simply violate taste. We are brought in contact with such modes whenever a conception that appeals to our sympathies is presented to us in a form that offends them. Let us suppose that, in some drama of humble life, two lovers meet after a long separation, made more bitter by suspense. Take it that young William the sailor, whose ship has been long overdue, is once more on English ground, that he hastens to present himself to his betrothed, anxious Jenny, the farm-laborer's daughter. Let it be granted that these humble lovers have engaged our interest, and that we expect pleasure from witnessing their happy meeting. Our gratification at this event will be seriously impaired if, even with regard to dress, the swain and maiden do not make as agreeable an appearance as consists with their state in life. Jenny's gown may perhaps

be of mere calico; but we ask that, like her collar and cuffs, it be spotless, and that she shall not come slipshod upon the scene. Yet how very possible it might be in real life, and with no blame to Jenny, that, at the time of William's entrance, she should be upon her knees polishing the grate, and that her dress, her hands, her very face, should bear the traces of her occupation! If, however, dramatist or novelist were so to present our Jenny at this critical moment, should we not (always supposing our interest in her to be serious) have just cause of quarrel with him? We had expected to be pleasantly touched by the reunion of the pair after danger and anxiety—to be touched, perhaps, all the more by the thought that affection sheds a gleam of romance upon even the humblest fortunes; when suddenly our unskillful exhibitor disenchant us by his rude contrast between the sentiment excited and the form of its exposition. Our thoughts had been directed to Jenny's feelings; they are violently diverted to her complexion and her gown. If we do not frown at so absurd a disappointment, we shall certainly laugh. In either case the writer's spell is broken. Should he plead that a real William might have discovered a real Jenny under the very circumstances described, we reply that it was quite as possible to present her in fiction under more pleasing ones, that the author was free to choose the manner of representation, and that he willfully chose to offend that instinct which assigns to mental conditions forms that correspond with them—an instinct, we repeat, that is a far deeper reality than any which springs from mere external accident.

THE OBELISK.

As it is now tolerably certain that the Egyptian obelisk known as Cleopatra's Needle will be removed to New York, a good many persons are greatly distressed in consequence. We did not hear of any outrage done to Egypt when the companion obelisk was taken to London; nor did anybody then discover the unfitness of an ancient monument in the midst of modern civilization, as certain would-be acute critics are now doing. "When an obelisk," exclaims one writer, "was set up in Egypt it was placed before some temple, and on its sides were inscribed the events connected with the building of the temple and the name of the monarch who raised it. Cleopatra's Needle so placed, and so long as it is allowed to stand on its present site, will be full of interest to all nations. Take it away, and the charm is broken. And how out of place would this stone record appear in America—a record that dates from before the Christian era—set up in a city of yesterday! . . . The obelisks of Egypt are part of that country; they date from the earliest period in its history, and can have little or no expression beyond its boundaries." This would be very well if it did not proceed from wrong premises. An Egyptian obelisk would be a relic of the past similar to those we gather in museums, and consequently it would be just as pertinent to say that the Elgin Marbles are out of place in the British Museum, or the Ctesnola collection of ancient pottery out of place in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, as to affirm that an ancient obelisk must be seen only in the place where it was

erected. If the plan were to erect here a monument in imitation of an Egyptian obelisk, then it would be right enough to point out the inappropriateness of the scheme—to show that copying a form of art under different conditions from those out of which that art was produced is a great error of judgment and

taste. But we can bring obelisks to New York as *relics* just as we bring antique bronzes, prehistoric implements, old statues, and old paintings. If the Greek Venus of Milo may with propriety stand in the Louvre in Paris, an Egyptian column may, with equal propriety, be placed in a public square in New York.

Books of the Day.

THE month should be distinguished by a red mark in the poetical calendar which brings to our table two such poems as "The Light of Asia" and "Blamid," each discriminated from the other by its own special qualities, but both presenting the unmistakable hues of "that light that never was on land or sea." In "The Light of Asia" * Mr. Edwin Arnold endeavors to depict the life and character and indicate the philosophy of Prince Gautama of India, the founder of Buddhism. A theme of greater grandeur or more profound significance could hardly be imagined, for Gautama is one "whose personality, though imperfectly revealed in the existing sources of information, can not but appear the highest, holiest, and most beneficent, with one exception, in the history of thought." Moreover, the faith which he promulgated has stood the test of twenty-four centuries, and at this day surpasses, in the number of its votaries and the area of its prevalence, any other form of creed; furnishing their moral and religious ideas to more than a third of mankind. "Four hundred and seventy millions of our race," says Mr. Arnold, "live and die in the tenets of Gautama; and the spiritual dominions of this ancient teacher extend at the present time from Nepaul and Ceylon over the whole Eastern Peninsula to China, Japan, Thibet, Central Asia, Siberia, and even Swedish Lapland. India itself might fairly be included in this magnificent empire of belief, for, though the profession of Buddhism has for the most part passed away from the land of its birth, the mark of Gautama's sublime teaching is stamped ineffaceably upon modern Brahmanism, and the most characteristic habits and convictions of the Hindoos are clearly due to the benign influence of Buddha's precepts. . . . Forests of flowers are daily laid upon his stainless shrines, and countless millions of lips daily repeat the formula, 'I take refuge in Buddha.'"

From such a theme any imagination less bold or insight less profound than that of Milton might well shrink back; yet, with no qualities which even remotely suggest Milton, Mr. Arnold has produced an epic poem of genuine grandeur, elevation, and beauty. The chief difficulty of his subject he has avoid-

ed by concentrating the interest upon the strictly human side of Gautama's character—his humility and gentleness, his simplicity, his tender affections, his sensitiveness to sorrow, and his compassionate love for his fellow men. The element of the supernatural is introduced just sufficiently to give local color to the narrative, and to indicate the nature of the legends which the reverence of later disciples has clustered round the founder's name; but, though the literary effect is greatly enhanced by this, the nobility of Buddha's character, the sublimity of his teaching, and the reality of his mission, are made to appear (as in truth they are) entirely independent of the signs and wonders by which their revelation was supposed to have been accompanied and vindicated.

In the delineation of character the poem achieves an unquestionable success; for, whether the Gautama here depicted corresponds to the real Gautama or not, he conveys a distinct and vivid impression of a most noble, tender, and beneficent personality. He is no mere plexus of abstract virtues or convenient label for a series of superhuman and miraculous deeds, but a man keenly alive to all the sorrowful aspects of human life, and passionately convinced, after long experiment upon himself, that man is not the plaything of the gods, but that each may find within himself the means of his own salvation. The exposition of doctrine is something essentially beyond the province of poetry, and it is sufficiently high praise to say that Mr. Arnold manages this portion of his work so skillfully as really to interest and instruct the reader without sinking quite to the level of prose. He makes no attempt to enter into details, but contents himself with indicating in a series of pregnant verses, after the manner of Omar Khayyam, all that is essential to his purpose—the general purport of Buddha's teachings. The powerful literary charm of the poem is due mainly to its Oriental warmth of feeling and richness of imagery. Here Mr. Arnold's long residence in India has stood him in good stead, and he is almost the only Western writer whose verse is surcharged with the opulence of "the gorgeous East," and yet conveys the impression of *vraisemblance*. Moore's "Lalla Rookh" is the mere *tour de force* of a nimble fancy, and possesses no more of the illusion of reality than Coleridge's "Kubla Khan."

Preparatory to offering a few extracts—which will be far more effective than analysis or commentary in giving an idea of Mr. Arnold's work—it may

* The Light of Asia; or, The Great Renunciation. Being the Life and Teaching of Gautama, Prince of India and Founder of Buddhism. By Edwin Arnold, M. A. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo, pp. 238.

be well to explain that, in order to secure the Oriental point of view, indispensable in a work of such a character, the poem is put into the mouth of an imaginary Buddhist votary. It opens with an account of Buddha's birth, and of the portents in earth and heaven by which it was preceded and accompanied. He was the son of the mightiest of the princes of India, King Suddhodana, and his strange and high destiny was predicted before his birth and confirmed by the superhuman precocity of his childish wisdom. When he was eight years old the King secured the wisest men of his realm to direct his studies, but it was found that he already knew more than his teachers, and that all the fruits of the tree of knowledge were at his command. Not less remarkable than his knowledge, however, even thus early, were his humility, his gentleness, and his sensibility. The first incident of his life which signalized the wider destiny to which he was called is narrated in a passage which, though long, is worth reproducing both for its intrinsic beauty and for the indication which it affords of the origin and character of Buddha's mission. Only once before, on seeing a wounded swan, had the young Prince learned what was meant by sorrow and suffering :

" But on another day the King said, ' Come, Sweet son ! and see the pleasure of the spring, And how the fruitful earth is wooed to yield Its riches to the reaper ; how my realm— Which shall be thine when the pile flames for me— Feeds all its mouths and keeps the King's chest filled. Fair is the season with new leaves, bright blooms, Green grass, and cries of plow-time.' So they rode Into a land of wells and gardens, where, All up and down the rich red loam, the steers Strained their strong shoulders in the creaking yoke Dragging the plows ; the fat soil rose and rolled In smooth dark waves back from the plow ; who drove

Planted both feet upon the leaping share To make the furrow deep ; among the palms The tinkle of the rippling water rang, And where it ran the glad earth 'brodered it With balsams and the spears of lemon-grass. Elsewhere were sowers who went forth to sow ; And all the jungle laughed with nesting-songs, And all the thickets rustled with small life Of lizard, bee, beetle, and creeping things Pleased at the spring-time. In the mango-sprays The sun-birds flashed ; alone at his green forge Toiled the loud coppersmith ; bee-eaters hawked Chasing the purple butterflies ; beneath, Striped squirrels raced, the mynas perked and picked, The nine brown sisters chattered in the thorn, The pied fish-tiger hung above the pool, The egrets stalked among the buffaloes, The kites sailed circles in the golden air ; About the painted temple peacocks flew, The blue doves cooed from every well, far off The village drums beat for some marriage-feast ; All things spoke peace and plenty, and the Prince Saw and rejoiced. But, looking deep, he saw The thorns which grow upon this rose of life : How the swart peasant sweated for his wage, Toiling for leave to live ; and how he urged The great-eyed oxen through the flaming hours,

Goaded their velvet flanks : then marked he, too, How lizard fed on ant, and snake on him, And kite on both ; and how the fish-hawk robbed The fish-tiger of that which it had seized ; The shrike chasing the bulbul, which did chase The jeweled butterflies ; till everywhere Each slew a slayer and in turn was slain, Life living upon death. So the fair show Veiled one vast, savage, grim conspiracy Of mutual murder, from the worm to man, Who himself kills his fellow ; seeing which— The hungry plowman and his laboring kine, Their dewlaps blistered with the bitter yoke, The rage to live which makes all living strife— The Prince Siddārtha sighed. ' Is this,' he said, ' That happy earth they brought me forth to see ? How salt with sweat the peasant's bread ! how hard The oxen's service ! in the brake how fierce The war of weak and strong ! i' th' air what plots ! No refuge e'en in water. Go aside A space, and let me muse on what ye show.' So saying, the good Lord Buddha seated him Under a jambu-tree, with ankles crossed— As holy statues sit—and first began To meditate this deep disease of life, What its far source and whence its remedy. So vast a pity filled him, such wide love For living things, such passion to heal pain, That by their stress his princely spirit passed To ecstasy, and, purged from mortal taint Of sense and self, the boy attained thereat Dhyāna, first step of ' the path.' "

Now the King, who desired a more brilliant career for his son than that of prophet and reformer, was alarmed by this incident, and in order to divert the Prince's attention from all such un-princely thoughts, procured for him a wife, the most beautiful in the land, and had a magnificent palace built, embowered in gardens, and surrounded by a wall that shut out all contact with the great world, and whence none of the inmates were allowed to issue. The very words pain and death, sorrow and suffering, were prohibited here, and in their place was substituted all that could soothe the mind and intoxicate the senses. How the King's design was frustrated at length is narrated in what is perhaps the finest passage in the poem :

" In which calm home of happy life and love Ligg'd our Lord Buddha, knowing not of woe, Nor want, nor pain, nor plague, nor age, nor death, *Save as when sleepers roam dim seas in dreams, And land aweared on the shores of day, Bringing strange merchandise from that black voyage.* Thus ofttimes when he lay with gentle head Lulled on the dark breasts of Yasôdhara, Her fond hands fanning slow his sleeping lids, He would start up and cry : ' My world ! Oh, world ! I hear ! I know ! I come ! ' And she would ask, ' What ails my lord ? ' with large eyes terror-struck ; For at such times the pity in his look Was awful, and his visage like a god's. Then would he smile again to stay her tears, And bid the vinas sound ; but once they set A stringed gourd on the sill there where the wind Could linger o'er its notes and play at will— Wild music makes the wind on silver strings— And those who lay around heard only that ;

But Prince Siddārtha heard the Devas play,
And to his ears they sang such words as these :

'We are the voices of the wandering wind,
Which moan for rest and rest can never find ;
Lo ! as the wind is so is mortal life,
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife.

'Wherefore and whence we are ye can not know,
Nor where life springs nor whither life doth go ;
We are as ye are, ghosts from the inane,
What pleasure have we of our changeful pain ?

'What pleasure hast thou of thy changeless bliss ?
Nay, if love lasted, there were joy in this ;
But life's way is the wind's way, all these things
Are but brief voices breathed on shifting strings.

'O Maya's son ! because we roam the earth
Moan we upon these strings ; we make no mirth,
So many woes we see in many lands,
So many streaming eyes and wringing hands.

'Yet mock we while we wail, for, could they know,
This life they cling to is but empty show ;
'Twere all as well to bid a cloud to stand,
Or hold a running river with the hand.

'But thou that art to save, thine hour is nigh !
The sad world waiteth in its misery,
The blind world stumbleth on its round of pain ;
Rise, Maya's child ! wake ! slumber not again !

'We are the voices of the wandering wind ;
Wander thou, too, O Prince, thy rest to find ;
Leave love for love of lovers, for woe's sake
Quit state for sorrow, and deliverance make.

'So sigh we, passing o'er the silver strings,
To thee who know'st not yet of earthly things ;
So say we ; mocking as we pass away,
These lovely shadows wherewith thou dost play.' "

Troubled and aroused by this message, the Prince demanded of the King permission to ride forth and see mankind. The King, advised by his council, reluctantly consented, but ordered that the city should deck itself as for a festival, and that no sick or maimed, no leper, no feeble folk, and none stricken deep in years, should appear upon the streets. The Prince, at the appointed time, rides about, and is delighted with the universal happiness which appears to prevail ; but, passing beyond the gates—

"Slow tottering from the hovel where he hid,
Crept forth a wretch in rags, haggard and foul,
An old, old man, whose shriveled skin, sun-tanned,
Clung like a beast's hide to his fleshless bones.
Bent was his back with load of many days,
His eyepits red with rust of ancient tears,
His dim orbs blear with rheum, his toothless jaws
Wagging with palsy and the fright to see
So many and such joy. One skinny hand
Clutched a worn staff to prop his quivering limbs,
And one was pressed upon the ridge of ribs
Whence came in gasps the heavy, painful breath.
'Alms !' moaned he, 'give, good people ! for I die
To-morrow or the next day !' then the cough
Choked him, but still he stretched his palm, and stood
Blinking, and groaning mid his spasms, 'Alms !' "

The Prince, who had never before seen old age,

was shocked, and learning that this was the common fate of all that lived, returned to his palace "pondering, sad of mien and mood." Still unsatisfied, however, and brooding upon the disclosure that had been made, he demanded once more—

" . . . to see this world beyond his gates,
This life of man, so pleasant if its waves
Ran not to waste and woful finishing
In Time's dry sands."

He asked to be allowed to go forth unannounced, so that he might see the streets and the people in their usual workday aspect, and learn "the lives which those men live who are not kings." This time he encountered a wretch stricken to earth with mortal disease, and writhing in the death-agony ; and a little farther on saw a funeral procession, the wailing mourners, and the burning of the corpse. Bewildered, he addressed himself to his attendant, and learned that this is the end of all who live :

" . . . But lo ! Siddārtha turned
Eyes gleaming with divine tears to the sky,
Eyes lit with heavenly pity to the earth ;
From sky to earth he looked, from earth to sky,
As if his spirit sought in lonely flight
Some far-off vision, linking this and that,
Lost—past—but searchable, but seen, but known.
Then cried he, while his lifted countenance
Glowed with the burning passion of love
Unspeakable, the ardor of a hope
Boundless, insatiate : 'Oh ! suffering world,
Oh ! known and unknown of my common flesh,
Caught in this common net of death and woe,
And life which binds to both ! I see, I feel
The vastness of the agony of earth,
The vainness of its joys, the mockery
Of all its best, the anguish of its worst ;
Since pleasures end in pain, and youth in age,
And love in loss, and life in hateful death,
And death in unknown lives, which will but yoke
Men to their wheel again to whirl the round
Of false delights and woes that are not false.
Me too this lure hath cheated, so it seemed
Lovely to live, and life a sunlit stream
For ever flowing in a changeless peace ;
Whereas the foolish ripple of the flood
Dances so lightly down by bloom and lawn
Only to pour its crystal quicklier
Into the foul salt sea. The veil is rent
Which blinded me ! I am as all these men
Who cry upon their gods and are not heard
Or are not heeded—yet there must be aid !
For them and me and all there must be help !
Perchance the gods have need of help themselves,
Being so feeble that when sad lips cry
They can not save ! I would not let one cry
Whom I could save ! How can it be that Brahm
Would make a world and keep it miserable,
Since, if all-powerful, he leaves it so,
He is not good, and if not powerful,
He is not God ?—Channa ! lead home again !
It is enough ! mine eyes have seen enough !' "

The foregoing citations will suffice to show how strong must be the temptation to trace in like manner the subsequent stages of Buddha's career—his renunciation of all his advantages as heir of a great

kingdom and husband of a loving wife; his self-assumed poverty and association with the outcasts of the earth; his long wanderings in search of "the Light"; his fastings, vigils, and meditations; his struggles with the evils and temptations of the world; and his final triumph in the discovery and proclamation of those truths which would solace and save his suffering fellow men. Many striking and noble passages adorn these later stages of the narrative; but we have already drawn so largely upon the space at our command that we can find room for but one more, which is presented as a specimen of Mr. Arnold's powers of picturesque description. It depicts the night when the Prince leaves his palace in order to set forth upon his mission:

"Softly the Indian night smiles on the plains
At full moon in the month of Chaitra Shud,
When mangoes redden and the asoka-buds
Sweeten the breeze, and Rama's birthday comes,
And all the fields are glad and all the towns.
Softly that night fell over Vishramvan,
Fragrant with blooms and jeweled thick with stars,
And cool with mountain airs sighing adown
From snow-flats on Himāla high-outspread;
For the moon swung above the eastern peaks,
Climbing the spangled vault, and lighting clear
Rohini's ripples and the hills and plains,
And all the sleeping land, and near at hand
Silvering those roof-tops of the pleasure-house,
Where nothing stirred nor sign of watching was,
Save at the outer gates, whose warders cried
Mudra, the watchword, and the countersign
Angana, and the watch-drums beat around;
Whereat the earth lay still, except for call
Of prowling jackals, and the ceaseless trill
Of crickets on the garden-grounds."

Mr. Arnold says in his preface that his work was "inspired by an abiding desire to aid in the better mutual knowledge of East and West"; and it may be confidently said that no recent poem has touched more profoundly those universal sentiments and needs which sweep away all differences of place and time, and unite mankind in a common hope and a common destiny.

VERY different in subject, and not less different in its characteristic qualities, is "Blamid,"* by the author of "Deirdre." In "Deirdre" (whose authorship is now revealed to those for whom it was not already an open secret) Dr. Joyce showed a certain power for treating picturesquely and interestingly the old Celtic legends of his native Ireland, and in his later work he has sought inspiration at the same fount. He describes himself as "of the race of those langsyne, the makers of heroic minstrelsy," and declares that though he has searched many a field of foreign lore for themes of song, his thoughts always return to his native land and the heroes she nursed in ages gone. "Blamid" is an attempt to recall

some of these heroes and heroines from "the dusky haze of Eld," and to depict in such warm tints as the historic imagination can furnish "their thoughts and ways of love and war."

The story is of a daughter of the King of the Isle of Man, whose beauty is so great that the fame of it goes abroad into every land, and her hand is sought in marriage by all the princes of Western Europe. She refuses them all, but at length falls in love with the son of her father's most powerful enemy, whom she can not marry. At length the princes, including her lover, form a league to win her by force; and, gathering their hosts, storm her father's stronghold, and slay him and most of his people. In the distribution of the spoils the maiden falls to the lot of a stranger knight who bears her away to a distant shore. Subsequently her lover treacherously slays this knight, and takes her away to his own home; where, however, their happiness is brief, for a minstrel of the slain knight follows them, and at a hunting-feast seizes Blamid on the verge of a great cliff and leaps with her into the sea, where they are lost for ever.

The story is well and vigorously told, with great elaboration of detail, with much musical verse in the Spenserian measure, with many tripping lyrics at appropriate intervals, with vivid descriptions of desperate fights and strange wiles of demonic enchantment. Its fault is an utter absence of human interest. Buddha, in Mr. Arnold's poem, though of the lineage of the gods, is a far more real and human personage than these trooping shadows, who, if they were men at all, would be savages. Even Blamid, though she is the subject of half the description in the volume, never approaches near enough to objective existence to awaken in us any emotion whatever. Our recollection of "Deirdre" has now become rather vague, but we can hardly be mistaken in the impression that the heroine of that poem was far more successful in achieving personality and enlisting our sympathies, and that in general the story and the incidents were more plausible and life-like. If this be so, "Blamid," with all its facility and musicalness of verse, is a distinct falling off from the earlier work; for in these heroic poems the heroes and their doings are simply grotesque if unreal.

Another criticism which must be made is that the imitation of William Morris, which was remarked in "Deirdre" is, if possible, still more obvious in "Blamid." So frankly, indeed, has the author taken Morris as his model that it looks as if he had deliberately and consciously entered into competition with him in a field which Morris may almost be said to have made his own. If this be so, perhaps the most acceptable compliment we can pay him will be to say—as can be said truly—that parts of his poem might easily be mistaken for Morris's, if the authorship were unknown.

Whatever may be its defects, however, "Blamid" is very readable, and such lines as the following will rightly be held to excuse many faults:

"Green are the hills of early summer-time,
And lingering long their emerald glories fade,

* Blamid. By Robert D. Joyce, author of "Deirdre." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo, pp. 249.

When Autumn with slow steps begins to climb
 Their breezy fronts from the brown forest-shade,
 Nipping the grass and flowers with frosty rime,
 Till long-drawn glen and bosky upland glade,
 Broad shadowy moor and skye mountain-spire,
 Put on their heathery robes of purple fire.

"And slowly as it comes, it fades away,
 The glory of the heather's purple glow,
 Like human grandeur born but to decay
 As the long years glide on with footsteps slow ;
 The woods are bare, the hills are cold and gray,
 The cheerless moons no genial heat bestow ;
 And thus the earth changed with the changing sun
 Till winter and the Samhain feast came on."

Many dainty lyrics, as we have said, break the rapid current of the narrative and lend it variety. Here is one of the most graceful of them :

SONG.

"Deep in the dells where ferns are growing
 A fountain springs,
 And o'er its wavelets gently flowing
 And blossoms in the sunshine blowing
 The sky-lark sings :
 Oh ! how he sings unto his mate
 Down from the ether blue,
 While I sit here all desolate
 And think, beloved, of you !

"O happy bird, each hour returning
 Unto its nest,
 Love's rapture in its bosom burning !
 O heart of mine, for ever mourning
 In sore unrest !
 How dear the sky-lark's happy state
 Beside its lover true,
 While I, alone, all desolate,
 Sit here and weep for you !"

If it had not already been appropriated by Messrs. Gostwick and Harrison's book, "Outlines of German Literature" would have been a much better, or, at least, more accurately descriptive, title for the late Bayard Taylor's posthumous work than the one that has been chosen.* The word "studies," as here used, is commonly understood to imply much more minute and exhaustive criticism and analysis than Mr. Taylor has attempted ; and it has the additional defect of failing to suggest the fact that the book furnishes a consecutive and fairly complete sketch of German literature, from its remote Gothic sources to its culmination in Goethe, Schiller, and their only less great contemporaries. Two or three of the chapters, such as those on "Faust" and on "Jean Paul Richter," might fairly be described as "studies" ; but the work is, in the main, a series of bold and rapid historical outlines, dealing only with the large and characteristic features, and leaving the details to be filled in by such further research as the reader may be tempted to undertake.

* Studies in German Literature. By Bayard Taylor. With an Introduction by George H. Boker. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons. 8vo, pp. 418.

The book consists of a course of twelve lectures, delivered by Mr. Taylor to the students of Cornell University, and intended to serve as an introduction and guide to German literature. Later, in order to adapt them to more popular audiences, he added translations of select passages, designed to illustrate the author and the period under discussion. It is understood to have been his intention to recast the substance of the lectures into a form more appropriate for reading, but he never found leisure himself to make the necessary changes, and his editors have rightly decided that the public would prefer having the material in its original shape, to having it tampered with by other hands. Nor, we think, would the changes have contributed very greatly to the interest or usefulness of the work, even if Mr. Taylor had lived to make them. No doubt the essays would have shown a smoothness, finish, and precision of style which the lectures lack, and certain parts which have been somewhat hurriedly treated, owing to the limitations of time, would have been more carefully elaborated ; but, on the other hand, the more scholarly essays would almost certainly have lost something of that animation and vivacity which the lectures possess, and which are quite as grateful to the reader as they must have been to the hearer. Moreover, the lectures as now presented exhibit very little of that carelessness and levity of treatment which is so apt to characterize compositions intended for oral delivery, where the attention of a promiscuous audience must never be allowed to flag, and where amusement must be regarded as even more essential than instruction. Mr. Taylor evidently considered his work as a serious and important undertaking ; and, while his style and method of treatment are admirably adapted to arouse what Mr. Boker calls "the sympathetic appreciation of the crowded lecture-room," they lose very little when subjected to "critical examination under the dry light of the study." Very few of the lectures delivered at our colleges, or on our platforms, would stand the ordeal of translation into print so well as do these of Mr. Taylor's.

The titles of the several lectures will indicate with sufficient definiteness the scope and nature of the subjects with which Mr. Taylor deals. They are as follows : "Earliest German Literature," "The Minnesingers," "The Mediæval Epics," "The Nibelungenlied," "The Literature of the Reformation," "The Literature of the Seventeenth Century," "Lessing," "Klopstock, Wieland, and Herder," "Schiller," "Goethe," "Goethe's *Faust*," and "Richter." The later lectures are the best, chiefly because in them the author is less fettered by the necessity of crowding many details into small space ; and the one on "Faust" is best of all. It is full of the most subtle and suggestive criticism ; it renders luminously clear the underlying moral motive of a poem which is almost as baffling to an ordinary reader as a metaphysical treatise ; and it arouses a sympathetic admiration which "Faust" itself will in most cases fail to do. In every lecture, selected passages from the authors under discussion are print-

ed side by side with translations into English made by Mr. Taylor especially for this purpose. These translations—in which the rhythm, the movement, the rhyme, the very whimsicalities of the original verse are reproduced—are a most striking testimony to Mr. Taylor's technical mastery of the poetic art, and would alone suffice to give a distinctive value to his book as compared with other sketches of German literature.

It is a strange, unique, piquant, volcanic, and effervescent personality that is introduced to us by Mr. Apthorp in his book on "Hector Berlioz."* The book is composed of selections from the æsthetic, humorous, and satirical writings of Berlioz, these being preceded by a biographical sketch of the author compiled chiefly from his autobiography. The aim that has guided the translator in making his selection has been rather to depict Berlioz, the man, than to expound Berlioz, the musician. "I have tried," he says, "to show what the man was, rather than what he did. The intrinsic value to the world of his artistic doings is, as yet, problematical, although we see to-day ever-increasing signs of his having won an enduring place in the temple of fame. But if all his compositions were to sink into total oblivion, his personality, and the influence he exerted upon his surroundings, and the art of music in general, would still be interesting and worthy of serious note."

What that influence was and how seriously it is to be estimated is, we confess, not easily gathered from the writings of Berlioz as here presented to us. With all his intensity and fervor, there is always a latent element of humor or satire in what he writes which makes it difficult to take him quite *au sérieux*, or to attach much weight to his voluble outpourings. After reading them, one is tempted to think that if his influence has really been great it must be due far more to his musical compositions or his personality than to his writings; for these latter, while abundantly amusing, are valuable only in so far as they reflect their author's character. Apart from their autobiographical value, indeed, they are as trivial, flimsy, and frothy as were ever produced by a man whose genius is nevertheless unmistakable and whose literary faculty is very marked. They remind one of whipped syllabub or of the effervescence of champagne rather than of anything more substantial and enduring; but then, while the effervescence lasts, they are extremely agreeable and stimulating.

As to the man whose lineaments are so distinctly mirrored in the book, it is difficult for the reader to decide whether to admire, to pity, or to detest him. His heroic struggle against adverse circumstances, his serene faith in his own genius, and his enthusiasm for his art, compel our admiration, and his

sufferings and misfortunes move our compassion; but his egotism, intensified as it is by a certain hardness and spitefulness, repels the sympathy which his other qualities have inspired. It will be conceded, however, that whether we admire or dislike him, there is no deception or illusion in the matter. Berlioz is not content with wearing his heart upon his sleeve that all may see who will: he illuminates it with an electric light, and calls on gods and men to contemplate its palpitations. He strips himself naked, body and soul, and seems to watch his emotions chiefly for the purpose of disclosing them. Probably no man that ever lived has taken the world more unreservedly into his confidence, and certainly no writer has ever manifested less of that reserve which in most men is instinctive and inviolable. He conceals or dissembles nothing; and the fact that we close the book with a genuine respect for him shows that, in spite of surface faults and eccentricities, his nature was intrinsically wholesome.

Mr. Apthorp's translation is an excellent piece of work, reproducing with greater success than could have been expected the whimsicalities, the raciness, the colloquialisms, and the snap, so to call it, of Berlioz's style. What little of his own writing the book contains is chiefly noteworthy for the fidelity with which it imitates the Carlylean dialect. So perfect is the imitation that several passages, if separated from the context, might easily be mistaken for Carlyle's own.

THE idea of making Charles Darwin the medium for furnishing literature to children is certainly daring enough to deserve success, and a success has unquestionably been achieved by the compiler of "What Darwin saw in his Voyage round the World in the Ship Beagle."* Using the great naturalist's admirable but too little read account of his voyage as material, the compiler has detached from the text all the most striking descriptive passages, welding together those which refer to the same subject, and grouping them under obvious natural divisions. The first division is entitled "Animals," and contains Darwin's observations on the quadrupeds, birds, fishes, and insects which attracted his attention in South America and the Pacific islands. Among these are the horse, the mule, the dog, the guanaco, the puma, the jaguar, the seal, the tortoise, the cuttlefish, the cormorant, the condor, the penguin, the ostrich, the locust, the ant, and the spider. The second division is entitled "Man," and comprises descriptions of the Fuegians, the Patagonians, the Pampas Indians, the Gaucho, the La Platan, the Uruguayan, the Chileno, the Spaniard, the Tahitian, and the Australian negro. The third division, under the somewhat ambiguous heading of "Geography," contains descriptions of the various countries visited, and of the cities, towns, and other habitations of man. Finally, under "Nature" is given an account

* Hector Berlioz. Selections from his Letters, and Æsthetic, Humorous, and Satirical Writings. Translated, and preceded by a Biographical Sketch of the Author, by William F. Apthorp. Amateur Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 12mo, pp. 427.

* What Mr. Darwin saw in his Voyage round the World in the Ship Beagle. With numerous Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. Square 8vo, pp. 228.

of the grander terrestrial processes and phenomena, such as earthquakes, rainfall, forests, the ocean, fossil trees, and the hibernation of animals. Many of the passages are unsatisfactory if one goes to them for a complete and systematic account of the thing described, but their charm is principally due to the very fact that they record only personal observations. At any rate, the book is of fascinating interest, and a better introduction for the young to the study of natural history could hardly be devised. Not less attractive, and perhaps not less instructive, than the text are the illustrations, which are very numerous and beautifully engraved; and to these are added maps and charts.

... Somewhat similar in aim, but more ambitious in design, is "Famous Travels and Travelers,"* the initial volume of a series in which M. Jules Verne has undertaken to give a complete account of the exploration of the world from the time of Hanno and Herodotus down to that of Livingstone and Stanley. This first volume contains a brief but sufficient narration of the achievements of the earlier explorers and travelers; more extended ones of the travels and discoveries of Marco Polo, Jean de Béthencourt, and Christopher Columbus, the latter having nearly a hundred pages assigned to him; summary accounts of the conquest of India and the Spice countries, and of Mexico and Peru; and chapters on the first voyage round the world under Magellan, on the earlier polar expeditions and the search for the Northwest Passage, on the privateering adventures of Drake, Cavendish, Sir Walter Raleigh, and others, on the great corsair William Dampier, and on the Pole and America, ending with the discoveries of Champlain and La Salle (whose name is wrongly given as "La Sale"). Every traveler, explorer, or adventurer whose name has been preserved to us, and whose achievements have added to our geographical knowledge, is treated of more or less fully; and, in the case of the more important of them, a detailed account is given of their careers and writings. In another volume it is proposed to summarize "all the new discoveries which have of late years so greatly interested the scientific world"; and, in order to insure accuracy, the author has secured the aid of the eminent geographer, M. Gabriel Marcel. As in all Verne's books, the illustrations are quite as important as the text—copious, fanciful, and somewhat crude, but striking and effective. A few are reproduced from ancient drawings, and there are several maps which would be more useful if the names of localities were printed in English instead of French.

... The services rendered to students of the Greek literature and language by the great Oxford dictionary of Liddell and Scott is now performed for students of Latin by "Harper's Latin Dictionary."† More, indeed, for, though so recently pub-

lished, the Greek lexicon is already, in some respects, behind the latest achievements of philological research, while if its Latin compeer is not fully abreast of the best and most recent scholarship, it is certainly not from any lack of effort on the part of the publishers to make it so. The basis of the new dictionary is Andrews's translation of Dr. Freund's great Latin-German Lexicon, which has been for many years the standard book of reference in its department. That work was published in 1850, and since that time very great advances have been made in all the sciences on which lexicography depends. As much as fifteen years ago a revision was seen to be necessary, and the work was submitted to its original author, Dr. Freund, who revised the whole, rewrote some of the less satisfactory articles, and supplied about two thousand additions. "The sheets," to quote the publishers' preface, "were then placed in the hands of Professor Henry Drisler, LL. D., to be edited; but that eminent scholar soon advised us that a reconstruction of the work was desirable, such as he could not command the leisure to make. They were afterward delivered to the present editors to be used freely, and in combination with all other appropriate sources, in compiling a Latin Lexicon which should meet the advanced requirements of the times. The results of their unremitting labors for several years are now given to the public." The scholars by whom the labor of perfecting the work and putting it in its present shape has been performed are Mr. Charlton T. Lewis and Professor Charles Short, of Columbia College. These gentlemen were aided throughout by the advice and assistance of the most eminent linguistic scholars in the country, some of whom examined and corrected the proof-sheets, while others contributed valuable articles. In dimensions the book is slightly smaller than "Webster's Unabridged," but it contains considerably more matter (owing to smaller type and closer printing), and has a completeness and thoroughness which have not as yet been even attempted in any dictionary of the English language.

... To their well-known series of Literature, Science, History, and Health Primers, the Messrs. Appleton have added a series of "Early Christian Literature Primers," edited by Professor George P. Fisher, D. D. The design of these primers is "to embody in a few small and inexpensive volumes the substance of the characteristic works of the great Fathers of the Church." The initial volume, just published, is entitled "The Apostolic Fathers and the Apologists," by Rev. George A. Jackson, and covers the period from A. D. 95 to 180. In it are given, as fully as space would allow, exact translations of the principal works of the writers named, preceded by introductions upon the literature of the period, and by sketches of the several authors.

* The Exploration of the World. By Jules Verne. Famous Travels and Travelers. Translated by Dora Leigh. Copiously illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 8vo, pp. 432.

† Harper's New Latin Dictionary. Founded on the

Translation of Freund's Latin-German Lexicon. Edited by E. A. Andrews, LL. D. Revised, enlarged, and in great part rewritten, by Charlton T. Lewis, Ph. D., and Professor Charles Short, LL. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. Large 4to, pp. 2019.

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